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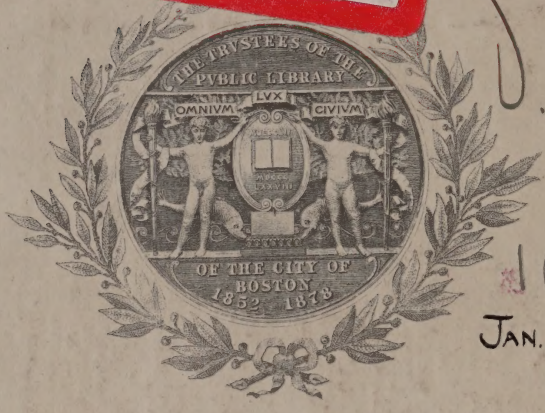

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1915

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR

NINETEEN-FIFTEEN! In twenty centuries this is the most desperate New Year! This is the pinnacle to which our slow ascent has led. Since the very beginnings of history, men have believed that the fullness of time held some solution for the curse of war. The Romans sought to bring to birth by conquest a world held in place by universal law; but the god Terminus marked a last bound to conquest. The Holy Roman Empire aspired to a world united through common fealty to a single suzerain, until the vassals proved stronger than the master. The universal church dreamed a nobler dream, of faith, infinite and indivisible, locking the nations into one; but spiritual ties snapped at the clash of interests, and the credits of Heaven were discounted for cash. As the centuries went by and the world doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in size and diversity, the idea of some all-embracing principle, relating the parts each to each, grew ever vaguer and still more vague, until the staging of the Napoleonic drama gave the peoples of Europe some new sense of a world-federation. When the curtain was rung down on that great play one hundred years ago, disunion and new war were once again organized by Metternich and his fellow architects.

For a time that chaos seemed absolute. Then, from a new quarter, light broke. The most materialistic of the centuries offered a new solution, and what neither conquest nor federation nor yet religion could accomplish seemed possible through transportation, industry, and trade. It is hard for us to realize that on that yesterday, shortly before Victoria mounted the British throne, Sir Robert Peel, summoned post-haste from Rome, found that the journey took him as many days as it had taken Labienus eighteen hundred years before. Then, of a sudden, distances were annihilated by steam, and time was cut in fractions. People traveled in their neighbors' countries, learned their neighbors' languages, read their neighbors' books. Machinery increased a thousandfold the possibilities of manufacture, and the workers, driven by the machines which they themselves had built, thinking to control them, toiled ever more steadily, turning out mightier masses of goods for delivery to other nations, satisfying old wants and creating new ones never dreamed of before. Step by step with well-being, comfort, and luxury, marched the dependence of one nation upon another. The new science of political economy set itself up as priest and prophet of the Age of Enlightenment.

As the century wore on, men — in the Anglo-Saxon world at least — persuaded themselves that at length a generation had arisen which looked actualities in the face, which could be neither

obsessed by idealism nor misled by sentiment, which treated mysticism with deserved contempt, and, rating self-interest at its proper value, interpreted that interest in material terms. It was plain enough to the intelligent why earlier attempts to tie the world together had failed. Conquest, law, and religion could not bind it, but rent, interest, and profits were stronger than they; and, in a world close knit by business, trade, and manufacture, a world wherein the welfare of one country is part and parcel of the prosperity of all, wars must become commercially unprofitable, and, like all bad business, they must die.

Then came our own generation. Our heads were not so hard and our hearts were softer. The pendulum of materialism had swung too far. We distrusted many of the arguments of our fathers. We saw that the economic theories of thirty years before were working ill, and we were suspicious that the hopes built upon them were no better than their foundation. We began to rewrite our books on political economy. The atmosphere grew charged with misty substitutes for religion, with windy humanitarianism and wraiths of international benevolence. We welcomed the idea of a brotherhood of nations, held together by bonds of friendship. The parliament of man was no longer a trope: it was fast becoming a political platform.

Now it all sounds like a sardonic jest, but, at the time, it seemed a glorious reality. And the amazing part of it was that behind the vision there was a fabric. The characteristic forces of our civilization were actually ranged in support of the comity of nations. The most distinctive of them, Socialism, in its every Protean phase, proclaimed unalterable hostility to war. In the creed of the orthodox Socialists the war on war was no less fundamental a tenet than the war on capital. Herr Bebel was not the only leader of European eminence to proclaim that the power of international Socialism had already rendered war impossible without its consent; while among more moderate members of the party and radicals of socialistic tendencies, the belief was widespread that internationalism marked the grave of war. At the other pole of society, opinion was not far different. Capitalists are timid by profession, but the great bankers of every country made common cause against a common enemy. The power of the money-changers of London, Paris, and Frankfort grew yearly more self-conscious. It was the veto of credit in 1911 which forbade a world-war over Morocco, and the dealers in exchange meant to make that veto perpetual. Finally, betwixt socialist and capitalist, the vast mass of well-intentioned men hailed pacificism as the very capstone of the temple of social reform wherein they were accustomed to worship. Peace societies wove their spiders' webs over the whole Western world. The bells were set ringing to usher in a thousand years of peace.

Then came the 28th of June. A man and woman were struck down in a hill town of Bosnia. It was the pistol-shot which started the race to Hell. Events tumbled one another down like ninepins, and, in the opening days of August, men by the million were marched to slaughter. The swiftness of it was paralyzing. An avalanche starts slowly. This world-destruction was an explosion. The solid earth had been mined. We had watched the sappers at work as children watch the stage, and thought that they were acting.

Since then life has been unreal — made up of legends and of nightmares. There is nothing to hold on to. Not only have the bonds of the nations snapped, but the material of which those bonds were forged is gone. Pub-

lic law, common friendship, commerce, the international struggle against poverty, crime and disease, all, all are gone. The whole common denominator of civilization has been swept away. We are all involved. Every possession of the intellect and spirit seems powerless to aid. Philosophy, which insulates her lovers from the world's passion; literature, breaker of barriers and sovereign relief from prejudice; science, servant of all mankind; Christianity, the religion of universal love, are impotent. Eucken, Bergson, Haeckel, Frederic Harrison, idealists and materialists, alike preach war and hate. Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Anatole France, Wells, join the pack. Science is divided against itself, and in the churches of seven nations the same God is petitioned by his children to destroy their brethren.

Whichever way we look, all seems in dissolution, and, to each one of us, the most disrupting thought, I think, is not that war to the death exists on a scale undreamed of in human history, but rather the revelation of our own hearts and spirits as we feel the innermost fibres of our being throb like the strings of a violin to the music of battle. A few of us, more imaginative or more neurotic than the rest, see the blood and sicken at the stench; but the great majority, earnestly as we deprecate, keenly as we detest the cruelty of it, still hear within ourselves a half-formed, unuttered response to this supreme trial of human nature. Some primal instinct, elder brother of the soul, untaught by love or pity, goes thrilling through us. Neither reason nor habit can prevail against it. In spite of ourselves, we begin to feel a pricking distrust of our former ideals. The world is changing. We wonder if the goal of the world is changing too.

This is the revelation of the war. The ideals of peace permeated our whole thought. They were the foundation of all our plans for the upbuilding of society. Without them Christianity is a distorted thing. We have our easy thinkers who find no difficulty in divorcing their religion from their lives, and our optimists whose Christianity, absorbing opposite ideas as hospitably as the Roman Pantheon welcomed alien gods, lets them quote a disconnected phrase or two from their Testaments to prove to their own satisfaction that war and the Christian religion are readily reconciled. But the whole tenor of Christ's thoughts, his indifference to patriotism, his unconcern with public matters, his passionate individualism, his intense preoccupation with spiritual things, give us proof absolute; and few candid Christians will seek reconcilement between hate, which is the spirit of war, and love, which is the spirit of Christ. Rather they will take comfort in the blandishment of a faith which vaguely whispers that, as love increases, one day wars will cease. Yet as these search their hearts to-day, they find that virtues they did not know as Christian are slipping almost insensibly into their ideals.

Here in America the overwhelming majority of us thank God that England did not fail to join the war. She went in to help Belgium, to be sure, and that holy cause soothes her misgivings; but behind the occasion it was, as we all know, the solemn urge of self-preservation which drove her to battle. Who is there, think you, but the fanatic or the fool, who would maintain that Belgium is not right in taking arms rather than in suffering wrong? Here is a contrast set upon a hill. Christ's command is to suffer all, rather than do injury to another. And here in Belgium every consideration of comfort, peace, and prosperity, every argument of material well-being, bade this Catholic people follow his injunction. For once,

Christianity and worldly wisdom gave the same counsel. But what Christian or worldly-wise man is there who does not know that Belgium's answer is Belgium's glory? What stranger will ever step upon her shores again without a tightening at the throat and the sense of warm blood rushing to his heart?

Let me be candid. I will not say in the practice, for in any real sense we do not practice Christianity, but in that ideal of Christianity which some saints and many sinners pray that we may some day approximate, that ideal presenting the happiest possibilities which ever made the stuff of human dreams, there is the bread of life, but not its wine. That heady potion which makes us forget all peace, all charity, all love for our fellow men in a blinding, passionate eagerness to test the strength of our own souls, is presented to us by neither church nor creed. This is the cup which war holds out. It is the only utter renunciation offered to multitudes in the world to-day. With all its brutality, all its horror, with all the hideous nightmares in its train, war alone demands the uttermost, the last breath of effort, the last pang of suffering. The very sweep and rush of it prevent men from counting the cost. It kills thrift and prudence. It slaughters care and happiness. It destroys all rights. It acknowledges only duty. In the ages of Faith and Ignorance, when the religion of Christ was most passionately preached, the final instinct of human nature metamorphosed Christianity into War.

The dear remembrance of his dying Lord

gave to each Crusader his perfect opportunity. The instinct was just, however perverse its application, and as civilization advanced and the crudities of faith were sloughed off one by one, Christianity was robbed of its intensest passion. And now, as we look about us in this world-welter, gripped by the most piercing emotions of our lives, we are conscious that these agonizing nations find in the very extremity of their anguish some sense of the mighty fulfilling of destiny, some dazzling illumination of the value of unworldly things.

An argument not unrelated to the matter I speak of has grown notorious in recent days. Foreshadowed by Herder and by Fichte, armed with the barbed apothegms of Nietzsche, Treitschke and his school have formulated for the Germanic nations a new gospel, strong in its appeal wherein Christianity is weakest. Doctrines which a year ago would have seemed to us Americans monstrous beyond belief, we now debate with the fascination which children feel for fire. In the relentless rationalism of Delbrück and Bernhardi they are still repellent enough, but as we read them in the eloquent pleading of Professor Cramb's remarkable book[1] and realize how they may be applied to the development of a people for whom we feel affection and kinship, they seem to lose their horror. The amorphous Teutonic conception of a state which lives apart from the men and women who make it, seems to us a rather preposterous fiction; and the perversion of the fundamental Christian idea of self-sacrifice for something nobler than one's self into the naked theory that, since the state is the highest human conception, to it all citizens must sacrifice their individuality and collective happiness, while the state itself, being superior to all moral considerations, need follow but its own interest, is still to most of us a Devil's lie. But the nobler idea that patriotism offers to its

[1] *Germany and England*, by the late Professor Cramb, has been mistakenly advertised as a reply to Bernhardi. As careful readers must realize, the author's views are not unsympathetic with Bernhardi's, although their application is the reverse of that made by the philosophic Chief of the General Staff. — The Author.

lovers a Religion of Valor, which promises nothing but demands all, strikes a lofty chord in spite of its pagan ring. To call this a religion may yet seem a travesty of sacred things, but is the organ peal of the Christian Church more thrilling than its exultant trumpet-call?

Long since the prophet of our American generation declared that war would not be suffered to go unless we found some moral equivalent to take its place. Dare we not add that Christianity itself must go unless some spiritual equivalent of war lend it new edge and weight and power? The passing centuries have bestowed on man's existence nothing which can overbalance the monstrous growth of materialism. If life means anything, it means a struggle to make the spiritual more real than the actual; to-day the very stuff of life is actuality. Only some huge catastrophe like war makes the world about us seem unreal. Then as in a vision the solid earth dissolves. Beyond it we catch some glimpse of what is and must be permanent.

The truth is that modern life and modern thought have compassed an unnatural evolution. We have sought to invert ancient ideals, and the minds of men revolt. Look freshly at the contrast. Peace calls men to comfort and refreshment, to freedom from danger, and rest from fear. War points the way to toil and suffering, to strange new gropings in the mysterious paths of pain, to struggle, and victory, and death. The more toilsome the way, the more difficult the goal, the stronger the lure must be to ardent spirits. It is the desperate alternative which grips mind and heart and spirit.

Must it be ever so? Are our civilization and our religion, bound inextricably as they are with all the things which make life dear to us, to be deprived forever of life's last incentive? Christianity may so believe to-day, but Christ did not. Violence He hated. It is transitory and must fail, but the passive unresistance of the body, while the emancipated mind and spirit pursue their undeviating course, against this He knew no earthly power can prevail; and his chiefest saints, St. Francis, George Fox, and their unconquerable train, have never ceased to preach and to believe it. Complete self-sacrifice has been their perfect victory.

But turn to the complete example. How supreme the contrast between his bodily meekness and the triumphing valor of his martial spirit. For Christ, the war of the soul was no figure of speech. Agony and bloody sweat came over Him, not because He feared Gethsemane, but because He wrestled with temptation. No virile feeling which ever roused warrior or patriot was absent from his soul. He fought, and He died fighting. When the street preacher of the Salvation Army calls up the Devil, horned and hoofed, into his presence, and then attacks him with clenched fists and shouts of battle, he is making to his audience the supreme appeal. Cannot we, to whom such illusion is but childishness, spiritualize that recourse, and, when need calls, spend, like the race of conquerors, the last reserve of our soul's energy? Only thus can we meet the final argument of war. Only thus can we win the last desire of the brave and good — Peace with Honor.

E. S.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THE two amazing things about the attitude of Americans toward the ruthless war which has been waged in Europe for the past four months are the flabbiness of our peace talk, — talk which starts from no premises and reaches no conclusions, — and the mournful forebodings of pious Christians who lament the failure of Christianity to reconcile the irreconcilable, to preserve the long-threatened security of nations.

When, at the request of President Wilson, the first Sunday of October was set aside as a day of prayer for peace, — a day of many sermons and of many speeches, — prayers and sermons and speeches all alluded to the war as though it were the cholera or the plague, something simple of issue, the abatement of which would mean people getting better, the cure of which would mean people getting well. The possibility of a peace shameful to justice and disastrous to civilization was carefully ignored. The truth that death is better than a surrender of all that makes life morally worth the living was never spoken. This may be what neutrality implies. We address the Almighty in guarded language lest He should misunderstand our position. We listen respectfully when Secretary Bryan tells us that 'our first duty is to use what influence we may have to hasten the return of peace,' without asking him to be more explicit, to say what on earth he would have us do, and how — without moving hand or foot — he would have us do it.

Meanwhile, men of little faith are sighing that religion is eclipsed, that Gospel law lacks the substance of a dream, that Christian principles are bankrupt in the hour of need, that the only God now worshiped in Europe is the tribal God who fights for his own people, and that the structure of love and duty reared by centuries of Christianity has toppled into ruin. To quote Professor Cramb's classic phrase, 'Corsica has conquered Galilee.' Some of these sad-minded prophets had fathers or grandfathers who fought in the Civil War, and they seem in no wise troubled by this distressful fact. Some of them had great-grandfathers who fought in the Revolutionary War, and *they* join high-sounding societies out of unjustifiable pride. Yet the colonists who defended their freedom and their newborn national life were not more justified in shedding blood than are the French and Belgians fighting for their invaded countries and their shattered homes.

When Mr. Carnegie landed in New York some months ago, he thanked God piously that he lived in a brotherhood of nations, — 'forty-eight nations in one Union.' But these forty-eight nations, or at least thirty-eight of them, were not always a brotherhood. Nor was the family tie preserved by moral suasion. What we of the North did was to beat our brothers over the head until they consented to be brotherly. And some three hundred thousand of them

died of grievous wounds and fevers rather than love us as they should.

This was termed preserving the Union. The abiding gain is visible to all men, and it is not our habit to question the methods employed for its preservation. No one called or calls the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' a cry to a tribal God, although it very plainly tells the Lord that his place is with the Federal, and not with the Confederate lines. And when the unhappy Belgians crowded the Cathedral of St. Gudule, asking Heaven's help for defenseless Brussels, imploring the intercession of our Lady of Deliverance (pitiful words that wring the heart!), was this a cry to a tribal God, or the natural appeal of humanity to a power higher and more merciful than man? Americans returning from Europe in the autumn spoke unctuously of their country as 'God's own land,' by which they meant a land where their luggage was unmolested. But it is possible that nations fighting with their backs to the wall for all they hold sacred and dear are as justified in the sight of God as a nation smugly content with its own safety, dividing its interest between the carnage in Europe and the baseball season at home, and balancing its financial annoyances with the possibilities of increasing trade.

What influence has been at work since the close of the Franco-Prussian War, shutting our eyes to the certainty of that war's final issue, and debauching our minds with sentiment which had no truth to rest on? We knew that the taxes of Europe were spent on armaments, and we talked about International Arbitration. We knew that science was devotedly creating ruthless instruments of destruction, and we turned our pleased attention to the beautiful ceremonies with which the Peace Palace at The Hague — now for rent — was dedicated. We knew, or we might have known, that the strategic railway built by Germany to carry troops to the Belgian frontier was commenced in 1904, and that the memorandum of General Schlieffen was sanctioned by the Emperor (there was no pretense of secrecy) in 1909. Yet we thought — in common with the rest of the world — that a 'scrap of paper' and a plighted word would constitute protection. We knew that Germany's repeated answer to England's proposals for a mutual reduction of navies was an increase of estimates, and a double number of dreadnoughts. Did we suppose these dreadnoughts were playthings for the Imperial nurseries?

> 'A pretty toy,' quoth she, 'the Thunderer's bolt!
> My urchins play with it.'

When in 1911 President Taft's 'message' was hailed as a prophecy of peace, Germany's reply was spoken by Bethmann-Hollweg: 'The vital strength of a nation is the only measure of a nation's armaments.'

And now the good people who have been saying that war is archaic, are reproaching Christianity for not making it impossible. Did not the 'American Association for International Conciliation' issue comforting pamphlets entitled 'The Irrationality of War,' and 'War Practically Preventable'? That ought to have settled the matter forever. Did we not appoint a 'Peace Day' for our schools, and a 'Peace Sunday' for churches and Sunday schools? Did not Mr. Carnegie pay ten millions down for international peace, — and get a very poor article for his money? There were some beautiful papers read to the Peace Congress at The Hague, just twelve months before Europe was in flames, and there is the report of a commission of inquiry which the 'World Peace Foundation,' formerly the 'International School of Peace,' informed us only a year ago was 'a great

advance toward assured peaceful relations between nations.'

With this sea of sentiment billowing about us, and with Nobel prizes dropping like gentle rain from Heaven upon thirsty peace-lovers, how should we read the signs of war, written in the language of artillery? It is true that President Nicholas Murray Butler, speaking in behalf of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, observed musingly in November, 1913, that there was no visible interest displayed by any foreign government, or by any responsible foreign statesman, in the preparations for the Third Hague Conference, scheduled for 1915; but this was not a matter for concern. It was more interesting to read about the photographs of 'educated and humane men and women,' which the 'World Conferences for Promoting Concord between all Divisions of Mankind' (a title that leaves nothing, save grammar, to be desired) proposed collecting in a vast and honored album for the edification of the peaceful earth.

II

And all this time England — England, with her life at stake — shared our serene composure. Lord Salisbury, indeed, and Lord Roberts cherished no illusions concerning Germany's growing power and ultimate intentions. But then, Lord Roberts was a soldier; and Lord Salisbury, though outwitted in the matter of Heligoland, had that quality of mistrust which is always so painful in a statesman. The English press preferred, on the whole, to reflect the opinions of Lord Haldane. They were amiable and soothing. Lord Haldane knew the Kaiser, and deemed him a friendly man. Had he not cried harder than anybody else at Queen Victoria's funeral? Lord Haldane had translated Schopenhauer, and could afford to ignore Treitschke. None of the German professors with whom he was on familiar terms were of the Treitschke mind. They were all friendly men. It is true that Germany, far from talking platitudes about peace, has for years past defined with amazing lucidity and candor her doctrine that might is right. She is strong, brave, needy, she has what is called in urbane language 'the instinct for empire,' and she follows implicitly

> The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take, who have the power,
> And they should keep, who can.

It was forlornly amusing to see a month or two ago our book-shops filled with cheap copies of General von Bernhardi's war-inspiring volume; to open a newspaper, and find column upon column of quotation from it; to read a magazine, and hear all the critics discussing it. That book was published in 1911, and the world (outside of Germany, which took its text to heart) remained 'more than usual calm.' Its forcible and closely knit argument is defined and condensed in one pregnant sentence: 'The notion that a weak nation has the same right to live as a powerful nation is a presumptuous encroachment on the natural law of development.'

This is something different from the babbling of peace-day orators; and — being now on the safe side of prophecy — we wag our heads over the amazing exactitude with which General von Bernhardi outlined Germany's impending war. But there was at least one English student and observer, Professor J. A. Cramb of Queen's College, London, who gave clear and unheeded warning of the fast-deepening peril, and of the life-or-death struggle which England would be compelled to face. Step by step he traced the expansion of German nationalism, which since 1870 has never swerved from its stern mili-

tary ideals. A reading people, the Germans. Yes, and in a single year they published seven hundred books dealing with war as a science, — not one of them written for a prize! If the weakness of Germany lies in her assumption that there is no such thing as honor or integrity in international relations, her strength lies in her reliance on her own unaided and carefully measured efficiency. Her contempt for other nations has kept pace with the distrust she inspires.

The graceful remark of a Prussian official to Matthew Arnold, 'It is not so much that we dislike England, as that we think little of her,' was the expression of a genuine Teutonic sentiment. So, too, is General von Bernhardi's characteristic sneer at the 'child-like' confidence reposed by Mr. Elihu Root and his friends in the Hague High Court of International Justice, with public opinion at its back. Of what worth, he asks, is law that cannot be converted by force into government? What is the weight of opinion, unsupported by the glint of arms? Professor Cramb, seeing in Bernhardi, and in his great master, Treitschke, the inspiration of their country's high ambition, told England in the plainest words he could command that just as the old German Imperialism began with the destruction of Rome, so would the new German Imperialism begin with the destruction of England; and that if Englishmen dreamed of security from attack, they were destined to a terrible and bloody awakening. Happily for himself, — since he was a man too old and ill to fight, — he died nine months before the fulfillment of his prophecy.

Now that the inevitable has come to pass, now that the armaments are being put to the use for which they were always intended, and the tale of battle is too terrible to be told, press and pulpit are calling Christianity to account for its failure to preserve peace. Ethical societies are reminding us, with something which sounds like elation, that they have long pointed out 'the relaxed hold of doctrine on the minds of the educated classes.' How they love that phrase, 'educated classes,' and what, one wonders, do they mean by it? A Jewish rabbi, speaking in Carnegie hall, laments, or rejoices, — it is hard to tell which, — that Christian Churches are not taken, and do not take themselves, seriously. Able editors comment in military language upon the inability of religious forces to 'mobilize' rapidly and effectively in the interests of peace; and turn out neat phrases like 'anti-Christian Christendom,' which are very effective in editorials. Popular preachers, too broad-minded to submit to clerical authority, deliver 'syndicated sermons,' denouncing the 'creeds of the Dark Ages,' which still, in these electricity-lighted days, pander to war. Worse than all, troubled men, seeing the world suddenly bereft of justice and of mercy, lose courage, and whisper in the silence of their own sad hearts, 'There is no God.'

Meanwhile, the assaulted churches take, as is natural, somewhat conflicting views of the situation. Roman Catholics seem disposed to think that the persecutions of the Church in France are bearing bitter fruit; and at least one American Cardinal has spoken of the war as God's punishment for this offence. But if the Almighty appointed Belgium to be the whipping boy for the sins of France, we shall have to revise our notions of divine justice and beneficence. Belgium is the most Catholic country in Europe. Hundreds of the priests and nuns expelled from France found shelter within its frontiers. But if it were as stoutly Lutheran or Calvinistic, it would be none the

less innocent of France's misdemeanors. Moreover, it is worthy of note that French priests, far from moralizing over the situation, have rallied to their country's call. The bugbear, 'clerical peril,' has dropped out of sight. In its place are confidence on the one side, and unstinted devotion on the other. Exiled monks have returned to fight in the French army. Abbés have served as sergeants and ensigns, dying as cheerfully as other men in the monotonous carnage on the Aisne. Wounded priests have shrived their wounded comrades on the battlefield. Everywhere the clergy are playing manly and patriotic parts, forgetting what wrong was done them, remembering what name they bear.

England, with more precision, outlined her views in the manifesto issued September 29, and designed as a reply to those German theologians who had asked English 'Evangelical Christians' to hold back their hands from bloodshed. The manifesto was signed by Bishops and Archbishops of the Church of England, and by leading Nonconformists, all of whom found themselves for once in heartfelt amity. It is a plain-spoken document, declaring that truth and honor (it might have added safety) are better things than peace; and that Christian England endorses without reservation the rightness of the war. One of the signers, the Bishop of London, is chaplain to the London Rifle Brigade. No doubt about *his* sentiments. The words of another, the Archbishop of York, are simple, sincere, and pleasantly free from patronage of the Almighty. 'I dare to say that we can carry this cause without shame or misgiving into the presence of Him who is the Judge of the whole earth, and ask Him to bless it.'

As for Germany, it may be, as some enthusiasts assert, that her 'creative power in religion,' keeping pace with her 'genius for empire,' will turn her out a brand-new faith, the 'world-faith' foreseen by Treitschke, a religion of valor and of unceasing effort. Or it may be that the God of her fathers will content her, seeing that she leaves Him so little to do. Like Cromwell, who was a religious man (his thanksgiving for the massacre at Drogheda was as heartfelt as any offered by the Kaiser, or by the Kaiser's grandfather), Germany keeps her powder dry.

Christianity and war have walked together down the centuries. How could it be otherwise? We have to reckon with humanity, and humanity is not made over every hundred years. Science has multiplied instruments of destruction, but the heart of the soldier is the same. It is an anachronism, this human heart, just as war is an anachronism, but it still beats. Nothing sacred and dear could have survived upon the earth had men not fought for their women, their homes, their individual honor, and their national life. And while men stay men, they must give up their lives when the hour strikes. How shall they believe that, dying on the frontiers of their invaded countries, or at the gates of their besieged towns, they sin against the law of Christ?

Heroism is good for the soul, and it bears as much practical fruit as law-making. It goes further in moulding and developing the stuff of which a great nation is made. 'There is a flower of honor, there is a flower of chivalry, there is a flower of religion.' So Sainte-Beuve equips the spirit of man; and the soldier, no less than the civilian, cherishes this threefold bloom. Because he 'lives dangerously,' he feels the need of God. Because his life is forfeit, there is about him the dignity of sacrifice. Anna Robeson Burr, in her volume on *The Autobiography*, quotes an illustrative passage from the Commentaries of

that magnificent fighter and admirable commentator, Blaise de Monluc, maréchal de France. 'Que je me trouve, en voyant les ennemis, en telle peur que je sentois le cœur et les membres s'affoiblir et trembler. Puis, ayant dit mes petites prières latines, je sentois tout-à-coup venir un chaleur au cœur et aux membres.'

'Petites prières latines!' A monkish patter. And this was a man belonging to the 'educated classes,' and a citizen of the world. Sully in his memoirs tells us that at the siege of Montmélian, a cannon shot struck the ground close to the spot where he and the king were standing, showering upon them earth and little flint stones; whereupon Henry swiftly and unconsciously made the sign of the cross. 'Now I know,' said the delighted Sully, — himself an unswerving Protestant, — 'now I know that you are a good Catholic.'

We must always reckon with humanity, unless, indeed, we are orators, living in a world of words, and marshaling unconquerable theories against unconquered facts. The French priest at Soissons who distributed to the Turcos little medals of the Blessed Virgin may not have been an advanced thinker, but he displayed a pleasant acquaintance with mankind. There was no time to explain to these unbelievers the peculiar efficacy of the medals; for that he trusted to Our Lady; but their presentation was a link between the Catholic soldier and the Moslem, who were fighting side by side for France. Perhaps this priest remembered that close at hand, in the hamlet of St. Médard, lie the relics of Saint Sebastian, Christian gentleman and martyr, who was an officer in the imperial bodyguard of Diocletian, rendering to Cæsar the service that was Cæsar's, until the hour came for him to render to God the life that was always God's.

It is a common saying that the New Testament affords no vindication of war, which is natural enough, not being penned as a manual for nations. But Catholic theology, having been called on very early to pronounce judgment upon this recurrent incident of life, has defined with absolute exactitude what, in the eyes of the Church, justifies, and what necessitates, war. From a mass of minute detail, — laws laid down by Saint Thomas Aquinas and other doctors of the Church, — I venture to quote two salient points, the first dealing with the nature of a right, the second with the nature of a title.

'Every perfect right, that is, every right involving in others an obligation in justice of deference thereto, if it is to be an efficacious, and not an illusory power, carries with it as a last appeal the subsidiary right of coercion. A perfect right, then, implies the right of physical force to defend itself against infringement, to recover the subject-matter of right unjustly withheld, or to exact its equivalent, and to inflict damage in the exercise of this coercion, wherever coercion cannot be exercised without such damage.'

'The primary title of a state to go to war is, first, the fact that the state's rights are menaced by foreign aggression not otherwise to be prevented than by war; second, the fact of actual violation of right not otherwise reparable; third, the need of punishing the threatening or invading power for the security of the future. From the nature of the proved right, those three facts are necessarily just titles, and the state whose rights are in jeopardy is itself the judge thereof.'

I am aware that theology is not popular, save with theologians; but after reading Treitschke and Bernhardi on the one hand, and the addresses delivered at 'peace demonstrations' on the other, it is inexpressibly refreshing to follow straight thought instead of

crooked thought, or words that hold no thought at all. I am also aware that Catholic wars have not always been waged along the lines laid down by Catholic theology; but this is beside the point. The Mosaic law was not the less binding upon the Jews because they were always breaking it. Nor are we prepared to say that they would have been as sound morally without a law so constantly infringed. It is well to know that, even in the spirit, there is such a thing as justice and admitted right.

To prate about the wickedness of war without drawing a clear line of demarcation between aggressive and defensive warfare, between violating a treaty and upholding it, is to lose our mental balance, to substitute sentiment for truth. The very wrongness of the one implies logically the rightness of the other. And whatever is morally right is in accord with Christianity. To speak loosely of war as unchristian is to ignore not only the Christian right, but the Christian duty, which rests with every nation and with every man to protect that of which nation and man are lawful protectors. Even aggressive warfare is not necessarily a denial of the Christianity it affronts. Crooked thinking comes naturally to men, and the power of self-deception is without bounds. God is not deceived; but the instinctive desire of the creature to hoodwink the Creator, to induce Him — for a consideration — to compound a felony, is revealed in every page of history, and under every aspect of civilization. The necessity which man has always felt of being on speaking terms with his own conscience built churches and abbeys in the days of faith, and endows educational institutions in this day of enlightenment; but it very imperfectly controlled, or controls, the actions of men or of nations. If our confidence in the future were not based upon ignorance of the past, we should better understand, and more courageously face, the harsh realities of life.

III

Two lessons taught by the war are easily learned. There is no safety in talk, and there is no assurance that the world's heritage of beauty, its triumphs of art and of architecture, will descend to our children and our grandchildren. We never reckoned on this loss of our common inheritance. We never thought that the gracious gifts made by the far past to the dim future could be so gleefully destroyed, and that a single day would suffice to impoverish all coming generations. What can the pedantry, the 'culture,' of the twentieth century give to compensate us for the loss of Rheims Cathedral? The deficit is too heavy to be counted. Not France alone, but the civilized world, has been robbed beyond measure and beyond retrievement. Life is less good to all of us, and will be less good to those who come after us, because this great sacrilege has been committed. As for culture, — the careful destruction of the University of Louvain proves once and forever that scholarship is no more sacred than art or than religion when the tide of invasion breaks upon a doomed and helpless land.

This affords food for thought. Italy, for example, is the treasure-house of the world. She is the guardian of the beauty she created, and to her shrine goes all mankind in pilgrimage. How long would her cathedrals, her palaces, her galleries, survive assault? What would be left of Venice after a week's bombardment? What of Florence, or of Rome? Nor can Italy dare to hope for protection in neutrality, — that neutrality which is in itself an offense. Attacked, she must either make craven

terms for peace, or see the destruction of all that she and the world hold dear. And is there one of us who would not be a partner in her loss?

And the United States? 'God's own land'? Are we forever secure? True, we have little to fear in the destruction of our public monuments, which are rather like the public monuments of Prussia, the ornate edifices and ramping statues of Hamburg and Berlin. It might be a pious duty to let them go. But we have homes, which are as precious to us as were once the devastated homes of Belgium to happy men and women; and we confide their safety to treaties, to scraps of paper, like the one which made Belgium inviolate. If we are in search of life's ironies, let us note that a Roman Catholic Peace Conference was to have convened in Liège last August. So deep-rooted is sentiment in our souls, so averse are we to facing facts, that to-day a 'Peace Meeting' will pack any convention hall in this country. Thousands of Philadelphians assembled to hear Mr. Bryan tell them that 'the brotherhood of man is the only basis for enduring peace among the nations'; and not one of the thousands demanded ways and means. Mr. Carnegie is even now laying down plans for a 'World Peace League,' which shall establish a 'World Peace Commission,' exercising 'undisputed authority,' merging, controlling and operating the fleets of nations 'under such management as the League may from time to time direct.' It is amazingly simple and easy, — on paper. Mr. La Follette struck a popular note, and endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen, when, upholding the neutrality of the United States, he said, 'The accumulated and increasing horrors of the European wars are creating a great tidal wave of public opinion that sweeps aside all specious reasoning, and admits of but one simple, common-sense, humane conclusion, — a demand for peace and disarmament among civilized nations.'

To this God knows we all cry Amen. But who is to bell the cat? Neither Mr. Carnegie nor Mr. La Follette has a word to say (perhaps it would be a breach of neutrality) concerning this delicate operation. Who is to 'demand' peace, of whom is it to be demanded, and when is the demand to be made? Why cannot public opinon, which is going to work such wonders in the future, do anything at all to-day? The Hague Conference of 1907 laid down definite rules of warfare, rules to which the nations of Christendom subscribed with pleasant unanimity. They forbade pillage, the levying of indemnities, the seizure of funds belonging to local authorities, collective penalties for individual acts, the conveying of troops or munitions across the territory of a neutral power, and all terrorization of a country by harshness to its civilian population. The object of these rules, every one of which has been broken in Belgium, was to keep war within the limits set by what Mr. Henry James calls the 'high decency' of Christian civilization. Public opinion does not, and cannot, enforce the least of these rules to-day. How shall we hope that it will control the world to-morrow?

If the Allies emerge triumphantly from the war, and England demands the reduction of armaments, then this good result will have been gained by desperate fighting, not by noble sentiments. We, whose sentiments are of the noblest, shall have had no real share in the work. If Germany conquers, and stands alone, a great military world-power, filled with a sense of her exalted destiny, rich with the spoils of Europe, and holding in her mailed hands the means to enforce her will, is it at all likely that our excellent arguments will

prevail upon her to reverse her policy, and enfeeble herself for our safety? A successful aggressive war does not pave the way to a lasting and honorable peace. This is one of the truths which history will teach us if we read it.

For years we have chosen to believe that arbitration would secure for the world a maximum of comfort at a minimum of cost, and that the religion of humanity would achieve what the religion of Christ has never achieved, — the brotherhood of man. From this dream we have been rudely awakened; but, being awake, let us clearly recognize that simple and great quality which makes every man the defender of his home, the guardian of his rights, the avenger of his shameful wrongs.

We, too, have fought bravely in our day. We, too, have known what it is to do all that man can do, and to bear all that man must bear; and it was not in the hour of our trial that we talked about bankrupt Christianity. When Belgium with incredible courage defended her own honor and the safety of France, she stood upright in the sight of God and man, and laid down her life for her friends.

A MOTH OF PEACE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Anne Marmont, of old the pupil of the nuns, had told her about Andecy: an ancient place, half-manor, half-farm, in the Marne valley, whence you could walk over a wind-swept plain to the battlefields of the Hundred Days.

'The nuns, being exiled, of course can't keep it up any longer, and no one wants to buy. I remember it as a place of heavenly peace — though in my day they used to make the oldest and crossest nun in the order superior at Andecy. However, Madame Françoise de Paule is dead now, and there are n't any nuns anyhow. Do take it, dear. If you want quiet' — Anne Marmont swept her arms out as if to embrace illimitable horizons. 'Nothing but a church-spire or a clump of trees to be seen from edge to edge of the plain. The unstable ocean is nothing to it. And if you want variety, you can walk over to Champaubert and look at the house where Napoleon stayed, the night before the battle. Riddled with bullet-holes it is. There used to be a foolish ancient there who remembered the Hundred Days. He's dead now, I suppose — but then, so is Madame Françoise de Paule, thank Heaven, and her cane, too. I hope they buried the cane. Do take it, darling. It's dirt cheap, and my dear nuns would be *so* pleased. They'd probably send the money to the new Nicaragua convent.'

And Miss Stanley had gone to Andecy, had been conquered by the insuperable peace of the plain, and had set up her little household. No place that she had ever seen seemed so good to wait in. When Edmund Laye came back from the Argentine to marry her, she would submit to London; but al-

ready she had hopes of enticing him to Andecy for the honeymoon. The chill of the slow spring warmed her northern blood; she liked the reluctance of the season's green, the roaring fire that met her in the *salon*, the sharp cold click of her boots on the brick-paved corridor.

She was well cared for: a Protestant and a foreigner, who was, none the less, a mysterious well-wisher of 'ces dames,' she found a shy allegiance springing up about her steps as she traversed the plain. There was always a hot *galette* for her at 'la vieille Andecy,' an obsequious curtsy at Congy château from the housekeeper who showed with mumbling pride the bed where Henri Quatre had slept; and a welcoming smile from St. Eloi, that holy humorist, in the Champaubert chapel. She sat until twilight, often, on the sinister shore of l'Etang des Loups. Even the legended 'Croix Jeanne,' leaning against its pine thicket, seemed glad of her awkward Protestant dip. It was a good place — and all for the price of a second-rate hotel splotched with Baedekers.

Loneliness, in the sense of removal from the social scene, did not afflict her. She who shrank almost morbidly from human encounters, had no fear of the peasants. Slim, shy, timorous, she felt safe here. Her terrors were all of people and what people could do to her. The plain ignored her self-distrust. Letters came from Edmund, regularly, if you granted the delay of driving to Sézanne to fetch them. The months rounded slowly, punctually, to winter and her marriage. So might a châtelaine have waited, powerless but trusting.

Then, in full summer-time, the lightning struck, choosing again the Montmirail plain, after a hundred years' respite. The first rumors were vague and vivid — all detail and no substance, like news in the Middle Ages. There was war, and she scarcely knew more. Jacques or Etienne turned over night into a reservist, and departed; but had it not been for that, she would hardly have known. The two maid-servants she had brought with her clamored for Paris; she gave them money and had them driven to Sézanne. After the mobilization they must have got through, for she never heard again. It did not occur to her to strike out, herself, for the capital; for her common sense told her she was better off where she was until Paris had cleared the decks for action. Besides, Paris frightened her. She hated being jostled in streets; she resented even a curious stare.

Old Marie and her husband, with their grandchild, came up from their cottage to the manor to sleep; and with the son and nephew gone, there was nothing for them to do but potter about rheumatically in her behalf. For many days, the click of the rosary was never stilled among the corridors of Andecy.

And still the rumors grew, terror capping terror, until it seemed that even at Andecy blood might rain down at any moment from the arched heaven. At first Miss Stanley forced herself to drive the fat donkey into Sézanne for news — a half-day's trip with only more terror at the end. The feeble crowds beset the bulletins posted outside the *mairie*, and scattered, murmuring their own comments on the laconic messages. Sometimes crones and half-grown children on the edge of the crowd got her to report to them, as she emerged from the denser group in front of the mairie wall. She did so as gently as she could, for they were all involved: fathers, husbands, sweethearts, brothers, sons, were facing the enemy at some point or other that only the War Office knew. If some creatures had had

nothing to give, it was only because the Prussians had taken all they had, in '70.

There was no insane terror; the people were strangely calm; yet they and theirs had been, of all time, the peculiar food of the enemy, and there was pessimism afloat. The plain was as defenseless as they: its mild crops as foreordained to mutilation by feet and hoofs and wheels as they to splintering shells.

Miss Stanley, who was so shy of unfamiliar action, felt Sézanne too much for her. She stopped going, after a week, and resigned herself to not knowing. She chafed under the censorship, though she knew that Edmund Laye would tell her that it was well done of the 'Powers that Were' to stanch the leakage of news as you would stanch blood from an artery. The General Staff was better off not drained of its vital facts. To be sure, Miss Stanley never read newspapers. Even less, did she subscribe to them. But she longed now for a neutral America, where the extras came hot and hot, where experts of every kind fought out the battles on the front page, and good journalese stimulated the lax imagination.

Her determination to go no more to Sézanne led her for exercise to other quarters of the plain. She would walk quickly, tensely, for an hour, her eyes fixed on a clump of trees or a church-spire far ahead of her at the end of the unswerving road, until the clump and the spire rose up to match her height and she came to the first whitewashed cottage. Champaubert church was never empty, these days, of worshipers who gazed up at gaudy St. Eloi as if he could help. The crops that waved on the old Montmirail battlefield were thinly harvested by women and an impeding fry of children. The steep little streets of Congy were dirtier than ever, and the ducks and the infants plashed about more indiscriminately in the common mud-puddles. No more galettes at 'la vieille Andecy': the old woman was prostrated by the loss of her reservist grandson.

Finally she gave up the plain too, and withdrew into Andecy itself, waiting, always waiting, for word of Edmund Laye. There had been a touch of loyalty to him in her staying on without plan of escape. News of him would reach her here sooner than elsewhere. If she left, she would be lost in a maelstrom, and might lose some precious word. Until she heard from Edmund of his sailing, or of a change of plan, she would stay where he thought of her as being. When she heard, she would go.

Some atavistic sense in Miss Stanley caused her to look, all through early August, to the provisioning of the manor — some dim instinct to hoard food, that might have sprung from the heart of a colonial ancestress behind a stockade of logs: premonition against death and savages. She sent old Marie to buy thriftily, making it clear that her fortress was not for herself alone, but for all who might be in need. Together, she and Marie and the granddaughter piled provisions in the empty rooms and the dark cellars; and they lived frugally on milk and eggs and *soupe aux choux*.

Sometimes she wondered whether the danger was not a mere fixed idea of the foolish peasants who had all been touched in the wits by '70. True, the able-bodied men were gone, but the reports these people brought her made no sense. Their quality verged on folk-lore. Something gigantic was going on, somewhere, but it had nothing to do with Edmund Laye in the Argentine, or with her at Andecy. Paris in danger? Perhaps: but how to take it on their word? Belgium flowing with blood? Just what did it mean?

An aeroplane over Sézanne at dawn? It must often have happened, *allez!* The air was never free, nowadays. The Germans in France? They had been seeing Germans behind every bush for forty years. So she talked with old Marie, scarcely sure whether she or old Marie were the fool.

Since the household no longer drove the fat donkey to Sézanne, none of them knew even what the War Office said — unless what old Séraphine from the next farm reported that her granddaughter had heard in Champaubert from a woman whose married daughter had been to Sézanne two days before, could be called a War Office report. And never, from the first, on the plain of Andecy, had anyone understood *why*. According to the plain, all things were to be believed of the German Emperor, who was usually drunk; but, on the other hand, who could trust an atheist government? The soil of the Hundred Days had never recovered from Bonapartist tendencies, Miss Stanley had often noted; and even old Marie would sometimes mix up '15 and '70. The White Paper — which Miss Stanley had never heard of — would have been wasted on Champaubert and Montmirail.

Wonder stirred at last even in old Marie's fatalistic mind at the lack of panic in this shy young foreigner — who could not chaffer, who could not bully, who could not endure even the mimic urbanity of Sézanne. Strange that she should be willing to stay quietly pacing up and down the cobbled courtyard of Andecy for sole exercise! Past mid-August, Marie put a vague question.

'When I hear from him, I shall go, Marie,' Miss Stanley answered. 'But I leave everything here to you and Théophile. The British fleet holds the sea, they say, and I shall be better off in England. I shall surely come back when the war is over, and perhaps I shall bring my husband with me.'

Some dim muscular effort deepened the wrinkles in the old woman's face. It was as if a knife had cut them in the living flesh.

'I hope so — if Théophile and I are here. To be sure, you must go where it is your duty. We will keep such of the provisions as can be kept — '

'Keep nothing. It is all for you who have been so kind to me — you and yours. Not a child, not a creature, for a dozen miles about that I would not wish to share with, as you know. But — listen, Marie.' Miss Stanley blushed faintly as she bent her head nearer Marie's good ear.

'It *is* my duty. My first duty, that is, must be to my future husband. When he returns from America' (she had long ago learned the futility of distinguishing, for Marie, between 'l'Amérique du nord' and 'l'Amérique du sud'; and was patient with her belief that New York was a suburb of Cayenne) 'he will wish me there. He was to have sailed last month. A letter — a telegram — must have gone astray in the confusion. When I hear, he will doubtless be in England. And when he reached England, I was to go to my friends and be married to him. My heart bleeds for France; but I am not French, and my duty is not here. I am American, you see, dear Marie, and my *fiancé* is English.'

'Ah!' Marie shook her head. 'My old head is turned with all they tell me, and the buzzing in my bad ear is like cannon. But I had thought that the English, for some reason I do not understand, were fighting with us. They have been telling us for ten years that we do not hate the English — that we love them. And Théophile thought that an English army was against the Germans. But perhaps I am wrong. *Monsieur votre fiancé* will not have to

fight, then? I congratulate you, mademoiselle.'

'The English are fighting with the French, Marie. But all Englishmen are not soldiers. Monsieur Laye is not a soldier. He is an engineer.'

'He is perhaps past the age.'

'There is no conscription in England, Marie. No man is a soldier unless he chooses.'

'No service to make?'

'None.'

'*C'est beau, ça!* All Frenchmen must fight. So England may go to war, and still have men to till the fields. But where do their armies come from?"

'Any man who wishes may go. But none are compelled — except the soldiers by profession. There will be enough, never fear. England will not desert France.'

The old woman nodded. 'I am not afraid of that. And you are not afraid that *monsieur le fiancé* will fight? I do not understand these things. As Théophile says, what I comprehend I do not hear, and what I hear I do not comprehend. I go to fetch mademoiselle's soup. They are lucky, all the same, to get the crops in, in time of war.' She clattered from the room.

Miss Stanley felt her heart grow heavy, she did not know precisely why. If only word would come! Perhaps she was a fool to stay. There must be trains through to Paris now. Anything to get nearer Edmund, away from this historic, war-bound plain! She crouched by the window to eat her *soupe aux choux* and stale bread. If only some boy would come riding into the courtyard with a letter for her! She had bribed half the urchins who loitered by the mairie in Sézanne to rush to her hot-foot with anything that came.

The lightning that had struck once at Champaubert and Montmirail was to strike again before she heard from Edmund Laye. Suddenly, with no warning, the heavens opened with that reiterant flash. Frightened stragglers over the plain, refugees from the north pushing on from beyond Sézanne in a blind stumbling dash to the southward; rumors that sprang up out of the ground so that she had but to stand still to hear the world move; indescribable distant noises, commotions less seen than sensed, on the far horizon; a casual smudge of aeroplanes on the great blue round of heaven; an earth, for no visible reason, tumultuously vibrating beneath her, — and then, at last, one hot noon, a frightened boy falling exhausted at her feet. She gave him the piece of gold that for many days had been waiting for him in her pocket, and bade him rest where he lay until he was ready for food. Marie and Théophile crouched beside him, listening to his winded babbling.

Armies, armies, fighting, men riding on horses, guns and wounded — like '15, like '70, like Hell. People like themselves leaving their cottages and farms, making, with such portable treasures as they had (food, relics, poultry, babes in arms), for the shelter of a town. No town could avail them, for in the towns sat the officers, and the marketplace offered only a bigger, a more organized destruction. But the hope of shelter would take them far afield. Anything was better than to see sabres splintering your walls, and a greasy flame replacing all that had been ancestral and intimate. Better to die in the open with friends — not smoked out of your own cellar to fall on a bayonet. They knew the secular ways of war: the dwellers on the plain were the foredoomed type of the refugee, the world over. Once in so often men fought, and poor people were homeless. And now none of the '*vieux de la vieille*' were there to guard.

These were the visions that assembled in Miss Stanley's brain while Ma-

rie, her lean fists clenched, reported the boy's wild talk. The lumps of fat hardened on her congealing soup; and still her mind went painfully, shuttle-wise, back and forth from her telegram — infinitely delayed, but clearly authentic — to the apocalyptic events surrounding her. Like most Americans perpetually defended by two oceans, Miss Stanley had no conception of invasion as a reality. The insult of an enemy on your own ground was one she had never steeled herself to meet. There was no weapon in her little arsenal for a literal foe. Her knees trembled under her as she rose to look out of the window, after Marie, spent with eloquence, had left her.

Edmund Laye, by this, was with his regiment — even she might not know where. No point in trying to break through to London: his telegram, dated the day of his arrival in England, was already too old. The letter he promised her would go the way of all the letters he must have written, that she had never had. And she herself was caught: she had waited too long on that predestined plain. The noises she heard seemed rumblings of the earth and cracklings of the inflamed sky. Andecy manor had not yet seen one soldier, unless you reckoned the pilots of those soaring monoplanes. But their hours were numbered: soon — any moment, now — all that hidden rumor would break forth into visible fruit of fighting men — men with rifles, men with lances, men with mitrailleuses or howitzers. She was trapped. To try, even with no luggage, to make the miles to Sézanne, would be not so much to take her life in her hands as to kick it from her. Caught; and her nervous nostrils feigned for her a subtle odor of smoke. She turned from the window and went to the quiet room that had once been the chapel. Out of those windows she could not look, thank Heaven! The life of the Virgin, in villainous stained glass, barred her vision.

She was absolutely alone. Old Marie and Théophile were not people: they were strangers, creatures, animals — what not. She scarcely knew. 'Allies' meant nothing to her at the moment but marching men. Even Edmund — who would be killed, because all beautiful things were killed unless they hid in caves and let their beauty rot in the dark. Fool that she had been not to go to England while there was time! Fool that she had been to forget that Edmund Laye, landing in England, would be first of all a Territorial — one of the thousands of slim reeds on which Kitchener was so heavily leaning. She had been obsessed with peace: sure that war could not touch her or what was privately, supremely, hers. She was a creature of peace; a little doctrinaire who supposed that, in the inverted moral world in which she walked, right made might. There was a deal of most logical self-pity in her tears. How did any of it concern her, that she should be cooped in a country manor to await horrors from unknown people? Why should Edmund Laye, who had chosen an antipodal career, be dragged back to present himself as a mark for some Prussian shell? The senselessness of it angered her. Nations meant little to her; the cosmos nothing. Alone in the chapel, she treated herself to a vivid personal rage. And still the strange tumult, that was more than half made of vibrations too slow for sound-waves, beat upon her nerves like an injury to the internal ear.

By twilight, the physical need of action came to her. She felt, in the subtler fibres of her mind, that if she stayed longer there half prone in her worm-eaten arm-chair, groveling mentally in this welter of concrete alarms, she should sink into a pit whence reason could not rescue her. She had been

so calm in her folly, so lulled by the sense of her sacred detachment from this bloody business, so sure that neutrality protected you from fire and steel even in the thickest *mêlée* — she could not have been more ridiculous if she had worn a dress cut out of the Stars and Stripes. Now, some obscure inhibition told her, she must act. She must move her hands and feet, limber her cramped muscles, set the blood flowing properly in her veins, make herself physically normal, or her worthless mind would let her go mad. She must not think of death or outrage or torture.

She must forget the things she had heard those first days in Sézanne. She must forget the gossip of Marie and Théophile and Séraphine, inventing, inventing, with a mediæval prolixity and a racial gift for the *macabre*, on chill evenings by the fire. They had no need of news. They dug up out of the bloody deeps of the past things the like of which she had never expected to hear. She must forget — shut her staring mouth and forget. Whatever visited itself on Andecy must not find a gibbering mistress there. Perhaps if she pretended that Edmund knew, moment by moment, what she was doing, she could master her faltering flesh and her undisciplined mind. She had lost him forever, but she would try to be some of the things he thought her. Edmund Laye had called her flower-like. Well: flowers were broken, but they did not go mad. She must be — decent.

Her brisk pacing of the chapel did not allay her fears, but it brought back to her a sense of decorum. Her body had never lent itself to an immodest gesture: what — she caught at the notion — could be more immodest than visible fear? So gradually, by artificial means, she brought herself back into some dignity; scolding and shaking herself into a trooper's demeanor. She could not trust her mind, but perhaps she could get her instincts into fighting form. Cautiously she tried them — as you try a crazy foothold to see if it will bear your weight. Her muscles seemed to respond: suppleness, strength, coördination, were reported satisfactory. She thought she could promise not to fall a-shivering again. The noise in her ears faded; the vibrations ceased to rock her nerves. Miss Stanley flung open the chapel door, and walked firmly, ignoring echoes, down the brick-paved corridor to the kitchen.

Marie, Théophile, and little Jeanne watched, in a kind of apathy, the pot on the fire. In the dim corners of the big kitchen, Miss Stanley thought she saw strange figures. Inspection revealed a few frightened women and children from farms that had once been dependencies of Andecy. Here was something to do — more blessed exercise for hands and feet.

'You, Françoise? and the little ones? And you, Mathilde? and the girl? Good! It is time the children had food and went to bed. We must economize candles, so we will all eat here. The dining-room, in half an hour, will be a dormitory. Jeanne shall sleep in my room. Milk and gruel for the little ones, Marie, and *soupe aux choux* for the rest of us. Milk we will use while we have it. Eggs also. We cannot expect to keep the livestock forever. Bread we have not — until I bake it in my own fashion. It may come to that. Jeanne, you will eat with us older ones. Come and help me make beds for the children. Luckily, there are cots for a whole community. In half an hour' — she took out her watch — 'the babies sup and say their prayers. To-morrow, I prepare the chapel and the pupils' old dormitory for wounded. Wounded there will be, if what we hear from Sézanne — though they are all fools in Sézanne, from the fat mayor down —

be true. My fiancé is at the front. We wait here for our men, hein?' And she beckoned to Jeanne.

She had made her speech blindly, recklessly planning as she spoke, thinking that if she could convince her hearers she could perhaps convince herself. She looked for the effect on them when she had done. The speech had worked. If it worked for them, it must work for her, too. It could not be madness, if it had lighted up those sodden faces. And as she looked from one to another, she saw a flicker of pride, of patriotism, reflected in their eyes. Reflected from what? From her, without doubt. There must have been pride in her voice and glance when she spoke of Edmund Laye. Good! That was the line to take. There should be a brave show: she would work her muscles to death to keep it going. Every due emotion should be cultivated in each limb and feature; every surface inch of skin should play its part. The drum and fife should play all the more bravely because her heart was hollow. Perhaps, if she got a fair start, a fine physical impetus toward courage, she could keep it up to the end.

'Come, Jeanne.' She beckoned the child.

The women stirred, and the children huddled against their skirts crept out upon the floor.

'Théophile, is the great gate locked?'

The old man shook his head vaguely. He had gone near to losing his few wits with the rumors from Sézanne which his ears had drunk up so greedily. His shaken mind was wandering windily about in reminiscences of '70 and legends of '15.

'It had best be locked at once. The lantern, Jeanne. Come.'

The child looked at her piteously.

'Oh, very well!' Miss Stanley pushed her gently aside. 'I shall not need it. There is still light enough. Fetch the bowls for the babies, Jeanne. We must all get to bed, and be up with the dawn.'

Alone, she left the house and crossed the innumerable cobblestones of the huge courtyard to the outer gate. She knew the way of the heavy bolts and bars, for she had often escorted Théophile on his rounds before the official *coucher* of the household; but her shaking fingers tapped the rusty iron ineffectually. She loathed her fingers: insubordinate little beasts! She struck her right hand smartly with her left, her left with her right, to punish them with real pain. The fingers steadied; she drove the foolish, antiquated bolts home.

Something white fluttered about her feet in the twilight: the hens had not been shut up. Miss Stanley was very angry, for a moment, with Théophile; then angry with herself for her anger. Théophile was frightened because he *knew*. '70 had been the moment of his prime. She did not know; she had no right to be frightened. Tales of the Civil War, she remembered now, had always bored her; she had never listened to them. Her duty now was to secure the poultry. They must have eggs while they could, and chicken broth for the children. Mathilde's little girl was a weakling. So she ran hither and yon, trying to drive the silly handful toward the little grange where they were kept. With traditional idiocy, they resisted; and the last stragglers she lifted and imprisoned ruthlessly in her skirt. She hated the creatures; to touch them made her flesh crawl; but at last she got them all in, squawking, and fastened the door upon them. How like the stupid things to make extra trouble because there was a war! Her anger against them was quite serious, and sank into proper insignificance only when her task was done.

A stone wall, continuing the house

wall all the way round, bounded the courtyard; but through the grille she could see rocket-like sputters of flame far off on the horizon, and here and there a patch of light in the sky which meant fires burning steadily beneath. The pounding vibrations had ceased. There was trouble, a mighty trouble, upon them all; and with the dawn, perhaps, all the things those chattering fools by the fire had spent their phrases on.

Strangest of all to her was the sudden thought that Edmund, separated from her now by the innumerable leagues of destiny, might be, as the crow flies, not so far away. A few fatal miles might be replacing, even now, the friendly, familiar ocean whose division of the lovers had been a mere coquetry of Time. On that thought she must not dwell; besides — irony returned to her at last — did she not gather from those idiots within that all soldiers one ever saw were Germans? One's own armies were routed somewhere; but one encountered, one's self, only the victors, ever. Then the jealous captain to whom she had given the command reminded her that such reflections meant mutiny.

Slim, straight, hollowed out with fear, but walking delicately ahead, she went back to the house and superintended the babies' supper. Then the grown-ups ate — standing about the table as at the Passover, faces half-averted toward the door — and she marshaled them all to their appointed sleeping-places. Marie and Théophile abdicated their dominion with an uncouth relief. If mademoiselle, so shy, so small, could be so sure of what they ought to do — doubtless hers was a great brain in a frail form. After prayers, in which Miss Stanley herself joined, borrowing a *chapelet*, they went off to snore peacefully in the guardianship of that great brain so opportunely discovered.

'You have not an American flag?' old Marie asked, as she shuffled off.

Théophile, past any coherent reflections, was mumbling over the dying fire.

'No, nothing of the sort. I am sorry. I should use it if I had.'

'You could not make one?'

'Impossible, to-night. To-morrow I will see.'

Marie apologetically offered a last suggestion to the great brain. 'A white flag? It would do no harm to have it ready. Françoise swears they are in Sézanne to-night.'

'I will see. *Allez vous coucher.*' And Miss Stanley turned on her heel and sought the little room where Jeanne was already restlessly dreaming.

Save the babies, Andecy found no deep sleep that night. The old people napped and woke and napped again, according to their habit. The mothers rose and walked beside their children's cots, then fell limply back and dozed. Miss Stanley slept from sheer exhaustion until an hour before dawn. Then she rose and dressed herself, and, when dressed, sent Jeanne to wake her grandparents. Whatever the day might bring, it should not find them either asleep or fasting. They would eat, if it was to be their last meal.

Alone in her room, by candle-light, Miss Stanley made a white flag out of a linen skirt. She sewed hastily but firmly, that it might be no flimsier than she could help. By the first streaks of daylight, she groped for and found, in a lumber-room, a long stick to fasten it to — probably, it flashed across her, Madame Françoise de Paule's cane, never buried, as Anne Marmont had hoped. When the flag was finished, she loathed it: loathed its symbolism, loathed its uselessness. No: whatever happened, she would have nothing to do with that. What could be more humiliating than to hold up a white flag

in vain? Another idea came to her; and while breakfast was preparing and the children were being dressed, she carried it swiftly into execution. Slashing a great cross out of a scarlet cape, she sewed it firmly to the white ground. *That* she might hang to the dove-cot, after breakfasting.

She carried it martially with her into the great kitchen, and placed it in a corner. The sun itself was hardly up, but the children brought the flag out into the firelight and old Marie was jubilant. The wonderful idea! The great brain of mademoiselle! She fussed almost happily over the simmering skillet of milk. But the great brain was pondering apart in the lessening shadows. Better the American flag, if she could manage it. She would beg an old blue smock of Théophile's, for she had nothing herself. Those wretched stars! It would take her a long morning; and she felt convinced that this day's sun would not rise peacefully to the zenith. This thing she had made was a lie. Incalculable harm could be done by assuming a badge you had no right to — incalculable harm to those who had the right. She was mortally afraid; but she would not do anything in pure panic. That would make it worse for every one in the end.

An American flag: it must be made. How many states were there? She had no notion, but she fancied they were as the sands of the sea. It would take a woman all day to cut out those stars and sew them to a blue field hacked out of Théophile's smock. And what a makeshift banner, in the end! Even if the enemy politely waited for her to finish it, would they not detect it at once? Was not that the kind of thing every German knew better than she — how many little silly stars there were, safe and far away, sending senators to Washington? A sullen tide of mirth was let loose in her far below the surface. Here she was, quivering with terror, with a lot of foolish livestock on her hands — livestock that she could not give up to slaughter as if they had been the sheep that they really were.

Miss Stanley caught up one of the children to her lap and fed it great spoonfuls of warm milk — choking it hopelessly. Luckily the mother was too apathetic to reproach her. She could not even feed a child without wetting it all over! Disgusted, she put the child down again. It whimpered, and the mother, roused, moved over to it. Miss Stanley looked at her cup. Chocolate — no coffee, for the coffee was gone. Coffee might have cleared her brain, but this mess would do nothing for her. Still, she drank it. And gradually, as their hunger was appeased, they crept about her. Even those who did not move their chairs turned and faced her. She could not meet so many eyes. She had nothing to do with them — these tellers of old wives' tales, who expected her to deliver them from the horrors their own lips had fabricated. Why did they stare at her as if she might have an idol's power over events? Whispering, almost inaudibly, their strung and beaded prayers, yet blasphemously looking to her!

The shadows still lessened in the great kitchen. The sun lay in level streaks on the centre of the stone floor, and even the twilight in the corners was big with noon. The women sat in a helpless huddle, not knowing how to go about the abnormal tasks of the abnormal day. The far-off thunders of the plain began again: vibrations as of earthquake first, then explicit sounds, unmistakable and portentous. To-day, you could distinguish among those clamors. Miss Stanley, with the first sounds, expected to have a tiny mob to quell; but their apathy did not leave them. Even the children turned that steady, hypnotized stare on her. And

then Jeanne — how could she not have missed Jeanne from the assembly? — ran down the corridor with a sharp clatter.

'They are there! Soldiers — on horseback — at the gate!'

And indeed now, in the sudden tragic hush, Miss Stanley could hear the faint metallic thrill and tinkle of iron bars, at a distance, struck sharply. Old Théophile roused himself as if by unconscious antediluvian habit, but Marie plucked him back and ran for the flag with the scarlet cloth cross. This she thrust into the American girl's hand. No one else moved, except that Mathilde flung her heavy skirt over her little girl's head.

For one moment, Miss Stanley stood irresolute. She had never dreamed of such a tyranny of irrelevant fact. She must, for life or death, — for honor, at all events, — respond to a situation for which nothing, since her birth, had prepared her. Peace had been to her as air and sunlight — the natural condition of life. This was like being flung into a vacuum; it was death to her whole organism. Yet, somehow, she was still alive.

Irony took her by the throat; and then the thought of Edmund Laye — linked, himself, with events like these, riding or marching beneath just such skies, on just such a planet, under just such a law. Never had there been, really, immunity like that which she had fancied to be the very condition of human existence. It was all human, with a wild inclusiveness that took her breath. And, whatever happened, paralysis like that which even now crept slowly up her limbs, was of the devil. Against that last ignominy she braced herself.

Her muscles responded miraculously to her call for help, and she felt her feet moving across the floor. If feet could move, hands could. She rolled up the little banner and threw it in the very centre of the fire. It occurred to her as a last insult that she did not know enough German even to proclaim her nationality; but she did not falter again. Some residuum of human courage out of the past kept her body loyal, — some archaic fashion of the flesh that dominated the newness of the mind. Past generations squared her shoulders for her, and gave her lips a phrase to practise.

As she passed down the corridor, she flung each door wide open. She paused, a mere fraction of an instant, in the big front door of the house; but from there she could see only a confusion of helmets, and horses nosing at the grille. Almost immediately she passed through the door and walked, hatless, her arms hanging stiffly at her sides, across the innumerable cobblestones, to the gate.

AN ENDOWMENT FOR THE STATE

BY ALVIN S. JOHNSON

I

THE American people display a remarkable aversion to thought on matters pertaining to the income and outgo of the public treasury. Customs and internal revenue, income and corporation taxes, are types of the subjects we prefer to have discussed out of our hearing. It is enough that we must pay the taxes. Among the immunities and privileges guaranteed to us by the Constitution are surely to be found freedom from the din of financial debate, and the right of ignorance concerning public ways and means.

It is true that at various periods in our history great popular interest has been aroused by proposed reforms which were essentially financial. Such interest was excited by Alexander Hamilton's project for a revenue system upon which national unity might be based; by Henry Clay's plan of a tariff that would establish the economic independence of the nation; by Henry George's scheme for extirpating poverty and privilege at a single stroke. It was not, however, the financial logic with which these plans were wrought out that commanded the popular attention. When have we ever heard of popular enthusiasm for that most logical of all financial projects, a 'tariff for revenue only'? Hamilton and Clay and George wrought their miracles through a common device: the translation of their proposals into moral terms. And we may be assured that no financial programme of the future will excite great zeal in the American people unless it is subject to moral translation. However practical we may be in our private lives, in our public concerns we require the support of an ideal.

To the casual observer the present financial situation in the United States appears to be ethically colorless. One who reads the signs of the times must, however, foresee that the subject of public revenue will, in the near future, assume the vestments of a moral issue. The spirit of social justice is abroad. At present, to be sure, this spirit concerns itself with ends, not with means. The children of the poor must be fed and clothed and trained for life and work; the sick and the maimed must be nursed and solaced; and the aged must be restored to the serene dignity of old time, when gray hairs and pauperism were not, as now, substance and shadow. Such claims upon society were indeed made generations ago, but only by isolated reformers and philanthropists, whose sanity was questioned by their contemporaries. To-day they are presented by legions of men, among whom are numbered those who are accounted the sanest and most practical of us all.

The social demands upon government have already found partial recognition in the legislation of almost all the countries of Europe: Germany, France, England, the lesser nations, and even Russia, are taking up their social burdens one by one; and there is no record of such obligations as repudiated, after they have once been assumed. We are

not more cynical than the nations of Europe; if we lag behind at present, we shall none the less, in another generation, be found in the forefront of the movement.

Social justice, however, is not to be had without cost. We have never attempted to number our destitute children, the sick and the wounded in our industrial army, our aged workingmen and workingwomen who, after a life of toil and sacrifice, are forced to eat the gritty bread of charity. If we did number them — and did no more — a curse of God would perhaps fall upon us, and deservedly. But when once we realize the gravity of the problem, we shall not be slow to assume the moral obligations which rest upon us. What the financial burden of these obligations will be we do not know, but it is a cautious surmise that it may overbalance all the other costs of our federal government combined. Within a third of a century, then, the nation will probably be confronted with the task of doubling its revenues.

It is not an easy matter, even at present, to procure adequate public revenues. Until recently the federal government appeared to enjoy inexhaustible financial resources. But four years ago we found it necessary to supplement the customs and excises with the somewhat onerous corporation tax; and now we have a still more onerous income tax. Further development of federal taxation is likely to impair, in some measure, the sources of state and local revenues.

The local governments are in worse case; many of them are now levying taxes very nearly up to the limit of tolerance of the tax-paying public. By readjustment of burdens, to be sure, some increase in the tax revenues of the local governments is possible, but it is doubtful whether by such readjustment we can do much more than make provision for the expansion of ordinary governmental expenditures. Legally, the power of taxation is unlimited; but practically its limits are very narrow indeed. This is why every one who anticipates a great development of expenditures for the purposes of social welfare, is seeking new sources of public revenue. And such a search must inevitably result in a criticism of our system of distribution, from a moral as well as from an economic point of view.

II

In periods of serious and unfavorable environmental changes, every organism tends to revert to an ancestral type. To this rule, human institutions are not exceptions. The hardships of early-nineteenth-century industrialism aroused in the minds of men an eager zeal for the establishment of communal institutions resembling the social organization of primitive man. Similarly the growing burden of taxation has resulted in a sentiment in favor of the creation of revenue sources practically identical with those of the mediæval state.

The mediæval financial system, it is well known, was based upon the revenues from landed domains. The royal estates provided for the private expenditures of the prince and his household, including many of the high officers of the state; the landed domains of the vassals of the prince supported the expense of the military organization and the administration of justice; other landed revenues were assigned to the Church and to public charity, to universities and hospitals. In Russia the public domain is still an important element of finance; but west of Russia only vestiges of it remain, in the national forests and wastes, and in various communal landed holdings. Such holdings are insignificant as elements in the

financial system of progressive states; but under the pressure of the growing burden of taxation they are beginning to exert a powerful influence upon the popular imagination. They seem to point to a solution of our problems. Let us revert to the mediæval financial order and reconstitute our public domain. This is the impulse which, in last analysis, gives strength to the movement for land nationalization.

Such tendencies to reversion are a natural accompaniment of the spontaneous efforts of the organism toward a new adjustment. They never can be fully realized, but they can aid in shaping the new order. The nineteenth-century experiments in communism were failures; primitive communism will never return to the world. But they helped to deliver humanity from the moral doctrine of *laissez-faire*, a doctrine branded ages ago as the philosophy of Cain.

The assumption by the group of responsibility for the welfare of its members is approaching realization, but in a way not dreamed of by the Communists. There are excellent reasons for believing that a state with its revenue system based upon a landed domain would be a failure. It does not, however, follow that a policy of state endowment is fundamentally unsound. What does follow is that the modern state, in seeking an endowment, must choose from among the numerous current sources of income those which are most appropriate to its purposes.

III

One of the most remarkable tendencies in modern economic life is the segregation of productive property into two classes: that which yields a fixed income, and that which gives claim to an income that is uncertain, contingent. Thus the property right in a piece of land is often divided between the mortgagee and the owner of the equity. The mortgagee receives his income, whatever the ups and downs of the enterprise, while the owner of the equity must content himself with an income that is dependent upon the success of the year's operations. Where real estate is let under long leases to persons who are financially responsible, the rent assumes a stability not unlike the income of the mortgagee, and the tenant's interest in the property assimilates itself, economically, to that of the owner of a real-estate equity. The distinction appears most clearly of all in the division of income rights in corporate earnings into interest on bonds and dividends on stocks. Even the rights to the public revenue are divided between the state and the holder of public obligations. The sovereign state itself is forced to bestow upon its creditors the most certain part of its income, and content itself with income that is in some measure contingent.

This process of differentiating a productive property into its kernel of certain income and a husk of contingent income is of comparatively recent origin. In the late Middle Ages there were certain money charges settled upon land, but their volume was insignificant. The process first gained head with the formation of public debts, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Since that time the differentiation has proceeded apace. In some fields of enterprise, the tendency is held in check by law, as in banking; in other fields, by reactionary traditions and the survival of cumbersome institutions of an earlier epoch, as in agriculture. In spite of all restrictions, however, the mass of rights to certain income appears to gain steadily upon the mass of rights to contingent income.

It would be difficult to estimate the

volume of rights to fixed income now existing in the United States. This volume cannot, however, be less than one tenth of all our capital values, that is, between twelve and fourteen billions. By devices well known to practical financiers, such, for example, as the creation of investment institutions holding so wide a range of uncertain securities that unanticipated losses are balanced by unanticipated gains, the volume of fixed income rights could easily be increased to twenty-five or thirty billions, representing an annual income falling between one thousand and fifteen hundred millions.

IV

Rights to contingent income are usually what we have in mind when we defend private property against socialistic attacks. Private ownership, we say, increases the productivity of wealth. This is not necessarily true of private property in government consols, in corporation bonds, in long-term mortgages, or in leased estates. The owners of such property are relieved of practically all concern in the management of productive operations. It is the tendency of modern financial institutions, seconded by governmental regulation, to remove whatever insecurity still attaches to such investments, and thus to render still more remote the interest of the investor in the course of wealth production.

For the protection of contingent property incomes, on the other hand, there is need of the watchful eye of private interest. One whose fortune consists in the equity in a bonded enterprise must be constantly on the alert lest his income be lost through mismanagement. He it is whose interest requires him to make the enterprise as fruitful as possible, and thus to serve the public well.

Again, the interest in private property exercises, under our system, the important function of distributing the industrial resources of the country to the several industries. This distribution of resources, however, is the result of an endless series of experiments; and the fruits of the successful experiment are all enjoyed by the claimant of contingent income, as the costs of experiments that fail are borne by him. If the United States Steel Corporation develops a new branch of export trade, it is the stockholder who will gain the profits or bear the losses from the venture. The bondholder will neither gain nor lose.

The income from private property is often defended as a reward of enterprise. Enterprise obviously exists only where the exercise of discretion is required. Very little discretion is demanded from the holder of the title to certain income. New York City bonds yield up their fruits with equal readiness to men who work and to men who play; to shrewd men of affairs and to ladies of a sheltered life; to persons who reside in New York and to persons who reside on the Riviera. Not so with the fruits of a factory or a shop or a farm. Let the owner's eye blink, and some of these fruits are gone.

In short, were we not already accustomed to it, we should find ground for astonishment in the fact that the rights to fixed incomes are still in private hands. We have not nationalized stores and factories, mines and railways, and for the excellent reason that most of us believe that such properties are better managed in private hands. Why have we not nationalized consols and bonds and realty loans? There is no question as to the competence of the public authorities to manage such forms of property. And that these are the natural elements from which to constitute a new public domain is at-

tested by the fact that there is, even now, an unmistakable drift of such property toward quasi-public institutions — hospitals, universities, insurance reserves, and the like, paralleling the mediæval drift of landed property toward the Church. There is not the least complaint that such properties are mismanaged, although their control is commonly lodged with disinterested trustees. And even where the trustees have not been wholly disinterested, as in the case of the life-insurance companies a decade ago, mismanagement of property has not developed into a serious evil.

V

The same economic forces that have rendered the life of the worker insecure, and hence have imposed upon society the duty of succoring him, have also segregated from the mass of productive property a fund of wealth yielding a fixed and certain income. The income yielded by this fund would be abundantly adequate to the support of the social obligations that the state must assume. Of this fund it may be said that its essential function is distributive, rather than productive; and therefore it is more appropriately destined for public than for private uses. It is, however, still in private hands, and the practical question which arises is, how can it be transferred to the possession of the public?

Men with socialistic leanings will find a simple solution for this problem: expropriate the private owners, on the ground that all property is robbery. Men who have been trained to the Single-Taxer's mode of reasoning will hardly hesitate in accepting the same solution. Much of this property — and indeed a considerable share of every form of property — has originated in privilege, if not in force and fraud. The fact that all productive operations would go on without disturbance if the income from this fund were covered into the public treasury, instead of enriching private purses, should be decisive from the point of view of Single-Tax logic.

But confiscation of property, unless it is universal, as the Socialists would have it, is properly reserved to itself by the state as a penalty for unlawful acts; and it would be absurd to say that illegality attaches to any form of property which has been established by the state and recognized by it. It would be equally absurd to say that the moral claims of the holders of one class of property are inferior to those of the holders of property of another class, since all property is acquired with a sole view to private gain, not to public service.

In the course of history the sphere of private property alternately expands and contracts. In Russia a reform required by the times is the alienation of the public landed domain; and this reform, manifestly, should be effected through sale at a fair price to private persons. A reform that will no doubt be required by the industrial state of to-morrow will be the absorption by the public of a large share of the sources of fixed income. And this can be effected only through purchase at a fair price from private persons.

If, however, it is granted that the state may not acquire its endowment through confiscation, does it not become impracticable for the State to acquire an endowment at all? That this is a common belief is indicated by the contemptuous rejection by land-nationalists of the proposal of compensation to private owners. Our present revenue systems are barely adequate to current need. How then are we to stretch them sufficiently to provide means for the acquisition of a vast fund of income-yielding property?

VI

There is one element in our modern revenue systems which is still capable of great development, but for which an appropriate use has not yet been found. This is the inheritance tax. Inheritance taxes are levied in almost all the countries of Europe, and in many of the states of our own Union. The revenue from such taxes, like that derived from other imposts, is applied to the current needs of the state. There appear, however, to be good reasons why the inheritance tax should not be used as a means of meeting current expenditures. Other taxes are, for the most part, paid out of the annual income of society; the inheritance tax is paid out of its capital.

Moralists have universally condemned the private heir who squanders his inheritance instead of keeping it intact, to yield a permanent income. But when the state constitutes itself a coheir, as is the case when it levies a tax on inheritances, it follows the example of the unthrifty heir. This waste of capital may seem to be an altogether negligible matter in a country where accumulation is rapid. Our national wealth is increasing now at the rate of $5,000,000,000 yearly, while the estates which pass through the probate courts can hardly amount to much more than $4,000,000,000. Even a heavy tax on such estates could not check the progress of accumulation, however wastefully the proceeds of the tax might be employed. In a country in which the volume of wealth increases slowly, if at all, as in France, the wasteful use of a heavy inheritance tax might easily result in a progressive decrease in the national capital. And every modern country will eventually reach a point where the tendencies toward accumulation are evenly balanced by the tendencies toward a higher standard of living. When this point has been reached, any tax which dissipates the national capital will work manifest injury to society.

It has indeed been urged that the levy of an inheritance tax makes possible an equivalent relief from other forms of taxation, and hence gives opportunity for new savings to counterbalance the old savings dissipated by the tax. But this argument will not appear cogent to those who realize that the accumulation of capital is chiefly the work of the few, not of the many, and that relief from the taxes which fall upon the many, leads not to increased savings, but to a rise in the standard of living. We are justified in regarding sums collected through inheritance taxes and appropriated to current expenditures as practically a net deduction from the national capital. And a reduction in capital means deterioration of the whole mechanical equipment of society, with consequent loss in efficiency and general impoverishment. Even a slight slackening in the rate of accumulation is to be accepted only if there is no way of avoiding it.

VII

In spite of its unthrifty character, the inheritance tax recommends itself so strongly to the sense of justice that it is making steady progress throughout the civilized world. Beginning with trifling burdens on legacies to strangers and inheritances of heirs remote in kin, it gains in popularity, and places its burdens upon nearer heirs, and finally upon direct heirs, retaining, however, discriminations in rates against the remote. Then it borrows the spirit of the democratic movement of the age and devises heavier burdens for the large estates than the ordinary estate could well bear. In the German Empire the state appropriates one fourth of a very

large estate inherited by a distant relative or bequeathed to a stranger; in Italy, over one fifth; in France, almost a fifth; in some of our own states, as much as an eighth. It would be idle to suppose that the inheritance tax has anywhere reached the limit of its development; in the United States it is only at the inception of its course. That the progress of the tax lags behind the spirit of the times is attested by the hundreds of millions in bequests to public and semi-public institutions — an inheritance tax self-imposed in default of a law imposing it.

The inheritance taxes now levied in Great Britain, ranging from nominal rates on moderate fortunes falling to direct heirs, to heavy rates on large fortunes falling to remote heirs, take for the public about six per cent of the wealth passing by death. Similar rates levied in the United States would probably represent as high a percentage, since the aggregation of wealth in large estates appears to be as marked here as in England, and since the American family is certainly not more stable than the British, and hence direct heirs are not more certain. Six per cent on $4,000,000,000 would yield a revenue of $240,000,000. Suppose that we allow $40,000,000 for the inheritance taxes now levied by the States: we shall still have $200,000,000 added to our ordinary federal revenues. There is, furthermore, no reason why we should not develop the tax to a point where it will yield twice this revenue, provided that we can liberate it from the vice of capital-wasting.

Twenty years ago, Spahr estimated that one half the wealth of the United States consisted of fortunes of over $50,000. This estimate was regarded as radical at the time, but would be accepted as very conservative now. We may assume that the same proportions hold for estates passing by death, although there are reasons why this assumption should be regarded as excessively conservative. Now a graduated tax averaging five per cent on estates under $50,000 would work hardship to no one. It would yield $100,000,000. A graduated tax averaging 15 per cent on estates above $50,000, would be entirely reasonable, and would yield $300,000,000. It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon this phase of the question, as there are few who would deny that a revenue of $400,000,000 could easily be raised in the United States by a federal inheritance tax, if this were regarded as socially desirable.

Let us assume, then, that the United States levies an inheritance tax yielding $400,000,000 annually, and invests the proceeds in bonds, mortgages, etc., the annual income of which is applied to the support of gradually developing social services. If the wealth of the country remained stationary, the public endowment would, after thirty years, amount to twelve billions of dollars. At the present rate of increase, the wealth of the country will double in a little over twenty years; and this means that the yield of the inheritance tax would steadily increase. Even if we allow for some slackening in the rate of accumulation, the tax would be twice as productive after thirty years as at present. On this assumption, the public endowment at the end of a generation would be over twenty billions, a sum of wealth capable of yielding an annual revenue of $800,000,000. Whether this revenue would be adequate to the support of the social needs of the time or not, is of course something that we cannot tell with certainty. A social insurance scheme as liberal as that recently adopted by Great Britain, would cost the United States not more than $150,000,000 at the present time. If we make all due allowance for increasing liberality of

provision, it appears none the less plausible that all reasonable needs of a generation hence would be covered by $800,000,000.

The objection may be raised that the sources of fixed income, now in private hands, do to a certain extent subserve a public purpose. As savings-bank investments they represent a stimulus to thrift; as investments of insurance companies, they provide that security without which large classes would be exposed to grave risks from the death or disability of breadwinners. Securities in private hands also are frequently little more than a reserve against untoward chances. Accordingly it would be highly undesirable to assign all such income-sources to the public.

It has already been indicated that we possess means for greatly increasing the volume of fixed-income sources. At present the volume is limited chiefly by the demand; the appearance of a new demand, on the part of a public investment agency, would merely give an impetus to the segregation of fixed from contingent income. There is no reason for fearing that the volume of secure investments will ever fall short of all legitimate needs, private or public. Even if the progress of accumulation should be arrested, and the national endowment should begin to absorb an increasing proportion of the social wealth, the fund of secure investments would probably increase proportionately. For a decline in progress of accumulation is an indication of increasing economic stability, and such a tendency toward stability implies less serious fluctuations in contingent income, or, what amounts to the same thing, a larger proportion of fixed-income sources.

The assumption by the public of the rôle of an investor would nevertheless have a tendency to raise the price of stable investments and hence to reduce their returns. In so far it would give a motive to all who are capable of taking an active part in business to release their funds from such investments. Thus the fixed investments would be set aside for public purposes, not by the harsh method of prohibition of their private possession, but by an automatic process in the field of investment values prejudicial to the interests of no one. No private person would need to surrender his city or railway bonds; but the condition of the market would make it to his interest to do so, if he had even a moderate capacity for active business affairs.

VIII

Possession by the state of an endowment so vast would doubtless seem to many to involve serious political dangers. At the very outset the state would have funds to invest amounting to $400,000,000, and these funds would steadily increase. If investments were confined at first to the obligations of the state itself and its various subdivisions, five or six years would suffice for acquiring the entire existing volume of such obligations. The state would be forced to enter upon the field of private investments. In its choice of such investments it is highly probable that the state would not invest its funds with a view to financial return alone, but would use its new powers to influence the course of industrial development. It might, for example, give a preference to agriculture over industry, or to the small enterprise over the large; it might grant loans to workingmen desiring to erect dwellings, while withholding them from men of wealth desiring to erect office-buildings. That such a spirit would be likely to determine governmental distribution of investment funds is not ungrounded surmise. In Germany a large part of the

social-insurance funds is actually invested in such a way as to further social, as well as financial, ends.

Exception might properly be taken to an investment policy partly controlled by social motives, if there were anything sacred in the unmixed financial motive, and if that motive did, as a matter of fact, rule the whole conduct of existing private financial institutions. Every one, however, is familiar with the foreign loan designed to serve a political purpose. In domestic financiering productiveness and security are not by any means the sole criteria upon which decision is made to extend support to an enterprise or to withhold it. There is not the least doubt that finance is often a means of industrial control; or that discriminations are frequently made between competing bidders for funds. In private financiering, however, discriminations are most likely to favor the large enterprise as against the small, industry as against agriculture, and business construction as against the construction of dwellings. That public financiering would have the opposite tendency is accordingly a strong argument in favor of its introduction.

IX

Those who oppose every extension of the powers and activities of the state would naturally regard a public endowment fund as dangerous for another reason: that it would provide the means necessary for ambitious public undertakings, such as nationalization of railways or municipal ownership of public utilities, and hence would trench upon the field of private enterprise. Opposition to public enterprise as such is, however, anachronistic. So long as government was removed from popular control, and, in a sense, alien to the general interest, as under the absolute monarchy, every extension of governmental enterprise was dangerous, since it strengthened the powers of an existing tyranny. With the state subject to democratic control, there can be no valid objection to a policy of public enterprise in itself. Rational opposition to such a policy can be based upon only one ground, the relative inefficiency of public enterprise.

Public industries are indeed frequently mismanaged, and it may be taken for granted that the disinterested character of public management will produce results technically less satisfactory than those of private enterprise at its best. It is, however, not merely technical inefficiency that weighs against public enterprise. Its most serious handicap is the popular doctrine that a public enterprise should not be conducted with a view to profit. This doctrine is unexceptionable if it means that the public may often content itself with an immaterial return, diffused throughout society, such as may be assumed to arise from public sanitation or from general education. The doctrine is vicious when it is extended to services that confer a concrete monetary gain upon limited classes of individuals. A city which should provide rapid transit free of charge for suburban dwellers would not greatly improve the condition of the poorer classes for whose benefit alone such a policy might justly be adopted. The policy would redound rather to the advantage of holders of suburban lands. An irrigation scheme conducted without profit is either a wasteful scheme, or one which benefits particular landholders at the public expense. The capital supply of the world, like the land supply, is limited; hence, unless wastefully employed, it will yield a profit. For the state to remit profit on capital employed by it, is merely to bestow unearned gains upon privileged classes. A system of railway rates designed to

yield no profits would be one of the most fruitful of all devices for robbing the whole public for the benefit of the few. So long as this principle fails to secure general recognition, public ownership is almost certain to be wasteful and destructive to the general interests of society.

With a policy of state endowment systematically carried out, the public would look askance at an unproductive employment of the national capital. Especially would this be the case if the revenue of a public endowment were assigned to a service so widely distributed as social insurance. All those receiving old age and invalidity pensions, all those receiving sickness relief, or expecting to rely upon it in case of need, together with all their relatives and friends, would throw the weight of their influence against a wasteful administration of public endowment funds. And this means practically all the members of the poorer classes — five sixths of the population.

Under these conditions, it is not at all certain that the existence of public funds would give a stimulus to government ownership of industries. Broad and vague considerations of public policy would not be granted undisputed sway in such matters, as at present. A statesman proposing a policy of national ownership of railways would be forced to demonstrate that such a policy would be more productive of revenues, and no more fraught with uncertainty, than investment of the same funds in first mortgage bonds of corporations privately operated. We should obviously have an additional check upon the tendency toward public enterprise at the same time that we should have means of facilitating it. It is impossible to determine whether the net effect would be to strengthen the tendency or to weaken it. Of this, however, we may be certain: the power of demagogism to plunge us into ill-considered public ventures would be effectively restrained.

X

Upon preliminary examination the plan outlined in the foregoing sections will doubtless appear Utopian. Yet it is nothing but a rational synthesis of tendencies now active in modern political thought and practice. It is proposed to create a public endowment for the support of social service. This is the fundamental idea underlying the powerful land-nationalization movement. It is proposed to bestow upon government a direct control over private finance through the disposition of a public investment fund. Under modern conditions such control must be exercised either by private or by public institutions, and we are already very restive under the control of the great private banking houses. It is proposed to develop in higher degree than heretofore the principle of the inheritance tax. Such a development is inevitable, as is indicated by the steady evolution of modern systems of taxation, as well as by the tendency of private individuals to tax themselves through bequests to public institutions. It is proposed to free such taxes from their unthrifty character, a defect recognized by only a few theorists at present, but widely recognized by the self-taxing benefactors of public institutions, who give willingly, not for current expenditures, but for endowments. It is proposed to draw a line between public property and private property on the principle of certainty of income and ease of administration, on the one hand, and the need for discretion, initiative, enterprise on the other. This, too, is in harmony with great tendencies in current thought.

The individualist sees in private

property an institution which serves to stimulate production; to create an automatic adjustment of industrial resources to social needs; to develop the best energies of men; to create independence of character. This is a true view of some forms of property, but not of all. It is not true of the property which yields its fruits to men who have only to hold forth their hands to receive them. The Socialist sees in private property only a device whereby those who are idle may share in the gains of social production. This is a true view of a part of property, but not of that part which requires the constant vigilance and expert skill of the owner. By the plan here proposed, the system of private enterprise would surrender to Cæsar the things which are properly Cæsar's, and would be vastly strengthened thereby.

SELECTIONS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON TO HER BROTHER'S FAMILY

CHOSEN AND ARRANGED BY HER NIECE

MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI

I

'WOULD you rather I wrote you what I am doing here or who I am loving there?' asked Emily Dickinson in a letter from Washington, where, as a girl, she went with her father during his Congressional term. And we who knew her best wish that she could write us now what she is 'doing there,' confident of her unique fitness to be the scribe of immortality.

Her letters and notes to her brother's family, sacredly hoarded by them and denied publication, contain numberless phrases of universal truth, written as they were a lifetime ago by this shy recluse in her retired New England home, intrenched by lilacs and guarded by bumble-bees.

Though she dwelt only 'a hedge away,' as she put it, from our own home, with but a grass lawn between, crossed by a ribbon path, 'just wide enough for two who love,' she had the habit of sending her thoughts to us as other people would have spoken them. The gambol of her mind on paper was her pastime. Though never an invalid until the last two years of her life, she did not care to go beyond her own door-yard and garden, finding infinity in the horizon of her own soul. But she had her finger on the pulse of events and noted chosen phenomena unerringly for us, with her own comment. Through the medium of these written messages she spoke across the grass to us, entrusting them to a servant, a friend, one of us or one of them, as might happen. Whenever stirred, by whatever cause, she trapped her mood, then

waited for her messenger, as vigilant as any spider.

She never showed to her own family what she wrote. They never dared ask to see. Her timidity awed their love, and New England reserve completed the deadlock. Once and once only my mother published a poem of hers *incognita*, and when she showed it to Aunt Emily, in the darkness of entire privacy, she was terrified for the result of her experiment — the little white moth fluttering helplessly, all a-tremble, ready to die of the experience and be found on the floor next morning a mere hint of winged dust.

She seemed to know the world by intuition, but she shrank from its knowing her; not from any feeling of impotence, not because she was deprived of anything or at any disadvantage, but from a fierce unreasoning instinct like that which sends the soft bright-eyed wild things flying from us in the forest.

Yet her love for humanity was unfaltering, and she speaks for all lovers when she writes, 'Twilight touches Amherst with his yellow glove. Miss me sometimes, dear, not on most occasions but in the seldoms of the mind.' And again when she sums life up in her own terms thus: 'The small heart cannot break. The ecstasy of its penalty solaces the large. Emerging from an abyss and reëntering it, that is Life, dear, is it not?' In the following lines does she not argue herself kin to the Bandit in *Timon of Athens* who claimed 'no time so miserable but a man may be true'? 'To do a magnanimous thing and take one's self by surprise, if one is not in the habit of him, is precisely the finest of joys. Not to do a magnanimous thing, notwithstanding it never be known, notwithstanding it cost us existence, is rapture herself spurn.'

Aunt Emily differed from all the women letter-writers of France and England in her scorn of detail, — scarcely hitting the paper long enough to make her communication intelligible. How her fancy would have careened about the feat of wireless telegraphy, it is a revel to surmise! Sometimes her notes were a brief poem, a mere quatrain, like this, —

> Opinion is a flitting thing
> But truth outlasts the sun,
> If then, we cannot own them both,
> Possess the oldest one.

Or this one, —

> When we have ceased to crave
> The gift is given
> For which we gave the earth
> And mortgaged heaven,
> But so declined in worth —
> 'Tis ignominy now to look upon.

They were written, of course, apropos of universal or neighborhood events in their own epoch, but their application did not stop there. Who has not experienced the overtaking of fate as she has put it in these terse four lines?

> It stole along so stealthy,
> Suspicion it was done
> Was dim as to the wealthy
> Beginning not to own!

Life had for her an infinite and increasing fascination. 'Are you sure we are making the most of it?' she wrote on a slip of paper and sent over by hand, just because she was quick with the thrill of another day. Again she sent the following, —

> DEAR SUE,
> A fresh morning of life and its impregnable chances, and the dew for you! EMILY.

Again this single exclamation: 'O matchless Earth, we underrate the chance to dwell in thee!'

Her devotion to those she loved was that of a knight for his lady. I quote a few of her letters for their depth of feeling and human appeal.

'To miss you is power. The stimulus of loss makes most possessions mean. To live lasts always, but to love is finer than to live.'

'To the faithful absence is condensed presence. To the others — but there are no others.'

'We remind Sue that we love her. Unimportant fact; though Dante did not think so, or Swift or Mirabeau.'

'Could pathos compete with that simple statement, "Not that we first loved Him, but that He first loved us"?'

> Sometimes with the heart,
> Seldom with the soul,
> Scarcely once with the night —
> Few love at all.'

'So busy missing you I have not tasted Spring. Should there be other Aprils we will perhaps dine.

EMILY.'

'I must wait a few days before seeing you. You are too momentous; but remember it is idolatry, not indifference.'

Once when she was deeply troubled and shrank from almost every one, she wrote, —

'Thank you for tenderness. I find that is the only food the Will takes now, — and that, not from general fingers.'

Let me quote just one more, to show her trick of concluding herself in verse: —

'I am glad you go.

'I seek you first in Amherst, then turn my thoughts without a whip, so well they follow you.

> 'An hour is a sea
> Between a few and me.
> With them would harbor be!'

II

Her notes to us as children were our keen delight. Who but our Aunt Emily would have written, 'Emily knows a man who drives a coach like a thimble and turns the wheel all day with his heel. His name is Bumble-bee.'

At the close of a letter to my brother Ned, when away on a visit as a child, she says, 'Dear Ned-bird, it will be good to hear you. Not a voice in the woods is so sweet as yours. The robins have gone, — all but a few infirm ones, — and the Cricket and I keep house for the frost. Good-night, little brother, I would love to stay longer. Vinnie and Grandma and Maggie all give their love, Pussy her striped respects. Ned's most little Aunt Emily.'

Once when he had been badly stung by a wasp she wrote to him, —

DEAR NED,

You know I never did like you in those yellow jackets. EMILY.

Another time she wrote to him, —

DEAR NED,

You know that pie you stole? Well this is that pie's brother. Mother told me, when I was a boy, that I must turn over a new leaf. I call that the foliage admonition. Shall I commend it to you? EMILY.

To me, with a knot of her tenderly guarded flowers from her conservatory, she sent this: —

'I am glad it is your birthday. It is this little bouquet's birthday too. Its Father is a very old man by the name of Nature, whom you never saw. Be sure to live in vain, dear. I wish I had.'

The following communication I give just as she sent it to my mother, after the rescue of a favorite cat by my Aunt Lavinia from my brother Gilbert.

'*Memoirs of Little Boys that Live* —

'"Were n't you chasing Pussy?" said Vinnie to Gilbert.

'"No, she was chasing herself."

'"But was n't she running pretty fast?"

'"Well, some fast and some slow," said the beguiling Villain.

'Pussy's Nemesis quailed. Talk of hoary reprobates! Your urchin is more antique in wiles than the Egyptian Sphinx. Have you noticed Granville's letter to Lowell?

'"Her Majesty has contemplated you and reserved her decision!"'

In response to some dainty carried to her by my brother Gilbert, she writes, 'What an Embassy! What an Ambassador! "And pays the heart for what his eyes eat only." [1] Excuse the bearded pronoun.'

It was but one of many illustrations of her familiarity with Shakespeare that kept us as children in excited research for her context. It was, as Colonel Higginson once remarked to me, 'a pretty rarified atmosphere for children not in their teens'; but we regarded Aunt Emily as a magical creature and were proud to be included among her grown-up friends and treated accordingly. We were brought up on her condensed forms and subtle epigram, her droll humor and stabbing pathos, until we felt a lively contempt for people who 'could not understand' Aunt Emily, when our mother read out sentences or poems of hers to guests who begged to hear something she had written. We felt she was always on our side, a nimble as well as loving ally. She never dulled our sunshine with grown-up apprehensions for our good, or hindered our imagination, but rather flew before us like the steeds of Aurora, — straight out into the ether of the Impossible, — as dear to her as to us.

The following she sent my brother Ned after some reputed indiscretion reported of him by harder hearts: —

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, scene 2.

The cat that in the corner sits
Her martial time forgot —
The rat but a tradition now
Of her desireless lot,
Another class reminds me of —
Who neither please nor play,
But — 'not to make a bit of noise' —
Adjure each little boy!

P.S. — Grandma characteristically hopes Neddy will be good boy. Obtuse ambition of Grandma's!

EMILY.

On returning the photograph of a child in Kate Greenaway costume she wrote, —

'That is the little girl I always meant to be and was n't; the very hat I meant to wear and did n't!'

One verse she sent us which particularly hit our fancy was the following:

The butterfly in honored dust
Assuredly will lie,
But none will pass his catacomb
So chastened as the fly.

Here is one she sent us at Christmas time, with one of her beautifully iced cakes: —

The Saviour must have been
A docile gentleman
To come so far, so cold a night,
For little fellow-men.

The road to Bethlehem —
Since he and I were boys —
Has leveled — but for that 'twould be
A rugged billion miles.

The next one she sent to my brother Gilbert, a child in kindergarten, accompanied by a dead bumble-bee: —

For Gilbert to carry to his Teacher from Emily

THE BUMBLE-BEE'S RELIGION

His little hearse-like figure
Unto itself a dirge,
To a delusive lilac
The vanity divulge
Of industry and morals
And every righteous thing,
For the divine perdition
Of idleness and Spring.

All liars shall have their part.
JONATHAN EDWARDS.

And let him that is athirst come.
JESUS.

She furthered our childish love of mystery and innocent intrigue on every occasion. With a box of maple sugar purloined for us from the family supply, she sent these laconic instructions, —

Omit to return box. Omit to know you received box.
BROOKS OF SHEFFIELD.

The drollery of Dickens was congenial to her own taste and she was much fascinated with David Copperfield, published when she was twenty-one; many quotations from it became household words. I have often heard her fling back over her shoulder, as she fled from unwelcome visitors, 'Donkeys, Agnes!' And 'Barkis is willin'' is a message that I have carried from her to my mother, before I was old enough to understand what it meant to them.

Again, with stolen sweets smuggled over to us, she wrote, 'The joys of theft are two: first, theft; second, superiority to detection.' Again, under the same piratical circumstances, 'How inspiring to the clandestine mind those words of scripture, "We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast hid these things!"'

III

She did a deal of brilliant trifling in these notes of hers. Here is her comment on the death of the wife of a local doctor whom she disliked: —

DEAR SUE,
I should think she would rather be the Bride of the Lamb than that old Pill-box! EMILY.

After meeting a friend she had not seen for some years she wrote, —

I saw that the flake was upon it,
But plotted with Time to dispute,
'Unchanged,' I urged,
With a candor
That cost me my honest heart.
'But you,' she returned, with a valor
Sagacious of my mistake —
'Have altered, —
Accept the pillage
For the progress' sake!'
EMILY.

With a Cape jasmine sent to a guest of our inner circle, she wrote, —

'M —— will place this little flower in her friend's hand. Should she ask who sent it, tell her as Desdemona did when they asked who slew her — Nobody — Myself.'

After the death of a strictly dull acquaintance of no vital essence, she wrote, —

'With Variations —

'Now Hay thee down to sleep
I pray the Lord thy dust to keep,
If thou should live before thou wake,
I pray the Lord thy soul to make!'

This scrap is Emily at her most audacious: —

My Maker, let me be
Enamoured most of Thee —
But nearer this
I more should miss!

With the gift of a young chicken from the family poultry yard, she sends, —

Accept this Firstling of my flock, to whom also the Lastling is due. To broil our benefits perhaps is not the highest way? EMILY.

In a panic lest some cherished plan fall through, she sends this. 'Boast not myself of to-morrow, for "I knowest" not what a noon may bring forth.'

This too is Emily to the core: 'Cherish power, dear; remember that it stands in the Bible between the kingdom and the glory because it is wilder than either.'

Here is her description of her social life as a girl: —

'We go out very little; once in a month or two we both set sail in silks, touch at the principal points and then put into port again. Vinnie cruises about some to transact commerce, but coming to anchor is most I can do.'

But Aunt Emily's intimacies were not confined to visible friends and family: her books and their authors were a vital part of her everyday life and happiness. On the walls of her own room hung framed portraits of Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and Carlyle. I well remember the diffident question of an old American retainer assisting in the house at the time of Aunt Emily's death, who asked me, after some hesitation, if those people were 'relatives on the Norcross side,' — adding hastily, 'I knew they could not be *Dickinsons*, for I have seen all of them, and they are all good-looking.'

I was both glad and sorry to assure her that their greatness was beyond us to claim for either branch of our family tree.

One little note to my mother was simply this line: 'Thank you, dear, for the Eliot. She is the lane to the Indies Columbus was trying to find.'

Again: 'Dreamed of your meeting Tennyson at Ticknor and Fields last night. Where the treasure is there the brain is also.'

She was a fond reader of Ik Marvel; on receiving a copy of *Dream Life*, she wrote, '*Dream Life* is not nearly so great a book as the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, yet I think it full of the very sweetest fancies, and more exquisite language I defy any man to use. On the whole I enjoyed it very much, but I can't help wishing that he had been translated like Enoch of old, after his bachelor reverie, and chariot of fire and the horsemen thereof were all that had been seen of him ever after.'

When Mr. Howells first appeared in the magazine of which Dr. Holland was then the editor, my mother asked Aunt Emily how it happened, the Hollands being intimate in my grandfather's family. A few nights after, Aunt Emily sent over the following correspondence: —

DOCTOR,
How did you snare Howells?
EMILY.

EMILY,
Case of bribery. Money did it.
HOLLAND.

When the Life and Letters of Samuel Bowles, her life-long friend, were all but published in 1885, she wrote, —

DEAR SUE,

I can scarcely believe the wondrous book to be written at last, and it seems like a Memoir of the Sun when the Noon is gone. You remember his swift way of wringing and flinging away a theme, and others picking it up and gazing bewildered after him, and the prance that crossed his eye at such times was unrepeatable. Though the Great Waters sleep, that they are still the Deep we cannot doubt.

Then as if in postscript she adds, —

> Unable are the dead to die
> For love is immortality,
> Nay it is Deity.

IV

The joy of mere words was to Aunt Emily like red and yellow balls to the juggler. The animate verb for the inanimate thing, the ludicrous adjective that turned a sentence mountebank in an instant, the stringing of her meaning like a taut bow with just the economy of verbiage possible, the unusual phrase redeemed from usage by her single selected specimen of her vocabu-

lary, — all this was part of her zestful preoccupation.

These instances are characteristic.

'It was like a breath from Gibraltar to hear your voice again, Sue. Your impregnable syllables need no prop to stand.'

'I dreamed of you last night and send a carnation to endorse it.'

'Sister of Ophir. Ah, Peru! subtle the sum that purchase you.'

'No words ripple like Susan's. Their silver genealogy is very sweet to trace: amalgams are abundant, but the lone student of the mines loves alloyless things.'

'Emily is sorry for Susan's day. To be singular under plural circumstances is a becoming heroism.'

'Susan knows she is a Siren and at a word from her Emily would forfeit righteousness —

> 'Birthday of but a single pang,
> That there are less to come —
> Afflictive is the adjective
> Though affluent the doom.'

'Your little mental gallantries are sweet as chivalry, — which is to me a shining word though I don't know what it means.'

Here are three of those Nature touches which are to be found in her every note or letter of more than a single phrase: —

'It would be good to see the grass and hear the wind blow that wide way through the orchard. Are the apples ripe? Have the wild geese crossed? And did you save the seed of the pond-lily? Do not cease, dear. Should I turn in my long night I should murmur "Sue."'

'Nothing is gone, dear, or no one that you knew. The forests are at home, the mountains intimate at night and arrogant at noon. A lonesome fluency abroad, like suspended music.'

'To take you away leaves but a lower world, your firmamental quality our more familiar sky. It is not Nature, dear, but those who stand for Nature. The bird would be a soundless thing without expositor. Come home and see your weather; the hills are full of shawls. We have a new man whose name is "Tim." Father calls him "Timothy" and the barn sounds like the Bible!'

Her passion for brevity deducted relentlessly. She refuses an invitation thus, —

> Thank Sue, but not to-night. Further nights. EMILY.

After some flash of pleasure, given her by my mother, she wrote, 'Don't do such things. The *Arabian Nights* unfits the heart for its arithmetic.'

I quote at random a few passages from her notes to us.

'A spell cannot be tattered and mended like a coat.'

'No message is the utmost message, for what we tell is done.'

'Trust is better than contract, for one is still, the other moves.'

'The ignominy to receive is eased by the reflection that interchange of infamies is either's antidote.'

'To lose what we never owned might seem an eccentric bereavement, but Presumption has its own affliction as well as claim.'

'Our own possessions, though our own, 't is well to hoard anew, remembering the dimensions of possibility.'

'The things of which we want the proof are those we know the best.'

'Where we owe but little we pay. Where we owe so much it defies money, we are blandly insolvent.'

'Those that are worthy of life are of miracle, for life is miracle and death is harmless as a bee except to those who run.'

'Has *All* a codicil?'

'Adulation is inexpensive, except to him who accepts it. It costs him Himself.'

'There is no first nor last in Forever. It is Centre there all the time. To believe is enough and the right of supposing.'

'In a life that stopped guessing you and I should not feel at home.'

'Tasting the honey and the sting should have ceased with Eden. Pang is the past of peace.'

My brother Gilbert, idolized by Aunt Emily, died at the age of eight years. After days of stricken silence she sent this message to my mother:—

DEAR SUE,

The vision of immortal life has been fulfilled. How simply at the last the fathom comes! The passenger, and not the sea, we find surprises us. Gilbert rejoiced in secrets. His life was panting with them. With what menace of light he cried, 'Don't tell, Aunt Emily!'

My ascended playmate must instruct me now. Show us, prattling preceptor, but the way to thee! He knew no niggard moment. His life was full of boon. The playthings of Dervish were not so wild as his. No crescent was this creature — he traveled free from the Full. Such soar, but never set. I see him in the star and meet his sweet velocity in everything that flies.

> His life was like a bugle
> Which winds itself away,
> His elegy and echo,
> His requiem ecstasy.

Dawn and meridian in one, wherefore should he wait, wronged only of night which he left for us? Pass to thy *rendez-vous* of Light, pangless except for us who slowly ford the mystery which thou hast leapt across!

EMILY.

During the illness which was to prove her last, when unable to see any one, but still with devotion unabated, she wrote, 'How tenderly I thank you, Sue, for every solace! Beneath the Alps the Danube runs.'

And the last line she sent, not long before her death, in response to an entreaty for assurance of her certainty of our love and continuance of her own, was this: 'Remember, dear, that an unmitigated *Yes* is my only reply to your utmost question.'

After her death my mother wrote of her:—

'A Damascus blade gleaming and glancing in the sun, was her wit; — her swift poetic rapture the long glistening note of the bird one hears in June woods at high noon. Like a magician she caught the shadowy apparitions of her brain and tossed them in startling picturesqueness to her friends. So intimate and passionate was her love of Nature, she seemed herself a part of the high March sky or the midsummer day. To her, Life was all aglow with God and Immortality. With no creed, no formulated faith, hardly knowing the names of dogmas, she walked this life with the gentleness and reverence of old Saints, with the firm step of Martyrs who sing while they suffer.'

THE ROCK-LIGHT

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Ay, he must keep his mind clear — must not think
Of those two lying dead, or he'd go mad.
The glitter on the lenses made him blink;
The brass blazed speckless; work was all he had
To keep his mind clear. He must keep it clear
And free of fancies, now that there was none,
None left but him to light the lantern — near
On fourteen hours yet till that blazing sun
Should drop into that quiet oily sea,
And he must light — though it was not his turn:
'T was Jacob's, — Jacob lying quietly
Upon his bed. . . . And yet the light would burn
And flash across the darkness just as though
Nothing had happened, white and innocent,
As if Jake's hand had lit it. None would know,
No seaman steering by it, what it meant
To him, since he'd seen Jacob. . . .
But that way
Lay madness. He, at least, must keep his wits;
Or there'd be none to tell why those two lay . . .
He must keep working, or he'd go to bits.

Ere sunset he must wind the lantern up.
He'd like to wind it now — but 't would go round,
And he'd be fancying . . . Neither bit nor sup
He'd touched this morning; and the clicking sound
Would set his light head fancying . . . Jacob wound
So madly that last time, before . . . But he,
He must n't think of Jacob. He was bound,

In duty bound, to keep his own wits free
And clear of fancies.
He would think of home.
That thought would keep him whole, when all else failed —
The green door; and the doorstep, white as foam;
The window that blazed bright the night he sailed
Out of the moonlit harbor, — clean and gay
'T would shine this morning in the sun, with white
Dimity curtains, and a grand display
Of red geraniums, glowing in the light.
He always liked geraniums: such a red —
It put a heart in you. His mother, too,
She liked . . .
And she'd be lying still in bed,
And never dreaming! If she only knew!
But he — he must n't think of them just now —
Must keep off fancies . . .
She 'd be lying there,
Sleeping so quietly — her smooth white brow
So calm beneath the wisps of silver hair
Slipped out beneath her mutch-frills. She had pride
In those fine caps, and ironed them herself.
The very morning that his father'd died, —
Drowned in the harbor, — turning to the shelf,
She took her iron down, without a word,
And ironed, with her husband lying dead —
As they were lying now. . . . He never heard
Her speak, or saw her look towards the bed.
She ironed, ironed. He had thought it queer —
The little shivering lad perched in his chair,
And hungry — though he dared not speak for fear
His father'd wake, and with wet streaming hair
Would rise up from the bed. . . .
He'd thought it strange
Then, but he understood now, understood.
You'd got to work, or let your fancies range;

And fancies played the devil when they could.
They got the upper hand, if you loosed grip
A moment. Iron frills, or polish brass
To keep a hold upon yourself, not slip
As Jacob slipt. . . .
A very burning-glass
Those lenses were. He'd have to drop off soon,
And find another job to fill the morn,
And keep him going through the afternoon —
And it was not yet five!
Ay, he was born
In the very bed where still his mother slept,
And where his father'd lain — a cupboard bed
Let in the wall, more like a bunk, and kept
Decent with curtains drawn from foot to head
By day, though why — but 't was the women's way:
They always liked things tidy. They were right —
Better to keep things tidy through the day,
Or there would be the devil's mess by night.
He liked things shipshape, too, himself. He took
After his mother in more ways than one.
He'd say this for her — she could never brook
A sloven; and she'd made a tidy son.

'T was well for him that he was tidy, now
That he was left; or how'd he ever keep
His thoughts in hand? The Lord alone knew how
He'd keep them tidy, till . . .
Yet she could sleep.
And he was glad, ay, glad that she slept sound.
It did him good, to think of her so still.
It kept his thoughts from running round and round
Like Jacob in the lighted lantern, till —
God! They were breaking loose! He must keep hold.

On one side, 'Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,'
Framed in cut cork, painted to look like gold —

On the other a red frigate, with white sails
Bellying, and a blue pennon fluttering free,
Upon a sea dead calm. He could n't think,
As a wee lad, how ever this could be.
And when he'd asked, his father with a wink
Had only answered, laughing: Little chaps
Might think they knew a lot, and had sharp eyes.
But only pigs could see the wind. Perhaps
The painter'd no pig by him to advise.

That was his father's way: he'd always jest,
And chuckle in his beard, with eyes half-shut
And twinkling . . . Strange to think of them at rest
And lightless, those blue eyes, beneath that cut
Where the jagged rock had gashed his brow — the day
His wife kept ironing those snowy frills,
To keep herself from thinking how he lay,
And would n't jest again. It's that that kills —
The thinking over. . . .
Jacob jested too,
He'd always some new game, was full of chaff.
The very morn before the lantern drew —
Yesterday morn that was, he heard him laugh . . .

Yesterday morn! And was it just last night
He'd wakened, startled; and run out, to find
Jacob within the lantern, round the light
Fluttering like a moth, naked and blind
And laughing . . . Peter staring, turned to stone . . .
The struggle . . . Peter killed . . .
And he must keep
His mind clear at all costs, himself, alone
On that gray naked rock of the great deep,
Full forty mile from shore — where there were men
Alive and breathing at this moment — ay,
Men who were deep in slumber even then,

And yet would waken and look on the sky.
He must keep his mind clear, to light the lamp
Ere sunset; ay, and clear the long night through
To tell how they had died. He must n't scamp
The truth — and yet 'twas little that he knew —
What had come over Jacob in the night
To send him mad and stripping himself bare . . .
And how he'd ever climbed into the light —
And it revolving — and the heat and glare!
No wonder he'd gone blind — the lenses burning
And blazing round him; and in each he'd see
A little naked self — and turning, turning,
Till, blinded, scorched, and laughing fiendishly,
He'd dropped. And Peter — Peter might have known
The truth, if he had lived to tell the tale —
But Peter'd tripped — and he was left alone . . .

Just thirty hours till he should see the sail
Bringing them food and letters — food for them;
Letters from home for them — and here was he
Shuddering like a boat from stern to stem
When a wave takes it broadside suddenly.
He must keep his mind clear . . .
His mother lay
Peacefully slumbering. And she, poor soul,
Had kept her mind clear, ironing that day —
Had kept her wits about her, sound and whole —
And for his sake. Ay, where would he have been,
If she had let her fancies have their way
That morning, having seen what she had seen!
He'd thought it queer. . . . But it was no child's play
Keeping the upper hand of your own wits.
He knew that now. If only for her sake,
He must n't let his fancies champ their bits
Until they foamed. . . . He must jam on the brake
Or he . . .

He must think how his mother slept;
How, soon, she would be getting out of bed;
Would dress, and breakfast by the window, kept
So lively with geraniums blazing red;
Would open the green door, and wash the stone,
Foam-white enough already; then, maybe,
She'd take her iron down, and, all alone,
Would iron, iron, iron steadily —
Keeping her fancies quiet, till he came . . .

To-morrow, he'd be home: he'd see the white
Welcoming threshold, and the window's flame,
And her grave eyes kindling with kindly light.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE 'MOVIES'

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

Motion pictures, or the 'movies' as they are popularly called, are a development of the twentieth century. We can all remember when they were unknown; then a considerable period when they were exhibited in the vaudeville houses, always at the end of the programme — the good-night act; then the time, scarcely more than a decade ago, when little theatres began to crop out devoted exclusively to motion pictures, and charging an admission fee of only five or ten cents. At the present time it is almost safe to say that there is not a town of over five thousand inhabitants in the country without its motion-picture theatre, and in many sections the films are exhibited at least once a week in towns as small as one thousand. Various calculations have been made to determine the number of people who daily attend the movies in the United States, the figures ranging from an inside estimate of four million, to an outside figure of ten million. Even the smaller estimate is sufficiently impressive, but probably, in prosperous times at least, the higher is more nearly correct. Ten per cent of our population, then, are patrons of the motion pictures.

These facts, I am aware, have been stated over and over, to the point of weariness, and various interpretations put upon them, or deductions drawn from them. It has been pointed out,

with truth, that the motion pictures, owing to their cheap price of admission and their extreme mobility, have added an entirely new source of amusement for small communities, where in the old days regular, or even, sometimes, occasional, dramatic entertainment was out of the question. It has also been pointed out that in the larger communities an individual, and more especially a family, can secure an evening of relaxation and entertainment much more frequently than before, because the head of a household, for example, can take his wife and three children to the movies for the price of one gallery seat at a regular playhouse. It has been still further pointed out that not only is the outlay smaller, but the return is more certain, and the sense of disappointment less, also, if the entertainment does not please. At the motion-picture theatre more than one drama is presented — often four or five. At least one of them is bound to please. Paying five times as much admission even to the top gallery, the patron of the spoken drama, in any town except the few large centres, is generally taking chances with an unknown play and unknown players. The smallest town, however, sees the same motion-picture players as the largest — there are no second companies in the film world. John Bunny and Mary Pickford 'star' in a hundred towns at once.

The result has been, so the theatre managers themselves agree, not only the practical extinction of the cheaper melodramas which used to cater to 'the masses,' the 'ten-twent-thirts,' as they were called, plays which had no literary quality whatever, and were never so well done as film-players do the same sort of thing, but also the practical desertion of the gallery seats for dramas of the better sort. A generation ago it would have been almost inconceivable that a man would build a theatre without any gallery in it. Yet Mr. Ames's Little Theatre in New York has not only no gallery, but no balcony. It is simply a drawing-room with the floor tilted. A second theatre with no balcony is now being erected in New York, and several of the newest houses have no gallery. The day of the gods is over.

Now, just what does all this mean? It means, the optimists will tell you, that the masses of the people are getting at last cheap amusement, on the whole of a good grade. Better and better productions are being made by the motion-picture firms, better actors are appearing on the screens, the Pathé Frères are presenting interesting and truly educational pictures of current events all over the world, a board of censors sees to it that objectionable film-dramas are for the most part eliminated, and the spoken drama is learning to adapt itself successfully to the new conditions. There appear to be just as many regular theatres as ever, and an even greater interest among educated people in the art of the playhouse. Moreover, as the motion pictures improve in quality, these same optimists say, they will 'educate' many of their patrons to a desire for higher things. They will act as a school of appreciation for the spoken drama; they will breed new audiences for the legitimate playhouse.

This is a comforting — and a comfortable — view. It is a view we all wish we could hold. The present writer stuck to it as long as he could. But one does not need to be a Marxian Socialist, it seems to me, to detect, with a little thought and some observation of actual conditions, the economic basis of motion-picture popularity, and to feel that, so long as that economic basis exists, the breach between the film drama and the spoken drama will always exist also. You cannot, of

course, draw any hard-and-fast line which will not be crossed at many points. In Atlanta, Georgia, for example, you may often see automobiles parked two deep along the curb in front of a motion-picture theatre, which hardly suggests an exclusively proletarian patronage. It does, however, suggest that Atlanta has a meagre supply of the higher type of dramatic entertainment. On the other hand, when Sothern and Marlowe used to play Shakespeare at the old Academy of Music or the Manhattan Opera House in New York, the galleries were always packed with a proletarian audience. Nevertheless it is perfectly safe to say that in the larger towns, where the higher-priced drama coexists with the motion-picture plays, the line of cleavage is sharply drawn in the character of the audience, and this line is the same line which marks the proletariat from the *bourgeoisie* and capitalist class.

In the smaller towns, of course, the line is much less sharply drawn, and in the villages, where 'regular plays' never come, it is hardly drawn at all. But it is just in these villages, also, we must note, where modern industrialism has its least hold, that elder American institutions and social conditions most persist. In the average American village of a few thousand souls, even today, you will not find class-consciousness developed. The proletariat is not aware of itself. The larger the town, the greater the degree of class-consciousness — and the sharper the line of cleavage between the audiences at the spoken drama and at the movies. Indeed, in a certain New England city of thirty-five thousand people, a concerted attempt was made two years ago by several wealthy men to provide good theatrical fare. They purchased the best theatre in the town and installed an excellent stock company. The gallery seats sold for as low as ten cents, thus competing with the movies. But the theatre was on the 'fashionable' side of town, it was looked upon by the six thousand mill operatives and their families (constituting a proletariat which numbered more than fifty per cent of the population) as something that belonged to the other class— and they would not go near it. Consequently the well-meant attempt was a failure, while the movies continued to flourish as the green bay tree.

That is, perhaps, in the present state of things, an extreme example, showing rather how matters are going to be than how they generally are. At present, it is certainly not necessary to find any definite state of feeling to explain the cleavage between the two audiences. The economic explanation is quite sufficient.

Testifying recently before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, Scott Nearing, of the Economics Department of the University of Pennsylvania, said, 'I believe that half of the adult wage-earners of the United States get less than $500 a year; I believe that three fourths get less than $750 a year; and I believe that nine tenths get less than $1000. A careful survey of all the wage-literature published shows that the wage-worker who gets $1500 is an extraordinary, a unique, exception.'

Bearing these facts in mind,—and they are hardly to be disputed in their larger aspects, though there may be some exaggeration in the figures, or at any rate some mitigating circumstances which Mr. Nearing does not take into account, — how ridiculous it is to expect the wage-worker in New York, Boston, or Chicago, where even gallery seats (good gallery seats, at any rate) are fifty cents each, and where some theatres have no galleries, to take his wife and family to

enjoy the art of Mrs. Fiske or Forbes-Robertson, to see the productions of Frohman and Belasco, to be uplifted by Shakespeare or cheered by Cohan or made thoughtful by Galsworthy or tickled and provoked by Shaw! If fifty per cent of the wage-workers of these cities receive but $500 a year, you can figure for yourself, gentle reader, what proportion of a week's pay it would require for the father in this class to take his wife and two children to the theatre. Even supposing that his yearly wages reach the enormous figure of $1000 a year, so that he is earning $20 a week, the father of a family would probably think twice before he invested two dollars in seats to 'Hamlet' or 'The Follies of 1914.'

Out on the road, to be sure, the prices are frequently scaled down, and it becomes possible to see a play for twenty-five cents instead of fifty; but even at that rate a wage-earner will think a long time before investing. Moreover, the motion-picture theatre, where he does go for his evening's relaxation, is almost always much nearer to his home, possibly saving him an additional expense in carfare. If he has children, he can take three of them as well as his wife for the price of one gallery seat at the regular theatre — and, what is an important point to consider, he will not be segregated from the rest of the audience, the 'shirt-front' contingent below stairs, the class which employs him by day. He will sit on the ground floor, with his own kind, feeling as it were a kind of proprietorship in the playhouse. Here he is apart from his daytime distinctions of class; he is in an atmosphere of independence. He is paying as much as anybody else, and getting as good a seat. It will require a tremendous deal of 'educating' before you can persuade such a man to invest a dollar and a quarter instead of twenty-five cents, out of a yearly wage of $500, on a single evening's entertainment, and to invest it in a theatre where he enters by the back stairs.

No, so long as the economic structure of our society remains as it is, and so long as our theatres are conducted as they are at present, the movies will not be to any appreciable extent a training school for audiences, fitting them for an appreciation of the spoken drama; nor will the movies grow any fewer in the land. Instead, the line of demarcation between theatrical audiences and movie audiences will grow ever sharper, the one representing entirely the *bourgeoisie* and upper classes, and the other the proletariat. The movies will become ever more powerfully a factor in the growth of class-consciousness. Already, as I have indicated, this result may be seen in the legitimate theatres as well as in the movie houses.

When theatres are built without galleries or balconies, when they are decorated like drawing-rooms and no seat is sold for less than two dollars, or even two dollars and a half, what chance is there of a democratic audience? More and more our playhouses are shrinking in size. There has not been a theatre built to house dramas in New York in recent years which could not almost be placed on the stage of the old Boston Theatre. This is said to be a result of the changed conditions of the drama itself, modern realism having dictated an intimate type of playhouse. In part that is true — but only in part. It is almost equally true that in recent years the managers (who would not care a snap about the proper presentation of intimate drama if they could fill the Metropolitan Opera House with it improperly presented, or with something else) found that they could not fill the larger houses. The upper galleries were just so much waste space. Their support came from what they

call 'the two-dollar crowd.' Therefore they built for the two-dollar crowd — they built gilded drawing-rooms. That development continues to-day. So does the development of the movies. Already the spoken drama and the silent drama are far apart. Each is the amusement, the pastime, of a separate and antagonistic class.

II

I do not think that it would be at all difficult to show that this is bound to have a bad effect on the spoken drama, but I am rather less concerned with that phase of the question here than with the effect on the proletariat. It is surely a matter of record that the great periods of the drama have been coincident with periods of national awakening — true of all branches of the arts, perhaps. The Athenian drama and the Athenian state went hand in hand, for instance. The name of Shakespeare and the name of Drake can hardly be separated. Ibsen and modern Norway were a joint growth. The drama in France has always been close to the consciousness of the nation. We have no native opera in America; it is an imported pastime of the capitalist class — as we may call them in this paper, which set out with a title borrowed from the Socialists. But you may hear any Italian laborer digging a ditch or laying a railroad burst into an air from Verdi, because opera is his national speech. To think of Vienna is to think of Johann Strauss. We have as yet no body of American drama worthy of the name. Bronson Howard, James A. Herne, and Clyde Fitch gave us the beginnings of such a drama, and other men still living and active have striven to carry on the work, men especially like Eugene Walter and Augustus Thomas. But of late there has been a disappointing lack of progress.

It is not that dramas are not written by Americans, or even that they are not well written by Americans. George Cohan's *Seven Keys to Baldpate* was extraordinarily well written — or shall we say well made? Rather it is that they never get down to national fundamentals, that they have no intellectual seriousness (which does not mean tragedy, or even necessarily any lack of comedy, as our present-day audiences seem to suppose). When Clyde Fitch's play, *The Truth*, was revived last winter after nine years, it was almost shocking to see how much more seriously he took his task as a dramatist than our entertainers of the hour. He was tracking down a woman's character; the hunt that thrilled was the hunt for her soul.

To-day the plot is the thing, and just now the dramatist who can give a new and unexpected twist to a 'situation' or tell his story backward is acclaimed as king. Is this not a symptom of sophistication? Is not sophistication bound to come in at the window when the proletariat goes out by the door, even if it is the back door? It is always true, I think, that a person who has never been obliged to earn his own living lacks a certain solidarity of view that neither sympathy nor good intentions nor moral character can supply. Just so the wage-earners of a nation, who have lived perpetually close to the sterner realities, supply an element which the drama needs, which it must have, to achieve the universality and power demanded of any truly national expression in the arts. A theatre without a gallery means a drama without a soul.

No doubt this point could be elaborated upon at considerable length, but after all it less concerns our present discussion than does the effect of the movies upon the proletariat. When we speak of class-consciousness, we do not mean the consciousness of 'class.' Cer-

tain people have always been quite conscious that they were superior beings, even in democracies like our own. There is nothing new about that. But what we mean by class-consciousness, as a revolutionist term, is the consciousness of the proletariat; not that it is socially inferior at present, but that it proposes to be economically equal in the future, and that this result is to be achieved by concerted class-action, whether forcible or parliamentary.

The growth of this idea, of this class-consciousness, is something every revolutionist is working for, and anything which will increase that growth is looked upon as so much gain by many. In 1881, for example, at the time of the Nihilist agitation in Russia, a great and brutal anti-Semitic rising occurred, and there were leaders of the revolutionist movement who looked upon this as a blessing, because those who beat and robbed and murdered the Jewish 'usurers' were mostly Russian peasants, and their concerted action meant that they were achieving class-consciousness. The argument is grotesquely horrible, of course, yet it was seriously made. In like manner the Syndicalists — represented in this country by the I.W.W. — are perfectly willing, in order to strike a blow, however blind, at Capitalism and increase class-consciousness, to encourage *sabotage* with all its demoralizing effect on the moral tone of the workingmen themselves. From the Syndicalist's point of view, then, surely, the movies should be regarded as a blessing, as an aid in the growth of class-consciousness, for they are rapidly segregating the theatrical amusement of the proletariat from the theatrical amusement of the master class, and drawing the line of social cleavage more and more sharply.

But any sound Socialist should tell you — what you yourself who are not a Socialist will readily concur in — that any injury to the capitalists which does not result in a corresponding gain to the working class, is folly; and equally he should tell you — and equally you will concur — that any growth in class-consciousness which is accomplished at the expense of the moral, intellectual or spiritual fibre of the proletariat is a dubious gain if not a distinct backward step. In practically shutting off the proletariat from the spoken drama, as we are doing (our New England city of 35,000 showed a proletariat of at least 20,000 who would not or did not attend the legitimate playhouse), and throwing them back on an exclusive amusement diet of motion pictures, what are we doing to them? Are we helping them or harming them? Should their own leaders rejoice at a gain in class-consciousness, or consider gravely the other side of the balance, — the loss of romance, of poetry, of intellectual stimulation, — all the varied æsthetic appeal of the most universal of the fine arts, the art of the theatre?

I am perfectly well aware that many people will consider this question of but trivial importance. I am also well aware that many others will retort, and retort truly, that very often the movies are an excellent institution, supplying innocent amusement, often educational in value, to people who would otherwise be without resources for amusement. I do not for a moment deny it. In the smaller towns the movies are a boon. I myself would infinitely rather see *Cabiria* on the motion-picture screen, for that matter, than half the melodramas on Broadway. But the small town which never had an amusement centre till the movies came is far from the heart of the problem, and *Cabiria* and its kind are far from the normal motion picture. The question is not between the movies and nothing,

but between the movies, the average five- and ten-cent movies (*Cabiria* was exhibited on Broadway at a dollar a seat) and the spoken drama — in other words, between a semi-mechanical pantomime and a fine art.

Let us put the matter a little differently. In our schools we attempt to teach the best literature, to inculcate ideals of good music and sound art. We open museums and establish free libraries. Why? For the simple reason that we believe, and rightly believe, that a knowledge and love of these better things is a bulwark of our civilization. We do not open museums of fine paintings for one class, and museums of photographic reproductions of poor paintings for the proletariat. That would be inconceivable. We do not establish libraries of the world's choice literature for one class, and, for the proletariat, provide endless editions of dime novels. That, too, would be inconceivable. In our socialistic institution, the school, we give alike to all; in our socialistic institution, the public library, we give alike to all; even in our semi-philanthropic institution, the museum, we give alike to all; and always for the same reason, that our civilization may be bulwarked to its foundation by what we call culture.

But what of the drama, the most universal, the most vividly appealing, the most direct and potent of the arts? Many people read but occasionally. Still more are but slightly reached, if at all, through the medium of pure vision — by painting and sculpture. Yet the drama goes home to everybody, old and young, rich and poor, educated and uneducated. It has ever been so, and will ever be so. It is inherent in our very natures. So instinctive is our response to it that it has almost never been regarded as 'cultural' or 'educational.' It is regarded as amusement. We are all willing to pay for it, within our means. How can it fail, then, to reach us more surely than any other art? how can it fail, in a deeper, truer sense, to be potentially of the very highest cultural value?

Think for a moment of the place that Shakespeare holds in the culture of the race! Shakespeare was a dramatist, and his plays, conned dully in our schools, live on the stage to move us. Had Shakespeare the dramatist failed Shakespeare the poet would have been forgotten these many years. Your memory and mine, going back over our lives, conjure up recollection after recollection of happy hours in the theatre, when we have wept and laughed with Jefferson, grown sad with Booth till he lifted us up to a never-to-be-forgotten vision of those flights of angels singing him to rest, known the fever and the heartache of romantic love with Miss Marlowe on Juliet's balcony, thrilled to the staccato tones of Mrs. Fiske, or pondered the paradoxes of existence in the provocative plays of G. B. S. Amusement, yes; but how much more! The charm of personality affecting us, the roll of poetry in our ears, the thrill of climax, the rattle of repartee, the spell of romance, the enlivening spectacle of social contrasts worked out under our gaze, the stimulation of intellectual reflection on the concrete facts of life, the glamour of beauty, of lights, of stage pictures — that is the theatre, that and how much else besides! Is it not a part of our cultural equipment, is it not knit in the very fibre of our civilization?

And what have the movies to offer in its place? I want to be fair to them. They offer geographical pictures of educational value, as well as pictures illustrating current events and natural history. Occasionally, a film has some real historical worth, like *Cabiria*, or, like the same film, some real pictorial charm. But when that is said, you have

said nearly all possible. They are capable of expressing more personality than a static photograph, of course; but please try to imagine the princely quality of Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet, that concrete emanation of a lofty ideal, in a motion picture! They have a cruel realism which at once dulls the imagination and destroys the illusive romance of art. They are utterly incapable of intellectual content. That could be deduced had you never seen one. After seeing hundreds and hundreds, as I have done, experience tells you that only the skeleton of narrative is possible, and usually that narrative is utterly banal. All poetry, all music, all flash of wit, all dignity of spoken eloquence, they can never know.

There can be no Shakespeare in the movies, no Shaw, no Booth, no Jefferson, no Gilbert and Sullivan, no Johann Strauss, no Julia Marlowe or Mrs. Fiske. What does it matter if such as these latter players act before the screen? 'Mrs. Fiske in Tess' is announced in the motion-picture houses, but you almost weep when you witness that travesty on her poignant art, that reduction of a soul-gripping play to a poor pantomimic skeleton, like an illustrated report in a Hearst newspaper.

Impersonal — that is the word which perhaps describes the motion picture better than mechanical. You view the dumb actions of human beings as through a glass. We all know how difficult it is, when sitting in a café at the next table to a group of strangers whose talk we overhear, to find anything amusing in the jokes which they enjoy. We are not in contact with them, and our own personality, with all that it implies, is not called forth. In the motion pictures we do not even overhear the talk. There is no talk. We see the actions of puppets, but it has little meaning oftentimes, and to our personality there is no call whatever. Yet it is the very essence of the value of amusements that in them, because they are spontaneous, our personalities have freest play, and in the life of the child particularly the individual is thus most effectively developed. The coöperation between audience and actor in a fine play is something which baffles analysis, perhaps, but is too real to question; and after such an experience both the actor and the audience feel that some change has occurred within them. But no more change is possible to the audience at a motion picture than if they viewed some far-off action of strangers in dumb show through a window. The soul is not reached.

III

Such is the theatre, such are the movies; 'and never the twain shall meet.' Who can say that a class-consciousness gained by the loss of the former is an advantage, either to the proletariat themselves or to our nation? What is the subtle but incalculable loss to the next generation?

It will doubtless be urged by many that this result, however unfortunate, is inevitable, that it is a natural evolution. What a comfortable answer that always is! It is a natural evolution, yes — of our present system. But it is only inevitable on the supposition that our present system is irrevocable, a supposition which few of us any longer hold. The theatre is now entirely conducted in America under a system of competitive capitalism; but we long ago took our schools away from such management, and our libraries. There is nothing to prevent our doing the same with our theatres, except the weight of public opinion.

We have not yet realized the place of the theatre in the life of a nation. Still Puritans at heart, we do not yet

believe that anything we enjoy so much can be of value to our souls! The democratizing of the drama on the Continent has been accomplished under benevolent despotism — and think of the gains which have resulted to all the allied arts of the theatre! Such a method would be impossible here, no doubt, without the sanction of the popular vote. With that sanction, we should achieve a socialized theatre, and the superbly direct and vivid arts of the playhouse would be open to all, and in them all would feel proprietorship.

Every municipality large enough to support a theatre comfortably should have a municipal playhouse, not of the tiny and 'intimate' type, but large enough to provide many seats competing in price with the movies; and in the trusteeship and management of this theatre the proletariat should have equal share. In the larger centres there should be branch theatres, just as there are branch libraries, for the performance, under the simplest of conditions and at the minimum price, of fine plays close to the homes of the workers. When we think that the plays of Galsworthy were first performed in America at Hull House, we need not fear the lack of proletarian appreciation. That appreciation is essential, indeed, to the dramatist who would grapple with fundamental things, and without it no large body of serious national drama is likely ever to be written.

But here is neither the time nor the space to expand a scheme for a civic theatre. My purpose was to show the need therefor, a need which has arisen in our nation just in proportion as a proletariat has arisen, and which is now emphasized and made more insistent by the growth of the movies with the consequent deflection of almost the entire wage-earning population away from the spoken drama to the infinitely inferior and spiritually stultifying mechanical film-play. And with the steady increase of class-consciousness effected by this cleavage, the task of bridging the gulf again will be rendered constantly more difficult, if only because the proletariat will become constantly less susceptible to finer æsthetic appeals.

The problem, if it is ever tackled at all, will perhaps be given up as hopeless by the leaders of our present régime; it will be labeled a Utopian dream. But Utopian dreams are just what the Socialists thrive upon. The civic theatre is hereby commended to them, as a needed propaganda. Thrilling songs may yet be sung and stirring dramas written to the steady tramp of revolution!

RELIGION AND THE SCHOOLS

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

I

THE place of religion in popular education is not a new problem, but it bids fair to be one of considerable urgency in the near future. In all the more advanced nations the government has assumed the responsibility for the education of the people; and, at the same time, in most of these nations, the government has been gradually withdrawing its hand from the direction of the religious life of the people. As a necessary consequence of both these tendencies the religious element in popular education has been constantly diminishing. In our own country we may say that religious teaching has practically disappeared from the public schools. By many good citizens this fact is greatly deplored. All our Roman Catholic neighbors point to it as a radical defect in our system of popular education, and assert that it is having grave consequences in the godlessness and immorality of the generations thus neglected; and many earnest Protestants substantially agree with them.

The non-Catholic elements in our population are, however, divided in sentiment upon this question, many of them maintaining that this exclusion of religious teaching from the public schools is the only possible policy; that, because of the conflicting views concerning religion, the state can by no means undertake to determine what shall be taught, and that such an attempt would violate the spirit of our Constitution, which forbids the government to impose upon its citizens any religious observances. Not only by secularists and agnostics, but by many stanch churchmen is this denial of the right of the political power to prescribe religious instruction or practice of any kind strongly maintained.

II

The Roman Catholics, for their part, carry their objection to the non-religious character of our public schools so far that they have withdrawn a large proportion of their children from the lower grades, and are educating them at their own expense in parochial schools. According to late figures there are now in such schools more than 1,000,000 pupils, under the care of 20,000 teachers, at an annual cost of more than $15,000,000 [1], — the property devoted to this purpose amounting to $100,000,000. It is a great price that our Roman Catholic brethren are willing to pay, that their children may be religiously educated.

Most of these parochial schools are elementary schools; it is deemed especially important that the younger children be thoroughly instructed in the principles of religion; it is assumed that those thus grounded in the faith will be less likely to be drawn away from it in the later stages of their pupilage. Great efforts are being made, however, by the Catholics to develop their secondary schools. It is also true that the

[1] Other figures taken from the same article make the cost much less. See below.

parochial schools are generally confined to the cities and large towns; in the rural districts the Catholic children attend the common schools. The church authorities strictly require the erection of separate schools wherever possible; but they recognize the difficulty of maintaining them among sparse populations, and in such cases permit their children to make use of the local schools. 'It has been estimated,' says one authority, 'that from one fourth to one third of the number of Catholic children of school age live in country districts. In towns and cities, therefore, where alone it is possible, generally speaking, to build and maintain Catholic schools, it may be said that all but about one fourth to one sixth of the Catholic population attending school is being educated in the parish schools. The number of children in the parish schools is also steadily increasing.' [1]

The parochial schools are sometimes 'pay' schools, supported by fees collected from the parents; but more often they are a charge upon the parish, and are made free to the pupils. Most of the teachers belong to religious orders; the average salary of females is from $200 to $300, and of males, $300 to $400. That is, the salaries are about half as large as those of public-school teachers. 'It has been estimated,' says the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, 'that the average annual per capita cost of parish-school education in the United States is eight dollars.' This would mean that the 1,237,251 pupils in the parish schools during 1909–10 cost approximately for that year $9,898,008. The education of the same pupils in the public schools for the same year would, according to the estimate referred to, cost approximately $30,511,000; and if the annual interest on the necessary property investment were added, the total would be upwards of $34,000,000.

[1] *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, xiii, 579.

The reasons given by the Roman Catholics for this withdrawal of their children are briefly these. Religion is the foundation of character, and the first essential of education. It can no more be separated from education than light can be separated from color. It is the supreme interest in the training of the child. It requires to be made a constant element in all the processes of teaching. Morality cannot be adequately taught apart from religion. It is by no means sufficient to teach religion one day in seven; it must be made an integral part of the life of every day. All the relations of teacher and pupil, and of the pupils with one another, should be hallowed by it. Many of the subjects taught in the school cannot be correctly taught apart from their religious implications. Because the state cannot teach religion, the state cannot adequately conduct the work of educating its youth. For agnostics and for non-Catholics, to whom these interests of religion are not vital, the state may maintain secular schools; but Roman Catholics must not entrust the souls of their children to such defective care.

This puts a considerable burden on the Catholic citizens, who are taxed, of course, to maintain the public schools. They maintain that this is an injustice, and they are asking for relief. It does not seem to be practicable to remit that portion of the tax which is expended on the schools, and the alternative is a plea for the subsidizing of Catholic parish schools from the public treasury. Concerning this we are told that there is not entire unanimity among Catholics; that there are those who object to such subvention on the ground that the schools would thus be in danger of losing their independence, since state aid would necessarily mean some measure of inspection and regulation by the public authorities. Rather than risk

this interference they would continue to bear their present burden. Most of the Catholic leaders, however, appear to be willing to face that peril, and the demand for state aid to parochial schools is likely soon to be articulate and urgent.

III

The Lutherans are also to be reckoned with in this matter of public education. They agree substantially with the Roman Catholics with respect to the primacy of religion among the essentials of education. They hold that a training from which definite religious instruction is omitted is radically defective. This, at least, is true of the Central and Western synods, comprising more than half of the 2,123,245 communicant members. The Eastern synods are less strenuous in this demand. But among the Central and Western congregations of this church there were last year no less than 6085 parochial schools, with 295,581 pupils. Each of these schools is a purely congregational enterprise; it is supported, as the pastor is supported, by the voluntary contributions of the communicants. Fees are charged, however, in some cases.

In some places, as in my own city, the parochial school coöperates with the public-school system. There are several Lutheran churches, but there is only one parochial school, and its course of instruction covers only the seventh and eighth grades. Up to and including the sixth grade, the children attend the public school; then they pass to the parochial school, where the course of study is the same as in the public schools, but there is added thereto 'religious instruction, embracing Bible history, catechism, hymns, and Bible reading'; at the end of the eighth grade the pupils are admitted to the examinations of the public schools and then pass into the high school. In such cases the Lutherans content themselves with keeping their children separate from the rest for only a portion of the elementary period; with two years of systematic religious instruction they are fain to be satisfied. But in a large majority of the western congregations the curriculum of the parochial schools covers the entire eight elementary grades.

In their attitude toward the state, however, the Lutherans differ widely from the Roman Catholics. With them there is no question as to the entire separation of state and church. They maintain that the state has no right to teach religion, and that there must be no attempt at religious instruction in the public schools. Religion must be left wholly to the family and the church. For this purpose the parochial schools are provided. But the Lutherans refuse all state subventions. The burden of maintaining religious instruction for their children they will bear. They do not decry the public schools; they insist that the state must furnish them, and they gladly bear their share of that expense; but the education of their own children they prefer to keep, so far as possible, in their own hands.

IV

I have tried to state as fairly as possible the position of both these large groups upon the troublesome question. What shall be said about the points raised by these dissentients against our system of public education?

It will be observed that I have quoted no serious charges against the efficiency of the schools as teaching organizations, or against the moral character of the pupils trained in them. Such charges are sometimes made by fervid orators and heated partisans, but in the sober discussions of the principles at issue to which we are confining

ourselves, not much emphasis is laid on these complaints. It is true that various social disturbances and moral irregularities are sometimes pointed to as evidence that society is decadent, and this decadence is laid at the doors of our system of public education. But in the first place it is by no means clear that on the whole the world is growing worse; and in the second place it is far less evident that whatever failure exists is to be charged mainly to defects in our public schools. Other and deeper causes are in plain sight. The trouble is in the homes far more than in the schools. The schools are not doing all that they might do to give us better citizens, but they are doing much, and their service must not be undervalued. My own belief is that, saying nothing about the intellectual gains which the pupils make in the public schools, they come forth, as a rule, from their pupilage with higher ideals, better principles, and greater fitness for the duties of citizenship than they would have had if they had spent all those years in the society of their own parents. This is far from being true of some of them, but I believe that it is true of the great majority.

The attempt to put upon the public schools the blame for whatever defects may be charged upon public morality is not justified by the facts. The public schools are doing much to sustain and invigorate public morals. In many of the institutions in which teachers are trained, careful instruction is given in the teaching of morals. *Religious Education*, the journal of the Religious Education Association, gives, in its numbers for 1910 and 1911, extended and careful reports of the methods used in several states for the systematic instruction of the pupils in the principles of morality. In those states where no such direct instruction is given, the emphasis is laid upon indirect teaching; the belief being that moral principles are involved in all the relations of the pupils with each other and with their teachers, and that every act and every exercise of the schoolroom comes under moral law.

It may safely be said that many schools in which morals are never taught from textbooks, or by formal exercises, furnish a most stimulating drill in the higher and finer moralities every day. Many of us know teachers, who, without much preaching, convey, in all their intercourse with their pupils, the influences and qualities which purify and invigorate character. A considerable acquaintance with teachers impresses me with the belief that the feeling of their responsibility for the moral welfare of their pupils, and their appreciation of the values of character, are steadily deepening among them. No profession is so sacred that shallow and self-seeking persons do not find a place in it; but I believe that as much seriousness and devotion may be found among the teachers of our common schools as among any other class of persons — the clergy not excepted.

It is not true that the public schools are undermining public morality. Nor is it fair to speak of them as godless, if that phrase connotes impiety. They are un-religious, but they are not irreligious. They do not teach religion, but they are not responsible for the lack of religion, if such a lack can be demonstrated, nor for the ignorance of religious subjects which, it must be confessed, is widespread and deplorable.

It is not the business of the public schools to teach religion. Originally, doubtless, in all Christian lands, it was the primary function of the schools. They were organized and controlled by the churches; they taught the Bible and the creeds and the catechisms: what little instruction they gave in what we call the secular branches was ancillary

to the higher purpose of imparting to the children the knowledge of God which is necessary to salvation. That was even true of the first public schools in New England. The government of Massachusetts was a theocracy; church and state were one; the schools supported by taxation were designed to give religious instruction. But with the separation of the church from the state this ceased to be the function of the public school, and for more than a century religious instruction in the common school has been purely incidental; the responsibility for that has been definitely placed upon the church and the home.

V

When religious society was more homogeneous, in the days which some of us remember, it was possible to have at the opening of the school day some brief devotional exercises — the reading of the Bible, and, in some instances, a prayer by the teacher. Through all my boyhood this was the custom in the common school; and when I began to teach school, in New York and Massachusetts, during the sixth decade of the last century, that duty devolved on me. The impression left on my mind is that the service was rather perfunctory; it did not have, nor was it expected to have, any marked effect upon the life of the school; it was a decency to be observed, that was all.

Certain it is that no valuable knowledge of the Bible was gained from that hasty and desultory reading; nor was there religion enough in that exercise to leaven, to any perceptible extent, the life of the school.

Whether there was more religion in those days than in these may be an open question; of a certain type of pietism there was, no doubt, much more. The type of religious experience has changed; people have different ways of expressing their faith and hope and love; I should like to believe that there is quite as much of the real thing now as ever there was.

But one thing is undeniable: knowledge of the Bible is far less general now than it was in the days of my childhood. That amazing familiarity with the sacred Book with which John Richard Green credits the people of England in the days of the Commonwealth, had persisted until my boyhood among the sons of the Puritans and the Scotch Irish in New England and in New York State. It was not universal, but it was general. The kind of tests by which college students and students in secondary schools are frequently, in these days, made to display an ignorance of the Bible which is astounding, could have been passed with credit by the majority of country boys and girls sixty or seventy years ago. But this thorough acquaintance of earlier generations with the Bible was not due, to any considerable extent, to the public school. All that we learned about the Bible in school would have added very little to our store of religious knowledge. It was in our churches and our Sunday schools, but chiefly in our homes, that most of us learned what we knew about the Bible.

The great majority of us went to church twice every Sunday, and the preaching was largely Biblical and expository. Sunday school gathered all the children together between the morning and afternoon services; and the Sunday-school class-exercise was occupied almost wholly with the recitation of verses from the Bible, committed to memory by the pupils. Lesson leaves, lesson helps, question books, were unknown in my earliest boyhood; the Bible was the only book used in the Sunday school. Some Biblical book was studied in course, and the task

assigned was the committing to memory of a verse a day, seven verses a week. The teacher simply heard his pupils recite the verses. One by one they rose before him and repeated the words of the lesson. Much was made of accuracy in the recitation; such sacred words must not be haltingly or blunderingly spoken. Many of the teachers asked few or no questions; their function was fulfilled when they had 'heard the verses' and collected the pennies.

It will be seen that it was not even to the Sunday school that the children of an elder day were chiefly indebted for their knowledge of the Bible. The work was practically all done at home. The learning of the Sunday-school lesson was attended to by the parents, usually on Saturday afternoon or Saturday evening.

Recalling my own experience, which was by no means exceptional, I committed to memory and recited in Sunday school, between my seventh year and my sixteenth, the whole of the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, portions of the Epistles, the story of Joseph, from the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis to the close of the book (omitting the thirty-eighth chapter), with quite a number of the Psalms; and not one verse of all this did I learn in Sunday school; it was all committed to memory at home. It was not possible that I should forget this task; those who had the care of me made sure that my lesson was ready every Sunday morning.

Family worship, also, in those old times, was not universally, but was quite generally, practiced; morning and evening the whole family assembled and a chapter was read, usually 'verse about,' each child with a Bible taking his turn in the reading. The reading was always in course, and in this way the entire Bible was read through several times during my boyhood. Ordinarily we skipped the lists of names in the Chronicles, but once we labored through most of them, with some uncertainties of pronunciation — perhaps for the reason which a friend of mine once gave me: 'If I should happen to meet one of those old duffers in heaven, it would be rather awkward to have to confess that I had never heard of him.'

In most of the Puritan families of the early day the Westminster Shorter Catechism was also memorized; and when the children were required to look up the proof texts in the Bible it became necessary to know where Job and Galatians and Hosea and Romans could be found. If a list of a dozen books of the Bible were placed in the hands of pupils of our modern Sunday schools, not one in ten of them would answer correctly the question of the location of these books in the Old or the New Testament. I make that statement on the strength of tests which have been applied to pupils of more than average intelligence. Seventy years ago such ignorance would have been considered astounding.

Another cause that contributed to the popular knowledge of the Scriptures in an earlier generation was the prevalence of sectarian controversy. Many points of doctrine were hotly debated. The mode of baptism was always under discussion; the points at issue between Calvinists and Arminians were never out of sight; the Universalists had to defend themselves constantly against charges of heresy; the Seventh-Day Baptists and Adventists kept the pot boiling. Much of the preaching of those days was controversial. Great debates on doctrinal points drew crowded audiences in city and country. All this controversial discussion was based on the Bible; practically the only appeal was to Scripture; the

inerrancy of the Book was universally assumed; the correct answer to the question, What does the Bible say? was supposed to be the end of controversy. The study of the Bible by laity and clergy, and by old and young, was greatly stimulated by these sectarian debates.

Such were the reasons why the people of the first half of the nineteenth century were so familiar with the Bible. It was not in the public schools that they obtained this knowledge; other influences promoted it, but it was mainly the product of family religion.

VI

If we could put back into the public schools all the Biblical instruction that ever was there it would not lessen to any perceptible extent the ignorance of the Bible which now prevails; and so far as public virtue depends on Biblical knowledge it would not materially improve existing conditions. What we should have to do in order to restore the popular knowledge of the Bible which was common seventy years ago, would be to put the Bible into the place of honor which it then held in the home and to create the interest in Biblical themes which then swayed a large part of the population.

That the perfunctory reading of a few verses from the Bible every morning in school will produce any material improvement in the intelligence of the people upon Biblical subjects, or in public morality, it is not reasonable to expect. For it is evident that such a ceremony would be less effective today than it was in the earlier time. Then it was quite in harmony with the prevailing customs, and with the life of the homes; now it would be less welcome to pupils, the great majority of whom come from homes in which there are no such observances.

Moreover it is clear that such a provision would by no means satisfy those who have withdrawn their children from the schools because they wish to give them a religious education. Neither the Roman Catholics nor the Lutherans will be satisfied with anything short of thorough and systematic instruction in the beliefs and tenets of their respective churches, given by their own teachers. Such a *pis aller* as the reading of a few verses of the Bible would not meet their demands.

Nevertheless existing conditions are far from satisfactory. Three facts are greatly to be deplored: —

First, the existing popular ignorance of the Bible. This is a fact, and the reasons for lamenting it are various and obvious.

Second, the weakening of the religious sanctions for morality which the neglect of the Bible indicates, and, in part, explains.

Third, the social separation of our democracy into unsympathetic groups — a separation which is forced by religious differences.

All these are highly undesirable conditions. No good man can confront any one of them without profound regret. Can anything be done to remove them?

The ignorance of the Bible is to be deplored for other than religious reasons. Its cultural value is very great. We have been learning during the last half century that a knowledge of English literature is an indispensable element in public education; that 'in getting to know,' as Matthew Arnold contended, 'the best that has been said and thought in the world,' we broaden our horizon and purify our ideals, and thus prepare ourselves for the duties of citizenship. Our colleges and universities have been enforcing this truth upon us by their requirements for admission.

But if a knowledge of literature is indispensable to the education of a citizen, acquaintance with the English Bible is surely fundamental for that knowledge. All our best English literature is shot through and through with Biblical quotations, maxims, metaphors, characters, allusions; the one book with which a reader needs to have familiar acquaintance is the English Bible. It is ridiculous for any one to undertake to teach English literature who does not know his Bible at least as well as he knows his Shakespeare. On the pages he is undertaking to elucidate he will meet the Bible five times where he will meet Shakespeare once. For purposes of critical exposition, it is certainly quite as necessary for him to understand Jacob as to understand Shylock; familiarity with Job is of greater practical value than familiarity with *Paradise Lost*.

In the interest, therefore, of general intelligence, the exclusion of the Bible from the curriculum of our public schools is a capital pedagogical blunder. It has a value as literature which no other book possesses. The range and variety of the subjects which it treats, the purity and perfection of its English style, make it the best of all possible textbooks in English literature. Some selection and adaptation, of course, is necessary in its treatment, — as in that of most other literary classics; but it is the one book which no master of English can by any possibility ignore.

Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University has said: 'If I were appointed a committee of one to regulate the much-debated question of college entrance examinations in English, I should . . . erase every list of books that has been thus far suggested, and I should confine the examination wholly to the Authorized Version of the Bible. . . . I would refuse to allow any candidate to enter a university until he had satisfactorily passed an examination on the Bible. The Bible has within its pages every single kind of literature that any proposed list of English classics contains. It has narrative, descriptive, poetical, dramatic, and oratorical passages. . . . Priests, atheists, skeptics, devotees, agnostics, and evangelists are all agreed that the Bible is the best example of English composition that the world has ever seen. It contains the noblest prose and poetry with the utmost simplicity of diction.' [1]

Colonel C. W. Larned, Professor at West Point, fully endorses Professor Phelps's proposition, and pointedly asks, 'Why is it that, entirely aside from its religious bearings, this book is not found worthy as literature, as history, as philosophy, of a place among those fundamental elements of knowledge which are compulsory in all institutions of learning?' [2]

Such testimony can be quoted from scores of the great teachers of English literature. Is it not plain that the banishment from American public schools of a book concerning which such things can be truly said, is a grave mistake? Is there not good reason to demand, in the interest of ordinary intelligence, that the Bible be given a much larger place than has ever yet been accorded to it, in our system of public instruction?

That some incidental moral and religious benefit would result from the study of it as literature, it is natural to hope. The study of any great literature ought to have such an effect. But of course it could not be taught in our public schools as a textbook of religion. It could be taught there only as other literature is taught; the doctrinal implications would have to be ignored. For the religious teaching of

[1] *Religious Education*, vol. v, p. 500.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 503.

our children we shall be compelled to make use of other agencies.

Is there any reason to hope that such an employment of the Bible, for purposes mainly cultural, could be introduced into our schools? I am loath to conclude that there is not; I would rather think that the reasonableness of it might appeal to all intelligent persons, and that some way might be found of giving to all our children the fair fruit of this noble literature.

VII

In North Dakota and in Colorado attempts have been made to arrange for Biblical studies to be conducted outside the schools, credit for such studies to be given by the school authorities on the completion of the course. A syllabus of Bible study has been prepared and published by the State School Board of North Dakota, covering the geographical and historical facts of both Testaments, the great narratives and the great characters, with a number of passages to be memorized; this can be studied in Sunday school or at home, and to every high-school student who passes an examination based on this syllabus and conducted by the school authorities, a half-credit is given on his high-school course. The course is elective, but with the active coöperation of ministers and Sunday-school superintendents a goodly number of students might be persuaded to take it. The cultural value of the Bible is not, by this method, greatly emphasized; the intention is rather to make the pupil intelligent upon the main facts included in the Biblical literature.

It is evident, however, that we have not yet in sight any plan by which the segregation of the Roman Catholic and the Lutheran children can be prevented, so long as the people of those communions remain in their present state of mind. Such cultural study of the Bible as I have advocated would not answer their demands; and such a device as that resorted to in North Dakota would be regarded as wholly inadequate. The Lutheran authorities have, I understand, repudiated the North Dakota plan.

Several attempts have been made to provide a *modus vivendi* by which the church schools should be incorporated in the educational system. In Poughkeepsie and a few other cities and towns in New York the school board leased, for a nominal rent, the Catholic school buildings, agreed to keep them in repair, prescribed the courses of study, retained the nuns in charge as teachers, and paid their salaries out of the public treasury. The instruction required by the public-school board was given; whatever other instruction the teachers wished to give they were at liberty to impart. The arrangement continued for several years and appeared to be satisfactory; but the legality of it was doubtful, and the state Superintendent of Public Instruction finally abrogated it, and his decision was confirmed by the Supreme Court.

A similar arrangement was made by Archbishop Ireland in the cities of Faribault and Stillwater, Minnesota; only in these cases it was stipulated that the religious instruction should be given outside the regular school hours. This was not satisfactory to the Catholics, and there was much controversy about it. Pope Leo XIII gave his approval to the plan, under certain limitations, and it is still in operation in various western localities.

It does not, however, appear to be probable that these attempted adjustments will prove satisfactory on any large scale. The Lutherans, for their part, — those of them who are supporting parochial schools, — appear to be entirely satisfied with the existing

situation. They are bearing the burden of elementary education for their children, and they are willing to bear it. They will not agree that the state shall meddle with religion in any way, and they want no aid from the state in maintaining their schools. So far as elementary education is concerned, they are outside the educational life of the community and they prefer to stay outside. Respecting the high schools, they are less rigid; many of their pupils pass from the parochial schools to the high schools; but up to the fourteenth year they endeavor to keep their children apart from the children of their neighbors, during school hours.

The Roman Catholics also relax their inhibition somewhat at the end of the elementary period; many of the parochial pupils pass to the public high schools. But they complain of the injustice of being compelled to maintain the elementary schools at their own expense, and claim a share of the public money. The plan which they urge is substantially that adopted in England, where, in addition to the board schools, provided and wholly controlled by the public authorities, voluntary schools, under denominational control, are also aided by taxation. A considerable amount of supervision of these denominational schools is also exercised by government authorities; the state undertakes to see that the preparation of its young people for citizenship is effectively carried on; but the schools are left free to conduct religious education in their own way. It should be said that in the English schools provided and managed wholly by the state, religion is taught, quite systematically; the curriculum of these schools includes a fair amount of instruction in the Bible, and in the elementary principles of revealed religion. There has been a strong demand in England for a purely secular system of public education, but public opinion in that country has, thus far, successfully resisted that demand.

For some such arrangement as that which prevails in England the Roman Catholics of the United States are disposed to contend. But the deep-rooted antagonism to any form of alliance between the church and the state has, hitherto, effectually negatived every such proposition. With such a miscellaneous swarm of faiths and cults and creeds as confronts us upon these shores, it does not seem practicable to recognize any as specially entitled to recognition by the state. There are a good many of them who would like to separate themselves from the community and have their tenets taught at the public expense. When once the principle was established, there would be no lack of sects which would make haste to avail themselves of its provision. Where should we draw the line? The log-rolling would be quickly organized and the educational pork-barrel would soon assume dimensions. The practical difficulty of extending assistance to religious denominations for the maintenance of their religious beliefs seems well-nigh insuperable.

VIII

Must we then face the probability of a permanent division of our population upon this most vital interest of our communal life? Are our children, in their school-days, to be separated into unsympathetic and unfriendly groups, suspicious of each other, never singing the national songs together, never feeling the thrill of a common emotion as the great days of old are recalled and the great deeds are recited? Nations whose traditions are feudal, and whose social system rests on caste, may be content to have their youthful populations separated by such lines of divi-

sion; but it is hard to understand how they can be tolerated in a democracy like ours. And it seems deplorable that so many children should grow up among us who owe no debt of gratitude for their education to the land of their birth — to whom such a passionate devotion as that of Mary Antin must always be a thing unknown. Should not good citizens consider well whether or not they ought wholly to sever this tie between the lives of their children and their native land?

For my own part I have always been grateful that my children were permitted to grow up with Catholic and Jewish and Irish and Italian boys and girls, that a Catholic boy was my boy's seatmate in school and his most intimate friend; that little Catholic girls were playmates of my little girls. My children learned in this way sympathy and toleration; is it not a lesson that all children need to learn? And can we afford to establish and perpetuate an educational system which makes all this impossible? Is there not something here very sacred and precious which we ought to preserve?

I confess that I have no ready-made solution of this problem. I see the difficulties; I believe that I understand, to some extent, the scruples which make these Christian brethren insist on the policy which they have adopted. But I wonder whether it is not possible to find some line of accommodation by which we might, without sacrificing anything essential to faith, strengthen and preserve the spirit of community which these educational divisions threaten to destroy.

Is it not an infinite pity — nay, is it not a burning shame — that our religion, which ought to be the bond of peace, the principle of integration in our social life, should be the wedge that divides us, the force that prevents us from dwelling together in unity? Something is the matter with the religion of which this is true.

It must be remembered, however, that no arrangement respecting our public schools is possible, by which the problem of religious education can be adequately solved. When we have done the best we can possibly do through the state, the largest part of that work will remain undone. My own belief is that the work of reviving and restoring the agencies of religious education has been seriously retarded by the discussion about replacing the Bible in the public schools. In pushing that agitation the real work to be done has been largely overlooked. For nothing is clearer than that our entire reliance for this work must be placed upon the church and the home.

It is with the home, of course, that the primary responsibility rests, and here we are confronted with the appalling fact that home-life has become almost an impossible thing to a large proportion of our population. The first thing to be sought is such a reordering of our social life as shall permit larger numbers of our people to live in homes wherein family religion can be cultivated.

No doubt the sense of responsibility for the religious education of their children greatly needs to be deepened in the minds of most parents. That burden has in large measure been shunted upon the day school and the Sunday school, and this is the fundamental cause of whatever religious decadence now exists.

The church is responsible for enforcing upon parents this obligation. If the church would but give to this business of developing family life half the time and money and energy which it devotes to sensational evangelisms, we should soon see very different conditions in this country. Much has been done, during the past decade, by the Religious

Education Association, to enforce upon the churches their responsibility for the religious education of the children of the state, but it is still indifferently apprehended by the great majority of them. To say that this is the one thing which the church of this generation needs would not be true: the church is in crying need of a number of things; but this is one of them.

TO AN ANCIENT HEAD OF APHRODITE

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

Solitary as a falling star
Banished from Kosmos on a summer night,
Who watched the swift disaster of thy flight,
Or dreamed — and feared — thy destiny afar?
Human as the rose-lipped living are
Thy little, modest, smiling, youthful head;
Long thou wert in the dark earth closeted
With youth no years could steal or passion mar.

Though countless noons have crossed thy reverie,
No noon has dried thy bloom so shadowy.
Oh, what is Time and the slow march of spheres,
And exile from the sun and human eyes,
If thou canst in these latter centuries,
O Cyprian, stir joy and love and tears!

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF RISHMEY-YEH

II

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

[In the first installment of this true story of modern Syria, the author — then a young stonemason — while digging for the foundations of Abu-'Azar's house, found a cave apparently made for buried treasure. A long search having revealed nothing, Abu-'Azar and his family decided to consult a sorcerer. — THE EDITORS.]

I

JUBBUR and I were chosen to undertake the momentous mission to Beyrout, which lies a good seven hours' journey, on foot, from Rishmey-yeh. We were instructed that if the Russed potion cost much more than two *madjidies* (the *madjidy* is the Turkish dollar, about eighty cents), we should not pay the price without further instructions from our comrades. Five *madjidies* were given us for consultation fee and personal expenses.

We started on our journey about the middle of the afternoon, and, notwithstanding the fact that we had worked from early dawn, youth and the allurements of riches gave us quick and elastic steps. Night overtook us when we were still about three hours' journey from the great city. The region in which we found ourselves shortly after nightfall was the borderland between the provinces of Mount Lebanon and Beyrout, and it is usually infested by highway robbers. The darkness, the rough, narrow, crooked footpaths, and our increasing fear of robbers kept all our senses at an uncomfortably high tension.

Shortly after crossing the river El-Ghadir, whose banks are famous as haunts of robbers, a low, deep, harsh voice called from behind a stone wall, 'What men?' — the equivalent in English of 'Who goes there?'

'Friends!' we answered, in rather squeaky accents.

The figure of a tall man emerged from the darkness. Gripping tightly our walking sticks, our only means of defense, we stood in a defiant attitude. As the man came closer we recognized in him a stalwart Turkish soldier, fully armed and wearing the Mount Lebanon uniform. Holding his gun and bayonet at a threatening angle, he ordered us to halt; and this we did, while we asked, 'What is your pleasure, sir?'

'Who are you and where are you going?' asked the soldier of the Sultan.

It was well known to us that the Turkish soldiers, who were presumably 'guarding the roads,' were as dangerous to meet under these circumstances as the highway robbers from whom they were supposed to protect the public. We stood rigid with fear until the man approached and placed his hand on my shoulder, when to my inexpressible relief I recognized him as a very good acquaintance of our family. His wife came from our town, and I had seen him at our house many times in my earlier boyhood.

'Is this Assad Effendi?' I asked.

He leaned forward and tried to see

my face in the faint light of the stars, but could not recognize me. 'Who are you, lad?' he inquired.

After I had told him who I was and had mentioned the name of his wife's family, he was cordial and said to us, 'Go on your way, and if you should be accosted by other soldiers tell them that you saw me near the bridge of El-Ghadir, and they will let you pass unmolested.'

Thanking him and our stars for the unexpected kindness, we resumed our journey.

Upon reaching the carriage road near the 'guard house' known as Fürn-Eshiback, quite close to the outskirts of Beyrout, we were glad to get into a public carriage, which took us into the great metropolis, where we sought lodging, not at an inn as the poor people do, but at a hotel.

The supper we ordered would, under ordinary circumstances, have been beyond our means, but seeing that an opulent era was soon to dawn upon us we deemed it altogether proper, nay, necessary, that we should begin to practice luxurious living. But even then Jubbur declared that when fortune came he would not even look at such a hotel and such a supper as that; to which I rejoined, 'I should say not!'

Although very tired from our journey, sleep seemed to us out of the question. Besides, we had to plan very carefully how to meet the great witch and her associate Mûghreby on the morrow, — a dread undertaking for two youths such as we were. Before leaving home on that day, Abu-'Azar, who for some reason admired my 'mental equipment,' instructed his son to give my ideas the preference in dealing with the object of our mission. The son followed his father's instructions and I felt heavily laden with responsibility.

My plan was that we should make a false statement to the Mûghreby for the purpose of testing the power of his magic. If he or the great witch could discover the deception, then we might feel assured that they could read the mystery of our treasure. Jubbur agreed to everything I said, partly because of the instructions his father had given and partly because of his strong desire to escape stating the case himself.

But meeting the witch and the Mûghreby was not our only difficult task. They lived in that section of Beyrout known as El-Busta, the chief Mohammedan quarter; and for a Christian to pass through El-Busta without being roughly handled by Mohammedan ruffians was always considered a signal favor of fortune. The murders which occurred in El-Busta were utterly uninteresting to the public: the Christian fool had simply strayed to where he had no business to be, and no one took the trouble to inquire who killed him.

But the witch lived at El-Busta among her kindred, and there we had to seek her. From our physiognomy, attire, and speech, any one could tell that we were Lebanonian Christians. We wore on our heads the old-fashioned tarboosh (which was the ordinary headgear before the small tin-pail-shaped fez of the Turkish army had come into general use), whose top resembled the end of a pumpkin with a large tassel attached to the stem, and a small narrow-folded, wine-colored silk scarf of Damascus make for a turban: a characteristic headgear for Christian youth. We planned to conduct ourselves very circumspectly while at El-Busta. We would not gaze curiously at the Mohammedans, we would walk in a humble attitude, and strictly mind our own business.

It was a great relief when we reached the notorious Mohammedan quarter in the early forenoon of the following day, to find that the cafés were as yet almost empty. The vicious loafers had

not yet come to their revels in the public places along the highway. Now and then we met a man who would eye us in stern and spiteful fashion, making our hearts beat faster than usual, but on the whole we were tranquil.

It was by no means easy to find the abode of the witch in a city where there were no regularly laid out streets and no numbers on the houses. All we knew was that she lived at El-Busta, and as we were anxious to avoid trouble, we dared not ask questions. At last, meeting an elderly man whom we thought reasonably safe, we requested him most respectfully to direct us to the witch's house. Pointing to a mosque not far away, he told us that the house we were seeking was a short distance beyond that shrine, on the road that went to the right of it. Following those instructions we soon reached our destination.

After removing our shoes from our feet just outside the open door, we walked in, to find ourselves in the presence of the great Mûghreby, the witch's associate. We stood near the door in a reverential attitude until we gained his attention, when we saluted him with more regard than discretion. '*Essalamo 'Aleikûm*'—peace be on you—is a salutation exchanged by Mohammedans; but coming from a Christian to a Mohammedan it is considered by the latter very presumptuous. For how can an 'infidel' confer peace upon one of the 'faithful'?

The Mûghreby, possibly for business reasons, appeared not to notice the impropriety of the greeting. He responded by nodding his head slightly in a distressingly dignified manner, and motioned to us to sit down on the matted floor. Lifting our right hands to our breasts, thence to our foreheads, as a mark of honor and gratitude, we sat down.

The Mûghreby was a man of stout build, and appeared to be about fifty years old. He wore on his head a rather small white turban, more common among the Persian than among the Syrian Mohammedans. His face was round and ruddy, covered with a short, shaggy beard which enhanced the witchery of his dark piercing eyes. Over his typical Mohammedan gown, which was girt at the waist with a green sash, he wore a fine woolen cloak. He sat on a thick cushion spread upon a costly rug of mystic figures and bright oriental colors, and reclined against a *messned* (a hard and heavy pillow) which stood on edge against the wall.

The witch, as we observed, was in an inner chamber, besieged by women suppliants, some seeking potions to make their husbands love them, or to unhinge the mind of a woman rival, some to secure the blessing of childbearing, or to find some lost article, or ward off the evil eye. Sobs and groans issued from that mysterious chamber, and at short intervals the low, deep, commanding voice of the dread witch would reach our bewildered ears.

Presently the Mûghreby motioned to us to come closer and as we did so he gazed on us in turn with the air of one who says, 'The innermost secrets of your hearts are known to me.'

Within his reach on the cushion lay among other curious objects an egg, which he picked up, in a seemingly preoccupied state of mind, set it up on its small end in the centre of his extended right palm, and seemed to us to read in it deep mysteries. The feat of making the egg stand up in that manner excited our admiration.

Then, with a faint, quizzical smile, the ally of Beelzebub said to us, 'What may your purpose be?'

My heart beat at full speed. But unmindful of the fact that I was in the presence of one whose magical gaze had searched the depths of a thousand

craniums, I proceeded to carry out our prearranged plan by giving him a false statement of our case.

'Honored hajj,'[1] said I, 'on last Monday, while this my brother and I were working in the field, and in the absence of our mother from home, our house was entered by thieves who carried away from it money and other valuables to the amount of about two thousand *piasters*. Having failed hitherto to apprehend the robbers, we have come to you, O excellent hajj, imploring the aid of your great learning to enable us to know who the culprits are.'

With a look of indignant surprise which caused his beard to quiver slightly, and which seemed to say to me, 'You saucy upstart!' and without the slightest hesitancy, the great magician spoke.

'You are a liar!'

Rallying in a moment from this terrible, though merited, rebuke, I managed with considerable firmness to imitate the attitude of wounded pride and to say to my assailant, 'O excellent hajj, I have not come under your sheltering roof and in your august presence to be called a liar.'

'But such you are,' came the quick answer; 'you are seeking to possess yourself of the wealth of others, and yet you make bold to tell me that you have been robbed.'

Here Jubbur, collapsing inwardly, cast a trembling look at me and seemed about to say, 'If you do not tell the truth at once, I will.'

Whereupon I said to the Mûghreby, 'My lord, if what I have said is to your mysterious learning not the truth, I beg you to condescend and tell us the facts.'

The magician then demanded the payment of one *madjidy*, as the initial fee for the unsealing of the book, — whatever that meant. We complied with the request instantly. Then, to our indescribable amazement, this man of diabolical learning told us everything. He informed us that we were in pursuit of a hidden treasure; that we had dug for it in a round hole, then in a cave connected with that hole and close to a smooth rock; that the spot was situated below a shrine and above running water.

The expression on our faces must have pleased him immensely, for we felt for the moment that we were in the very presence of Omniscience.

'In digging,' he said again, 'did you find human bones?' The way in which he put the question did not give us the impression that he did not know the answer; rather, in our simplicity were we led to believe that a significant revelation was yet in store for us. To our answer in the negative, he said, 'When the bones appear, look confidently for the fortune you are seeking.' Then, stroking his elevated right knee gently, the wily Mûghreby added, 'But — but beware of the mysterious powers. The treasure is guarded by a powerful Russed with which I am already in touch, and the gold must first be "released" [from the control of the dread spirit] and the Russed driven out into boundless space before the buried wealth can be touched. Be not rash, else you will be blasted, when no earthly power can help.'

Along with all this the Mûghreby bewildered us by mumbling something about 'centre and circumference, light and darkness, east, west, north, south, fire and incense,' all of which inspired us with awe, though it added nothing to our understanding.

'What would be the cost of the "release" of the Russed?' I asked in much agitation.

[1] After having visited Mecca, a Mohammedan is addressed as hajj-pilgrim. The designation, however, is often applied to other than pilgrims, as a mark of honor. — THE AUTHOR.

'One *othmani* [Turkish pound] no more, no less,' replied the wizard.

That was more than five *madjidies* more than we were commissioned to pay, even if we had had the money.

'Your excellency,' said Jubbur, 'this is a very high price.'

'High?' exclaimed the Mûghreby. 'Just be mindful of the wealth which the release of the Russed would bring to you!'

Feeling still inclined to mislead the 'possessed' man I said, 'My brother and I are poor, therefore we cannot pay such a sum; but we promise by the life of God that, if you will release the Russed for us, we will pay you double this price after we find the treasure.'

Reaching for a small polished stick, and with it pushing my tarboosh back from my forehead, the exasperated Mûghreby said, 'This head of yours contains a devil. This youth [Jubbur] is not your brother; three other men and one woman are with you in this secret, and you have been instructed not to pay me my price. Try me no longer!'

O great Mûghreby! Though he made a mistake in saying one woman, instead of two, we were convinced that the treasure was a certainty.

After we had told the magician that it was necessary for us to return to our partners, report what he had told us, and secure the price of the 'release,' he said, 'Yes, go, but you will come back soon; I have you in the hollow of my hand.'

We rose, walked backward to the door as behooved those retiring from the presence of an august oriental personage, put on our shoes, bowed a reverent farewell, and departed.

Certainly we did experience a psychological revolution. We seemed to ourselves to walk on air and to talk by inspiration. We even forgot that we were in dangerous El-Busta. The prosaic theory of 'mind-reading' had not yet been advanced, at least in that part of the world, and the spell of a superhuman mind rested thick upon us.

II

It was now about noon. We must have dinner and start for home without further delay. But should we make the homeward journey afoot? No; with such a bright future beckoning us there was no need for such privation. We would hire two good strong horses and ride home like gentlemen.

So, after what must have seemed for persons in our circumstances a sumptuous dinner, we mounted and proceeded on our way to Rishmey-yeh, accompanied by a lad who was to take the horses back to their owner.

The road we followed, — the Beyrout-Damascus carriage road, — until within about two and a half hours' journey from Rishmey-yeh, was fully two hours longer than the road we had traveled the day before, but it was better for the horses. At sundown we found ourselves at the then famous inn called Khan-Abu-Dekhan, where we halted for supper, and to rest and feed the horses. Not wishing to reveal our actual circumstances, and still relying upon our opulent future, we ordered liberally, taking even a draught of wine with the repast, and the innkeeper was much impressed by our liberality and charged us accordingly.

It soon grew dark. Large black clouds overspread the heavens, and a rather strong wind began to blow. But we had never been in better spirits. Horses, youth, wine, and the deceitfulness of riches filled us with power and courage. We remounted our horses and rode off singing (with more enthusiasm than melody) vernacular Arabic poetry.

Soon after we left the carriage road,

near the town of Behamdûn, and turned south toward our destination, our boy attendant rushed close to my horse shouting, 'Master, I am afraid! Do you hear that noise?'

Halting a moment I could hear a tremendous rushing sound approaching. My first impulse was to lift the frightened boy on the back of the horse behind me. No sooner did I do that than a terrific hail-storm smote horse and rider, master and servant. It seemed that the celestial 'treasures of the hail' were poured out to the last handful. The horses reared and twisted, now to the right, now to the left, in dangerous confusion. The driving wind and the incessant downpour rendered us almost helpless. The few flickering lights in the town of Behamdûn were the only things we could see, and we pressed toward them. In the little village we left our boy.

Rishmey-yeh was yet more than two hours away, the storm was still on and the darkness palpable. The road passed through my home town, Betater, but as my parents were still completely ignorant of the treasure adventure, and, as I had planned to bring my share of the gold to them as a stunning surprise, we did not stop at our house on that night.

When we arrived, our partners at Rishmey-yeh were still up, eagerly awaiting us. We delivered our report to them in most glowing colors, for the purpose at least of justifying the extravagant expenditure of money on our trip. They stood aghast at the marvelous revelation of the Mûghreby's diabolical knowledge. The women crossed themselves, — especially when we mentioned the fact that the magician read deep mysteries in an ordinary egg, — and implored the Divine protection.

It was unanimously agreed that Jurjus, instead of Jubbur, should return with me to Beyrout early on the morrow, purchase the 'release' from the Mûghreby on the best possible terms, learn the exact location of the treasure, and return at once. Notwithstanding the bewitching dream of great riches, the sense of economy still had its strong hold on Abu-'Azar. Our allowance, besides the Turkish pound for the Mûghreby, was much smaller than that granted on the previous trip, and we were instructed to return afoot.

In order to avoid arousing the suspicion of the townspeople we slipped out of Rishmey-yeh at early dawn. Reaching Behamdûn we picked up our boy attendant and proceeded to Beyrout with all speed, and very shortly after our arrival in the city called at the Mûghreby's house. With a strangely peculiar smile whose meaning I did not understand then as I do now, the magician remarked, 'I do not marvel' (*la aajab*) 'at your return.'

The various kinds of Russeds are 'released' by different means: some by the sprinkling of enchanted water, others by the burning of incense, others by the repeating of certain mystic words. 'Our' Russed required a powerful dose of strong incense, which the Mûghreby proceeded to prepare for us.

From a bag which contained many strange things, he produced a piece of frankincense about the size of a hazelnut, which, as I remember, looked like spruce-gum. He placed it in the hollow of his hand, looked up, turned his face to the right, then to the left, then in a semi-entranced manner seemed to repeat, inaudibly, a certain formula. After repeating the entire performance three times, he breathed on the lump, wrapped it in a piece of white muslin, and then said, presumably to himself alone, '*Qatih-madhy!*' — decisive!

In the meantime we had become rigid with awe, but were restored to normal tranquillity by his saying to us,

'Now you are safe; wealth and happiness will soon be yours.'

I received the mysterious object from his hand, paid him the price he had asked, and placed the lump securely in my girdle. We were instructed to burn the incense inside the cave in the presence of all the men of our party, and to dig within two cubits from the smooth rock toward the centre of the cave.

After leaving the presence of the Mûghreby, though it was far past the noon hour, Jurjus and I did not halt in Beyrout even long enough to have dinner: we bought some food and ate it while on the march. The darkness of the night overtook us when about halfway to our destination. Our steps grew heavier and heavier as we toiled on up the western slopes of Lebanon. Owing to the fact that I had had but little sleep, and had been on a forced march for practically forty-eight hours, my physical energy reached a very low ebb.

Jurjus, whose vocation was that of a silk-spinner, was even less accustomed to physical exertion than I was; therefore he also began to feel much more strongly inclined to drop by the wayside and go to sleep, than to continue the toilsome journey. As we reached the neighborhood of the town of Alieh, we saw a faint, flickering light in the direction of an old, little-frequented inn called Khan-el-Sheikh. The slight ray seemed to our weary souls so friendly, so compelling, that we concluded to replenish our stores of energy by seeking a few hours of sleep at the old inn.

As we passed under the heavy stone arch into the huge room where the *khanati* and his wife were, it seemed to me the most desolate, most fearfully haunted place on this planet. When we asked the burly, stolid khanati if we could have a 'sleeping-place in his hospitable khan, until the rising of the morning star,' he cast a measuring look at us which really frightened me; he then muttered a favorable answer, and after puffing a few times at his cigarette in a gloomily meditative mood, he led us into a repelling enclosure (he called it a room), threw a dilapidated straw mat on the humpy, earthen floor for our bed, and gave us an old blanket of goat's hair to 'cover us with.' That was indeed the 'abomination of desolation,' but we decided to stretch our weary mortal bodies on what was left of that mat, for at least a couple of hours, and then continue our journey. But as soon as the khanati left us with his lantern (the only means of illumination he had) and we lay quiet between the mat and the blanket, our sleeping-quarters became strangely alive. Living creatures leaped from the cavernous stone walls and sprang from holes in the floor, even right under our mat, in ferocious gayety.

'Rats!' exclaimed Jurjus. 'One jumped on my tarboosh! They will eat us up.'

'They certainly will do it,' I said. And we decided that we would not be devoured by the rats on the eve of becoming millionaires; so we shook off the goat's-hair blanket and darted out of the room like frightened steeds. When we told our host that we could not stay with him overnight he simply frowned at us and said, '*Rûho*'—Go.

We did go, but it was terribly hard going. Darkness, hunger, fatigue, fear, and the rough stony road made the walking horrid toil. A short distance east of the town of Alieh there lies a deep rocky gorge, through which runs a small river called Bekhishtieh, at whose banks we feared the *djinn* might accost us, for the streams of water were the favorite haunts of those dread spirits. But on that night none of them were out, and we crossed the stream in

safety. Before us as we stood on the eastern bank of the river towered the last chain of hills which we had to cross before our road took its downward course toward Rishmey-yeh. Before beginning our weary climb we sat for a little rest on a rock not far from the stream, in a world of darkness and silence. Presently we heard a jump, followed by a crashing tread among the fig trees near the road. A hyena! We had been taught that the joints of the hyena squeaked as he walked, and certainly we could hear the 'squeaking' and, as it seemed, see the faint outlines of the horrid form.

Without a word or even a whisper, and as by a power not our own, we sprang from our seats on the rock and dashed up the steep hill. Whether in a dream or in reality, whether we followed the road or not, how many times we stumbled and fell and rose again, I never could tell. I only know that when we spoke to one another again we were just below the crest of the hill on its eastern slope, speeding toward Rishmey-yeh, with my hand on the lump of frankincense in my girdle. It was past midnight when, with soiled and torn garments, bruised and exhausted, we reached our destination. Not until late in the afternoon of that day were we awakened and asked to give our report.

VI

The mysterious frankincense — the 'release' — and the simple instruction as to how to burn it in the cave were the alpha and the omega of our report. Indeed, nothing more was needed. Very early on the morrow the five men of our party (the women would not participate in the satanic performance) proceeded to the cave. Around a small charcoal fire we stood in a circle near the smooth rock, and as our venerable senior, Abu-'Azar, crossed himself and cast the potent incense into the fire, we all made the sign of the holy cross and said, 'God cast thee off!'

As the smoke of the sizzling, gummy substance spread through the cave, Abu-Nezhim asserted that he heard a mysterious moaning just inside the door. Was it not from the vanquished Russed? At any rate the cave appeared to us to have suddenly become friendly, almost habitable, and with the strength and courage which confidence never fails to inspire, we proceeded to dig at the point indicated by the Mûghreby — within two cubits from the smooth rock, toward the centre of the cave.

By taking turns we toiled strenuously the whole day; we changed the location slightly from time to time, packing the dirt in the remote corners; we found an abundance of mortar and broken pottery, but no gold. Not even bones. At the end of the day, disappointed and exhausted, we returned to Abu-'Azar's fireside for a final conference.

The seeming failure of all signs began to sober the enthusiasm and awaken the prudence of the older members of the party. Abu-Nezhim, who had a large family to support, and no source of revenue but his trade, began to waver. The dream of riches began to fade before the glowing satisfaction of actual, though modest, wages, the loss of which he could not endure much longer. Abu-'Azar, the determining factor in our counsel, also seemed to be greatly perplexed. In a gravely meditative manner he stated that, while he had not lost all hope of finding 'something' in the mysterious cave, he was becoming increasingly aware of the very serious risk he was running. While we possessed nothing but our tools, he had his valuable property, which might be seized by the government authorities, if our

secret became known. He said also that his slow progress in building had already been noticed by some of his friends, and that the aged Abbot of St. Elias's convent had asked him why so little was doing under the large fig tree.

Abu-'Azar's final decision was that we suspend our search for the treasure for the time being and proceed with the building. As long as the treasure had been 'released,' he thought we could dig for it at our convenience without inviting suspicion. Any other suggestion he would not countenance. Abu-Nezhim and Jubbur seconded the projected plan, but Jurjus and I dissented. Being in the minority and aware of Abu-'Azar's immovableness, we did not argue long; we simply whispered to each other that we would not suspend the digging.

It was purely the exigency of the hour which forced me into this dual alliance. Jurjus was by no means my favorite of the company. He was a 'busybody in other men's matters,' very insignificant in stature, of meagre features, and had the lamentable habit of coming uncomfortably close to you when he spoke. In short, Jurjus was such a type of man that, looking at him, a Socrates would have wondered whether great riches could really work beneficent changes in him.

On the following day Jurjus and I decided to reveal the secret of the treasure to a man named Faris, with whom we had a very pleasant acquaintance. Faris was the bully of the town, and, externally speaking, a magnificent specimen of manhood. But he was a dangerous idler, suspected of many crimes, and living the life of a defiant outlaw. However, it was just such a fearless man that we wanted in our perilous undertaking; therefore to Faris did we unfold our story.

It electrified him. 'What is there to fear?' was his ominous remark. 'Neither angels nor devils can prevent us from *finding* the treasure.'

His words were music to our ears; here was a man who did not believe in digging for a treasure on the installment plan.

On the night we had chosen to dig for the treasure under the new management, the rain fell in torrents, which seemed to us a providential favor. Upon reaching the vineyard of St. Elias on our way to the cave, the enigmatic Faris crossed himself, bent his massive frame and kissed the terrace wall. We imitated his pious act. 'They help,' he said to us in a muffled tone. That was what we always believed.

Upon entering the cave our new accomplice made a quick survey of the spot, by the dim light of a tallow candle, and then in a seemingly abstracted manner removed the heavy cloak in which he was wrapped. I shall never forget that moment. With his high leathern gaiters, short *shirwal* (bloomer-like-trousers), a pair of pistols buckled at his waist, a handsome belt-knife held within his girdle, a *yatekan* (short sword with a concave edge) dangling from his shoulder, and a felt cap with a small silk turban on his head, Faris towered before us in the ghastly light of that subterranean cavern like a mythical giant. It seemed to me that the Russed himself could not be more formidable than Faris. 'What could we do with this man,' I asked myself, 'if we found the treasure and he decided to take the whole of it?' Our very lives were in his hands. He removed the weapons from his person, placed them with the cloak in a corner of the cave, and proposed that we proceed to dig hard by the smooth rock.

Our exertion on that memorable night in the damp, stuffy atmosphere of the mysterious cave approached suicide. We streamed with perspiration

and burned with thirst; we toiled incessantly until past midnight, expecting every moment that the pickaxe would crash through the pot of gold; but all was in vain. Our supply of tallow candles being very limited, we did not dare waste much time in resting. When the hope of success seemed all but gone, we decided to take one more turn each at the digging before we abandoned our quest. So I jumped into the deep hole we had already dug, and before I had worked ten minutes the pickaxe brought to the surface several apparently human bones. Surely the treasure was near at hand. Had not the Mûghreby told us 'when the bones appeared to look confidently for the fortune'?

No sooner did I say 'bones!' than Faris jumped into the hole, threw me out, and said, 'It is my turn to dig!'

'It is my turn,' said Jurjus, timidly.

'Stay where you are,' retorted Faris. 'I will see to it that each one of us has his share of the gold.'

Fearful and helpless, Jurjus and I instinctively went and sat close by the weapons. Should it become necessary we would, in self-defense, try to turn the giant's arms against him.

Faris tore the ground up like a steam shovel, while his eyes searched every new shovelful of dirt with microscopic keenness. Suddenly he stopped, and leaning against the rock gazed interestedly into the hole. 'We will dig no more to-night,' he murmured, as he threw out the tools; 'let us go home.'

'Let me work my turn,' said Jurjus.

But for some mysterious reason Faris was determined that we should dig no more on that night, and Jurjus and I could do nothing but yield to his wishes.

Of course it was not to be expected that our treachery could long be hidden from our former partners. On that very night, when Jurjus returned home in the small hours and stole into bed in the living-room where all the family slept, his father became suspicious of his behavior. When the family arose in the morning, Jurjus's soiled clothes and the weariness which he could not disguise told the story.

Upon this Abu-'Azar started for the cave in grim silence. What he saw there lashed him into fury. To be so betrayed by his own son was more than he could bear. Jurjus must confess all, or be cast out of his father's house and surrendered to the authorities.

Jurjus did make a clean breast of it and asked his enraged father's forgiveness. But Abu-'Azar appeared determined to place Faris and me in the hands of the Turkish officials. Badly frightened, I lost no time in seeking Faris and telling him of the impending danger. The desperado's eyes flashed fire as he said, 'I will manage Abu-'Azar in a short time.'

Later that night Abu-'Azar, responding to a knock, opened his door and found Faris standing outside, armed to the teeth. In a few words and in the manner of the men of his class, the giant told Abu-'Azar that if he made the matter known to the authorities, his whole family would be exterminated.

Two days later, encouraged by the temporary peace which Abu-'Azar felt forced to patch up with us, Jurjus and I visited the cave. In the neighborhood of the spot at which Faris had gazed so interestedly when he had ordered us to cease digging and go home, three days before, we found large pieces of pottery scattered around a small hole where a jar might have been placed. Startled, we sought Faris, but he was nowhere to be found.

Did Faris find the treasure? There was no one who could tell. It was five years later when, through a wheat-mer-

chant, I next heard of him. He was then in the fertile region southeast of Damascus, where my informant found him in an opulent state, having supervision of large tracts of land. Whether Faris owned all that land or not, the wheat-merchant did not know, but to all appearances he did, for he practiced the hospitality of an Arab emir and spent most lavishly. Not long after that I emigrated to America. But while on a visit to Syria, a few years later, I was very curious to know what had become of my friend Faris, and if possible to penetrate in some way the mystery of the treasure.

Abu-'Azar had long been gathered to his fathers. Faris, I was told, returned to Rishmey-yeh two years before my visit, stricken with a fatal illness. He willed the small house and few mulberry trees that he had inherited from his father to the convent of St. Elias. When he felt the great Destroyer approaching, he called for the parish priest, to whom he unburdened his soul in confession, a duty which he had neglected for many years. Those who kept the last vigil around his bed reported that in his delirious wanderings just before he breathed his last he twice uttered the name of Abu-'Azar.

Thus went Faris the way of all flesh, and the real secret of the treasure remained known only to him, and possibly to his confessor.

(*The End.*)

THE RIVER OF THE MOON

A STAMBOUL NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

BY H. G. DWIGHT

[The Dragoman *of the American Embassy narrates.*]

I

Yes, it's a very decent old gun. The chasing of silver on the stock could n't be much better. And look at the line of that preposterous old bell mouth. It's a Cesarini — from Milan, you know; sixteenth century. I know a museum or two that would get it from me if they could. But they never will — while I'm alive. I can't bear to sell my things, however much people offer for them. One has so much fun in getting them, and they become a part of the place — of one's self. I would as soon think of selling my children! And one likes them for all the things that must have happened to them. Whom do you suppose Cesarini made that chap for? And what wars did he fight in? And how did he ever happen to end in the Bazaar of Broussa? Not that he has ended yet. He has had one adventure since he came to live with me. And it was quite worthy of him.

Shall I really tell you? Beware! I have no mercy, once I get started on my yarns. However — the thing happened during the Bulgarian war. It had nothing to do with the war, and yet it could not have happened if the town had been less upset. What a strange time that was! At the outset everybody was perfectly sure that the business could end only in one way. Then, when the bottom was knocked out of everything, we did n't know where we were or what would happen next.

For three weeks, between the battles of Lüleh Bourgass and Chatalja, it looked as if the whole empire would go like a house of cards. At first people were stupefied; then they got scared. How scared they got I don't suppose the Bulgarians ever knew. I regret to say that one or two of the embassies were the worst. One of the dangers of being in the way to get exclusive information is that your information may be a bit too exclusive — of the truth. I have often noticed that diplomats and journalists are the most convinced that the world is going smash, simply because it is their business to be there when it does go smash. However, there was occasion to be cautious. There would be in any capital that was threatened by a conquering host. And I still think that we might have had rather a bad quarter of an hour if a beaten and desperate army had come dashing back from Chatalja. But there was no occasion to increase the general uneasiness, as did the dean of the diplomatic corps, by asking the owners of neighboring houses to let him plant Maxims in their windows, and by ordering his colony on board a steamer in the harbor, one night. Nothing happened — except that one poor old gentleman died of heart-disease in the flurry and was given a first-class funeral to make up for it.

For us foreigners, of course, there were alleviations of the general gloom. Different kinds of people came together a great deal more than they had before, in the common excitement and in their common sympathy for the sick and wounded. And while none of the usual big parties took place, there was a good deal going on unofficially by reason of the presence of the international squadron in the harbor. Half the girls in Pera ended by getting engaged to naval officers. There was n't much fun for the natives, though, whether Christian or Turk. They were all in a tremendous funk, each side expecting to be cut up by the other, and waiting for the Bulgarians with different kinds of suspense. It must have been rather a new sensation for the Turks. I don't know how many of them I heard of who begged Europeans to take care of their families or their valuables. As for the Palace people, steam was kept up night and day on the imperial yacht, and it was only some very plain speaking in high quarters that kept them from running away to Broussa. But they were all packed and ready. And it was a long time before the treasures of the Seraglio were put in order again, after that hasty boxing up.

Well, the state of affairs was such that I thought nothing when a man came to me one afternoon at the embassy with a small parcel, and asked me if I would keep it for him till the 'troubles' were over. It was a funny little parcel, wrapped up in the Turkish way in a bit of stuff — a figured silk shot with gold thread. As a matter of fact there it is! A pretty bit, is n't it? The man told me the parcel contained his savings and a few trinkets that belonged to his 'family' — otherwise his wife. These people never trust a bank, you know. He was a Turk of thirty or thirty-five, with nothing very distinguishable about him except that he was plainly not an aristocrat. He

seemed to be the sort of man who writes in his hand in the anterooms of ministries. He had a pleasant dark face, on the whole, and of course he was very polite.

I warned him that the embassy would be no safer than his own house if anything really happened. He smilingly disagreed. I therefore consented to take his parcel. But I told him that I would accept no responsibility for it. If there was a general bust-up, or if the house burned down or was broken into, I could n't be held for the value of what his parcel might contain. He was perfectly willing to let it be so. He said that God was great: if any house was spared, mine would be. He merely asked me to put the parcel in some safe place, and to give it to no one except himself. And when I proposed giving him a receipt he would n't have one. He said I did n't know him but he knew me, and he needed no paper.

I was just beginning to expostulate with him, pointing out that something might happen to one or the other of us, when the ambassador came into my room with a secretary of the English embassy. My man took leave at once, and for the moment I put his parcel in a drawer of my desk. My visitors brought me some new and rather startling rumor, and we talked over plans for the safety of the Anglo-American colony, if — There was question of a boat to take refuge on, you know, and patrols to be landed from the men-of-war, and I don't know what. There were a good many details to arrange and sensibilities to consider. We finally walked back with the secretary to his embassy, and then we went on to the Austrian, and the long and the short of it was that I did n't go back to my office that night.

The first thing they told me there the next morning was that my old gun was gone from its place on the wall. The servants had missed it when they cleaned the room. I was much put about, and called everybody up to investigate. None of the *cavasses* had seen or heard anything. No lock had been forced either, though there seemed to be a little haziness as to whether all the windows had been fastened. As for the servants themselves, I felt sure that none of them would take the gun. They had all been a long time in the place, like the gun itself. Why should they suddenly walk off with it? Then I thought of my man of the day before. Might he, by any chance, have hung about till he saw me go away and then have managed to get the gun without any one noticing him? Having remembered the man, I bethought me of his parcel, which I had intended to stow in the safe, but which I had put in my desk and completely forgotten.

I then discovered that the parcel was gone too — or the contents of it. The silk cover was still there in the drawer, neatly folded up. I was disgusted enough with myself for having been so careless. And I could n't even let the man know. I had no idea what his name was, or his address, or anything about him. The only possible clue to him was that he had said he knew me, and that he looked like a government clerk. He might be an employee of one of the ministries where I was in the habit of going. His valuables were not likely to be very valuable, it was true, but he would probably be just as sorry to lose them as I was to lose my Cesarini. It was rather funny, though, that the thief should have taken those two things and nothing else.

II

I was inclined to make a fuss about my Cesarini. The police, when they came, inquired very particularly as to my age, and my father's name, and

very carefully wrote down on a large piece of paper my answers to these and other pregnant questions. They also offered to arrest any or all of the servants — several of whom were Montenegrins, and therefore *personæ non gratæ*. But they were too much preoccupied with the more immediate questions of the day to take very much interest in an old gun stolen out of the house of a foreigner.

In the afternoon I had occasion to go over to the Sublime Porte. And incidentally I looked over all the clerks I saw, in the hope of finding my man of the parcel. But there was no sign of him. When I was through with my business I drove on to the Bazaars. A good many of the things stolen in Constantinople end there, in the *Bezesten*. You know that murky old centre of the Bazaar, which opens later and closes earlier than the rest. I always like to go there — because of the way the light strikes dustily down from the high windows, and the way silks and rugs and brasses and porcelain and old arms and every imaginable kind of junk are piled pellmell in raised stalls, and the way old gentlemen in gown and turban sit among them as if they did n't care whether you bought or not, but rather preferred to be saved the trouble of bargaining with you. One of them happened to be quite a friend of mine, and is to this day. He makes a specialty of mediæval arms. I told him, over a cup of coffee which I drank sitting cross-legged with him on a rug, that a valuable old Italian gun had been stolen from me and that if he happened to see or hear of any such thing he was to let me know. I also bought an Albanian *yataghan* from him, which I did n't pay for, just to keep on good terms.

After taking leave of Hassan Effendi I told my coachman to drive down to the Bridge and wait for me there. I thought I would walk down, to see how Stamboul was taking the war. I began my walk, as I am somewhat prone to do, by sitting down in the mosque-yard of Mahmoud Pasha. The time for that mosque-yard is summer rather than winter. But there was still sun in the air, and there were a few leaves on the trees, and people as usual were lounging on rug-covered benches and smoking hubble-bubbles. I ordered one too. It is an old vice of mine.

As I sat there under the trees, adding the bubble of my water-pipe to the bubble that went on around me, listening to the scraps of talk that one hears in such a place, two soldiers came out of the mosque. They stopped a moment in the high old portico to pull on their boots, and then picked their way between the benches to one farther than mine from the main thoroughfare through the yard. One of them was a tall, thin, sullen-looking fellow with a frowzy red moustache and funny eyes. They looked as if they might be yellow. The other, I presently made out, was none other than my friend of the parcel. I watched them give their order and sit down — my man with his back toward me, the red-haired one facing me. He caught me looking. What is more, as soon as I got up and went toward them he slipped away through the nearest of the arched gates of the yard. I don't know how surprised my friend may have looked as he stared at the arch, but he certainly looked not a little surprised when he saw me. It did not strike me that he looked too pleased, either; nor was I delighted at the prospect of what I had to tell him. But I was also rather curious about his friend. And, naturally, I did not forget my gun. However, we exchanged the necessary greetings and I was invited to have a coffee.

'You will not wish to drink a coffee with me,' I told him, 'when you hear that I have lost your parcel.'

I was right. His face changed instantly.

'Lost! How lost?' he asked. 'Was it not in the embassy?'

'I am very sorry,' I said, 'but I was called away yesterday, as you saw. I did not go back till this morning, and then I found it was gone. Some one must have got in during the night.'

I looked at him and he looked at me, each trying to get what he could from the other's face.

'Have — have you looked everywhere?' he stammered at last. 'The servants — do you know them?'

'Better than I know you,' I permitted myself to answer.

'And — have you told the police?'

'Yes. They came, and asked questions, and made a *djournal*, and — ' Before I had time to say anything else or tell the man about my own loss, — and see how he would take it, — he was off in turn through the arch by which his friend had vanished. What is more, he neglected to pay his bill, as the coffee-house man reminded me when I started after him. I paid it, and my own too, and felt rather a fool for being so slow. But by that time there was no telling what had become of them, in that tangle of little streets. Besides, I have lived here so long that I have become rather a fatalist myself. If my Cesarini was destined to change hands once more in its long career, I told myself, I could not stop it. And if it was written that the Cesarini should come back, why come back it would — as you see it did! And after all it was rather pleasant to have something to think about besides the eternal politics of the hour.

I don't know whether my friend found his friend. But I did, no later than that night. There was a dinner on board the Angry Cat — as the English sailors amusingly called the French cruiser Henri Quatre. We had a first-rate dinner of course, and chit-chat afterwards, and it was quite late when the Angry Kitten — otherwise the motor launch of the Angry Cat — started to put us ashore. We had still a good bit to go when shots cracked not far away, in the direction of the Bridge. We veered around to see what was up, for we all felt a certain responsibility. When we arrived on the scene we were hailed rather sternly by a police boat; but they softened down when they saw the French sailors. I spoke to them in Turkish, too, and told them who we were, and asked if we could do anything. The spokesman of the police boat thanked me politely and said no; there was nothing; he would not trouble us to stop. By which he meant he would trouble us to retire as promptly as we might. We accordingly did so. But as we stopped and put about we had time to take in a curious scene.

The patrol boat lay to under the big black stern of a steamer. There was a buoy near by, and a covey of lighters, and the current slapped past them in the stillness. Beside the police boat was another rowboat, one of the *sandals* that ferry you back and forth across the harbor. In the light of an electric spark we saw a patrolman handcuffing the boatman of the *sandal* — a big black Laz who evidently did not like it — and the sprawling legs of a passenger at the stern. Then the light traveled up him and we saw he was lying flat, back across the stern thwart, dead. And I recognized him with a jump as the frowzy red soldier I had seen that afternoon at Mahmoud Pasha's. It gave me something more to think about. I looked for the man of the parcel, but I did n't see him. What I did see was another parcel, a big one, which the patrolman turned his attention to when he had handed the Laz over to his companions. The bundle was done up in canvas, which the

patrolman ripped open with his knife. In the gash appeared something green.

'Smuggling?' I asked, as we started back.

'Eh,' answered the man who had spoken before, 'smuggling, deserting. It is nothing.' And he turned to the man in the *sandal*. 'Never mind now what is in the bundle. We can attend to that when we get back.'

'If you find an old gun,' I shouted, 'let me know. We had a robbery last night.'

The Angry Kitten sputtered away toward Top Haneh. There was talk and speculation of course, and one Turkish soldier more or less made no essential difference to us. But I could n't get the scene out of my head — the stern of the steamer half invisible in the dark, the huddled lighters, the two boats, the stooping figures, and the ghastly soldier with the frowzy red moustache.

III

The next morning a messenger came to me from the Prefect of the Port and asked if I would be good enough to go to his headquarters. Under ordinary circumstances, of course, the Prefect would give himself the pleasure of coming to me; but the circumstances were not quite ordinary, and if I could find it in me to waive ceremony, — and so on. I was only too willing to go if the expedition would result, as I felt sure it would, in the recovery of my Cesarini. Moreover, I wanted to find out more about the affair, and I thought I might be able to contribute a thread or two. I went down at once to the Prefecture of the Port, where I was received with extreme courtesy, taken into an inner sanctum, put into an uncomfortable red arm-chair, and treated to coffee and a catechism on the latest and most fantastic rumors of the war. You may be sure it was with some impatience that I submitted to it. But I have discovered that it pays a diplomat to be diplomatic. By conforming to the customs of the country, especially in little matters of etiquette, you arrive at matters more essential sooner than by any Anglo-Saxon brusqueness.

Well, when coffee and politics were disposed of at last and cigarettes were well going, the Prefect excused himself a moment and retired to a small inner cupboard of a room. From it he brought back, not my Cesarini, as I expected, but an old dagger, of which the gold haft was tipped with a stupendous emerald. It was so huge that it looked like green glass; but why should anybody take the trouble to set green glass on such a dagger? The gold of the sheath was beautifully wrought with little arabesques and flowers, and in the curved steel of the blade was a gold marquetry inscription — a Persian distich, as I presently made out.

'Is that yours?' inquired the Prefect, politely handing me the dagger.

'Good heavens, no!' I replied. 'I only wish it were! It was a gun I lost. Did n't you find it?'

'Ah!' he said, apparently disappointed. 'Unfortunately not.' And he added, 'We heard it was a weapon. We thought, possibly —'

Tableau! It seemed to me delightfully characteristic of police in general and of Turkish police in particular. What they thought, heaven knows. Did they think that anybody connected with an embassy, and an American, was able to lose such treasures as that dagger? I have always thought, at any rate, that I was an ass not to claim it. But after the first instant of surprise I knew what the thing was and where it came from. It stupefied me that they should not know too.

'It belongs much more to you than to me,' I said. 'It came from the Treasury of the Seraglio.'

'The Treasury!' he smiled. 'Impossible!'

'Everything is possible in this world, my dear sir,' I retorted — 'even that a Turk should not know the dagger of Sultan Selim the First when he sees it. But if you don't believe me, send for Saïd Bey.'

Saïd Bey is the curator of the Seraglio, and a charming old boy. My heart warmed to him from the day I saw him superintending the cutting down of a dead cypress near the library of the palace, in such a way that it should not injure the marble of the kiosque or the smallest twig of neighboring cypresses. And he instantly planted another one in exactly the same place.

The Prefect of the Port sent, not for Saïd Bey but for a colleague, with whom he gravely deliberated. Then they produced for my inspection an enormous piece of embroidery — flowers in colors and gold on white satin. It was the sort of thing you see on good Bulgarian towels, but better than anything I ever saw or dreamed of. It was lined, I noticed, with a thick green silk.

'Ah!' I said. 'Is that what the things were wrapped up in?'

'Yes. Is it from the Treasury, too?'

That particular piece I did n't remember, although I had seen other things like it; but I did remember a certain gold Greek coin that I had often envied, with a galloping quadriga on the reverse. There were a dozen or so fine coins. They also produced an aigrette set in rubies and diamonds, such as the sultans used to wear on the front of their turbans, and a robe or two of magnificent old stuff, and some gold filigree *zarfs* — coffee-cup holders — studded with precious stones, and pieces of porcelain similarly decorated, to say nothing of handfuls of loose jewels. Even if I had not been perfectly sure about the dagger and the coin, the other things would have left me with not the slightest doubt. They could have come only from the Seraglio — though the merest fraction of a fraction of what is lost in that amazing place.

How they got into a *sandal* in the harbor, however, remained obscure even when the Prefect of the Port and I compared our respective notes on the red-haired man and his dark friend. I only learned that he had been shot by accident, after the police hailed him and he refused to stop. Nor did the Treasury people, when they appeared on the scene, throw much more light on the subject. The red-haired man, whose body they were taken to look at, they knew nothing about. My man sounded like any one of several of their employees who had at different times enlisted or been drafted for the war. They asked me to see if I could identify him among those who remained; but he was not there. The only possible explanation of the robbery was that it had been committed during the hasty packing up of the treasures, against the arrival of General Savoff.

Saïd Bey's astonishment and chagrin were unbounded when he identified the loot at the Prefecture of the Port; but it was nearly the end of him when he eventually found out that the loss was much greater than could be covered by the bundle of the *sandal*. And, worst of all, one of the missing objects was one of the glories of the Treasury — the matchless, the priceless pearl-necklace of the Seraglio, the one picturesquely known as the River of the Moon. The like of it, I suppose, does not exist anywhere else in the world. Modern millionaires may have as much money as ancient emperors, but they have, after all, more conscience and less imagination. And certainly few necklaces have had such a history.

The River of the Moon first came to light in Ispahan, where Shah Abbas the Great collected its seventy-seven

pearls and hung them around the neck of one of his queens. A hundred years later Sultan Mourad IV brought it in triumph to Constantinople among the spoil of his Persian wars. Sultanas wore it and sighed for it in the Seraglio. In our own time Abd-ül-Hamid, that great lover and connoisseur of jewels, took it to Yildiz — with a good many other things he had no personal right to. When his jewels were sent to Paris to be sold, the River of the Moon went with them, by mistake, and a special embassy was sent to bring it back — to the no small disgust of the people in Paris. And now it was gone — no one knew where.

I believe Saïd Bey would have preferred that the empire had gone. He begged me to say nothing till the fullest possible investigation could be made. Of course I told him, too, my part of the story, and showed him my bit of figured silk. He said that it was very good, but did n't come from the Treasury. I could not help wondering, however, if I had been a receiver of stolen goods, and if I had not held in my hand, without knowing it, the River of the Moon.

IV

So I did n't get my Cesarini back that time. That, to me, was the more important loss, though for the rest of them it was of course forgotten in the greater loss of the Treasury. But I did get it in the end, as you see. It was a long time afterwards, when the war was over, and the international squadron had gone and some of the young ladies in Pera were already married to their officers, and the rest of us settled down to the humdrum treadmill of life. I used to go over to the *Bezesten* every now and then and interview my friend Hassan Effendi. He never got wind of my gun. He was indefatigable, however, in trying to console me with other antiques, of one kind or another. And I can't say that I was always strong-minded enough to resist him.

He told me one day about an 'occasion' he had heard of. There was a refugee woman over in Scutari somewhere who had a few things to sell. They were quite good, he heard — if any of them were left. The lady's husband had been a great man in his country, in Macedonia, and they had been ruined by the war. If I liked to go with him and see what there was to see, a man he knew would take us.

I jumped at the chance. Some of my friends who did relief work among the refugees picked up very decent things — embroideries chiefly — at ridiculous prices. It was a charity to the poor creatures to take them off their hands! Accordingly I arranged with Hassan Effendi to call his man and take me over on the next Friday, when the *Bezesten* would be closed.

We had quite a time. The house was at the top of the town, near the big cemetery. Our guide made us leave the carriage before we got to it, saying that the street was too narrow and too badly paved to drive through. When we reached the door we knocked an age before any one answered, and then there was discreet calling to know who we were and what we wanted, and much flipflapping of slippers, and finally the door opened six inches and we squeezed into a little court with a well and half a dozen chrysanthemum pots. We took off our shoes and walked up a clean little pair of stairs into a clean little room where there was a divan and a charcoal brazier and a cat — not an angry one. We sat down on the divan and played with the cat, and presently the door opened far enough to admit a tray and three cups of coffee. In the course of time the tray was passed back and parley exchanged

with a preternaturally high voice. Old-fashioned Turkish ladies affect that tone. And after hesitations, and assurances that there was nothing in the house worth looking at, what should I see poked through the crack of the door but my Cesarini!

Hassan Effendi, being nearest the door, took it. As for me, I was so surprised that I had time to remember to hold my tongue. When Hassan Effendi put the gun into my hands I saw that it had been badly used. It was rusty and battered, and there seemed something unfamiliar about it. But there could be no doubt of its being my Cesarini. Before I had finished looking it over, our invisible hostess sidled into the room. She went to the brazier and poked it a bit with those funny little iron tongs they have, and then she flopped down on the floor. If there was to be a bargain I suppose she wanted to have a hand in it. All we saw of her was a pair of rather fine black eyes and a hand with henna'ed nails that held her shabby black *charshaf* in front of her mouth.

'This is rather an interesting old piece of yours, *Hanum*,' I remarked. 'May I ask where you got it?'

'It belonged to my husband,' she answered in her strange high voice. 'He went to the war.' And she jerked her *charshaf* up to her fine eyes, which filled with tears.

They did not soften me too much.

'This does not seem to be Turkish work,' I went on.

'I am a refugee,' came from behind the *charshaf*. 'We lived in Usküb. The work there is different. There are many Albanians.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed. I knew the thing to do was to buy back the gun and go quietly away and call the police, but an irresistible temptation came to me. I got up as if to examine the gun in a better light. I stayed up, in front of the door. 'Excuse me, Hanum,' I began, 'but did your husband have red hair? I think I knew him a little.'

The *charshaf* descended far enough to reveal one of the fine eyes.

'No!' the owner of it, after a moment, very decidedly replied.

'Ah! Then it was your husband who took the parcel to a house in Pera. He did not say he came from Usküb.'

The fine eye regarded me very fixedly, and I regarded the fine eye.

'Perhaps you did not know,' I hazarded, 'that this gun came from the same house, and was taken from it on the same night as the parcel. Perhaps you thought it came from the — place where the other things came from.'

It seemed to me that the fine eye measured the relative distances of itself and myself from the door. At all events it presently disappeared behind the *charshaf* for inward consideration.

'But there are one or two things I don't understand,' I pursued — 'such as how your husband got the gun. For he was not in the boat when the red-haired man — died, and neither was the gun.'

Hassan Effendi and the other man began to show such signs of interest in this somewhat one-sided dialogue that I regretted having started it. As for the fine eye, it still remained in seclusion. But the high voice finally vouchsafed, in defense, —

'That was not the work of my husband. The other man threw it into a lighter just before —'

'Ah!' I exclaimed, a light breaking upon me. 'Then there were two bundles! And that was what happened to the necklace!'

Both eyes emerged from the *charshaf*.

'No, they got that.'

'No, they did n't get that,' I contradicted. 'They are still looking for it.'

The fine eyes stared so indubitably that I wondered if my light had been a false one. Then another light came into them.

'So he would have lost it after all, the dog-born dog! It was all his work. My husband never would have thought of it without him. And afterwards he watched my husband go to your house, and he stole that too. And then he tried to run away —'

The light in the fine eyes darkened to sudden tears, and this time sobs shook the *charshaf* that covered them. I could see well enough now what had happened — though the woman had not told me all that it might be interesting to know about her husband and the red-haired man, and there were details of the history of the gun during its journey from the lighter to my hands that might be filled out in several ways. But I was an idiot to try the third degree myself — and bungle it; for it would be harder now to get the police, or for them to find out just who our guide might be. He sat there quietly enough while the woman cried on the floor and I stood in front of the door and wondered if the River of the Moon were around her neck all the time, or whether the red-haired man had got rid of it, and what I ought to do. I fingered the gun as I wondered, trying not to look as much of a fool as I felt. Incidentally I found out why the gun had seemed unfamiliar. It was heavier than I remembered it. And then I discovered that it was loaded. At least, some kind of wadding had been rammed into the barrel. I started picking at it, as well as I could from the bell mouth. In the end, you know, it was n't pure nervousness, it was pure inspiration. When I could n't get my hand in any farther I took the tongs from the brazier. The last of the stuff was jammed in pretty hard. But those blessed little tongs were just the thing for it. And finally out rolled a prodigious pearl, and after it rolled a whole river of them — the River of the Moon!

The sudden patter of the pearls on the floor made the woman look up. And what a look it was, as the poor wretch realized what had been in her hands and what she had lost! To be sure she began grabbing up the pearls as fast as she could. And so did Hassan Effendi and the other man. You should have seen the scramble. Even the cat went for them, and thought it great fun. I stopped the patter as soon as I could, and emptied the rest of the pearls into my handkerchief. Hassan Effendi put his there too.

'And you,' I said, turning to our guide.

'Excuse me, *effendim*,' he began, 'you bought the gun, not the pearls.'

I gave him a look and an answer.

'I have bought nothing yet. This is my own gun, which was stolen from my house. And these pearls were stolen too — from the Sultan. And the Sultan's arm is long. And if you say one word, or refuse to give back one pearl, Hassan Effendi has only to clap his hands and fifty men will break into the house.'

I don't know whether he believed me or not. But he saw that I knew more than he had thought, and Hassan Effendi had the grace not to look astonished. The man put down his pearls. The woman did likewise.

'Now tell me,' I said to her, 'have you anything else?'

'No,' she answered.

'I suppose you have sold the rest, eh?'

'No, *vallah!*' she insisted. 'If there was anything, the lightermen took it. We heard there was talk among them and we went to them. We knew — And then my husband went away,' she continued hastily, 'and they brought me only this gun.'

She covered her face again and began to cry.

There was something queer about it. But I had found my Cesarini, and the River of the Moon, and it seemed to me that the woman was punished enough — and for what very likely was not her fault. Neither she nor her husband, at all events, had stolen my gun. Accordingly I offered her a tip, which she would n't take. So I put it down on the sofa, and patted the cat, and gave our guide a bit of a scare by making him come away with Hassan Effendi and me.

But, really, you know — ! Of course it is a notorious thing that collectors have no consciences, and will rob the fatherless and the widow without turning a hair, if so be they can cheat them over the price — of an old print. I did it myself no later than last week, when I came across some Piranesis at the sale of the goods of a deceased Italian barber, whose family were going home. They were real ones, too, and not the reprints the Italian government has made from Piranesi's plates. Not many other people thought it worth while to go to a barber's sale, and the ones that did thought nothing of some black old pictures of an unfamiliar Rome. Our good Perotes, you know, are not very much up on that sort of thing. So I had the courage to march away with the ten of them at five piasters apiece. But until I looked at those pearls by myself at home I never realized how shallow-rooted a virtue honesty may be. If I had not taken such a high moral tone about them, and, especially, if three people and a cat had n't known I had them, I don't believe I could have given them back.

They were perfectly lovely in themselves, like great drops of crystallized moonlight. And it was so strange to hold them in one's hand, and wonder what divers first brought them out of the Persian Gulf or the Indian Ocean, and by what extraordinary roads they had come together in Ispahan, and on what soft breasts they had lain, and what splendor and blood and mystery they had seen. Each one of them must have been fatal to some hand that had held it. And each one of them was the equivalent of so much release from struggle and anxiety, the equivalent of so much leisure, so much beauty, so much joy, so much of everything that people really want in this world — each one! While the whole lot of them — It made one's head turn.

When I came to count them I discovered there was one missing. I could n't find it in my pocket, I could n't find it in my gun, I could n't find it anywhere. I finally concluded that it must have rolled under the sofa in Scutari, and I nearly rushed back to get it. But then I remembered how the woman had looked when she saw the pearls dropping out of the gun. I had a fellow feeling for her. I knew in my heart that it was only an accident if I was any better than she was. I decided to give her and the cat the chance of finding it.

The first thing the next morning, I took the River of the Moon back to Saïd Bey. It was not safe with me an instant longer. The old boy nearly went silly when he saw the pearls. He knew every one by its size and weight and some invisible individuality. He was so delighted to get the seventy-six that he made no bones about the seventy-seventh, or my cock-and-bull story of having promised on his behalf that no questions should be asked. I did drop a discreet hint, though, about the guild of the lightermen.

They made quite an international incident of it — not the lightermen, but the Palace people. They gave me a decoration. But I thought the woman in Scutari had the best of the bargain.

RAB AND DAB. III

A WOMAN RICE-PLANTER'S STORY

BY PATIENCE PENNINGTON

I

About the middle of January I was aware that a bad time was coming. Jonadab began to look sulky and stolid, and Jim, when I told him to watch the boys and see what was going wrong, reported that after they had had their supper, said their prayers, and gone to bed, they waited until everything was quiet in the big house, then jumped out of their back window and went out to the 'street,' where they stayed until nearly morning, playing with the other little darkies around big lightwood fires out of doors, or sitting with the grown people around the cabin fires inside.

Plantation Negroes differ from other working people in that they sit up half the night, nodding by the fire, talking, talking, talking, endlessly; they have the 'gift of gab'; but I did not know until now that they let the children sit up just as long as they want to, and just drop asleep anywhere.

I told the boys this must cease; that when they went to bed they must stay there; and I ordered Jim to go to their room the last thing before he went to bed every night. This he did, and as he always found the children fast asleep, I was satisfied.

One day, however, in February, Elihu came and asked to see me privately. I went out and walked into the park some distance from the house, where he could speak without fear of being overheard. He stood hat in hand for some time, and scratched his head before he began.

There are great gradations in the speech of the darkies. Jim speaks quite correctly. Jonadab comes next, and occasionally gets a pronoun right. Chloe's is the rice-field dialect, but somewhat tempered by her association with white people as a house servant. When you hear Elihu you hear the genuine gullah of the rice field, which is harder to understand than the dialect of any other section; and those unaccustomed to it cannot understand a word.

At last he began: 'Miss Pashuns, ma'am, yu'se a lady en I don' like fu' worrit yu, bein' yu'se got no one fu' look out fu' yu'; but, Miss Pashuns, dem chillun yu' got yah is oncommon weekit. Dem is de pu'e Satan, Miss Pashuns. Ebery night de Lawd sen' 'bout twelve o'clock, dem cum to my house en set dere till mawnin', en dem cuss eberybody.'

'Why, Elihu, I can scarcely believe this. I have forbidden them to go out at night, and Jim always goes the last thing at night to see that they are in their beds, and he always finds them asleep.'

'Yes, Miss Pashuns, dem shet dey eye en' preten' say dem de sleep, but jes' as soon es Jim shet de do', dem chillun is up en out dat winder. Las' night

I say, "Dab," I say, " ent yo' shame, fu' ak so weekit? I gwine tell Miss Pashuns en 'e'll mek Jim lick yo'." En ma'am, dat boy fu' answer say, "Tell if yu' chuse, en let Jim lick me, en I'll bu'n down de big house, en I'll bu'n down Jim house to-morrer night wen dem de sleep, ef dem lick me." Den Josh bin a set by de fiah, en him jump up, en 'e ketch holt o' Dab en 'e say, "Boy, I'll brek ebery bone in yo' body ef yu say dat wud agen." En de chillun run out de house en cum home. But I tek it on me, Miss Pashuns, to le' yo' kno' 'bout dey wud, en dey gwinin' on. 'Tain't de fus' time dat I yere dem tretten to stick fiah to dis house en bu'n ye' en An' Chloe up, en dey is dat weekit I 'f'aid sum night dey'll do um.'

'I thank you truly, Elihu. I am glad to know the facts. I have seen that evil thoughts were working in them lately. Poor little creatures, they have to fight a heavier battle with the devil than either you or I, Elihu, and we must try to help them. It was a great thing that Josh spoke so severely to Jonadab for his evil words, and if you will all do that you will help me greatly; but I hear some of the people only laugh at what they say, and encourage them to say worse. I really do not know what to do as long as you receive them into your houses at night and let them stay there and talk and laugh, when you know that it is against my express orders and that they ought to be in their beds. Now, if you will tell all the people in the street that I beg them not to allow the boys to enter their houses after ten o'clock, you will be doing me a favor, and perhaps I shall be able to keep them in their beds. Go round as soon as you get home and tell the head of each house in the street that I require this of them.'

I consulted both Chloe and Jim as to what could be done, but no plan could be devised, except that which I had proposed — of getting the help of the hands on the place; and for a time it seemed to succeed.

One Sunday morning after breakfast, Chloe called me out to the yard, where, under a large oak, on the topmost limb of which he always roosted, lay the peacock, dead, a tumbled mass of gorgeous colors. I was very much distressed, and still more so when I had heard Chloe's account. The boys had 'chunked' it to death.

She said that when she first got up that morning she heard them laughing very loud and 'chunking' with brickbats. She went out to see what they were doing, and found that they were throwing things at the peacock, which was on a very high limb. She scolded them and made them stop, and then went into the house to carry fresh water; and when she came down, they had gone to the barnyard. She looked up into the tree and saw the peacock still sitting high up on a limb, and she knew he was afraid to come down. She went on with her duties, and thought no more of it until a few moments ago, when she heard the loud laughing again, and ran out just in time to see the beautiful bird fall to the ground dead; a brick had struck him on the head.

I questioned Jonadab, who was standing by. He said that he never 'chunked' the peacock, that it had eaten too much and dropped dead in the night; and so on and on, telling one lie after another with extraordinary glibness and ingenuity. I turned to Rechab with the same result. I was very angry. I sent for Jim and told him to give them both a good whipping.

Jonadab fought Jim desperately, so that his hands had to be tied, to prevent his scratching Jim's face and tearing his clothes. While Jonadab

was receiving his punishment at the old school-house some distance from the house, I talked to Rechab with all the eloquence that I could command, shaming him for his wickedness and telling him what the end of it all must be, and urging him to tell the truth, which at last he did, and confessed the whole thing.

When Jim brought Jonadab back and took Rechab, I told him to make his punishment lighter as he had made confession. Fortunately, Jonadab's hands were still tied, for as soon as Jim had gone off with Rab he broke out into the most fearful oaths and threats of killing and burning and then running off into the swamp.

I was sorely puzzled to know what to do with him. It was time to start for church, a long drive, and as I could not leave him in this frame of mind, I told Chloe to bring the key to the basement, which used to be the pastry kitchen in former years; it was all of brick, with an immense brick oven and fireplace, and the windows had thick bars instead of shutters; so I had Jonadab put in there until I returned from church.

There was nothing in the basement but some old pieces of furniture and the barrel of kerosene oil, which was always kept there with a locked spigot; so there was nothing for him to destroy. As he continued to threaten to burn and kill, I left his hands bound, examining carefully to see that there was nothing to hurt him.

I found it very difficult to fix my mind on holy things when I got to church, and I did not benefit from the blessed services as much as usual, for the events of the morning had agitated and shaken me, and I felt that I must decide upon some steps at once, to secure better management for Jonadab. I had done my very best for the boys, giving them of my time and thought, but they had come to a point where they did not improve and I must make some change. They were growing in health and strength and capacity, but morally not at all. For two years we had suffered from disastrous freshets which had destroyed my rice crop, and I had not had a dollar to spend and had bought not a single thing of any kind for myself, but I must manage to do something for Jonadab.

I hurried home as soon as the service was over, without the usual little chat with my kindly friends and neighbors, who live so far apart and lead such busy lives that we rarely meet elsewhere. I told Jim to drive rapidly home, and I hurried to the basement to release Jonadab. I spoke to him most earnestly and solemnly, and making him kneel down, I knelt beside him and made him repeat after me a fervent prayer that God would deliver him from the evil spirit which tempted him, and help him to be a good boy. At last Jonadab seemed to be softened, and to feel some regret for his conduct, and promised to do better; and I went into the house exhausted, but much more cheerful than I had been.

II

That night I wrote three letters; one to Booker Washington, as the wisest of his race, asking him if he could tell me of a place where I could send these orphans, where they would be kindly cared for, and at the same time have the regular, disciplined life which alone could save them from their inherited evil proclivities. Then I wrote to the reverend archdeacon for colored work in our diocese, asking him the same question. Then to the rector of my parish, a man who had devoted himself a great deal to work among the Negroes in former years. I wrote very freely to him, stating the circumstan-

ces and asking if he knew of any institution or any individual to whom I could intrust these children. I told each one that I was prepared to bear their expenses entirely myself, but I hoped they would be moderate, as my means were small.

The next day Chloe came to me in dismay. 'Miss Pashuns, yu' know dis karisene only cum last week, en I git out two gallon, en now de barrel is empty!'

'That is impossible, Chloe; the barrel holds over fifty gallons.'

'I know dat, Miss Pashuns, but I'm tellin' yu' now, de barrel is empty, en de flo' is deep in karisene; look a' my shoe.'

I looked and truly Chloe's shoes were wet with kerosene. I went at once to the basement to examine, and found it was all true: Jonadab had broken the locked spigot with a piece of old iron he found, and when I was talking to him so earnestly the day before, the oil was quietly flowing out of the barrel. The room was dark and I had stood near the door; and I was so engrossed with the effort to impress the child that, though I had been aware of the strong smell of kerosene, I made no investigation, having no suspicion. I had noticed that his hands were free, and when I asked him how he loosed them, he said he went close to the window and Rab had loosed them by putting his hands through the bars. I was pleased that he told me the truth, and did not think it remarkable. I never had been forced to have such a thing done to any child before, and the thought of it had worried me all during service, and when I found that Rab had loosed him I was rather glad than otherwise.

The basement floor being tiled, the oil was still there, and I told Chloe to try to dip some up; but of course it did not amount to anything, and I had to sit down at once and write to C. for another barrel of vestal oil. It would cost $9.80 by the time freight was paid, and I should have to wait a week to get it by the next steamer.

I never mentioned the subject to Jonadab, feeling it would do no good, unless I had him punished again, which I was not willing to do. I had done all I could, and I simply ignored this new wickedness.

Meanwhile I watched the mail eagerly for answers to my letters. In due time they came. Booker Washington 'was sorry he knew of no institution where boys so young could be placed. His own were all for larger boys.' The reverend archdeacon answered that he regretted beyond measure the fact that there was no place for just such cases; it was a great need all over the country. My rector gave the same answer, while expressing great interest and sympathy.

Every day some fresh ingenuity of naughtiness on the part of the boys came to light, and I tried to meet it with some fresh idea to divert them from evil.

Their parents had both been Baptists, and as I had a feeling that their poor mother would prefer their being brought up in her own faith, I had never had them baptized into the church; but now I felt that I had been wrong, and I had them both christened in our little chapel for colored people, the bishop, the archdeacon, and the rector all being present. It was a very solemn service and I felt very hopeful of the result, having a blessed faith in the power of the Holy Spirit.

I had often read in the *News and Courier* of the work of a Negro man named Jenkins in the town of Charleston, who had begun by picking up little waifs of his race on the streets, taking them to his own home, and caring for them as if they were his own children,

making them respectable and law-abiding by his excellent management and discipline, so that all the citizens of Charleston had become interested in his work and had given him their help and encouragement; until at last the city had given him the use of a big building, where he now had a large number of children under his training and care.

I wrote to my sister, whose home is in that town, and begged her to visit the Jenkins establishment, and let me know what she thought of it.

While I was waiting for her report, Jim came to me one day with a very serious face, and said, 'Miss Pennington, Jonadab bin in my room, in my top drawer, an' took out all my cartridge, about twenty I had, an' done shot um off in the fire at night to their house! Now w'en he bin into the sto'-room un' took pervision, an' into An' Chloe's trunk an' broke it open an' took her money, I never t'ought nothin' of that, fo' all chillun will do such tings, but w'en it come to that, that Jonadab got sense to go into my drawer an' take cartridge an' shoot dem off in the fire, I t'ink it's time fo' somet'ing to be done.'

I could not help smiling at the fact that in Jim's opinion his own loss was the only serious one, but I said, 'I heartily agree with you, Jim. It is quite time for something to be done, and I am trying my best to find out what it must be. In the meantime keep your eye on Jonadab all the time, for there is no telling what he may do.'

My sister's report of the Jenkins institution was most satisfactory. She had been all through it, had seen the children at work and at play, and Jenkins himself impressed her with confidence.

I wrote at once to him, asking if he would take Jonadab. Very soon came his reply, — that he did not ordinarily take children outside of the city, as he found so many in it that needed his care; but that I had interested him in the boy, and he would receive him and do the best he could for him.

I had been busy all along making up new clothes for Jonadab, and got a best suit for his Sunday wear from Gregory, so that there was no cause for delay.

I called Jonadab the next morning and told him I was going to take him to school. He was delighted, and when his little valise was packed and he got into the wagon with it, he was bursting with importance and pride. He seemed to feel no shadow of regret in leaving Rechab, but called out in a joyful tone as the wagon drove off, 'Goodbye, Baby.' But poor Rab looked very sad.

I felt considerable anxiety as to how Jonadab would behave on the journey: he had so often threatened to 'run away' that I half feared he might try something of the sort; but I soon saw he was in one of his very best moods. During the fourteen-mile drive to the station, he looked at everything with intense pleasure and asked Jim, by whose side he sat, endless questions.

When we reached the station I got at once into the train and placed Jonadab on the little side seat near the door, with his own little valise and my suitcase by him, and told him to take care of them and not to move till I came for him; and I took my seat at a little distance. There he sat like an ebony statue, not moving a muscle; but his eyes rolled around in the most wonderful way, and saw everything. He had never seen a town, or a car, or a locomotive; he had never seen anything in his life but the sights of the country, the little pine-land settlement called a village, with one store, a post-office, and a church, set down irregularly among

the tall pines; yet there was no expression of surprise or wonder, — just an all-devouring interest.

A stranger who sat behind me leaned over and said, 'Pardon me, but I saw you speak to that little boy; do you know him?'

Of course I answered in the affirmative, and the stranger went on: 'He is a very extraordinary-looking child. He would make his fortune as a minstrel; he is a typical minstrel darkie.'

We did not reach the city until ten o'clock, and I had to take a carriage in order to reach the Jenkins Industrial Institution, for I had no idea how to get there on the trolley. The nephew who met me at the train urged me to take Jonadab to his mother's for the night, saying that in the morning I could take him to the worthy Jenkins without the expense of a carriage; but I was not to be dissuaded from carrying out my original intention of placing Jonadab in Jenkins's care that night; so, giving the hackman the address, we drove off.

A fair for the benefit of the orphans was in full blast when we arrived and the place looked very gay. There was some delay in finding the principal, but finally he came to the carriage and I had the satisfaction of placing my charge in safe hands. I was pleased, too, with Jenkins's appearance and his manner toward his new responsibility. Knowing that Jonadab had never seen anything like the gorgeousness of the flag-trimmed fair room, I was glad that he should have such a gay impression of his new home, and gave him three nickels to spend as he pleased. I arranged with the principal to go the next day and make the necessary business arrangements, and then I was free to enjoy the meeting with my loved ones.

The next day Jenkins told me that if I gave up all hold on Jonadab, that is, all control for the future, I need pay nothing, but if I desired still to be responsible for him I must pay a small sum twice a year for his board and clothing, which sum I paid down at once. Then I was taken all over the large establishment, which seemed wonderfully well organized and managed, the children well fed and clothed and happy, and yet all busy.

I felt it necessary to tell Jenkins of Jonadab's propensities, at the same time asking him to appear not to know them, so as to give the child a chance to forget them and make a fresh start, and above all not to let any of his companions know them. The old adage, 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him,' is founded on a knowledge of human nature.

On the train, once, I had asked Dab if he had ever thought what he would like to be when he grew up, — what work he would like to do. He had answered without hesitation, 'Engineer on a steamboat,' and I told Jenkins that.

I was much impressed by the quiet common sense of Jenkins, and by his ability. I asked to see Dab before I left and found him radiantly happy, and I returned home with a quiet mind, feeling that I had found the place where the best part of Jonadab would be developed.

III

When I got back to Cherokee, a very clean, very good little Rechab met me. Chloe had taken him into her hands more than when Jonadab had been at home, and Jim had had him to sleep in his room. Jim, however, was often away, and so I told Chloe I wanted Rab to sleep in one of the small rooms off her room, as I wanted him looked after especially at night, so that there should be no chance of his relapsing into the

habit of nocturnal wandering. To my great surprise Chloe did not seem willing, and at last she said, 'Miss Pashuns, Rab is a bery peepin' chile, en I kyant hab him een dat closet wid de curtin, rite next to me.'

So I sent for Bonaparte and told him to make a door at once and put it up between Chloe's room and the little room, and to put a bolt on the outside so that Chloe could control and defeat Rab's peeping proclivities. Without Jonadab's leading spirit, Rab seemed likely to become a model boy. I took him with me, whenever it was possible, behind the buckboard to open gates and hold the horse when I made visits. I questioned him about things and encouraged him to talk, hoping thus to aid his unconscious development. As a great treat Saturday evening, I let him go to the 'street' to play with the children, but required him to be back at ten o'clock. One day when I was driving I asked him what they talked about in the street the night before, when he went there. He answered promptly, —

'Dem tell me how fu' get money out a bank.'

'What kind of bank, Rab?'

'I don' mean no rice-field bank, Miss Pashuns, I mean a bank w'ere dem keep money.'

'But how is it possible to get money out of that kind of bank, Rab?'

'Fust t'ing, Miss Pashuns, yu' must kill a eagle, en' de eagle got a little stone in 'e hed, en yu' mus' tek out dat stone, en yu' mus' carry um to de bank winder wey de glass dey, en yu' mus' hold um up to de winder, en 'e'll draw de money right out o' dat bank, into yo' pocket.'

I feared that poor little Rab's character was not likely to be elevated by his Saturday evening outings.

After six months I heard that Jonadab was a member of the 'Celebrated Jenkins Band,' which had played before the crowned heads of Europe, — before Dab entered it, be it added, — and Jim and Chloe were filled with pride at the news, and Rab devoted more time than ever to practice on the mouth-organ.

At the end of the year, when I sent the second payment to Jenkins, asking to know particularly how Jonadab was getting on, I received a most cheering answer. Dab was well and happy, and perfectly satisfactory in every way to the principal. Rechab seemed also to have entered the straight and narrow way, and I felt that my decision to separate the boys had been a wise one, and, I trusted, had come in time to save them both.

I found, however, that Rab had not half the character that Jonadab had evinced in certain things. He was now as old as Jonadab had been when he began to carry the mail, but it was impossible to trust the mail to Rab; he would meet children on the road, and throw the mail-bag down and enter into either a fight or a game, more often the first.

I sent him to school and he fought each child in the school in turn; sometimes he got badly beaten, but he easily forgot that in the many more victories he had. At last Miss Somerville told me that she could do nothing with him; that he kept the schoolroom in such turmoil that order was impossible; that when the children were marching round in their little drill, Rab would skillfully extend one foot and trip up one after another, and a lively fight would ensue.

After listening to this report, I said, 'Then perhaps I had better take Rab away from school'; and Miss Somerville answered, 'I will be very much obliged if you will.'

Then I told Rab that he must bring his books to me every day and I would

teach him; but he has so many ways of skillfully evading, that it is hopeless in the busy life I lead to keep him to it. The worst feature is his insolence to Chloe and Gerty, my housemaid. In speaking to people outside he says, 'I got cook en I got washer. Chloe 'blige to cook fu' me and Gerty 'blige to wash for me.' This he says when I am away. It rouses all the powers of evil in my excellent Chloe, and I see hanging over me the moment when she will say that she 'can't hold out no longer,' and I shall be left alone with Rab. So now I am diligently seeking a place to put him where he will have the proper discipline from one of his own race.

This winter he behaved so outrageously that punishment was necessary. I told Chloe the thing had to be done, even if she had to get help, for alas Jim is no longer with me. So Chloe and Gerty, with the assistance of another 'free male,' as Chloe pronounces it, succeeded in holding down Rab and giving him a whipping. It did him a great deal of good for about ten days, but after that he narrated for the benefit of the street how it took 't'ree woman' to lick him, and then he gave a careful and detailed account of the whole thing, to the hilarious amusement of his audience.

Of course when Chloe heard this, she was most indignant, and vowed that she had done with Rechab and would never speak to him again, — which made things very uncomfortable for a time. But fortunately that phase passed after a while.

This summer after we moved to the pine-land, Rab took to sleeping out, just dropping in for his meals whenever it suited him, in a casual way, with all the airs of a dissipated young man. I tried everything possible to bring him to order, for I found he spent the nights with a man who is a regular thief, and always on the ragged edge of conviction, — a punishment which he escapes because his wife works and pays off for him; that is, offers the people whose fields have been robbed so much to drop the case. I knew what a valuable tool to such a person Rab would be.

At one time he was gone three days, and I heard he spent all the time with these people. So I drove to the woman's house, and leaving Gerty to hold my buggy in the road, went to the house and knocked. When the woman opened the door, I went in a little way and told her I had come to beg her not to let Rab stay in her house all the time, but always to send him home after he had made her a short visit.

She was very polite and humble in her manner, and assured me that Rab had not been near her; that she had no idea where he stayed, for it was not with her.

I was quite disarmed and went back to the buggy, feeling that I had been misinformed. But as I took my seat I said, 'Gerty, have you been looking around to see if you can see anything of Rab?'

She answered, 'I never haf' to look, ma'am; just as you gone in de do' Rab jump out de winder and run into de woods.'

That afternoon, just as the dark was falling, the dogs began to make a great noise, and I looked up from my book to see a strange man, with about thirty feet of rope wound around his body and arm, walking into the yard holding a small black figure by the shoulder. The scene was most dramatically arranged. It was Rab being led back by the hardened sinner, Bob, whose guest he had been during his three days' absence.

I continued to read until they reached the step; then I looked up and said, 'What is this?'

'De me, Bob, ma'am, I fetch Rab back to you, en I got rope tu' tie um.'

'I don't want Rab,' I said; 'I certainly won't keep any one with me that has to be tied. Take him back with you. I don't want him.'

There was a profound silence, during which I read on; then I looked up again and said, 'Take him back with you,' once more.

Then I heard a subdued sniffle from Rab and a mumbled, 'I won't do so no more, Miss Pashuns.'

'I have heard that too often, Rab. I have struggled with you a long time, and put up with a great deal because I promised your poor mother to take care of you; but when it comes to your running away and having to be brought back by a man with yards of rope wrapped round him, I can't stand it. You must go and find your home elsewhere.'

By this time Rab was weeping openly and said, 'Please, Miss Pashuns, don' sen' me 'way; I wan' fu stay wid you! I don' want to lib no way else; please, ma'am, le' me stay. I wunt run 'way no more.'

So finally I consented to try him a little longer, and dismissed Bob and his dramatic coil of rope.

This was all a great big bluff on my part, and I kept wondering all the time what I should do if Rab cheerfully turned and walked away with Bob, for I could not free myself from the feeling of responsibility for him.

Being almost in despair, I am writing in every direction to find a safe place for Rab. When I took him he was four. He is now eleven. My only consolation is that faith of which I have spoken before, that good must in the end triumph.

That faith seems to have been justified in Jonadab's case, for when I went to the Institute this spring, to see him and inquire as to his conduct, Jenkins was not at home, but the next in control saw me and said, —

'Jonadab is our very best boy. When we have anything hard that we want done, we call on him and he never disappoints us.'

So I struggle on with poor little Rab, hoping that the terrible battle within him will end in victory to the good spirit.

(*The End.*)

A NEW ERA OF GOOD FEELING

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

'One of the chief objects of my administration will be to cultivate the friendship and deserve the confidence of our sister Republics of Central and South America, and to promote in every proper and honorable way the interests which are common to the peoples of the two continents.'

Thus wrote President Woodrow Wilson in an important statement which he issued from the White House eight days after he had taken his oath of office. That he was characteristically in earnest in the matter has been established by many other of his official utterances since that time, as well as by things he has done with the purpose of influencing these 'sister' republics toward a feeling of confidence and friendliness for the United States. How much room there was for attainment in this direction at the time of Mr. Wilson's assumption of office it would be hard to overestimate. Certainly the desired relationship which he described did not then exist, and as lately as the past summer there have been evidences of suspicion and distrust on the part of the Ibero-American peoples. A notable instance is found in the anti-American outbreak near the American legation at Montevideo a day or two after the seizure of Vera Cruz by our naval forces, — an outbreak which was inspired by the belief on the part of Uruguayan students that the United States had entered upon a war of conquest against the Mexican Republic. The President was careful in this instance, as in every other where a similar attitude on the part of Latin Americans has been encountered, to do everything possible to ameliorate the difficulty. Secretary of State Bryan was immediately ordered to cable to the principal diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States in South America copies of the President's address to Congress on April 20, disclaiming any thought of gaining an additional foot of territory in South America through intervention in Mexico. He was gratified to learn a few days later that the persons responsible for the threatened outbreak had expressed their regret at having misunderstood the motives of the United States; and he was assured that the publication of his address had rectified this misunderstanding.

It is my purpose in this paper to give an adequate report of the things Mr. Wilson has said and done in pursuance of this 'chief object' of his administration, and to show by somewhat critical comment the general results that may be expected from them.

II

In the past several months political students in this country and in South America have expressed themselves repeatedly on the subject of the Latin-American attitude toward this government. The article of Professor Hiram Bingham in the *Atlantic* of June, 1913, embodying a somewhat radical description of the unwholesome conditions

he had studied, had the very desirable effect of helping to awaken American statesmen and political thinkers to the necessity for constructive work in the field of Latin-American sentiment. Professor Bingham vigorously described the Monroe Doctrine as an 'Obsolete Shibboleth,' and supported the belief that abolition of this doctrine as enunciated in the past two decades is necessary to a happy adjustment of our international relations in this hemisphere.

Professor Bingham set forth in detail his reasons for the statement that 'from the Latin-American point of view, the continuance of the Monroe Doctrine is insulting, and is bound to involve us in serious difficulties with our neighbors.' He declared that it is necessary that we abandon 'our present policy, . . . to act as international policeman, or at least as an elder-brother-with-a-big-stick, whenever the little fellows get too fresh.'

A less temperate attack on the Monroe Doctrine was made by Dr. Roque Saenz Peña, President of the Argentine Republic, in a book that he published at Buenos Aires last summer. Dr. Peña concludes with the question, —

'What then is the actual, real, positive meaning to-day of the famous Monroe Doctrine? Simply this: North-American domination instead of European domination.'

The Argentine writer declares that the true inwardness of the 'unselfishness' of the United States has been its desire to keep the hands of Europe off the western continent solely that the United States might have no competitor in the mercantile and political field of the southern part of the western world.

I have been informed, however, that Dr. Peña's book created somewhat less of a sensation among thoughtful persons in the Argentine than in the United States. A compatriot of his expressed the opinion some time after its publication, that it was regarded as a political utterance designed to strengthen the President with an element of his own electorate whose suffrage might best be won by inveighing against the United States.

Perhaps a more valuable recent discussion of our relations with the Latin-American republics and of their attitude toward us is to be found in the book of General Rafael Reyes, a former vice-president of Colombia, called 'The Two Americas'; it was written with the avowed purpose of promoting good feeling and closer union between the Northern and Southern continents. General Reyes's description of conditions existing until a year ago — when his book was published — is scarcely brighter than that by the President of Argentina; but the undoubted friendliness of the Colombian author and explorer toward the United States, as evidenced by the fact that his two sons are being educated in this country, gives the impartial student greater confidence in his frank statements than one may have in the politically colored attack of President Peña. In his introduction, he says: —

'There are many factors operating as a bar to friendly relations and mutual confidence between the Latin-American republics and the United States; but, while the fundamental cause of much of the unfriendly feeling now unfortunately existing in the greater part of Latin America may be traced back to the protracted disturbances in the political conditions of the smaller republics, the United States is very largely responsible for the uneasiness and apprehensions which appear to inspire the Latin countries in their dealings with the great Republic of the North.'

General Reyes joins with Professor Bingham in regarding as one reason for the present situation 'the popular mis-

conception in the United States of the significance and objects of the Monroe Doctrine, which in many quarters is looked upon as a kind of international police regulation, to be administered for the better preservation of law and order in the somewhat extensive "municipal area" of Latin America'; but he does not declare the abolition of this policy necessary to the readjustment which he desires in order that 'all the countries of the western hemisphere may labor side by side, to their collective and individual advantage, for the glorification of America as a whole.'

Justice impelled the South American writer to say that 'credit for the greatest and most fruitful conquest of modern times is due to the United States of America — that is to say, the conquest of the tropical regions by the means of sanitation.' In speaking of the methods by which the Canal Zone was acquired, he at the outset of the Wilson Administration expressed the belief that 'Mr. Wilson's Administration, in the fulfillment of its undoubtedly sincere profession of those high principles which create respect for the countries which enforce them, will remove that blot from the national escutcheon.' He held out high hopes for the evolution of a new attitude on the part of his blood-kin as a result of the disclosure by the Wilson Administration of higher motives than those on which 'dollar diplomacy' was believed by the Latin Americans to be grounded.

III

That the Monroe Doctrine is at the heart of our relations with Latin America is evident from the fact that no writer on this subject can long restrain himself from discussing the opinions of our sister republics with respect to it, and from arguing in defense of the opinions which he himself has formed. It is axiomatic therefore that the vital element in whatever general policy President Wilson may have formulated for our Latin-American relations should be his interpretation of this declaration of President James Monroe in 1823.

I have heard nearly all of the public speeches of President Wilson, and have been present at most of the semi-public occasions on which he discussed political affairs with newspaper correspondents, public men, and visitors; and I have heard him mention the Monroe Doctrine only once. That was in the early days of his administration, when a correspondent, at one of the regular White House newspaper interviews, asked, without great finesse, the question whether Mr. Wilson favored the abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine? The President made it quite clear by his answer that he had never seriously thought of any such action.

It is not surprising, however, that Mr. Wilson has refrained from discussing this doctrine as such, when the excellent precedents for such restraint are recalled. It is noteworthy, as Professor Bingham has pointed out, that from the enunciation of what he terms 'this shibboleth,' until the second administration of Mr. Cleveland in 1895, — a space of sixty-two years, — direct mention of the Monroe Doctrine seldom found its way into a State paper.

It was to be expected of such a thoughtful student as Mr. Wilson that he would have exceedingly positive ideas on this subject, and that he would not be long in disclosing them after he became President. It was just eight days after he assumed the control of the executive affairs of the government that he issued a statement of the principles which would animate his administration's activities in Latin-American affairs. The chief news-value of the statement lay in its immediate application to the Mexican imbroglio. After

setting forth that one of his chief objects would be to promote 'the most cordial understanding and coöperation between the peoples and leaders of America,' the President proceeded to set himself irrevocably against revolutionary governments formed to serve the personal ambitions of political adventurers, such as he quite clearly considered that of Señor Victoriano Huerta at Mexico City. This statement, which forms the first chapter in the Wilson pronouncements upon the Monroe Doctrine, was in part as follows:—

'Coöperation is possible only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government based upon law, not upon arbitrary or irregular force. We hold, as I am sure all thoughtful leaders of republican government everywhere hold, that just government rests always upon the consent of the governed, and that there can be no freedom without order based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval. We shall look to make these principles the basis of mutual intercourse, respect, and helpfulness between our sister republics and ourselves. We shall lend our influence of every kind to the realization of these principles in fact and practice, knowing that disorder, personal intrigue, and defiance of constitutional rights weaken and discredit government, and injure none so much as the people who are unfortunate enough to have their common life and their common affairs so tainted and disturbed. We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interest of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provisions. Mutual respect seems to us the indispensable foundation of friendship between states, as between individuals.

'The United States has nothing to seek in Central and South America except the lasting interests of the peoples of the two continents, the security of governments intended for the people and for no special group or interest, and the development of personal and trade relationships between the two continents which shall redound to the profit and advantage of both, and interfere with the rights and liberties of neither.

'From these principles may be read so much of the future policy of this government as it is necessary now to forecast; and in the spirit of these principles I may, I hope, be permitted with as much confidence as earnestness to extend to the governments of all the republics of America the hand of genuine disinterested friendship, and to pledge my own honor and the honor of my colleagues to every enterprise of peace and amity that a fortunate future may disclose.'

Herein for the first time appeared Mr. Wilson's pledge that the United States was not to seek further territory in this hemisphere. This pledge was repeated with much more definiteness several months later in Mr. Wilson's speech before the Southern Commercial Congress, at Mobile, October 27, 1913, when he said:—

'I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable and fruitful use of the territory she has, and she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material duties made superior to human liberty and national opportunity. I say this, not

with a single thought that any one will gainsay it, but merely to fix in our consciousness what our real relationship with the rest of America is. It is the relationship of a family of mankind, devoted to the development of true constitutional liberty. We know that that is the soil out of which the best enterprise springs. We know that this is the cause which we have in common with our neighbors, because we have had to make it for ourselves.'

Thus far I have brought forward for emphasis utterances disclosing two of the essential principles of Mr. Wilson's Latin-American policy, namely, opposition to non-constitutional governments based on the personal strength of men like Huerta, Castro, and other soldier adventurers who have from time to time succeeded in overthrowing the governments of their respective countries; and the commitment of the United States not to seek territorial expansion in this hemisphere.

This Mobile speech disclosed the third essential principle of Mr. Wilson's policy. The history of Latin America is a history of exploitation of natural resources by foreign capital through concessions, almost as much as it is a history of revolutions. Especially is this true of Mexico, where the Cowdray and other British corporate interests have succeeded in seizing the control of great oil properties and of a large part of the railways. In his Mobile speech, Mr. Wilson set his face sternly against such exploitation and declared that the United States would rejoice to take part in emancipating the Latin-American states from it. He said: —

'There is one peculiarity about the history of the Latin-American states which I am sure they are keenly aware of. You hear of "concessions" to foreign capitalists in Latin America. You do not hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in the United States. They are not granted concessions. They are invited to make investments. The work is ours, though they are welcome to invest in it. We do not ask them to supply the capital and do the work. It is an invitation, not a privilege; and states that are obliged, because their territory does not lie within the main field of modern enterprise and action, to grant concessions, are in this condition: that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs; a condition of affairs always dangerous and apt to become intolerable. What these states are going to see, therefore, is an emancipation from the subordination, which has been inevitable, to foreign enterprise, and an assertion of the splendid character which, in spite of these difficulties, they have again and again been able to demonstrate.

'The dignity, the courage, the self-possession, the self-respect of the Latin-American States, their achievements in the face of all these adverse circumstances, deserve nothing but the admiration and applause of the world. They have had harder bargains driven with them in the matter of loans than any other peoples in the world. Interest has been exacted of them that was not exacted of anybody else, because the risk was said to be greater; and then securities were taken that destroyed the risk — an admirable arrangement for those who were forcing the terms! I rejoice in nothing so much as in the prospect that they will now be emancipated from these conditions, and we ought to be the first to take part in assisting in that emancipation. I think some of these gentlemen have already had occasion to bear witness that the Department of State in recent months has tried to serve them in that wise. In the future they will draw closer and closer to us because of circumstances of which I wish to speak with moderation and, I hope, without indiscretion.

'We must prove ourselves their friends and champions upon terms of equality and honor. You cannot be friends upon other terms than those of equality. You cannot be friends at all except upon the terms of honor. We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interest, whether it squares with our own interest or not. It is a very perilous thing to determine the foreign policy of a nation in the terms of material interest. It is not only unfair to those with whom you are dealing, but it is degrading as regards your own actions.

'Comprehension must be the soil in which shall grow all the fruits of friendship; and there is a reason and a compulsion lying behind all this which is dearer than anything else to the thoughtful men of America. I mean the development of constitutional liberty in the world. Human rights, national integrity, and opportunity, as against material interests — that, ladies and gentlemen, is the issue which we now have to face. I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest.'

Mr. Wilson's public speeches are fewer for the time he has been in office than those, perhaps, of any other President in the recent history of our country. He has found it advisable, however, on other occasions than the Mobile speech to reiterate the principles so definitely presented then. In his address to Congress on April 28, 1914, just after the landing of our forces at Vera Cruz, he said, —

'Our feeling for the people of Mexico is one of deep and genuine friendship, and everything that we have so far done or refrained from doing has proceeded from our desire to help them, not to hinder or embarrass them.

'There can in what we do be no thought of selfish aggrandizement. We seek to maintain the dignity of the United States only because we wish always to keep our great influence unimpaired for the uses of liberty, both in the United States and wherever else it may be employed for the benefit of mankind.'

In a brief address to the newspaper correspondents at the White House, which preceded his departure for the Capitol to address Congress, the President said, —

'We are not at war with the people of Mexico. In no conceivable circumstances would we fight the people of Mexico. We are their friend, and we want to help them in every way that we can to recover their rights and their government and their laws.'

These last two quotations complete the list of the important public utterances of Mr. Wilson bearing on his Latin-American policy.

IV

Having set forth by quotation, as fully as is practicable in this paper, the policy that Mr. Wilson has evolved for our relations with Latin America, I shall now sketch the chief incidents between the Northern and the Southern republics, where an application of these principles was called for, and where the sentiment of these republics might be expected to be affected.

The timeliness of this article suggested itself several months ago, when the 'A B C' mediation of our troubles with Mexico had been initiated. That a large consideration in Mr. Wilson's mind in accepting the suggestions of mediation was the thought of its probable happy effect on our relations with the Southern republics was well known to persons close to his plans; but it was realized that the extent of this wholesome result depended in large measure on the manner in which the Niagara

Falls conference eventuated, and finally it was decided that the preparation of this article should be postponed until some conclusion had been reached in our relations with Mexico.

It cannot now be doubted that the success of the mediation and of President Wilson's Mexican policy in establishing peace with Mexico — and for a time, at least, within Mexico itself — marks a new era of good feeling between the two continents. For the mediation, though it was not entirely successful in establishing permanent peace in that Republic, certainly accomplished a great deal with respect to the constructive effect on the sentiment of Latin Americans generally.

An interesting suggestion which has been made as to the inspiration of the offer of mediation by the diplomatic representatives of Brazil, Chile, and the Argentine, and which may not be fully proved or disproved at this time, is that it really grew out of the feeling of distrust on the part of the three governments which I have described by reference to the authorities previously quoted. In other words, the 'A B C' governments entertained the idea that the United States, if as a result of the seizure of Vera Cruz it really was forced to make war on Mexico, might enter upon a war of conquest extending beyond the Southern boundaries of that republic, — a war the end of which might not easily be foreseen; and they desired by the suggested mediation to cut off all avenues to such a result.

Whatever the atmosphere in which the idea of mediation was conceived, it was avowedly only 'with the purpose of subserving the interests of peace and civilization in our continent, and with the earnest desire to prevent any further bloodshed, to the prejudice of the cordiality and union which have always surrounded the relations of the governments and peoples of America,' that the 'A B C' diplomats came forward on April 25 with their offer to mediate the issue between Mexico and the United States.

President Wilson's reply did perhaps as much as anything that has occurred for many decades in the history of the United States to convince the Latin Americans that the United States is not seeking their territory. It proved beyond a question, even in the suspicious minds of Latin Americans, that he desired peace with Mexico, and had not been waiting for a plausible opportunity to place a dominating grasp upon the land south of the Rio Grande. There was one possible bar to the acceptance of the mediation. The dignity of the United States might have been invoked as a bar to such a settlement of serious difficulties with a government which we had scorned to recognize from its very establishment. With a vision of the golden opportunity offered for winning the friendship and confidence of Latin America, the President thrust aside this bar, although he well knew that the country at that time, freshly remembering the deaths of the seventeen men who had fallen at Vera Cruz, was not enthusiastic over the plan suggested. In reality the Latin-American diplomats stood on strong ground in making their peace offer, for potent reasons on the part of the United States would have been necessary to a rejection, lest the sentiment of all South America be aggravated.

In replying to the note of the mediators, President Wilson said: —

'The Government of the United States is deeply sensible of the friendship, the good feeling, and generous concern for the peace and welfare of America manifested in the joint note received from your excellencies, tendering the good offices of your governments to effect, if possible, a settlement of the present difficulties between the

Government of the United States and those who claim to represent our sister Republic of Mexico. Conscious of the purpose with which the offer is made, this Government does not feel at liberty to decline it. Its own chief interest is in the peace of America, the cordial intercourse of her republics, and the happiness and prosperity which can spring only out of frank, mutual understanding and the friendship which is created by common purpose.'

He ended his reply with the hope that the peace interchanges might 'prove prophetic of a new day of mutual cooperation and confidence in America.'

There were, in the Niagara Falls interchanges, delicate issues involved for the mediating governments as well as for the United States and Mexico. It was absolutely necessary, for the sake of preserving and promoting the amity which had been given primary consideration by President Wilson in agreeing to the mediation, that no demands be insisted upon which might by inference have the effect of reflecting this Government's views on domestic conditions in any of the three intermediary countries. This consideration necessitated the relinquishment by the United States of its hope for a commitment of the Mexican representatives to a programme of land-reform legislation which had been in the President's mind as a necessity to the ultimate peace of Mexico. Realization that each of the three governments acting for peace had the same internal issue at home made it mandatory that, for the sake of the well-being of their own governmental administrations, they should not be called upon to take sides or encourage from either standpoint diplomatic argumentation respecting this issue.

There are other incidents of minor importance which group themselves about the Mexican problem, and which as such should be mentioned in this paper. One of them is the selection of Brazil as the nation whose diplomatic and consular representatives should look after the interests of the United States in Mexico during the time when diplomatic relations between the two countries were severed. The action of the United States in requesting this service from Brazil was a token of the confidence in the friendlinesss of that republic and a sort of recognition of her sisterhood, and it was accepted as such on the part of Brazil.

It was a happy coincidence that in the weeks that followed shortly after the Niagara Falls conference, the President should be called upon to sign the act of Congress raising the American legations in Chile and the Argentine to the rank of embassies. Mr. Wilson made a pleasant little ceremony of the signing of this bill. He invited Minister Naon of the Argentine, Minister Suarez of Chile, and Ambassador da Gama of Brazil to be present. In an informal speech which followed the affixing of his signature, the President said, —

'I want to look forward, if I may, to the closer relations with our sister Republics whom we so honor and are glad to be associated with; and in the present circumstances, when you have so thoughtfully and graciously offered to show our common interest in the peace and righteous government of America, it is especially fitting that the thing should occur.'

As ranking second on the list of those important constructive acts of the Wilson Administration which certainly will affect Latin-American sentiment toward this country favorably, should come the signing of the treaty with Colombia at Bogota on April 6. The administration has given every evidence of a resolve to push this treaty to confirmation by the Senate. It already

has been approved by the Colombian Senate. The treaty was referred to by the President, in transmitting it to the Senate, as one 'between the United States and the Republic of Colombia, for the settlement of their differences arising out of the political events which took place on the Isthmus of Panama in November, 1903.'

I shall not attempt here to defend the treaty from the political criticisms which have been directed against it by members of Congress, or to disprove Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's declaration that it is 'blackmail.' It will suffice to say that the establishment of the administration's determination to have the treaty made effective between the two countries will do much to smooth out an important obstacle in the way of a constructive Latin-American policy.

Whatever Mr. Roosevelt's views respecting the part played under his responsibility by the United States in the 'political events on the Isthmus of Panama in November, 1903,' which resulted in the acquirement of the Canal Zone by this government, there is no considerable division of opinion on this subject in Latin America. The people of Latin America generally accept the view that the revolutionary movement which established the Republic of Panama was deliberately fostered by American interests with the approval of the Roosevelt Administration.

General Reyes, from whose book I have quoted friendly comment upon the attitude of his blood-kin toward the United States, was in command of the military expedition which the Colombian government dispatched to reëstablish order in the Isthmus at the outbreak of the Panamanian revolution. In his narrative of the happenings under which he says Colombia was deprived of her sovereignty, General Reyes declares that the success of the revolution was made possible solely by the act of the American cruisers under Admiral Coghlan in preventing the Colombian force from landing. He points to the recognition of the new republic two days after it had declared its independence of Colombia, and to the agreement fourteen days thereafter upon a treaty guaranteeing the rights of the new republic and providing for the construction of the canal. In conclusion, he says, —

'The claims of Colombia in this matter do not merely embody monetary compensation for the material losses involved in the dismemberment of her territory. They include as a paramount consideration a recognition of the moral wrong inflicted upon her, and, by reflection, upon all the other Latin-American countries, by an attack upon her territorial integrity, solemnly guaranteed at an earlier period by binding treaty obligations of the United States.'

With this view permeating the Latin-American mind, the wisdom of eradicating it through the treaty signed at Bogota cannot seriously be questioned from the standpoint of the constructive purposes which the President of the United States has in mind. The treaty negotiated at Bogota meets all the requirements of Latin-American thought so far as it is practicable to do so. It furnishes financial reparation in the form of $20,000,000 in gold, and of special privileges in the use of the canal and the Panama Railway; and in Article I it makes this more important concession: —

'The Government of the United States of America, wishing to put at rest all controversies and differences with the Republic of Colombia arising out of the events from which the present situation on the Isthmus of Panama resulted, expresses, on its own part

and in the name of the people of the United States, sincere regret that anything should have occurred to interrupt or to mar the relations of cordial friendship that had so long subsisted between the two nations.'

This sentiment is thus reciprocated by Colombia: —

'The Government of the Republic of Colombia, in its own name and in the name of the Colombian people, accepts this declaration in the full assurance that every obstacle to the restoration of complete harmony between the two countries will thus disappear.'

Another achievement of the Wilson Administration which will have a lasting effect in conserving the good results which by other means may be gained between the United States and the countries of the Western Hemisphere is the negotiation of the Bryan peace treaties with eleven of our sister republics. The republics which have signed these treaties with the United States since the inauguration of Mr. Wilson are Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay, Venezuela, Bolivia, Panama, Guatemala, and Salvador. The result of these treaties is practically to insure that there will be no war between the United States and countries in this hemisphere.

The treaties provide that in the event of international differences which under ordinary circumstances might necessitate a recourse to war, a year shall be allowed for an investigation of the issues by an international commission.

The vital provision of each of these treaties, to quote from that with the Netherlands, which is regarded as representative of the entire group, is contained in Article I, which sets forth this agreement: —

'The High Contracting Parties agree that all disputes between them, of every nature whatsoever, to the settlement of which previous arbitration treaties or agreements do not apply in their terms or are not applied in fact, shall, when diplomatic methods of adjustment have failed, be referred for investigation and report to a permanent International Commission, to be constituted in the manner prescribed in the next succeeding article; and they agree not to declare war or begin hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted.'

Article III provides that the international commission shall complete its investigation and report within a year after the date on which it shall declare its investigation to have begun, unless the high contracting parties shall extend or limit this time by mutual agreement.

The *American Journal of International Law* is of the opinion that while war with many of the nations with which the United States has become signatory to the Bryan treaties is unthinkable, the very existence of such treaties with these nations 'is an invitation to other nations, with whom war is not unthinkable, to investigate before they fight, or rather to investigate instead of fighting.'

Secretary of State Bryan bases his confidence in the efficacy of the treaties in preserving peace upon the belief that the calm, dispassionate judgment of mankind is on the side of peace, and that the one year provided in which this judgment may assert itself will suffice in nearly every international dispute to avert war. 'We know well,' said he recently, 'the proneness of nations to act under excitement, and a period of investigation permits the restoration of deliberate reason.'

In some measure at least the trade between two countries reflects the sentiment between them. The same thing may be said with more confidence of the trade relations between two continents.

Let us see how this works out with regard to the United States and South America. According to a recent compilation of Director John Barrett of the Pan-American Union, the twenty Latin-American countries of Central and South America conducted in 1913 a foreign commerce valued at $2,870,188,575. Of this total, the imports were valued at $1,304,261,763. The imports from the United States, despite the geographical propinquity of this country as compared with the position of Germany and Great Britain, the other great manufacturing countries from which the Latin Americans were making purchases, amounted to more than $5,000,000 less than those from Great Britain and exceeded those of Germany by about $100,000,000. These divergences were less impressive, however, than those of the previous year, and are accepted as indicating a development of American trade with South America.

It may be said without a violation of this government's neutrality in the European war, and without infringing on the diplomatic proprieties to such an extent as did A. Rustum Bey, Turkish Ambassador to the United States, by a similar utterance, that the war has furnished the United States its opportunity. The output from the European factories will necessarily be diminished for many years to come. The demand of the Latin-American markets, it follows, must depend more and more on the United States. It is a matter of gratification to realize that the American government, and American commercial interests as well, are fully alive to this opportunity, and are preparing with careful haste to reap the benefits which it is believed will be conferred mutually upon the two continents.

Most important probably of the steps which have been taken with the view of developing our trade with these countries is the launching of President Wilson's plan for a government-owned merchant marine. The newspaper press assumed upon the announcement of this plan by the President that it was designed chiefly to furnish means of transporting American cereals and manufactures to the belligerent nations of Europe. Persons who have watched the minute developments with respect to this plan which have followed in the months since it was launched are convinced, however, that the larger purpose that the President has in mind to serve, after it has been ascertained that our European commerce will be cared for, is the promotion of our trade with South and Central America.

A short time after the administration Merchant-Marine bill had been introduced in the House, the President in a conversation at the White House expressed the belief that our commerce with Europe would be able to look after itself; and he spoke significantly of the possibility offered by the government-owned marine for developing 'new avenues of trade.'

It is fortunate that at this time there should become available a special appropriation of $50,000 to be used by the Department of Commerce in promoting trade with South and Central America by extending commercial agencies such as had been initiated by the Taft Administration.

This opportunity offered by the war is not without its responsibilities for the United States, as has been pointed out by both Secretary of Commerce Redfield and Mr. Barrett, the Director of the Pan-American Union. These men have declared that first of all, in order that the United States may extend its trade with South America in these troublous times, there arises the necessity that American bankers extend a financial helping hand to these countries. The war has not impaired

their ultimate purchasing strength, Mr. Redfield points out, but their present buying strength and credit resources have been affected adversely, and he urges that the policy for which there is most immediate necessity is one of helping South America to regain her credit and thus laying the foundation of a permanent trade.

The action of the National City Bank of New York, however, in establishing important branches at Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and Montevideo, gives evidence that the banks of the country are alive to this need.

Not least among the efforts of government officials to develop friendly intercourse between the United States and Latin-American countries is the recent undertaking to establish a flat two-cent rate for letter postage throughout the Western Hemisphere, and to conclude money-order conventions which will stimulate trade with Latin America. The Postmaster General has indicated a willingness on the part of the government to sacrifice the revenue that would be lost through a reduction of the postal charges from the United States to those countries, out of consideration for the impetus that would be given toward the building up of direct and frequent mail interchanges.

The United States does not now do any money-order business with Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela, Panama, Colombia and a number of the less important Latin-American republics. Negotiations have been undertaken for concluding conventions with the postal authorities of these countries by which direct money-order interchanges can be made to the advantage of all concerned. These efforts of the Post Office Department, while not in themselves likely to bring any immediate important result, are a part of the movement being made for bringing the countries of this hemisphere into closer touch and sympathy, and they cannot in the long run fail to aid this general purpose.

V

Certainly it is too early now to attempt to form an estimate of the results of the efforts of the Wilson Administration toward establishing a 'new era of good feeling' between the two Americas. These efforts have laid the foundation for large results in the future, and their accomplishments cannot now be foreseen. It can be said, however, and with proper regard for the principles of conservative judgment, that the unity of high purpose running through all these recorded happenings, unless obstructed by events which are not now anticipated, will do much to overcome the racial and sentimental antipathies which have held back the development of the relations that should exist between the greatest democracy and those other governments which are founded on the same principles as our own.

The policy which Mr. Wilson has laid down is destined to be regarded as remarkable in the history of international politics. It is based on a new precept — that it is possible for great neighboring powers to continue prosperous and great without attempting to overlord one another. He has advanced the idea that the United States, in order to carry to the fullest consummation its destiny of political and commercial prosperity, need not become the suzerain nation of the Western Hemisphere. His is a precept that has been entirely absent from the diplomatic history of the United States as well as from that of Europe. Doubtless it will take a considerable time for it to permeate the minds of those controlling the destinies and friendships of the Latin-American republics.

AFTER THE WAR

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

At a time when the issue of the war is still doubtful, it is impossible to speak with any confidence of its probable effects upon Europe and the world; for the kind of settlement that is possible will depend upon where victory falls. The Germans, so far as one can understand from the utterances of their representative men, are fighting for a German hegemony of Europe, in order that they may pursue the task — whose hopelessness all history demonstrates — of destroying by force the 'culture' of the non-Germanic nations and imposing upon them their own. Such an attempt would mean perpetual war, and would end by reducing Europe to the level of the Balkan States. On the other hand the Allies profess to be fighting, not for territory or for hegemony, but to 'crush German militarism.' No object could be more desirable, but the important question is, how to do it. There is talk, irresponsible of course, of 'crushing Germany' in order to crush German militarism, and even of imposing upon her by force a new form of government, expelling the Hohenzollerns and democratizing Prussia. But it is clear that no nation will patiently take its form of government from foreigners and enemies; and that such a solution, too, would only perpetuate war. If militarism is to be crushed it must be crushed in all countries, the victorious as well as the vanquished. Will it be, and can it be? Let us try to estimate the forces and the possibilities.

First, what do we mean by militarism? Conscript armies, in the first place, and huge navies. But that is only the outward sign. The inner spirit is the will to dominate by force, evoking everywhere the fear of domination.

These two things go together. Every country, of course, claims to be always on the defensive. But every country, or every group of allies, believes the others to be aggressive, or there would be no need of defense. The truth indeed is that, in all countries, there are militarists and anti-militarists; the militarists believing in force, desiring to extend the power and territory, or perhaps the 'culture,' of their country by force, and believing that every other state has the same purpose and attitude; the anti-militarists believing that no country has any interests that are worth pursuing by war; that all real interests are common to all peoples; and that all disputes between states can be and should be settled by judicial process. In the conflict between these principles the militarists have always won. They win partly because they are so strongly entrenched in the governments of the continental states; partly because, having made war, which they can always do before the people know they are making it, they can count upon an immediate outburst of passion, sedulously nourished by the press, to carry them through to the issue.

The question, then, that we have to ask is, whether this war, like all previous ones, is to end in a mere truce leading up to a new war, or whether we

may hope for a permanent change in the spirit and organization of Europe. This question cannot be answered with any confidence. But some of the tendencies in either direction may be appraised.

On the side of militarism are all the bad passions evoked by war. Before the outbreak, all the great permanent forces of civilization were working, as they always must do, toward an ever-increasing coöperation and understanding between the nations. Militarists, of course, were doing what they could to counteract this; publicists and historians and professors, especially in Germany, were preaching the necessary and eternal antagonism of races, states, and cultures. But the ordinary business of life was working against all that. The democratic parties especially, in all countries, were pacifist; and this was specially true of the Socialists. In France and in England literary and cultural influences were becoming more and more humane and less and less chauvinistic. And the community of interest of trade and finance, as well as of labor, was more and more being recognized.

The war has changed all that for the moment. When nations go to war they feel it necessary to hate the enemy; and they have no difficulty in finding excuses. The expressed sentiment in England toward Germany, and in Germany toward England, is now one of sheer unadulterated hate, not only of the governments, of the Kaiser on the one hand, and Sir Edward Grey on the other, but of all the individuals of the nations concerned, merely because they are German or English. All sense of fact has disappeared. It is unpatriotic to doubt German atrocities in England, or French or Belgian or English atrocities in Germany. I have myself seen letters and postcards full of the foulest abuse, written to a man who had sent a letter to the press pleading for some kind of evidence before such things were believed.

All this popular fury is, of course, made the most of by the press. And it is difficult, even in the liberal organs in England, to get inserted any expression of reason or humanity toward the enemy. The Germans, indeed, by their methods of warfare give little chance to those who endeavor to remember and remind others that Germans are men like other men. And the hatred felt in England for the Germans is fully reciprocated in Germany against the English. The war, in fact, which was represented in Germany, before the English went into it, as a war of defense against Russia, appears now to have taken in German public opinion the form of a war of revenge against England.

As for the feeling of the Belgians and French, whose countries are invaded, whose cities and villages have been destroyed, whose non-combatants have been slaughtered, they may be better imagined than described. No better evidence can be given of the trend of sentiment than the fact that M. Maeterlinck, the preacher of universal tenderness and justice, has written to the press a letter breathing nothing but revenge.

All this, of course, is grist to the militarist mill; for militarism depends upon the perpetuation of fear and hatred and revenge. But how deep these feelings go, how widespread they are, how long they will last, it is difficult to estimate. Collective feelings are changeable in proportion to their shallowness. If proof is wanted, one has only to remember the rapidity with which the hatred of the English by the Boers has given way to very general loyalty; or to reflect that the same Germans whom we English now exclude from the comity of nations were our friends fifteen years ago, and the same French whom

we now love were our enemies. The intense hatred now existing on the part of the Allies against the Germans, and *vice versa*, need not therefore be permanent or even long enduring. It need not make impossible a right settlement of Europe. But it must make it more difficult. For it will make the victors short-sighted and pitiless, and the vanquished bitter and rancorous. Further, the war may increase the belief in armaments, instead of destroying it, as it rationally should. In England, for example, many people say, and more think, that the moral of the war is that we ought to have had a conscript army. This, they will even add, might have prevented the war! So obstinate, in the face of its refutation by all history, is the extraordinary delusion that you can produce peace by preparing for war. But all illusions die hard, and it is the interest of militarists to keep this one alive.

The growing hatred on which I have dwelt may make it very difficult to get fair consideration for a reasonable and permanent settlement of Europe. If the Allies are victorious there will be an immense desire to 'punish' Germany, to the neglect of all other considerations. And a peace conceived in that mood will be pregnant with a new war. Still more, if the Germans win, will they perpetuate the present unhappy organization and spirit of Europe. For they believe in it; that is, their rulers and thinkers do. And further, their hatred of England and desire for revenge against us is at least as great as ours against them. The possibility, therefore, that this war may increase and perpetuate militarism is not to be lightly dismissed. Indeed the worst curse of war is that it has to make settlements by force. And no settlement by force is ever permanent. For it can never be accepted as just.

On the other hand, there are powerful influences working against militarism. In the first place, the war, one hopes, is a final exposure of war. No one even attempts to find in it any romance. No one pretends there is any chivalry. Personal courage and endurance, indeed, are required and are forthcoming to a degree almost incredible. But it is the courage to lie still and be torn to pieces by shrapnel, or to wait in a warship day by day, week by week, in hourly expectation of being blown into fragments by a mine or a submarine. Man is fighting not against man, but against machines. And the full horror as well as the madness of this must needs, one thinks, come home at any rate to the combatants. Outside England, the combatants are the nation. Never before have so many men, women, and children experienced the horror and brutality of war. Never before, in fact, has war been so horrible and so brutal. Even the idealists of war — whom one feels to be of all idealists the most pernicious and the most contemptuous of facts — must see what this thing that they have been glorifying really is. It will be difficult henceforth to pretend that war is anything but the greatest of follies and the greatest of crimes.

Further, the economic consequences of war must end by making themselves felt. It is true that they will not be felt to the full until the war is over, when millions of combatants return to try to take their place in civil life. Then it is that the cruellest pressure will begin; then that the mass of people will realize how all hopes of social reform and social justice have been destroyed for generations by the waste of war. Then too, perhaps, governments will be faced by general anarchy; and civil conflicts arise more formidable and disruptive even than the war in which we are engaged. But even before the end, the pressure of economic distress

will increase more and more. So far as it is possible to foresee, this war will be one of exhaustion, that is to say, it will be a question what nation can longest stand starvation. Those words are easy to write, especially for a member of the 'comfortable classes.' What they mean in misery to the masses who have been dragged into this madness by the incompetence and cynicism of governments, let him try to estimate who has the experience and the heart to do so.

Everything then points to the conclusion that this war will be an exposure of war on a more gigantic scale than ever before. The reaction will be proportionate to the effort. But then, the reaction may come too late. For if the peace settles Europe once more on the wrong basis, Europe will move as fatally toward another war as it has moved during the past thirty years. The militarists need not then make efforts; they can sit and wait. They will have their war again in due time.

Now, the kind of settlement that will be aimed at or obtained when the time comes will depend on the spirit and temper, not only of the belligerents, but of the neutral powers. And neutrals are better able than the combatants can be to estimate the kind of peace that has a chance of preventing a repetition of the catastrophe. That is why it is important that they should be thinking about the problem, even while the belligerents are unable or unwilling to do so.

Without considering, for the moment, what it is premature to anticipate, — where victory will ultimately lie, — we can see that the settlement of Europe may be approached from two radically different points of view. The first is that from which past settlements have been approached after the wars of the past. It presupposes that war is to recur sooner or later, and merely tries to put the victor in a good position and the vanquished in a bad one for the future struggle. It thinks of states, not of the people of states. It regards territory as transferable without regard to either the interests or the desires of the people inhabiting it, but exclusively with regard to the ambitions or fears of the governments appropriating it. It leaves Europe a collection of 'sovereign' states bound together by no common authority, and free, each of them, to pile up armaments against the others for use on the next favorable occasion. To make peace on principles of this sort will be the first instinct and desire of the monarchs and diplomats who will want to have the handling of it. That it will be so made is the great and imminent danger of Europe and of the world.

There is, however, quite a different possibility inherent in the new conception of society which is implied in democracy everywhere. This conception was admirably expressed by Mr. Asquith, when he set forth at Dublin, on September 25, his view of what the Allies are fighting for. The words are perhaps the most important and significant pronouncement ever made by a responsible statesman, and they cannot be too widely circulated.

'I should like, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow countrymen to the end which, in this war, we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said, "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has yet been made toward that good and beneficent change. But it seems to me to be now, at this moment, as good a definition as we can

have of our European policy. The idea of public right! What does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relations of states, and in the future moulding of the European world. It means, next, that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States, — they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbors — more powerful in strength and wealth — to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the chaos of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership based on the recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realized either to-day or to-morrow. But if, and when, this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship.'

If really this is what the Allies are fighting for and what they will stand for if they win, their victory will mean a new era in history. It will mean the end of militarism and therefore the end of war; it will mean the end of the sovereign, and therefore Machiavellian, state; it will mean in a not remote future the United States of Europe. That this is what all the common people want in all countries, if only they could be made to understand the issue, I have not the smallest doubt. Those who do not want it are the men brought up in the old bad traditions of Europe. There are plenty of them in England as well as in the continental countries. And they are reinforced by all cynics, all faithless men, all men without generosity or hope, all pedants of exclusive national 'cultures.'

That there may be any chance of the peace settlement being carried out according to Mr. Asquith's ideas, not only is it essential that the terms of peace should be dictated by the Allies, and not by the German Powers, — for the German Powers do not even pretend to have similar aims, and their whole tradition and philosophy is against them, — but also that these terms should be settled in public, under a strong and constant pressure of popular control. It is essential, also, that neutrals, who have no ambitions for themselves, but who have a deep interest in the peace of Europe, should be influentially represented; and especially that the President of the United States should exercise a commanding influence supported by the great weight of American opinion.

A general and all-round reduction of armaments, under the control and guarantee of an international council; the reference of all disputes, without exception, to arbitration; no transfer of territory in Europe without the consent of the people, fairly and freely ascertained by an international authority, — these, and these only, are the principles that can guarantee the future peace of Europe and the world.

To carry them out in detail will be enormously difficult. But the first and essential step is to get them accepted. For that purpose public opinion will need to be aroused in all countries in an unprecedented degree; for the forces working in the other direction — the forces of revenge, cupidity,

skepticism, fatigue, all that has hitherto maintained the intolerable martyrdom of Europe — are very strong and very firmly entrenched in the press, in 'society,' and in the chancelleries and foreign offices of Europe. Against them we have to invoke the new spirit of the world, the spirit of coöperation, of reason, of that divine common sense which is the essence of religion. All these forces are for the moment silenced among the belligerents. But they are suppressed, not killed. They are ready to awake in new strength from this horrible nightmare. Meanwhile, in America and the other neutral countries they will and must be more active than ever. For to these countries the conscience of mankind looks for its expression.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE WAR

BY HENRY W. MASSINGHAM

I

Among the minor consequences of the war must be reckoned its temporary obliteration of the British party system. For the first time since the great modern alignment of parties took place, and nearly thirty years after the first definite impact of the 'caucus' on our political life, the government of this country is being carried on, not only in the name of the whole nation, but with its informal assent. The administration has indeed ventured to carry just so much of its political programme as depended on its ante-war pledges to Irish Nationalists and Welsh Nonconformists and the powers it drew from the Parliament Act. There its functions as an organ of party end. That is obvious from its own reading of the situation. It has entrusted the control of the War Office to a soldier without politics, thus breaking an old Liberal tradition, and dislocating the Cabinet for purely Liberal or advanced social legislation.

Nor do any present means exist for restoring the normal atmosphere of our politics. The framework of party is broken. The organizers have shut their offices, and joined the Red Cross committees. Parliament itself is incomplete, for many members are at the front, and, save for emergency purposes, you cannot legislate through a Rump. Neither could it be dissolved on a party issue.

The only instrument of a change would be gross failure in the conduct of the war, followed either by an election on that issue, or by the formation of a 'Ministry of Talents.' Such a government could no doubt make a peace, or carry on the war, or raise almost any issues but those dividing parties last July. Thus a campaign 'drawn' after many months of bloody conflict might create a commercial peace party, backed by a coalition of financial interests, Radicals, and Labor men. But it might well evoke a passionate national sentiment in favor of a 'fight to the finish.' Such a situation would be

bound to break Liberalism, and would not find Conservatives undivided. One can at once imagine two or three figures at the head of a strong war administration. Palmerston formed such a ministry, and Mr. Churchill obviously suggests himself as a powerful figure in it.

Should the end come with Germany undefeated, her military organization in continued control of the state, and her navy intact, the national instinct might veto a peace against almost any conceivable pressure by 'moderate' statesmanship to secure it.

There is another consideration which deeply affects the future of party relationships in Britain. It is not only the balance of power in Europe which has gone for ever. The passing of Home Rule creates the need of a new Parliamentary regulator. The Liberal-Irish coalition cannot subsist on the precarious aid of forty-two votes which will be left to it when the Dublin Parliament begins to sit. Who could control such a party? What would be its terms and attitude? Irish Nationalism has never reached a real political and economic solidarity. It existed for a single definite end, and sought and maintained its Parliamentary alliances accordingly. For the future, if it can make terms with the Protestant North, it must study Ireland as a partner with Britain, not as a suitor bargaining with governments which may long lack the coherence of the great organizations as we have known them. The position of the Labor party is almost equally fluid. To-day it rests partly and most strongly on organized trade-unionism, partly — and weakly — on Socialist sentiment, and roughly speaking is divided on the diplomacy of the war (although hardly on its conduct) in proportion to the force of these two elements. In other words, it is a single wave, just rising at certain points along the present level of national feeling, but not distinctly representative of it.

Yet it is this section of the community, now conspicuously at its weakest, which is most likely to undergo a dramatic change according to the fortunes of the gigantic catastrophe which overhangs Europe. A great victory for the Allies would bring their ideals, which are those of the Radicals, — ideals of a world-organization for peace, based on a more or less open diplomacy and a general scheme of arbitration, — within the region of practice. An inconclusive end, followed by the discharge from the army of hundreds of thousands of men, with no immediate prospect of reabsorption in the labor market, might re-create revolutionary socialism as a passionate antagonist of conscription, and bring about a total change in the personnel and leadership of the Parliamentary Laborites. Since the Napoleonic wars no such sudden and heavy draft has been made on British citizenship. A succession of armies of one hundred thousand men each have been suddenly called for from the factory and the soil. They were recruited, not from the low-paid labor of the slums and cornlands of England, but from the flower of our industrials. Men felt that the old atmosphere of things was shaken, and that these voluntary conscripts of European liberty could not be treated like the starvelings of Pitt's wars. So a movement arose for a more generous scale of pay, for pensions, separation and disablement allowances, and for removing these tokens of the nation's gratitude from the meanness of inquisitorial charity.

There was the further question of the position of the trade unions during the period of acute and widespread unemployment. Here again reformers felt that it would never do to let trade-unionism perish under an unexampled strain on its funds. Why not therefore

apply the Insurance Act, the Workmen's Compensation Act, to the business of keeping the soldier-workman and his family during the war and after it, not only in modest comfort, but in the status of an independent citizen, and make the trade unions, rather than the distress committee, the medium of the state's relief of unemployment? On the whole, this idea of public duty to the new levies seems likely to prevail, and the Labor party has had its share, though not a dramatic share, in accrediting it. If it holds, our economic structure may hold too.

But should widespread distress follow the end of the war, because our statesmen failed to realize the tremendous stake that the people have willingly put into it, he would be a bold prophet who would see a vision of Britain subject to her old controls, exercised by opportunist parties, in the hands of Liberal or Conservative leaders. England is no longer the home of the 'squalid wretchedness' which Byron described in the House of Lords in 1812. The horrors and oppressions which followed the year of Waterloo no longer exist; but neither does the submissiveness of the voteless soldiers who then returned from Belgium to take starvation at the hands of the country they had saved. Now, indeed, the nominal directing power rests with the masses. But as in the great states all the executives work on the pivot of secret action in foreign affairs, this power of direction means in practice little more than that of a scant and quite ineffective Parliamentary representation. Even with us, most of the effective instruments of our foreign policy, such as the concerted 'conversations' with French generals in 1912, and the defensive treaty with Portugal, were unknown to Parliament, and the meaning of the Belgian treaty of 1839 was quite unrealized.

The people, indeed, judging the character of the war on a broad front of normal and political issues, and feeling with fine instinct the call of national danger, approved the general purposes of the war when they knew of them. But it is necessary to realize that when all is over, our government, like every one of its neighbors, will have to make its account with a democracy unschooled in 'real politics,' and yet suffering unspeakably from its enforced ignorance of them. If revolutions devour their own children, wars also have a way of destroying the ministers who make them.

II

But this is speculative politics, and we in Britain had for the moment to deal with the situation in which the country, caught in a whirlwind, looked for shelter, first to the existing administration, and then to those central forces which alone can effect a swift organization for war. It judged at once, and judged rightly, that the organ of defense must be a Liberal government, drawing in auxiliaries from the Right and from the Left. The issue which Germany forced to the front was the one which practically united the democratic parties. Belgium was a ward of Gladstone; her independence was the point in his later career in which he diverged most sharply from the teaching of the Manchester School. Here was a definite conception of public right. It must be set up again or be smashed to fragments; no third course was possible.

No one asked for war; no one wanted it; no one expected this country to be drawn into it when the conflict seemed to involve merely a struggle between Russia and Austria for the hegemony of the Near East. If the nation had been asked whether it was converted to Con-

tinentalism, whether it had followed the slow turn of the wheels of foreign policy which had finally caught us in the sweep of the eighteenth-century doctrine of the 'Balance of Power,' it might have said, 'No,' or 'No —Yes.' German militarism spared it the trouble of answering by instantly pouring out on the world a double portion of its spirit.

British public opinion had never realized what an organized military nation was, or how it would act. Therefore after the first fortnight of the Belgian invasion, discrimination as to the causes of the war practically ceased. It could only be visualized as an act of moral, as well as physical, devastation. Human horror at such conduct became mixed inevitably with our prevision of what such a thing would do to us when it had smashed Belgium, drawn France within its orbit, commanded Antwerp, dominated the Channel ports, including Calais and Dunkirk, and left no truly independent nation of standing between the Vistula and the mouths of the Seine. 'Finita est Anglia' is not the kind of epitaph that a proud people would choose to prepare for its tombstone.

Neither could British democracy see the liberties of Western Europe perish in the ruin which has been meted out to its own ward. We did not promise to go in even when France, through two of her most powerful public men, urged us that, if we stood aloof, the war must in effect turn France into a German vassal. It is hardly a secret that Mr. Lloyd George, with other members of the Cabinet, hesitated over their first reading of the Belgian case. Had Belgium asked only for diplomatic aid, had she suggested that she was prepared to make terms with Germany, or to let the German torrent flow quietly over her borders, war might have come, but not through this Cabinet. The government as a whole yielded only when, the treaty of 1839 having been hastily torn up, the Belgian appeal became an urgent call for help. Shutting out the appalling issues of the war, and looking only to that appeal, it is impossible to imagine any government rejecting it, or any state of public opinion allowing them to reject it and to remain in office.

In effect, the decision rested with four men — Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Sir Edward Grey; for the secession of any one of them would have broken up the government. It has been said by the small dissenting minority that the war is a war of Liberal Imperialism, and it is true that, if we count heads, and associate them with abstract policies, we may reckon the Imperialists in the inner circle of the cabinet as three to one. But time, changes of attitude and circumstance, and the growing antagonism of England and Germany, due to the development of the German fleet, had largely obliterated the distinction between 'pro-Boers' and Imperialists. The two sections united to give self-government and federal dominion to South Africa. Both were content to accept Mr. Asquith's skillful and placable leadership in succession to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's. The breach was to some slight extent reopened when the processes of developing the Entente, reorganizing the fleet, and redirecting its face to the North Sea, set in together.

The situation was not managed with great skill. It was novel and disquieting. Germany was a half-read riddle. Was her true genius military or commercial? Each view was strongly held. Our Foreign Office had no new method to substitute for its traditional secrecy, and the presence of the Secretary of State in the House of Commons — for the first time since the days of Russell

and Palmerston — gave Parliament no larger measure of knowledge and control of exterior policy than it possessed before. It lacked an organ of authoritative inquiry; since the death of Sir Charles Dilke it happened also to be peculiarly deficient in private members equipped for the study of foreign affairs.

Events have made us all wiser, and to-day we should agree that a frank statement of the German peril might have cleared the thunder-laden air. But the public was not taken into the government's confidence. It was unaware either of our offer to Germany in 1912 [1] of abstinence from all share in an aggressive war, or of Germany's significant response in the shape of a demand for a practically unconditional neutrality. It is open to question whether the Cabinet as a whole was acquainted with the case against German militarism; it is not at all doubtful that the indictment framed against it in 1909, when the competitive race in dreadnoughts began to culminate, was not the true indictment, for we were never in real danger of being outbuilt by the German shipyards. Rumors of the 'conversations' with French and Belgian generals did indeed prevail. But they were gleaned from hints dropped by French statesmen: while the menace to Belgian independence remained almost completely hidden.

A great reward might conceivably have waited on a bolder, less reticent statesmanship. Germany could have been formally challenged on Belgium, and have been offered a guarantee of peace in return for the satisfaction of Europe and England. This in fact was the substance of Sir Edward Grey's offer to her last July. But such a boon to civilization could only have been won by breaking down the counsels, at once crooked and violent, which finally swayed her policy.

However, it is a far cry from blaming the timidity of British policy to accusing it of deliberate aggression. The Haldane mission to Berlin, the movement for international disarmament, in the Liberal party and the British churches, the deputations to Germany, ought to have convinced her statesmen that peace with England could be had for the asking, and did probably convince the German Ambassador and the more moderate guides of her diplomacy at Berlin. There was passion in the early rivalry of the fleets; but in 1914 the country, if still uneasy, was strongly pacific. Mr. Churchill talked, but he offered terms of naval adjustment.

The Cabinet had successfully resisted conscription, and at no time, I think, did it contain more than two undeclared advocates of it. The proportional superiority of the fleets had indeed been increased, and the Committee of

[1] First revealed by Mr. Asquith in his speech at Cardiff: 'We laid down — and I wish to call not only your attention, but the attention of the whole world to this, when so many false legends are now being invented and circulated — in the following year, in the year 1912, we laid down, in terms carefully approved by the Cabinet and which I will textually quote, what our relations with Germany ought, in our view, to be. We said, — and we communicated this to the German Government, — Britain declares that she will neither make nor join in any unprovoked attack upon Germany. Aggression upon Germany is not the subject, and forms no part of any treaty, understanding, or combination to which Britain is now a party, nor will she become a party to anything that has such an object. There is nothing ambiguous or equivocal about that. But, my Lord Mayor, that was not enough for German statesmanship. They wanted us to go further; they asked us to pledge ourselves absolutely to neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war, and this, mind you, at a time when Germany was enormously increasing both her aggressive and defensive resources, and especially upon the sea. They asked us — to put it quite plainly — they asked us for a free hand so far as we were concerned if, and when, they selected the opportunity to overbear, to dominate the European world. To such a demand but one answer was possible — and that was the answer we gave.' — THE AUTHOR.

Defense had worked out a successful scheme for the handling and equipment of the Expeditionary Force. But both steps were in the line of our traditional naval and military policy. The military force itself was small, — about one hundred and sixty thousand men, — and in view of the building of the strategic German railways on the Belgian frontier, pointing to an invasion along the Liège-Namur line, the contingency of a Continental landing could not quite be kept out of view. But I repeat that no government calling itself Liberal could well have engaged in a Continental war save in the face of some such contingency as actually arose, — namely, the complete breakdown of good faith and treaty obligation in international life, and the menace of an unchallenged supremacy in Western Europe of a single highly aggressive, perfectly organized, military state.

This is obvious when we consider the composition and the political problems of the Cabinet. The Prime Minister belonged originally to the Imperialist group, though he might always have been called a moderator in it. His personal association with Sir Edward Grey has always been close, as that of his predecessor was slight. But his easy and considerate rule was from the beginning based on the principle of a balance between the more numerically powerful Imperialists, and the weaker Radical and Gladstonian group, which on the whole commanded the country through the energy and personal force of Mr. Lloyd George. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had his policies, and they were expensive policies. The estimated combined cost of Old-Age Pensions and State Insurance for 1914–15 is over twenty and a half millions sterling. The final cost is hardly measurable, and to it must speedily have been added the burden of the great pending scheme of housing and land-settlement.

These were the main preoccupations of Liberal and Radical Britain when the storm of last July burst upon it. The country was prosperous, but the government's finance was fast breaking down under the double burden of armaments and social reform. No one who knew Mr. George would ask him to sit for a portrait of the meekest of the Apostles, and in the alarming silence of German diplomacy in the Morocco crisis of 1911, the Prime Minister commissioned him to speak a word of warning to Berlin, which there and elsewhere awoke echoes of thunder. Pacifists thought that he had conceded too generous estimates of the needs of the army and navy. But his interest never for a moment lay in the starvation, or even the temporary obstruction, of social reform, and up to the verge of war moderation both in estimates and in policy was a leading note of our statesmanship.

Mr. Churchill was a statesman of a different type and lineage. He had come to Liberalism on the Conservative issue of free trade, and with a reputation for brilliancy of rhetoric and power of literary statement unsurpassed, save by the Prime Minister, in our modern Parliamentary speech. In the Colonial Office he did well and played a part of some consequence in the settlement with the Boers. His earlier essays as a Radical, and in the work of the Board of Trade and the Home Office, were less successful. His succession to the Admiralty alone satisfied his ambition, and gave scope to his administrative skill. The key of his policy, and of the rapid development of the four features of British naval strength on which it rested, — dreadnoughts, light cruisers, submarines, and aviation, — was his belief in the inevitability of an Anglo-German con-

flict, and of a German provocation to England, and a challenge to treaty law, in the shape of an invasion of Belgium.

No one will say that the expression of this conviction was always measured or prudent. But it was persuasive enough to convince the Radical Chancellor and his colleagues that the rising bill for the navy could not be cut down. Social reform and armaments, therefore, ran together in a desperate race for primacy, which was unconcluded when the war broke out. No basis for Germany's charge of a plot to engineer or even to aid an aggressive war against her lay in this distribution of the political fund of the nation. Rather it represented the conflict, as old as modern Liberalism, between the idea of a pacific state, absorbed in the endeavor to raise the physical and moral standards of its citizenship, and the pessimistic view that under the pressure of European militarism, as governed by Germany, no such development was possible.

Sir Edward Grey himself, an Imperialist and a Whig, a critical student of German diplomacy, but not an impassioned Jingo, lent his aid to both schools in turn. I conclude therefore this brief analysis of political tendencies by repeating that 1914 found the country in two minds as to the chances of avoiding war, but with a deeper desire to escape from it than at any period since the climax of the Anglo-German confrontation. Our Foreign Office had little but praise for Germany's seconding of Sir Edward Grey's campaign of peace during the Balkan war. Germany had been more than 'correct'; and England entered on the earlier phase of the short and terrible encounter of July last in the firm belief that Berlin was prepared to offer another sacrifice to peace.

She was soon undeceived. The power of England to keep the peace fell from her hand as soon as it was clear that Germany was prepared to give Austria 'a free hand,' [1] and that the irresistible force coming from Berlin was one of propulsion, not of restraint. When again Germany's military policy pointed to the ruin of Belgium and the absorption by her of the three small independent States of western Europe, the never-long-dormant passion for nationality awoke, and the whole country, almost irrespective of political attachments, approved the war. It had had enough of propaganda by 'shining armor' and 'mailed fists.'

III

If, therefore, we remember that this was the mood in which our people accepted the war, we have a clue to the spirit in which they hope to end it. So far as the post-war diplomacy of the three great combatants of the Allies is concerned, I believe that its present exchanges of feeling and policy point to a moderate settlement. Even Russia has allowed it to be understood that she desires no spoil in the shape of German territory, and that her aspirations in the East point not to Constantinople as a neo-Russian capital so much as to the more modest and also traditional aim of a free passage through the Straits.

France has obvious reasons for desiring to avoid a war of exhaustion. For us, again, the idea of peace has come to centre round one field of vision: disarmament, and the enlargement of the sphere of international action. If the Allies fail, or half-succeed, a peace concluded with the Germans on French and Belgian soil, and with the Russian advance stayed on the frontier of Silesia, leaves Europe encumbered with a fresh crop of unreaped but ripening

[1] 'We therefore permitted Austria a completely free hand in her action towards Servia.' — *The German White Book.*

hatreds, and us, with still uninvaded soil, either plunged straightway into conscription, or engaged in a life-and-death struggle to avert it. The people would enter on that struggle in a mood of war-weariness and war-hatred in which every European nation would share, and an issue in favor of forced service would destroy the national unity, totally alter the character of our political institutions, and undermine the case on which, with a good conscience, the country embarked on a conflict for the ending of the Prussian military spirit. It is enough to repeat that, in my view, no existing British party would survive it without a fundamental and probably a revolutionary change.

But as the country assumes and believes in a victory for the Allies, it is of the utmost consequence to ensure that its deep underlying mood should find embodiment in the terms of peace. It is obvious that nothing which provides for a mere resumption of the war of naval estimates — 'the war of steel and gold' — would find an assenting party, for that implies the destruction of progressive England. But it is equally out of proportion to insist that the Allied powers should press for a cut-and-dried solution of the problem of armaments on the crude lines of destruction of the German fleet and naval arsenals. It would be far more pertinent that when the Prussian 'domination,' to use Mr. Asquith's phrase at the Guildhall, is ended, the Allies should summon and provide for a European Conference. To this assembly Germany, unlike the France of 1815, would necessarily be a party. The Conference would, of course, be a temporary instrument. But it would be specially charged with the constitution of a European or rather a world-Parliament, on which in turn would devolve the settlement of a new scale and a restricted use of purely national forces. Such an issue in itself excludes the notion of a dismembered Germany, taking over from France the seeds of revenge implanted by the Treaty of Frankfort. It is to this general end, with increasing agreement as to means, that Liberal sentiment in France, England, Belgium, and even Russia — mindful of the assistance offered by the Kaiser in 1905 for the crushing of the Russian revolution — is moving with no uncertain step.

The one hidden factor is the attitude of Germany after the war. It is there that the supreme danger and uncertainty of the situation rest.

TSINGTAU: THE SEQUEL TO PORT ARTHUR

BY GUSTAVUS OHLINGER

I

'THE Asiatic considers only superior force, and respects those only who he knows will use this superiority to the utmost limit. This respect we have won for ourselves in a signal manner, and it will bear fruit in the future.'

With this vaunt Count von Waldersee greeted his countrymen upon his return, in 1901, from Peking, where he had commanded the German East Asiatic Expedition. As an estimate of the Oriental the statement may well challenge criticism. Its importance lies, however, in the insight which it affords into the principles which have dominated German policy in the Far East.

German ships and subjects made their first appearance in China and Japan under British protection. In 1842, by the Treaty of Nankin, England had forced from China recognition for her subjects, and the United States and France followed her example with similar treaties two years later. A decade later still, Commodore Perry opened Japan to foreign intercourse. But it was not till 1860 that a Prussian squadron, on a diplomatic mission representing thirty-three German states, appeared in Eastern waters. Through the assistance and influence of Townsend Harris, the veteran American minister, a treaty was negotiated between Prussia and Japan. The other states of the Confederation were not included in the treaty, the Japanese plenipotentiaries, who were appalled by the long roster of names, not being prepared to grant treaties by wholesale. Similar assistance was rendered by the British and French representatives in the negotiation of a treaty with China. This treaty, in a secret article, obliged the Prussians to forego for a period of five years the right of diplomatic representation in Peking. During this interval, as before, the subjects of the various German states were glad to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the officials of friendly powers.

In 1866 the first Prussian minister arrived in Peking. He took up his residence in an exceedingly unpretentious building adjoining the British legation grounds. With 1871 there naturally came an accession of prestige, but for many years Germany's position was well represented by the humble quarters in which her diplomatic representative was lodged. Bismarck regarded the lack of vital interests in the Near and Far East as elements of advantage, allowing Germany to maintain a neutral attitude in the disputes of the European powers until such time as she could play her stake at the best odds. Moreover, a conciliatory foreign policy was necessary, in order, as he says in his *Memoirs*, 'To win the confidence, not only of the smaller European states, but also of the Great Powers, and to convince them that German policy will be just and peaceful, now that it has repaired the *injuria temporum*, the disintegration of the nation.' As expressions of this policy he explains the conciliating attitude of Germany with reference to the Caroline Islands and

Samoa. Until his retirement, therefore, Germany had no well-defined purpose of her own in the Orient, and politically she was a mere makeweight to the general policy of Great Britain.

But this period had not gone by without protest against such a *laissez-faire* attitude. Von Brandt, who represented the German government in Peking for nearly twenty years, repeatedly urged a more aggressive policy. He was particularly interested in the acquisition of a colony or naval station on the Asiatic coast, and this formed the subject of frequent memoranda to his government. At one time he visited the Island of Yezo, the northernmost of the four large islands of the Japanese group. He was at once impressed by its natural resources, its suitability for German immigration and settlement, and its desirability as a colony. These features he set forth in a lengthy report to his government, in which he stated that the island could readily be acquired by purchase, or, if need be, 'by force.'

II

With the accession of the present Kaiser there came a marked change in policy — a change which was emphasized by the disagreement with Bismarck and the Chancellor's retirement. The utterances of the Kaiser became the watchwords of a new era and a new spirit. The young Emperor conceived it to be his duty 'to extend and enlarge that which his predecessors had bequeathed to him'; 'Germany,' he said, 'must not be crowded out in the universal pressure toward the East' [Drang nach Osten]; Germany must have her 'place in the sun.' He would make himself an Oriental potentate, thereby emulating his imperial grandmother, who appealed to his imagination most profoundly as Empress of India.

Fortunately for his purposes, the Kaiser had inherited from the first Emperor and his Chancellor a long-standing friendship with Russia, and, with this, also a tradition of Russian greatness and power. The work of the Russian empire-builders was then drawing near completion. In 1858 the Czar's dominions had been extended along the left bank of the Amur River to the Pacific Ocean; in 1860 the maritime province of Manchuria, between the Ussuri River and the sea, was ceded by China, together with the use of the harbor of Vladivostock; in 1891 the construction of the Trans-Siberian railroad had been begun and the whole scheme of railroad development and territorial absorption had been launched which, in the schemes of Russia's statesmen, was to end only with the complete Russianization of Manchuria and Korea and the predominance of Russian influence throughout China. With this neighboring power, so far-reaching in policies, so irresistible in its advance, the Kaiser threw in his fortunes. For the next decade the threads of German policy in the Far East were closely interwoven with those of Russia. Every step taken by either power received the support of the other, and the advance was rapid.

The understanding was first put into practical effect during the Chinese-Japanese War. For many years the question of suzerainty over Korea had been a matter of dispute between the two neighboring empires. China had regarded Korea as a vassal state from time immemorial; Japan, realizing the designs of Russian policy and the weakness of the Chinese government, sought to establish Korea as an independent state. The real issue was between Japan and Russia, though it took the form of a war with China. Hostilities broke out on July 25, 1894; after a number of disasters, China was compelled

to sue for peace and Li Hung Chang was sent to Shimonoseki. The negotiations between these two powers, much to the disappointment of Germany, France, and Russia, were kept secret, Japan having no doubt detected a desire to interfere and being resolved to confront any protest with the *fait accompli*.

Her surmise was correct. When, on April 8, 1895, it became known that the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula formed one of the articles of peace, proposals for joint action to avert this result were sent by the Russian government to Berlin, Paris, and London. Germany and France assented, and on April 22, the ministers of the three countries in Tokio made representations to the Japanese government urging the retrocession of the peninsula, 'such territorial acquisition,' in their pious phrase, 'constituting a menace to the peace of the world.'

The answer of the Japanese government was delayed and might in the end have been unfavorable, had there not gone abroad the impression that the representations of the three powers, though couched in friendly terms, expressed a settled course of action. During the peace negotiations, the Russian fleet, assembled at Chefoo, made a demonstration which could leave no doubt in the minds of the Japanese that they were prepared to block any advance to Peking. Two German cruisers were also in the same port. To this was added the fact that the army and navy after the exertions of the past few months were not in a position to undertake new tasks.

Feeling that they had no other choice for the time than to bow to the inevitable, the Japanese government on May 10, 1895, notified the three powers of its compliance. The victors were obliged to satisfy themselves with an indemnity of 30,000,000 taels and promised to withdraw their troops from Port Arthur and Wei Hai Wei within three months after the payment of that sum. At the last moment Japan attempted to secure an assurance that the Liaotung Peninsula would never be ceded to any other power; but for some reason, which became apparent only in the subsequent aggressive policy of Germany and Russia, the attempt was unsuccessful.

III

With Japan foiled, the two powers were free to pursue their separate designs. By the Cassini Convention Russia secured the right to build her railroad across Manchuria, and also a contingent interest in Port Arthur and a possible lease of Kiao-Chao Bay. Germany immediately began preparations for the seizure of some harbor on the Chinese coast. An expert was sent to the East to report on some point that would satisfy the requirements of a naval station. At various times in 1896 and 1897 German gunboats visited Kiao-Chao Bay and took soundings and observations. This point was finally selected and its acquisition was definitely determined upon. The plan was communicated to the Russian government and received its approval. This was clearly stated by the Foreign Secretary, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, in a speech in the Reichstag toward the close of 1896. The interests of Germany and Russia, so the minister declared, were not confined to the European continent, 'and these extra-continental interests,' he continued, 'will in all probability furnish us an opportunity of acting in harmony with the power with which we coöperated last year.' Further confirmation of the thorough understanding between the two powers is found in the fact that the acquisition of Kiao-Chao by Germany was not regarded as in-

fringing in any way the rights in this same territory which Russia had acquired by the Cassini Convention. Everything was ready for the final coup when, by a happy providence, on November 1, 1897, two German missionaries were murdered in the western part of Shantung Province.

It happened that the unfortunate victims were members of a Catholic society which but a few years before had been expelled from Germany. This fact was now overlooked. In fact, the outrage was most opportune in furnishing Germany with a pretext for the execution of plans which had long been awaiting consummation. On November 10, 1897, a German squadron under the command of Admiral von Diederichs — he of Manila fame — arrived at the entrance of Kiao-Chao Bay and took up a position commanding the barracks and forts, and on the 14th a landing party took possession of the bay and the territory at its mouth, in the name of the German Emperor. On December 3 the large city of Kiao-Chao, twenty-five miles from the entrance to the bay, was captured, and the Chinese garrison compelled to evacuate. Cargoes of lumber and material began to arrive, and any idea that the German sojourn would be a short one was sufficiently refuted by the substantial barracks and dwellings which were rapidly erected.

With German forces already in possession, negotiations were opened at Peking. The German demands included: (1) An indemnity of two hundred thousand ounces of silver; (2) the rebuilding of a chapel; (3) the repayment of Germany's expenses incurred in the occupation; (4) the dismissal of the governor of Shantung from the public service; (5) The punishment of the murderers; (6) Germans to have the sole right to develop railroads and mines in Shantung Province and to have a lease of Kiao-Chao as a naval station.

On November 20 the first meeting between Baron von Heyking, the German minister, and the members of the Chinese Foreign Office took place. The Chinese requested that the negotiations be deferred until Kiao-Chao Bay had been evacuated by the German forces. This was met with a decisive refusal. The request was repeated at a subsequent interview, and met with the same answer. On the ground that information in regard to the negotiations was getting abroad, the German minister now demanded that further conferences take place in his legation. Li Hung Chang and his colleagues were therefore compelled to submit to the humiliation of repairing to the legation to discuss this outrage upon Chinese sovereignty. Finding their opponent unyielding, the Chinese negotiators waived the evacuation of Kiao-Chao, and contented themselves with the request that Admiral von Diederichs be instructed to act with moderation, as disaffection was brewing among the people. About this time it was reported that the Emperor had signified to the Grand Council his willingness to accede to articles 1, 2, and 5 of the German demands, but that as regarded the rest, he would lose his life and throne rather than give way to such preposterous claims. In their extremity, Li Hung Chang and his colleagues, recalling the friendly assistance given in 1895, had recourse to the Russian and French legations, but found these deaf to their entreaties.

Contemporaneously with the seizure of Kiao-Chao it had been decided in Berlin to dispatch a squadron to the Far East with reinforcements and supplies. This expedition was entrusted to Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother. In December, on the eve of the departure of the expedition, occurred the ban-

quet at Kiel, which has since become memorable. In a toast to the departing Prince, the Kaiser pointed out to him the objects of his mission:—

'May every European in those distant regions, may every German merchant, and above all may the foreigner on whose soil we are or with whom we shall have to deal, be made aware that the German Michael has finally planted his shield with the device of the German eagle upon the soil, in order once for all to give his protection to all who may ask it. And may our countrymen in those regions, be they merchants, or be their business what it may, rest assured that the protection of the German Empire implied by the German ships of war will be steadily vouchsafed them. But should any one essay to detract from our just rights or to injure us, then up and at him with your mailed fist, and if it be God's will, weave for your youthful brow a wreath of laurel which no one in all the German Empire will begrudge you.'

The Prince in reply, addressing His Majesty as 'Most August Emperor, Most Mighty King and Lord, Illustrious Brother,' spoke of the momentous epoch that had come to the nation and its deep significance for the navy, and assured him that neither fame nor laurel would have any charm for him. 'One aim draws me on — it is to declare in foreign lands the gospel of Your Majesty's hallowed person, to preach it to every one who will hear, and also to those who will not hear it. This gospel I will have inscribed on my banner, and I will inscribe it whithersoever I go.'

Meanwhile negotiations were proceeding in Peking. After wearying discussions leading to no conclusion, the Chinese negotiators finally, on January 2, 1898, assured Baron von Heyking that on the following day they would give him a definite answer. Instead of this, they appeared with all manner of excuses, alleging hopeless dissension among the members of the Tsungli Yamen. Thereupon the minister stated that he could have no further dealings with them, and the Chinese left the legation in great trepidation. On the next day Baron von Heyking appeared at the Tsungli Yamen. The interpreter of the legation read a speech in which the minister referred to the consequences of further protracting the negotiations, and declared that the time had come for them to decide upon their course. The speech made a strong impression, and was received in deep silence. At a sign from Prince Kung, one of the ministers rose and stated that his government would accede to all the German demands.

The Kiao-Chao Convention was finally signed on March 6, 1898. The preamble reads: 'The events connected with the mission in Shantung Province having been settled, the Imperial Chinese Government considers it fitting that it should in a special manner evidence its appreciation of the friendship which has always been manifested by Germany.' The Convention then goes on to state that, with the object of fulfilling the natural desire of the Kaiser to possess, like other powers, a naval station on the Chinese coast, the Emperor of China leases to Germany for a period of ninety-nine years the entire area of Kiao-Chao Bay at high water, including its islands, the islands commanding the entrance to the bay, and the lands on either side of the entrance within certain boundaries. Besides the above territory, within which Germany was to exercise full sovereignty, the Convention provides for a neutral zone surrounding the bay and extending inland fifty kilometers from high water. Within this zone China retained sovereignty, but no measures of any kind were to be taken without the con-

sent of the German government. The special privileges accorded Germany in Shantung included: (1) Concessions for three lines of railroad, one connecting Kiao-Chao with Chinan-fu, the capital, in the western part of the province; another connecting Kiao-Chao with Ichou-fu in the south; and a third connecting Ichou-fu and Chinan-fu; these lines to be constructed by a German-Chinese company. (2) The exclusive right to develop mines within a zone extending for fifteen kilometers on either side of the lines of railroad above described. (3) Preference to be given to German manufacturers and capitalists in all enterprises for the development of Shantung Province.

IV

The Kiao-Chao affair marks so decided a change in the relations of the powers to China that in order to appreciate its significance it is necessary to point out briefly the various phases through which those relations have passed since their inception. As already noted, foreign intercourse was first put upon a formal basis by the Treaty of Nankin, concluded between England and China in 1842. Previous to that event foreigners were treated as barbarians, as possessing no rights whatever, and were subjected to all the indignities that Chinese officials could cast upon them. Nor did the Treaty of Nankin bring about an immediate improvement. The Chinese were not prepared to regard foreign states or their representatives and subjects as in any degree their equals. The records of the treaty as well as of the subsequent treaties with the United States and France were relegated to provincial archives as unworthy of imperial notice, and the officials in their intercourse with foreign representatives did everything in the way of evasion, delay, and petty indignities, to manifest their contempt.

The intolerable attitude of the Chinese government brought on a second war. This culminated in 1860 in the occupation of Peking by the allied French and British — an event which marked the next phase in the relations of China with the powers. New treaties were made, and the Chinese government was compelled, at least outwardly, to abandon its previous position and to treat foreign governments on a basis of equality. Henceforth their representatives were allowed to reside in Peking and to negotiate directly with the Imperial Government through a Board of Foreign Affairs, known as the Tsungli Yamen, which was specially created for the purpose. Foreign governments, in their turn, though the weakness and imbecility of Chinese officialdom had been amply demonstrated, continued to treat China with all the deference due to a first-class power and a recognized member of the community of nations. Great concessions, it is true, were obtained by some of them from China, but the government was at least permitted to maintain the appearance of freedom of action, and its dignity was preserved. The period from 1860 to 1897 may therefore be characterized as one of mutual recognition on the part of China and the powers of their equal rights and dignities as independent states.

With the seizure of Kiao-Chao these relations passed into still another stage. The precipitate and inconsiderate action of the Germans proclaimed to the world that China was beyond the pale of international comity, and that henceforth she was to be regarded as the legitimate spoil of western powers. Within a month the example of the Germans was followed by the Russians at Port Arthur. In December, 1897, the Russian fleet took up its winter quarters in

the harbor, and with the prize already in her possession, Russia opened negotiations with the Chinese government. On March 27, 1898, three weeks after the signature of the Kiao-Chao Convention, an agreement was concluded which placed Russia in possession, not only of Port Arthur, but of Talienwan and the adjacent territories and waters, for a period of twenty-five years. Five days later Great Britain acquired the right to occupy Wei Hai Wei for such time as Russia might remain in Port Arthur. In the same month, France obtained a lease of the Bay of Kwang Chow Wan on the southern coast of China, opposite the Island of Hainan. Even Italy, a power which so far had hardly been heard in Chinese affairs, instructed her naval officers to select some desirable harbor and then began to clamor for the possession of an inlet on the coast of Chekiang. The Empire, indeed, seemed to have become the unhappy victim of an exciting game of grab among the powers. As the Empress Dowager expressed it in a decree published early in 1900: 'The various powers cast upon us looks of tiger-like voracity, hustling each other in their endeavors to be the first to seize upon our inmost territory.'

All these accumulated disasters the officials and the educated Chinese traced directly to the seizure of Kiao-Chao. The assurance with which the Germans had planted their standard upon Chinese soil was a painful wound to Chinese pride. That stood forth as an example of colossal highhandedness, and supplied the precedent and excuse for all these subsequent aggressions. The antipathy toward foreigners latent in their minds was stirred to a bitter enmity, which awaited only an opportunity for expression.

So far as the common people were concerned, it is not likely that without other causes the seizure of a few ports would have been sufficient to instigate them generally to acts of violence. So long as they were not interfered with, the people in the interior would doubtless have gone their way, leaving their countrymen in the immediate neighborhood of the alienated territories to adapt themselves to the new conditions as best they could. But the Kiao-Chao Convention provided for special mining and railroad concessions throughout the Province of Shantung. A district sacred to the traditions of Confucius, which previously had seen but few foreigners, now became the field of operation for engineers and prospectors. To the natives the strangers seemed to be asserting very substantial proprietary rights over the entire country.

Railroad construction was carried on with a peculiar disregard for their prejudices and even for their rights. Shantung, like the other provinces of China, is dotted with graves which are regarded by the people with a religious veneration. These were frequently violated. The railroad embankment in places was constructed without adequate provision for drainage, and large areas were inundated during the heavy rains. More than once during 1899 and 1900 the operations were interrupted by armed resistance. The whole countryside would rise in revolt, expel the engineers and workmen, and fortify their villages against a return of the intruders. Usually a body of German troops with machine guns would be dispatched to the disaffected district, and the road would be cleared after severe skirmishing. In fact, the mailed fist was rapidly becoming a stern reality to a large part of the population of Shantung.

V

The hostility to the Germans, and incidentally to all foreigners, now took tangible form in the society which has

since come to be known as the Boxers. It is unnecessary to recount the dreary list of murders, attacks, and pillagings which crowded the years 1898 and 1899 as harbingers of the storm which was to break in fury in 1900. Suffice it to remark that with but few exceptions these outbreaks occurred in Shantung Province, within an area which is roughly bounded by the routes of the three lines of railroad provided for in the Kiao-Chao Convention. From this area it spread westward to Szechuen, and early in 1900 north to Chihli. By June, 1900, the legations in Peking were cut off from the rest of the world and were in a state of siege. A few days later Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was murdered while on his way to the Tsungli Yamen. He had been singled out by the Chinese for special vengeance, and he undoubtedly fell a victim to the high-handed policy which Germany had pursued.

While the occupants of the legations were fighting for their very lives against fearful odds, and while Admiral Seymour was vainly endeavoring with his inadequate force to cut his way through to Peking, the British government approached the other powers with the proposal that in view of the extremity of the situation the Japanese government be requested, on behalf of the powers, to embark at once an army sufficient for the immediate relief of Peking. The proposal received the cordial support of the United States. Russia and Germany, however, held aloof, arguing against giving any power 'a mandate for separate action on any special condition or any claim to a preponderating voice in guidance based upon the relative amount of force supplied or the services rendered to the common cause.' The fact is, Russia discerned in the crisis an admirable opportunity for perfecting her schemes in Manchuria. The Kaiser saw in it the means of gratifying his aspirations for increased power and prestige. Humanitarian considerations had to wait upon the demands of German and Russian policy.

In the meantime Germany was preparing an expedition which should eclipse any foreign army that had ever appeared in the Far East. A force of seventeen thousand men, drawn from all branches of the service, and known as the German East Asiatic Expeditionary Corps, was organized. On July 27, 1900, the first transport sailed from Bremerhaven, the Kaiser bidding the men farewell in the following words: 'Remember when you meet the foe that quarter will not be given, and that prisoners will not be taken. Wield your weapons so that for a thousand years no Chinese will dare to look askance at a German. Pave the way once for all for civilization. Good-bye, my comrades.'

There were now present in North China, in varying strengths, German, British, French, American, Japanese, Russian, Italian, and Austrian contingents. As all were ostensibly pursuing the same object, namely, the relief of the legations, circumstances seemed to point to a united command. Thereupon the Russian government approached the powers with the suggestion that a commander-in-chief over all the allied forces in China be selected. The suggestion, however, was coupled with the stipulation that the united command should apply only to the troops engaged in Chihli, Russia reserving to herself the right of independent action in the portions of the Empire bordering her own territory and her railroad, leaving other powers similar freedom of action 'where their own territory and special interests were more immediately concerned.'

The proposal was an important part of the Russo-German programme, and

never did two powers play into each other's hands more effectively. The situation, too, was favorable. It was claimed that England would never consent to placing her troops under either a Russian or a French commander; on the other hand, neither Russia nor France would consent to British leadership. As a matter of principle, the United States would not undertake the task, as it would lead her too far afield from her announced policy. Japan, an Asiatic nation, could hardly lay claim to the chief command over troops the majority of whom were European. By a process of elimination, the choice seemed to fall on Germany, not because the German commander would be the most acceptable, but because less objection could be raised to his appointment than to any other.

By the end of July the Kaiser and the Czar had agreed upon the appointment of Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee as commander-in-chief of the allied forces. The appointment was announced to the world, with special emphasis upon the fact that it had received the approval of the Czar. In his farewell speech to the count, the Kaiser again alluded to the subject by saying, 'It is of great significance that your appointment from the outset received the support and approval of the Emperor of all the Russias, the mighty ruler who makes his power felt throughout the continent of Asia. This again shows how closely united are the traditions in arms of the two empires.'

Admiral Seymour was compelled by insurmountable obstacles to abandon his expedition to Peking. By August 7, however, reinforcements had arrived at Tientsin, and a new force composed of Japanese, Russians, British, Americans, and French took up the march to the capital. On the 14th they reached Peking and the legations were saved. The first ships of the German East Asiatic Expedition were hardly under way when this news was flashed around the world. Before the German commander-in-chief had started, the United States, Japan, and England were already preparing to withdraw their troops from the North. When Count von Waldersee arrived at Taku toward the end of September, he met the transports of Japan and the United States preparing to reëmbark their contingents. The United States took no part in the subsequent military operations, if they can be dignified by this term, nor were our troops ever placed under the orders of the German commander. In fact, except for the usual bands of marauders, there was no one left to fight. With the capture of Peking the Boxer hordes had vanished like the morning mists. There seemed little for the Germans to do except to make themselves comfortable in winter quarters and digest their chagrin as best they could.

On October 17, escorted by officers and men from the various contingents, Count von Waldersee made his public entry into the capital. Before the relief of the legations the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, and the entire court had fled, and the count now decided to take up his headquarters in the Winter Palace. This occupies the western portion of the imperial inclosure in the centre of the Manchu city of Peking. It is separated from the rest of the palace grounds by a lotus pond which is crossed by two bridges, one of marble, the other of wood.

The ceremonial of the court had reserved the wooden bridge for the exclusive use of the Emperor himself, nor had any one been allowed to enter the imperial inclosure except on foot. But now the deserted courts of the palace resounded with hoofbeats, and the sacred precincts were thronged with German soldiers. Count von Waldersee

crossed to the Winter Palace over the wooden passageway, while a salute was fired from the marble bridge. These measures had the desired effect on the natives. Long after, in remote regions of Mongolia, where the German name hitherto had never been heard, it was said about the camp-fires that a German general was now Emperor of China; for did he not live in the palace at Peking?

The only military operations having been concluded before the arrival of the expeditionary corps, the German troops were obliged to content themselves with police duty. An expedition to the city of Paotingfu and another to the city of Kalgan were organized. Numerous patrols were sent over the province. These soon degenerated into the so-called punitive expedition which became a feature of the German occupation. Every petty officer seemed to have a cartel to devastate the country and levy on the inhabitants. Villages that had been used as Boxer headquarters, or where arms were discovered, were burned to the ground and the inhabitants killed or driven away. Of the indemnities collected, no estimate can be formed. An assault on a German soldier, a reported conspiracy, or the grievances of native Christians, furnished sufficient excuse for demanding money payments or for proceeding to harsher measures.

The necessary result of the German policy was a condition of anarchy which soon prevailed throughout the Province of Chihli. Though no attempt was made to replace it, the Chinese civil authority was prostrated. The native troops upon whom the government relied for the suppression of disorder and brigandage had been driven out of the province in pursuance of Von Waldersee's programme. The officials were not even allowed to keep arms and ammunition. Nor could they be expected to inspire a respect for authority among their own countrymen when their own dignity was liable to be assailed at any moment by foreign officers and soldiers. Repeatedly magistrates were haled before military officers, their conduct was inquired into, and they themselves were subjected to punishment.

The German soldiers soon wearied of the life in China. The duty to which they were assigned was a disappointing anticlimax to their anticipations of stubborn encounters and hard-fought fields which would go down in history along with the exploits of 1870. By the spring of 1901 all the other contingents had been withdrawn. The Germans were thus left in conspicuous isolation and their departure could not long be delayed. In June Count von Waldersee left Peking and preparations were made to bring back the expedition.

With regard to its ostensible object — the suppression of disorder and the restoration of peace — the expedition had been an unqualified failure. It arrived on the scene too late to be of any practical service, and the policy pursued by Von Waldersee intensified and prolonged the disorder in North China. The return of the court to Peking, which was generally regarded as the preliminary to a final settlement, was delayed by the presence of the German troops. The ulterior object of the expedition — to furnish a striking object-lesson of the power and resource of Germany — was undoubtedly attained. Districts in which the name of Germany had never been heard were made acquainted with the Kaiser's soldiery, and long afterwards ruined hamlets and gaping walls were eloquent reminders of a new name in the peasant vocabulary. In the final adjustment the entire expense for the expedition was saddled upon China, thus greatly burdening her resources and

delaying a return to normal conditions. The German indemnity was exceeded only by the Russian, and nearly the entire amount of the 272,000,000 marks was represented by the cost of this unnecessary and baleful expedition.

VI

The German Expeditionary Corps, far out of proportion to the other contingents or to Germany's real interest, pointed to ulterior objects. These soon became apparent. As a result of the agreement reached in London in 1898 between the German and British railroad syndicates, the Yangtze valley had come to be regarded as the sphere of British influence, while the Province of Shantung was assigned to Germany. The British government, however, declared its unalterable purpose of maintaining the principle of the open door. In 1900 the two governments subscribed a memorandum in which they pledged themselves to preserve equality of opportunity for all nations in Chinese territory. The news of this agreement was hailed with enthusiasm in Japan. The government saw therein the opportunity for joint action with Germany and England in arresting the Russian advance. At its request the Japanese government was permitted to subscribe the declaration on the same basis as the original signatories.

The memorandum, on its face, seems to contain a declaration of principles applicable to all Chinese territory. From the first, however, all well-informed organs of public opinion in Germany repudiated the idea that it had any application to Manchuria. Some journals, generally regarded as officially inspired, went so far as to say that the agreement formed an important part of the Russo-German programme, and that it left Russia free to work out her plans in Manchuria while keeping the way open for her to the heart of China, whither Russian influence was being extended by the construction of the Peking-Hankow railroad, — the latter ostensibly a Belgian enterprise.

The German expedition was vital to this programme. It enabled the two governments to hold in check Great Britain, Japan, or any other power that might protest, while Russia pursued unmolested her schemes of assimilation in Manchuria. On the arrival of the German troops, Russia, ostentatiously disclaiming any designs upon Chinese territory, announced her intention of withdrawing her forces. They were withdrawn — but to Newchwang, the seaport of Manchuria. From this base the Russian troops moved northward to meet two armies that were sweeping southward from Siberia. By the end of the year every important strategic position between the Yellow Sea and the Amur River had been occupied by the Czar's forces, the railroads were lined with troops, the Chinese telegraphs appropriated, and Manchuria, to all intents and purposes, was a Russian province. Thereupon a convention sanctioning these aggressions was demanded of China. The terms proposed immediately aroused a storm of protest. The United States issued a circular note stating that it was inexpedient for the Chinese government to make any separate agreement with any power while the negotiations for an adjustment of the Boxer troubles were still in progress. The Anglo-German agreement was called to mind, and popular opinion in England and Japan looked to it as a bulwark against the threatened appropriation. Germany now came to the support of her confederate. Whatever delusions might have been entertained with regard to the scope of the agreement were soon dispelled by Count von Bülow. In a

speech in the Reichstag, the Imperial Chancellor announced that the agreement had no application to Manchuria; that there were no German interests there; and that nothing could concern Germany less than the fate of that province.

The Russo-German conspiracy was thus revealed. The German East Asiatic Expedition had been organized and sent out as a part of a general scheme of aggression. China paid the entire expense, and in return was to have the privilege of seeing other powers held in check while she was despoiled of her northern provinces. By its means the Russian annexation of Manchuria was to be accomplished and the German Empire in Northern China founded, with the possibility, in the end, of a German viceroy or resident in Peking. Only the complete collapse of the Boxer uprising, which removed any pretext for the continued presence of the German army, together with the decided stand taken by the United States, prevented the consummation of the plan.

In Japan, however, the sense of injury caused by the action of Germany in 1895 was intensified. She had assisted in robbing the nation of the fruits of her victory only to facilitate their appropriation by her rival.

But the issue was now clear before the world — a China with closed markets partitioned out between the powers, or a China with territory intact developing an enlightened nationality and patriotism and offering equal opportunity to all. On the one side were ranged Germany and Russia; on the other, the United States, England, and Japan; the opposing ideas — Russian bureaucracy, German military despotism, refined materialism, the exploitation of the inferior for the benefit of the so-called superior, the doctrine of the superman and of the mailed fist, as against racial and territorial integrity, national enlightenment, and popular government.

VII

Events now moved rapidly. While Russia was pouring her soldiers into Manchuria and fortifying Port Arthur, Germany proceeded with equal energy to strengthen her position in Shantung. The old village of Tsingtau had been razed, and, as if by magic, a town of German architecture took its place. The harbor was developed, wharves built, and all the appliances for handling a large commerce installed. A dry dock was brought out from Germany. The railroad was pushed to completion, and by 1904 was in operation. Five million dollars, according to official accounts, which probably do not include all appropriations, were spent in fortifying the heights commanding the entrance of Kiao-Chao Bay, and a garrison of three thousand men placed behind the guns. In order that German interests might be independent of the British cable lines, the government, in conjunction with the government of Holland, organized and subsidized a new company. In 1904 a cable was laid from Shanghai to Jap, an island in the Caroline Group. At Guam connection was made with the American Pacific Cable. Another cable was laid from Shanghai to Tsingtau, Chefoo, and Tientsin. German shipping was assisted with subsidies, and German commerce encouraged by every facility the government could provide.

Japan's preparation was just as energetic, and even more thorough. Much is being said to-day of Germany's mission as a civilizing power whose destiny demands that she impose her so-called 'Kultur' upon all mankind. Germany can boast at least one foster child that has more than profited by her instruction. Japan's military sys-

tem, to its minutest details, was borrowed from Germany; during the Russo-Japanese war, she employed the same methods of espionage that are puzzling the Allies to-day; Japanese jurisprudence is the work of German professors; her scientists, physicians, and technologists are the products of German schools; in commerce she has adopted German methods, and she is Germany's most dangerous competitor in the sundry 'muck-and-truck' trade of the Orient. In fact, the very resources which Japan was to marshal, first against Port Arthur, and ten years later against Tsingtau, were developed under German tutorship. At the same time, Japan is the most striking refutation of Germany's claim to universal empire. The intellectual debt of the Mikado's people should have produced a feeling of kinship far stronger than treaties. But it is the defect of German materialism, as well as of the philosophy of the mailed fist, that it fails to awaken any spiritual response.

VIII

Sooner than was expected, the issue was submitted to the arbitrament of war. When, in February, 1904, the Japanese torpedo flotilla appeared off Port Arthur, the world knew that the inevitable conflict had begun. With ill-concealed partisanship, Germany watched the struggle. Had she dared, she would gladly have taken part. The fall of Port Arthur, the sea fight of Tsushima, and the battle of Moukden, put an end to the dream of Russian empire in Manchuria.

'Bismarck wrong again,' we can imagine the Kaiser saying to himself, as he surveyed the Russian disaster and realized how completely the traditions of Russian military power had been shattered. The downfall of her ally left Germany isolated as the only power whose policy in the Orient demanded partition. But that policy was now obsolete. It was only a question of time when Germany would be compelled to withdraw the mailed fist. Historically, it is only a step from Port Arthur to the surrender of Tsingtau.

Meanwhile another force had been gathering momentum. The Boxer deluge had left behind it in China an awakened national consciousness which year by year sought more intelligent and effective expression. The years following 1900 were marked by an intellectual awakening, such as had never been known. The victories of Japan gave it an added stimulus. Students went abroad by the thousands; hundreds of foreign books were translated into Chinese; newspapers were established, and found everywhere eager readers.

Young China had learned that foreign railroads and foreign loans were potent instrumentalities of aggression; no more concessions should be granted, existing railroads should be repurchased, and China should incur no further obligations to European bankers. Foreign institutions were studied, and far-reaching reforms in government and in administration were introduced. Provincial legislative assemblies were established, an imperial parliament was projected, and finally, the republic was inaugurated. The new enlightenment would in the end have been just as effective as Japanese arms in opposing German policy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE QUESTION

EVEN we who are neutrals in this war have been struck as with a bludgeon. Bewilderment succeeds bewilderment, and we Americans drift on scarce knowing what to think, much less what part to play. The magical words, 'America's opportunity,' are on every man's tongue; yet none can interpret them. In us the blood of pioneers is not yet run out. Instinctively we feel the need for action. We give gladly, bountifully, stretching out our hands to stricken Belgians, comforting them as if they were our own. We fit out our ships of mercy. We equip hospitals and ambulances. Our hands are busy, and we find solace in activity. But ever before our eyes are vaster problems. As they gradually take shape, clearer and still more clear, it is our sacred duty to face them, not haphazard, not confused, but with steady purpose and definite resolve.

Right in this nation's path must stand the peace which will conclude this war. If the Teutons win decisively, that peace will be signed in London or in Paris. Then America's opinion will not be asked. Shall it be expressed? If that day comes, that grave decision must be made, and it will determine the future of the United States. Either we shall remain a people whose ideals of liberty, of culture, and of life prove that we are indissolubly bound to the English-speaking nations of the earth, working in our individual American fashion at the vast common task of Anglo-Saxon civilization, or we must live on in isolation, striving intensively to maintain our ideals, but never spreading them beyond our borders. Then, though we keep our own lamp burning, we must watch the lights of the Anglo-Saxon world go out, one by one, along the seven seas. There stand the alternatives. Are we prepared to face them?

If the Allies write the treaty of peace in Berlin, another problem rises in its place. Shall we acquiesce, though the mounting passion of triumphant nations force a peace more cruel than the war? Shall we watch in silence the barriers of liberalism razed before the advance of Russia's autocracy? Or shall we find means to make our influence felt on the side of wisdom and of moderation? Shall the only great peaceful power in the world help to make peace effectual? There is another choice. Are we prepared to face it?

Again, the war may not be decisive. Famine and penury may be the only victors. Then may not the treaty be the Peace of Washington? Shall not we, then, with malice toward none, so frame our powerful advice that a treaty may result conceived in the spirit — we might almost say dedicated to the memory — of Lincoln? These are the questions which destiny soon may ask. What shall our answer be?

Great nations are built on great ideas. Rome meant Law. England has meant Liberty. The high significance of Germany is Efficiency. Equal Justice and Opportunity to each is still the vision of America. Cannot that vision, which more than once in our history has seemed so near fulfillment, be steadfastly brought to pass? May we not see a generation trained to serve the state and paid in honor for that

service? May not our national conscription be not for military but for industrial service, the service of a year, perhaps, when common toil shall teach the rich the cost of labor and make the poor man wise in the economic law; when each for each shall learn democracy? Cannot we finally decide that the flag shall not follow commerce to embroil us with our neighbors, and that capital which seeks high returns beyond our borders takes its own risk? Cannot we hope that national seriousness will increase as national egoism grows beautifully less? Is it not possible to shift the scale of values and let honor and respect wait only upon achievement and character? Little by little, then, shall we renew our faith in democracy. Little by little, shall we help once more to build the civilization of the world.

THE REAL COST OF DRESSING

THE figures given in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, showing the prices women pay for clothes, are startling; but may it not be true that the real cost of dressing is not money, chiefly, but time and anxious thought? A woman spends more or less money on dress, according to her income; probably neither the very rich nor the very poor spend out of proportion to their income. Nearly all women, however, except the miserably poor who do not 'dress' at all, but simply cover their nakedness, give more time to clothes than they can afford. Whatever our condition in life, we all must live on twenty-four hours a day. Of those hours, clothes claim more than their due.

Yesterday I was calling on a friend who lives in a fashionable New York apartment. She told me she went every morning for a 'fitting.'

I protested.

'You mean in the spring and fall, when you are getting your things, don't you?'

'No; I mean every day, through the eight winter months. It's an awful nuisance. No wonder I'm a nervous wreck. I wish John would let me wear ready-made things. It's absurd, but it's a fact that I hardly ever go through the day without going either to the tailor or the dressmaker, or to try on hats or shoes or corsets. I have a good many things made between seasons, when the prices are lower. And I have to squeeze in time to go shopping; for while I buy very little in the shops, I want to see what the new imported things look like, and go to the openings. I've found a dear little Frenchwoman who makes all my lingerie,' — my friend wears lingerie, not underwear, — 'and very cheaply, too, considering the exquisite work she does, but she expects me to tell her just how I want everything done, and to choose designs for the embroidery, and to buy the lace and ribbon; and of course I try on every garment. Stockings and veils are about the only things I can get ready-made, and it takes a lot of time selecting them. Don't you think the new veils are awfully trying?'

I hurried away to conceal my ignorance of the new veils, and went up town to look up an old school friend whom I had not seen for twenty years, and who had lately come to live in New York. I remembered her as a clever girl, with a gift for music.

'Oh, dear, no, I never go to concerts and picture exhibitions,' she said. 'To tell the truth I don't do anything all day long but make clothes, and mend them, and remodel them, and go to bargain sales, and hunt up cheap dressmakers. John teases me, and says I wear my brains on my back, but he ought to be glad I'm not wearing every dollar he earns. I'm not extravagant,

and I don't run up bills or buy finery that I'd wear once and then throw away. I wash my lace blouses myself, and my silk stockings, and I make all my underclothes by hand.

'New York is mighty hard on your clothes. Of course I'm a good deal of a stranger, and I have n't many invitations, and so don't need so large a wardrobe as I did in Dallas, but still I have to dress better than I did there. The standard is higher. There never is a time when you can just put on any old thing. In New York people dress up to go to market, or to early church. When John takes me to the theatre I've got to look nice, or I could n't enjoy the play. If I walk down the Avenue in a suit that is n't just right, I am self-conscious and pessimistic. I see nothing but the reflection of my "tacky" self in the big windows. I simply must dress well, if it takes all my time. Is n't the war news awful? I've read only the headlines, but won't it be funny if next year we have to get our fashions from Berlin?'

On the way home, in the street-car, I heard two high-school girls talking.

'Did you pass in algebra? I only got 55 for a mark. Ain't it a shame! And I have n't written my essay, either. I have n't had no time to go to the Library to look up anything. Mother said I could n't go to the Hallowe'en dance without I made my costume myself, and my new shirtwaist I'm embroidering has just loads of work on it, and oh! you just ought to see my new tailor suit. I copied it from an awfully swell dress I saw in the movies, and I spent four whole afternoons chasing round before I could find a little tailor that was willing to press it, after I'd made it myself. It's some suit, if I do say it.'

I got off the car, reflecting gloomily on the vanity of my sex, stopped at a shop on 'the Avenue' to satisfy my curiosity about the 'new veils,' bought one, after about twenty minutes' indecision, and then went home and spent an hour dressing for dinner.

'UNIFORMS FOR WOMEN'

I HAVE to confess that after reading Mr. George's article, 'Uniforms for Women,' in the November *Atlantic*, the two questions chiefly abiding with me were whether his uniform $2.50 straw hat would be trimmed with buttercups or daisy-wreaths; and what in the world 'very doggy' might convey to the British mind. My visions of Fifth Avenue bobbing and seething with endless buttercups, of a trolley-car likewise bristling with buttercups, of a church auditorium quivering summer and winter with prayerful buttercups, were equaled only by a dream of a ballroom swaying with 'stuff of good quality, hanging in straight folds,' which is to say, many meal-sacks all in the same color, of some excellent durable material like tweed or broadcloth. Would any of these costumes be 'very doggy,' I wonder?

But it is not fair by Mr. George's intention and conclusion to mock too lightly at him for betraying a delightful masculine ignorance of feminine A B C's; though he plans for us a wardrobe so frugal that we should almost have to go to bed while its articles were washed and pressed, and even denies us our faint echo of the bright jewels that have shone on the necks of queens and tinkled on the wrists of gypsies since the world was young. For he is beyond argument in his main contention that many women, rich and poor, spend an unreasonable and criminal amount of time and of money on their garments. Fashion is a witless and noxious goddess. The appearance of her devotees is often neither modest nor

useful nor beautiful, and the effects of her worship reach far into the economic and social problems of the day. It is true that a 'mental baseness' develops in those women whose sole ideal is to keep up with the style, — to be 'smart'; just as it does in those men whose end in life is money, money, and a bigger, newer automobile than anybody else has.

But it is hard to believe, as Mr. George would have us, that woman's determining motive for dress is 'to insult and humiliate her sisters.' Women are not all cats. If they are, why is Mr. George a Feminist, looking forward to a world inspired and controlled by these same feline monsters? There are many women, faithful in their homes and in the business world, who dress fashionably for the same simple reasons that constrain a man to wear a clean collar and get a shave and a shine with ordinary regularity. It is true that false social standards demand far too much of them, but that is not the fault of their own selfish vanity.

No doubt to these women, usually the best and most efficient of their sex, any relief from the overstrain after silly conformity would be welcome. Therefore, — taking them as true and reasonable representatives of feminine ideals, — why not, indeed, a uniform? Trained nurses, deaconesses, Salvation Army lasses, wear their garb without self-consciousness and loss of whatever charm is theirs by nature. Why is it that the idea of a rigidly standardized uniform for all women strikes us as so impossible that we are laughing at it before we have given it the thought it deserves?

I think that the most general reason for our laughter is at the same time the most compelling one. It's the 'natur' of the critter' that seems an eternal obstacle in the way of regulating women's clothes or motives. Probably men's clothes could be much more strictly uniform than they are, and no one would wink an eyelash; but women's? As a young husband said with a smile when his wife apologized for some needless pleasant vanity, 'Why not? I was n't marrying a man, was I?'

It is true that the male birds and beasts, and the almost equally primitive male human animals of savage tribes, surpass the female in gayety of feathers and crests, beads and stripes; but as the race emerges from its childhood, the eternal youth of the spirit seems to be left largely in the keeping of women. They retain the shining, shifting, fluent quality that is their characteristic strength and weakness, even while they try to grow in power and wisdom. The woman who does not love color and ornament and certain happy elemental playthings is not often the one to whom men and children turn for affection and understanding.

Uniforms for women? Put them all in neat hats, and navy-blue orphan-asylum suits with short skirts and stout boots (that is my vision, perhaps an offensive one to Mr. George, whose pardon I pray), — young and old, fat and thin, dark and fair, — it is so funny that once more I forget that the suggestion is intended to remedy a real and biting evil.

When would the standardization begin? The very babies in their bassinets must conform, too. Wouldn't every little girl in the city be out in the Public Gardens sticking dandelions in her hair, and robbing the tulip beds, just to find something to 'dress up in'? And would n't many a sensible woman have a secret uncensored collection of silken wrappers and soft slippers, into which she might slide with a sigh of relief, as if she were coming back to herself from the worthy and direful uniform? Or would no secret 'flimsies' be

allowed: only a stout gray blanket wrapper, for each woman the world over?

The financial side of the argument seems presented less cogently than it might be, because Mr. George draws his statistics of the cost of dress from the extreme expenditures of society women, and the silly ones who deliberately ape them. He might have asked the wife of the Professor in the Small College how much the evening gown that she wears to the Faculty receptions costs. The woman who teaches, who nurses, who paints or writes or does social work, — what has she to do with thousand-dollar evening gowns and furs worth a king's ransom? Between the rich with their extravagance and the cheap poor with their equal folly, lies a great class of women who, it is true, would like to dress well if they could afford it, but who address themselves to life with no less joy and zest because they cannot. A few statistics from them would bring Mr. George's figures down to a more moderate scale. It is not fair, in such a quest, to cite any individual case as typical. The lady of multitudinous night-gowns and she of feathery shoes are not on the calling-list of most of us who read the *Atlantic*, though no doubt we could find their equals if we set out to search.

No, — a uniform, no matter how wisely chosen for use and beauty and economy, would not solve the difficulty. If it were not perfectly standardized, — more so than men's costume, — it would fail of its purpose from the start. If it were, it would make the world a little more of a factory and a little less of a flower garden. And more than all, no uniform will produce more efficient, thoughtful, unselfish, and high-minded women. You cannot effect such changes from the outside in.

It must go deeper than a uniform. It must be that the very spirit of women shall be set free from the gripping, frivolous hand of Fashion. Some great inward illumination must show them their responsibility as the physically creative and spiritually unifying element in society, and must make them willing to share more of men's cares with their hearts if not with their heads. Then they will see life as a wider stage than a platform for their own peacock struttings, and they will need no uniforms. Their clothes may be beautiful or ugly, costly or cheap as gunny-sack, but they will never be at the expense of any one's good or joy or progress.

The millennium? Yes. But I do not think it any less likely to come than the day of uniforms.

It is not possible to keep from laughing, graceless as my laughter is. A Feminist world in gaiters: I see it solemnly and efficiently on parade. My private Millennial Feminist world is full of white and russet and green and blue and rose and gold, with many a jewel-gleam and soft silken shimmer: an impossible world, I know.

But away with boots and gaiters and hats by the million! Away with stuff hanging in endless straight folds! Votes for Women, — yes, surely in good time, — but uniforms! The stars in their courses cry out, and laugh!

UNIFORMS FOR MEN

Mr. George's wholesale condemnation of the female sex in regard to dress, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, interested me very much. He imputes the same motives, desires, and greed to us all, in all walks of life. I should like to ask him if he has ever contemplated the Service wife.

He says that he would any day exchange his lounge suit for the uniform of a guardsman. In the light of this statement it is interesting to compare

the comparative expenditures on dress of army officers and their wives. Take for example the pay of a junior lieutenant in our United States Cavalry — $1700 a year. He is required to have the following uniforms (and with constant wear in the saddle these do not last as a civilian's business suit does): —

Two olive-drab uniforms: one heavy weight, $50, and one light weight, $45. Olive-drab overcoat, $75, and cap, $4. Two pairs russet boots, $20 each; one pair black boots, $25. Blue uniform, $50, and cap, $12. Mess jacket, $40. Cape, $50. Full dress, $100. Social full dress, $100.

All compulsory! Also there are numberless incidentals, and the officer must own a few civilian suits as well. There is, too, a constant change in regulations. For instance, last year's cap will not do for this year; and recently the army gave up khaki for olive drab. Gold lace shoulder-knots cost $15, and are easily tarnished and must be replaced. Will there be much left over to give the Army wife a chance to dress extravagantly?

I ask Mr. George to visit any army post. He will find there happy women simply dressed, content to see their lords — well-groomed and gorgeous chanticleers — strutting in uniforms.

THE HOUSE AND THE HILL

It is an old New England hillside. I say 'old' because it usually feels old to me. Its patches of low huckleberry bushes, to be sure, bear every year new and shiny berries, the wild roses straying over its rocks bloom as fresh and sweet as if the whole hillside had been late-created, as though God had only thought of it last May. But those same berry patches have been here for generations, and the gnarled little rose-bushes which bear the tender blossoming shoots are, perhaps, as old as the giant chestnuts near them. The chestnuts themselves are more obviously old, though they toss their creamy plumes of blossom each July afresh, and the rocks — the hillside, being truly of New England, is almost all rock —are older still.

Now and then, walking slowly up one of the faint cow-paths that wind among huckleberry and sumach, I have picked up an Indian arrow-head lying under a ledge as though dropped there but yesterday. It is as if a wave of the retreating past had swept up and licked about my feet, and I am set wondering about the past yet more remote — so remote that its waves can never stir me with even the tiniest left-over wave of reminiscence.

I have always loved the hill. I felt that I knew it well, and through knowledge and affection had, in a sense, earned the right to call it mine. One day, I set up a little canvas house upon it — one room only, with windows on all sides. And when I entered it and looked out upon my hill I found that something had happened. The hillside had become 'outdoors.' It had become this in a new way because I had created, in its midst, 'indoors.' Hitherto, as I wandered here, or sat on its rocks, or lay on its thinly grassed sides, I had thought little about its aspects, I had never really held it from me to think about it at all; I had been a part of it, like the wasps among the berries or the bees among the roses. But now suddenly I found that I was holding it away from me.

Perhaps I had lost something; certainly I had gained something. For, as I looked out through the wide, low windows, I found it more beautiful than it had ever been before — more vivid, more thrilling. There was the Western outlook, — the hillside falling steeply away toward the gay green of the swamp meadow below, the lane

winding at its foot up the opposite hill toward the huddle of gray roofs under dark maples. I had never noticed how the lane 'composed' with roofs and maples and swamp. There was the Southern, — sloping in a tenderer curve, past wood-edges pushing in on both sides, toward the distance where a deep green hill rose into the sky. There was the Eastern, — a level pasture full of rocks and huckleberries and bounded by woods whose shadows baffled the eye. There was the Northern, — the rock ledges of silver-gray, rising rough against the blue, with deep-green cedars set stiffly about, and clumped thorn-bushes which in the autumn would be gay with berries. It seemed as if I had never really seen cedars until I saw them framed by the window of my house — delightful New England trees that they are, prim and uncompromising, rough and yet conventional, a little scratchy even to the eye, yet full of a real distinction in the completeness of their individuality. And sensitive! Responsive in their color to every change of the sky or season, responsive in their delicate sea-weed-like tips to each breath of wind, and swaying to the bigger gusts with their whole stiff, spiring height.

Yet it is not the first time I have had this experience. Often, as I have walked along a country road, idly pleased with the world about me, I have passed an old barn, with great doors flung wide, front and back, so that one could look through them to the meadows behind. It is the same country I have been passing, — fields, bushes, fence-lines, a bit of hill and sky, — but the great doorways framing it in timbers and shadow create thereby a certain enhancement of its values, so that invariably, looking through, one gets one's impression with something added, — a heightening of perception that is strangely arresting.

What is it that the big barn doors do? They limit, of course, they cut a little piece out from the wholeness of things, they say to us, 'Never mind the rest, take just this, look at it in just this way — and now see how beautiful it is!' They play the artist to us for a moment, forcing upon us our point of view, selecting our subject, adjusting the lights, and — perhaps greatest service of all — suggesting to us, or rather, imposing upon us, that sense of distance that is so necessary a part of the æsthetic experience.

This, too, is done for me by the broad, low windows of my little hillside house — this and something more. For the house gives zest to the hillside, as the hillside to the house, by its contrast of within and without. Outdoors means more to me by reason of having indoors too.

These things have set me pondering — pondering upon the virtues of limitation and the powers that inhere in bonds. Parallels are dangerous things to play with, yet I am tempted to play with one now. We are in a generation that jeers at dogma and is impatient of creeds, yet may it not be that these have done for races what the open barn door does for the passer-by? Engulfed in the cosmos, infinitesimal part of the great whole, we have no real awareness of it. But frame it in dogma, confine it in a creed, and it becomes ours in a certain vividness of apprehension born of the artificial limits we have set up. True, the race pays a price; it gives up all but the small moiety that can be viewed through that special creed. But the traveler, also, would not linger forever before the same barn door. He passes on, enriched. And so the races have passed on from creed to creed, and in each have found, in some sort, both riches and poverty, enlightenment and ignorance.

It is true with all thought, all feeling,

the entire circle of experience. As soon as we define, as soon as we express, we gain something, though we perhaps also give up something. In order to achieve, we must forego. No one, I fancy, ever wrote a poem or painted a picture without being aware, at least dimly, of a vast something that he was giving up. When artists feel this very keenly, struggling against it, striving for the gain without the loss, we sometimes perceive it and call them symbolists. But for us there is no loss, only great gain. For us, all great poems, all pictures, all works of art, are as great doors flung wide, as windows looking North or East or South or West, framing some part of the beauty of the world which without them we should never so deeply perceive.

But there is a further parallel which I would fain play with. My little house, giving me my centre of indoors from which, or even because of which, to enjoy the widening circles of outdoors — it is a symbol to me of my own individuality. The supreme joy, some say, is to lose one's self in the infinite. Perhaps, but let us not forget that there would be no point to this if we had not first a self to lose. It is a joy to me to gaze out of my windows, to go out of my door and enter into the great sea of outdoors that surges up even to the canvas walls of my little house. But these walls are what give its own color to my joy. So it is, too, with the barriers of myself. I should be loath to let them down, slight though they seem, and poor though that within may prove when scanned for its own static values. For how can we appreciate anything save through difference? And what can the infinite be to me unless I can approach it from something that is not infinite?

It is idle to reason about such things, yet still I play with my childish symbols. I even picture myself, a tiny house, flying through the Cosmos — so small, so unimportant, yet so persistently and joyously finite, so inalienably and joyously possessed of its own indoorness, in the midst of that wide outdoors. It is a presumptuous fancy, yet when I frown upon it, it only smiles back at me — the fancy that without this element even the hillsides of Nirvana might lack piquancy, — that even upon their limitless reaches I must needs maintain the walls, frail but valiant, of my own self.

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LEGAL NEUTRALITY *VERSUS* MORAL NEUTRALITY

BY PAUL FULLER

I

NEUTRALITY is not in itself a virtue; it is not a condition to be proud of; rather does it require explanation, not to say apology. It is at best a counsel of prudence, never a counsel of perfection.

Iago was strictly neutral when he mused on the coming encounter of Cassio and Roderigo: 'Whether he kill Cassio or Cassio him, either way makes my gain.' They were neutrals of whom St. John wrote: 'Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.'

The better instinct of man urges him to give utterance to his condemnation of any wanton or unworthy act and to his sympathy with its victim. If actual interference to save the victim involves peril to others, he is justified in calling caution to his aid, and this is the origin of the rules governing international neutrality. In the gradual formulation of those rules the restriction and localization of international conflicts has been the object, and to this end any direct aid to the belligerents in the war they are waging is prohibited under pain of the loss of neutrality and consequent exposure to the penalties of actual belligerency. Beyond this the rules of neutrality have not ventured. To silence private or public conscience is not within the province of either municipal or international law.

Vattel defines neutrality as strict impartiality toward the belligerents in what 'relates solely to war,' with the obligation to give no assistance nor furnish 'anything of direct use in war.' Hübner defines it as complete inaction with reference to the war and exact impartiality with regard to the means of carrying it on.

Hautefeuille defines the neutral nation as that which abstains from taking part in the conflict, and from any act of hostility, direct or indirect.

Bluntschli defines neutral states as those who take no part in military operations in favor of or to the detriment of either of the belligerents, and neutrality, he adds, consists in maintaining peace on one's own territory, and taking no part in the war between third parties. To this he adds that neutrals may well have sympathies for one or other of the belligerents, and that 'neutrality is not the synonym of indifference.' A state, he says, 'may have lively sympathy for one of the belligerents, and give frank expression of its dissatisfaction with the actions of the other, and yet remain neutral. To have and to express an opinion

upon the justice or injustice of a cause or of a line of political conduct is not to take part in the war, and this expression of sympathy for one or the other of the belligerents, and an expression of an opinion upon the justice or injustice of conduct, is not an infraction of the duties of neutrals.'

The requirements of neutrality do not go beyond abstention from any participation in hostilities, and cannot include suppression of sympathies for one of the combatants, or suppression of blame for the actions of another. Bluntschli then calls attention to the Proclamation of Neutrality issued by President Grant on the occasion of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and to the clause in which he states that the 'free and full expression of sympathies is not forbidden by any law of the United States.'

The same rule is laid down by De Martens and by Lawrence; and Hall tells us that the maintenance of neutrality has gradually been 'transformed into a duty, by the jealousy of belligerents, whose anxiety to deprive their enemy of advantages which the preference of the neutrals might give to him has been helped by the equal anxiety of neutrals to continue their habits of trade and intercourse'; and he adds, 'Merely to show less friendship to one than to another . . . to mark out one as an object for greater friendship than another . . . are not violations of neutrality.' 'The neutral State is bound not to commit any act favoring one of two belligerents in matters affecting their war, and it is in turn incumbent upon belligerents to respect the sovereignty of the neutral.'

Jefferson, writing to the American minister in Paris in 1793, lays down the same rule, that 'No succor should be given to either in men, arms, or anything else directly serving for the war.'

Hall, writing in 1895, states that this policy of the United States represented what were in 1793 by far the most advanced existing opinions as to neutral obligations, and that in some points it even went further than authoritative international custom had up to that time advanced; though, in the main, it was identical with the standards of conduct at that time adopted by the community of nations, and sustained by the general principles theretofore stated by Bynkershoek, Vattel, and De Martens.

During the Napoleonic wars, when neutrality was so vital to England, Lord Howick, formulating his objection to neutral navigation carrying on the coast trade of the enemy, made no stronger claim as to neutrality than that which is embodied in all the foregoing extracts. Writing to Mr. Rist, he insisted that 'a strict and honest impartiality, so as not to afford advantage in the war to either, and so as not to render assistance to one belligerent in escaping the effect of the other's hostilities' is what honest neutrality consists of.

During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 the government of the North German Confederation complained to Great Britain that the shipment of arms to France indicated that its neutrality was not 'benevolent.' We quote from Count Bernstorff's memorandum of the first of September, 1870, to Lord Granville, in which he admits that Great Britain's neutrality is 'strict in form,' but appeals for a favorable public opinion.

'In the first instance, there is no question that France has wantonly made war on Germany. The verdict of the world and especially the verdict of the statesmen as well as of the public of England has unanimously pronounced the Emperor of the French guilty of a most flagitious breach of the peace. Germany on the other hand

entered into the contest with the consciousness of a good cause. She was therefore led to expect that the neutrality of Great Britain — her former ally — against Napoleonic aggression, however strict in form, would at least be benevolent in spirit to Germany, for it is impossible for the human mind not to side with one or the other party in a conflict like the present one. What is the use of being right or wrong in the eyes of the world, if the public remains insensible to the merits of a cause? Those who deny the necessity of such a distinction forego the appeal to public opinion which we are daily taught to consider as the foremost of the great powers.'

II

It is precisely this appeal to public opinion, — 'the foremost of the great powers,' — which Germany made to England in 1870, which we, observing the same strictness of neutrality with which England was then credited by Count Bernstorff, desire to have made in the United States and by the United States on behalf of the violated and mutilated territory of inoffensive Belgium. We can subscribe without demur, if not without hesitation, to holding in abeyance our judgment upon innumerable questions of inhuman warfare which are still subject to question and require proper investigation and appraisal, such as the devastation of Belgium; the harvesting and impounding of its crops; the destruction of French vinelands for the impoverishment of another generation; the mutilation, and, in some instances, the cruel sterilization, of male children; military executions preceding the declarations of war; the reckless placing of floating mines insuring the destruction of neutral property and passengers; the wanton destruction with which the names Rheims, Louvain, and Malines will forever be associated; the orders from headquarters for the killing of prisoners. All of these may require present silence and future investigation; but the very act by which war was openly begun — the deliberate, premeditated invasion of a neutral country, which the international law as established for more than a century, regardless of special conventions, made safe from attack by any civilized country — needs no investigation, admits of no doubt, and has not even elicited a denial from the culprit which is the main belligerent in the wars of to-day in Europe.

Let us read again the statement made to the Reichstag on the 4th of August, by the Chancellor of the German Empire: —

'Necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. . . . The wrong, I speak openly, that we are committing, we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal is reached. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have but one thought, — how to carve his way through.'

Apart from the treaties of 1831 and 1839, to which Prussia and the North German Confederation were parties; apart from the Convention of The Hague in 1907, which merely converted into a written law such existing usages as were of general acceptance regarding the rights as well as the duties of neutrals; there can be no question that among the accepted canons of international law was the rule that the territory of neutral powers was inviolable. When Grotius, three centuries ago, laid down the rules generally imposed at that time by the powers that

made war, Might still appropriated to itself the Right to make use of whatever things might serve its purpose; and among these, according to Grotius, in cases of 'extreme necessity,' was the passage of its armies over neutral territory, and then only upon payment of a proper indemnity. Practically, this law of necessity placed every weak neutral nation at the mercy of its more warlike and powerful neighbors, as this supposed right, born of necessity, condoned the destruction of neutral fortifications and the seizure of whatever material necessity called for.

All the publicists whose statements of what constitute international law are accepted as authoritative, unite, and have united for more than a century past, as to the inviolability of neutral territory; and although, as Lawrence observes, this 'elementary duty' has been frequently violated, and the obligation has sat lightly upon belligerent powers, De Martens says that these too frequent violations of the doctrine cannot create a custom; that they invariably have given rise to complaints, and that the only excuse presented has been ' necessity.'

Not only was the inviolability of neutral territory a thoroughly established doctrine, but it was equally well settled that the neutral state was bound not to permit such violation, and was bound to take all necessary measures to compel respect for its territory, even by recourse to arms; and that such recourse to arms could not even be considered as destructive of the country's neutrality as between the belligerents. But the case of Belgium was particularly flagrant, and involved a willful and insolent disregard of the highest principles of international law to which the enlightenment of nations had yet attained. It was a deliberate advantage taken of a condition of helplessness which Germany herself had helped to impose upon Belgium. With the assent and connivance of Prussia and of the North German Confederation, and by the subsequent adoption of the *status quo* by the German Empire, Belgium had been put into what is known as a position of neutralization, which, while it supposedly protected the country from the possibility of being victimized by the armies of contending belligerents, imposed upon it, in return for this protection, the duty of peace and the obligation not to make war itself. This was effected by the treaties of 1831, immediately after the recognition of the independent existence of Belgium, and again in 1839, when, after eight years of resistance, the King of the Netherlands acquiesced in Belgium's separate existence, and the compact bound France, Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia to the perpetual neutralization of Belgium. This conjoint neutralization imposed upon the powers guaranteeing it the joint obligation to take common action for prevention and redress in case of any attempted violation of such neutrality; but in the view of many nations there was some doubt, — as Lord Derby expressed it in 1867, referring to Luxemburg, — whether in case of failure to agree upon collective action, any single power was called upon, as Bluntschli maintained, to take upon itself the duty of armed intervention. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, there seemed reason to fear that this neutrality would not be respected, and England, by way of caution and remonstrance, showed her willingness to undertake, without the coöperation of all the other guaranteeing powers, the protection of Belgian neutrality during that war. England accordingly summoned France and Germany to make a special treaty with her, pledging continued neutrality until the end

of the war, with the additional condition that, if neutrality were infringed by Germany, England should take part with France and Belgium in protecting it, and if it were violated by France, England should take part with Germany and Belgium to the same end.

It is these treaties, which apply solely to the continuance of the War of 1870, which some petty apologists, lacking the rude frankness of the German Chancellor, have endeavored to use as a screen against the violent breach of neutrality so bluntly admitted. Lastly, in addition to this specific neutralization, we have the Convention of The Hague, in 1907, which, as we have already said, crystallized into a written code the recognized obligations of international law, and received the supposedly additional sanction of the signatures of the powers. This code added no obligation to that which international law so clearly imposed, yet emphasized strongly the importance of the duty toward neutral nations.

Even then, it would seem, there was some lurking doubt as to whether all the powers represented at The Hague would assent to, or abide by, the stipulation to respect neutral territory, and the particular convention containing this clause was held not to be binding upon any belligerent unless all the other belligerents in the war had assented to the convention. On this plea it is claimed that, because Servia, although her representative signed the convention, did not, by some further parliamentary action, ratify it, Germany is exempt from its provisions. It would seem a sufficient answer that Germany, and all other nations claiming to be civilized, were bound by the obligation to respect neutral territory, without reference to the stipulations in the Hague Convention. But it seems further evident that this precautionary clause inserted in the Hague Convention was meant to liberate any of its signers from the obligation *quoad* the belligerent who refused assent to it, and who should himself disregard it. To defend an assault made upon the integrity and upon the life of an innocent non-participant in the war by the statement that Servia — at the very end of the European continent, where it was absolutely impossible for her to make any pretense toward invading neutral territory — had not given a parliamentary ratification to the convention which her authorized representative had signed, was to present too petty an excuse. We have, then, the notorious and uncontroverted fact that the greatest war of modern times was begun by the invasion of a neutral, unoffending, and unprotected country, by the most powerful military organization in the universe, armed with the most destructive weapons that malevolence and science could invent or perfect; an invasion which, of necessity, if Belgium performed her international duty of resistance, involved the devastation and desolation of her land and the wholesale destruction of her population, civil as well as military.

Under these circumstances, however loudly they appealed to every element of chivalry for immediate and effective aid, the universal peace of nations called upon us for self-restraint, and the accepted rules of international law required us to take no active part in the conflict of arms thus brutally inaugurated between all-powerful Germany and the little land of Belgium.

Accordingly the President of the United States issued his various proclamations of neutrality, calling upon all citizens of the United States to take no 'part directly or indirectly in the wars'; but this command was coupled

with a notice that this neutrality should not interfere 'with the free expression of sympathy' and that 'a free and full expression of sympathies in public and private is not restricted by the laws of the United States.'

As the war clouds gathered thicker, proclamations succeeded each other, announcing that 'a state of war unhappily existed' between Austria and Servia, then between Germany and Russia, then between Germany and France, and on the 5th of August between Germany and Great Britain. Whereas the war between these great powers had been declared in due and solemn form, the war pressed upon Belgium had been inaugurated by simple invasion, and the President's proclamation issued with reference to this war on the 18th of August recognizes this important difference in the phrase, 'Whereas the United States is in fact aware of the existence of a state of war between Belgium and Germany.'

Unnecessary criticism of the acts of those who control our international affairs is to be avoided, but this singular circumstance merits attention. It was on the 5th of August, — after several days of effort to secure respect for the Belgian territory, after having procured from France an absolute pledge to respect such neutrality, and having received from Germany a refusal of such a pledge, with the statement that she must 'disregard Belgian neutrality, it being for her a question of life or death,' — that the Prime Minister of England announced to the House of Commons that the British Ambassador at Berlin had received his passports at 7 o'clock the preceding evening, and that 'since 11 o'clock last night (August 4) a state of war has existed between Germany and ourselves.' Already on the 4th of August the German Chancellor had announced the imperious necessity for sending armies into Belgium. The state of war between England and Germany was recognized by our proclamation of the 5th of August, yet it was not until the 18th of August, when Belgium had been overrun by German armies, that we awoke to the fact and became 'aware of the existence of a state of war between Belgium and Germany.'

III

Can the American people under these circumstances translate neutrality into indifference? While strictly conforming to the International Code, which does not permit them to assist in the prosecution of the war, can they divest themselves of all moral sense and give even the tacit approval of silence to the massacre of Belgium?

The President, in addition to his constitutional function, with which he is charged as the servant of the people, — to wit the enforcement of their laws, — has so impressed himself upon the country by the wisdom of the public policies which he has recommended, and the devotion and ability with which he has labored to carry them out, that he is accepted as a political leader and given willing recognition as the mouthpiece of the people, rightfully entitled to speak in their name. This exalted position makes it strictly incumbent upon him to proclaim no policy to which he has not procured their assent, at the grave peril of losing the privilege of leadership by misrepresenting the policy of the American people. At an early stage of the present gigantic conflict, impressed by the widespread desolation which it portended, and remembering his privilege as representative of one of the powers signatory to the Hague Convention, he offered his mediation whenever it should be acceptable, and in the same spirit, in the futile hope of arresting the

formation of hostile opinion, he appealed to his fellow countrymen to 'act and speak in the true spirit of friendliness to all concerned.' He begged them to be 'impartial in thought as well as action' and to put a curb upon their sentiments. The earnest and honest endeavor to comply with this hard requisite attests the respect which the Chief Magistrate has earned from his fellow citizens; but the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of the task which he thus put upon them, is a severe test of the preservation of the influence which he has heretofore gained. Every day shows compliance with his request to be an impossibility. Every day of repression simply concentrates the unexpressed sentiment and forbodes an explosion.

We appeal to the President to look over the field again, to consider anew the baleful influence upon the cause of peace, upon the enlightenment of nations, upon the mitigation of the horrors of war, of such a proceeding as the invasion and the subsequent devastation and desolation of an unoffending country. We beg him to look over this America which he loves so well and to take heed of the strong and universal sentiment which prevails throughout the land, of protest against this latest and most flagrant disregard of international justice. He will find that it overshadows all other considerations concerning this war. There still may be differences of opinion as to whether universal civilization and political advancement are best to be served by the European hegemony of a vast military organization which has cast into the shadow all the spiritual and intellectual elements of its own race, or by the unimpeded progress of such democracy and representative government as rules in England or in France; but he will find throughout the breadth of the land no apology, no tolerance for the initial act of tyrannical assault by which the war was initiated, and the territory of Belgium made the unwilling field of the most devastating conflict of all time.

As the President has found it possible up to this time to voice the feelings and aspirations of the people over whom he presides, we appeal to him to consult that public opinion which he has hitherto faithfully represented, to find some way, which his acumen, his large experience, and his humanitarian spirit can devise, without infringing upon the international rights which we are all anxious to respect and recognize, in which to speak in the name of the American people some word of dissent from, if not of reprobation of, the violation of international law for which Germany has no other plea than that 'necessity knows no law.' That reprobation is already made manifest from one end of the country to the other, and already acute political opponents are endeavoring to mould it into a weapon of political opposition. The country must not be silent, cannot be silent with honor, — in fact, it has already spoken; but it would be glad to have its scattered voices concentrated in the voice of its Chief Magistrate, that the world may know unmistakably, and not by the mouth of 'rumor with its thousand tongues,' how America stands with reference to respect for the noblest dictates of international justice.

Let us conclude with a repetition of Count Bernstorff's words to Lord Granville, in 1870, — a German authority against which Germany cannot complain: —

'It is impossible for the human mind not to side with one or the other party in a conflict like the present one. What is the use of being right or wrong in the eyes of the world, if the public remains insensible to the merits of a cause?

Those who deny the necessity of such a distinction forego the appeal to public opinion, which we are daily taught to consider as the foremost of the great powers.'

If any one harbors the delusion that closing our eyes to admitted repudiations of international law will enhance our influence with the contestants in the day when peace will follow exhaustion, let him study anew the parleys that closed the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and be convinced that the unrebuked violator of neutral Belgium will admit of no outside counsels as to the distribution of his spoils. On the other hand, what right have we to expect that the Allies will in the day of their blood-bought triumph turn for an impartial judgment and for a wise balancing of the arguments regarding the compensation due to Belgium, to the great democratic republic which paralyzed its own conscience and looked with dumb indifference upon the unexcused violation of her soil?

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT[1]

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

BURNT FORK, WYO.
July 8, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Your letter of the 4th just to hand. How glad your letters make me; how glad I am to have you to tell little things to.

I intended to write you as soon as I came back from Green River, to tell you of a girl I saw there; but there was a heap to do and I kept putting it off. I have described the desert so often that I am afraid I will tire you, so I will leave that out and tell you that we arrived in town rather late. The help at the hotel were having their supper in the regular dining-room, as all the guests were out. They cheerfully left their own meal to place ours on the table.

One of them interested me especially. She was a small person; I could n't decide whether she was a child or a woman. I kept thinking her homely, and then when she spoke I forgot everything but the music of her voice, — it was so restful, so rich and mellow in tone, and she seemed so small for such a splendid voice. Somehow I kept expecting her to squeak like a mouse, but every word she spoke charmed me. Before the meal was over it came out that she was the dish-washer. All the rest of the help had finished their work for the day, but she, of course, had to wash what dishes we had been using.

The rest went their ways; and as our own tardiness had belated her, I offered to help her to carry out the dishes. It was the work of only a moment to dry them, so I did that. She was so small that she had to stand on a box in order to be comfortable while she washed the cups and plates.

[1] Readers of the 'Letters of a Woman Homesteader,' published in the *Atlantic* last year, will remember that when the series ended, the author was about to start on an elk hunt.

'The sink and drain-board were made for real folks. I have to use this box to stand on, or else the water runs back down my sleeves,' she told me.

My room was upstairs; she helped me up with the children. She said her name was Connie Willis, that she was the only one of her 'ma's first man's' children; but ma married again after pa died and there were a lot of the second batch. When the mother died she left a baby only a few hours old. As Connie was older than the other children she took charge of the household and of the tiny little baby.

I just wish you could have seen her face light up when she spoke of little Lennie.

'Lennie is eight years old now, and she is just as smart as the smartest and as pretty as a doll. All the Ford children are pretty, and smart, too. I am the only homely child ma had. It would do you good just to look at any of the rest, 'specially Lennie.'

It certainly did me good to listen to Connie, — her brave patience was so inspiring. As long as I was in town she came every day when her work was finished to talk to me about Lennie. For herself she had no ambition. Her clothes were clean, but they were odds and ends that had served their day for other possessors; her shoes were not mates, and one was larger than the other. She said, 'I thought it was a streak of luck when I found the cook always wore out her right shoe first and the dining-room girl the left, because, you see, I could have their old ones and that would save two dollars toward what I am saving up for. But it was n't so very lucky after all except for the fun, because the cook wears low heels and has a much larger foot than the dining-room girl, who wears high heels. But I chopped the long heel off with the cleaver and these shoes have saved me enough to buy Lennie a pair of patent-leather slippers to wear on the Fourth of July.'

I thought that a foolish ambition, but succeeding conversations made me ashamed of the thought.

I asked her if Lennie's father could n't take care of her. 'Oh,' she said, 'Pa Ford is a good man. He has a good heart, but there's so many of them that it is all he can do to rustle what must be had. Why,' she told me in a burst of confidence, 'I've been saving up for a tombstone for ma for twelve years, but I have to help pa once in a while, and I sometimes think I never will get enough money saved. It is kind of hard on three dollars a week, and then I'm kind of extravagant at times. I have wanted a doll, a beautiful one, all my days. Last Christmas I got it — for Lennie. And then I like to carry out other folks' wishes sometimes. That is what I am fixing to do now. Ma always wanted to see me dressed up real pretty just once, but we were always too poor, and now I'm too old. But I can fix Lennie, and this Fourth of July I am going to put all the beauty on her that ma would have liked to see on me. They always celebrate that day at Manila, Utah, where pa lives. I'll go out and take the things. Then if ma is where she can see, she'll see *one* of her girls dressed for once.'

'But are n't you mistaken when you say you have been saving for your mother's tombstone for twelve years? She's only been dead eight.'

She said, 'Why no, I'm not. You see, at first it was n't a tombstone but a marble-top dresser. Ma had always wanted one so badly; for she always thought that housekeeping would be so much easier if she had just one pretty thing to keep house toward. If I had not been so selfish, she could have had the dresser before she died. I had fifteen dollars, — enough to buy it, —

but when I came to look in the catalogue to choose one I found that for fifteen dollars more I could get a whole set. I thought how proud ma would be of a new bedstead and wash-stand, so I set in to earn that much more. But before I could get that saved up ma just got tired of living, waiting, and doing without. She never caused any trouble while she lived, and she died the same way.

'They sent for me to come home from the place where I was at work. I had just got home, and I was standing by the bed holding ma's hand, when she smiled up at me; she handed me Lennie and then turned over and sighed so contented. That was all there was to it. She was done with hard times.

'Pa Ford wanted to buy her coffin on credit, — to go in debt for it, — but I hated for ma to have to go on that way even after she was dead; so I persuaded him to use what money he had to buy the coffin, and I put in all I had, too. So the coffin she lies in is her own. We don't owe for *that*. Then I stayed at home and kept house and cared for Lennie until she was four years old. I have been washing dishes in this hotel ever since.'

That is Connie's story. After she told me I went to the landlady and suggested that we help a little with Lennie's finery; but she told me to 'keep out.' 'I doubt if Connie would accept any help from us, and if she did, every cent we put in would take that much from her pleasure. There have not been many happy days in her life, but the Fourth of July will be one if we keep out.' So I kept out.

I was delighted when Mrs. Pearson invited me to accompany her to Manila to witness the bucking contest on the Fourth. Manila is a pretty little town, situated in Lucern valley. All the houses in town are the homes of ranchers, whose farms may be seen from any doorstep in Manila. The valley lies between a high wall of red sandstone and the 'hogback,' — that is what the foothills are called. The wall of sandstone is many miles in length. The valley presents a beautiful picture as you go eastward; at this time of the year the alfalfa is so green. Each farm joins another. Each has a cabin in which the rancher lives while they irrigate and make hay. When that is finished they move into their houses in 'town.' Beyond the hogback rise huge mountains, rugged cañons, and noisy mountain streams; great forests of pine help to make up the picture. Looking toward the east we could see where mighty Green River cuts its way through walls of granite. The road lies close up against the sandstone and cedar hills and along the canal that carries the water to all the farms in the valley. I enjoyed every moment. It was all so beautiful, — the red rock, the green fields, the warm brown sand of the road and bare places, the mighty mountains, the rugged cedars and sage-brush spicing the warm air, the blue distance and the fleecy clouds. Oh, I wish I could paint it for you! In the foreground there should be some cows being driven home by a barefooted boy with a gun on his shoulder and a limp brown rabbit in his hand. But I shall have to leave that to your imagination and move on to the Fourth.

On that day every one turns out; even from the very farthest outlying ranches they come, every one dressed in his best. No matter what privation is suffered all the rest of the time, on this day every one is dressed to kill. Every one has a little money with which to buy gaudy boxes of candy; every girl has a chew of gum. Among the children friendship is proved by invitations to share lemons. They cordially invite each other to 'come get

a suck o' my lemon.' I just *love* to watch them. Old and young are alike; whatever may trouble them at other times is forgotten, and every one dances, eats candy, sucks lemons, laughs, and makes merry on the Fourth.

I did n't care much for their contests. I was busy watching the faces. Soon I saw one I knew. Connie was making her way toward me. I wondered how I could ever have thought her plain. Pride lighted every feature. She led by the hand the most beautiful child I have ever seen. She is a few weeks younger than Jerrine [1] but much smaller. She had such an elusive beauty that I cannot describe it. One not acquainted with her story might have thought her dress out of taste out among the sand dunes and sage-brush in the hot sun, but I knew, and I felt the thrill of sheer blue silk, dainty patent-leather slippers, and big blue hat just loaded with pink rose-buds.

'This is my Lennie,' said Connie proudly.

I saw all the Ford family before I left, — the weak-faced, discouraged-looking father and the really beautiful girls. Connie was neat in a pretty little dress, cheap but becoming, and her shoes were mates. Lennie was the centre of family pride. She represented all their longings.

Before I left, Connie whispered to me that she would very soon have money enough to pay for her mother's tombstone. 'Then I will have had everything I ever wanted. I guess I won't have anything else to live for then; I guess I will have to get to wanting something for Lennie.'

On our way home even the mosquito bites did n't annoy me; I was too full of Connie's happiness. All my happiness lacked was your presence. If I had had you beside me to share the joy and beauty, I could have asked for nothing more. I kept saying, 'How Mrs. Coney would enjoy this!' All I can do is to kind of hash it over for you. I hope you like hash.

With much love to you,

ELINORE.

[1] The author's daughter, aged eight. — THE EDITORS.

IN CAMP ON THE DESERT,
Aug. 24, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

At last we are off. I am powerfully glad. I shall have to enjoy this trip for us both. You see how greedy I am for new experiences! I have never been on a prolonged hunt before, so I am looking forward to a heap of fun. I hardly know what to do about writing, but shall try to write every two days. I want you to have as much of this trip as I can put on paper, so we will begin at the start.

To begin with we were all to meet at Green River, to start the twentieth; but a professor coming from somewhere in the East delayed us a day, and also some of the party changed their plans; that reduced our number but not our enthusiasm.

A few days before we left the ranch I telephoned Mrs. Louderer and tried to persuade her to go along, but she replied, 'For why should I go? Vat? Iss it to freeze? I can sleep out on some rocks here and with a stick I can beat the sage-bush, which will give me the smell you will smell of the outside. And for the game I can have a beef kill which iss better to eat as elk.'

I love Mrs. Louderer dearly, but she is absolutely devoid of imagination, and her matter-of-factness is mighty trying sometimes. However, she sent me a bottle of goose-grease to ward off colds from the 'kinder.'

I tried Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, but she was plumb aggravating and non-committal, and it seemed when we got to Green River that I would be the only

woman in the party. Besides, all the others were strangers to me except young Mr. Haynes, who was organizing the hunt. Really the prospect did n't seem so joyous.

The afternoon before we were to start I went with Mr. Stewart and Mr. Haynes to meet the train. We were expecting the professor. But the only passenger who got off was a slight, gray-eyed girl. She looked about her uncertainly for a moment and then went into the depot while we returned to the hotel. Just as I started up the steps my eyes were gladdened by the sight of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in her buckboard trotting merrily up the street. She waved her hand to us and drove up. Clyde took her team to the livery barn and she came up to my room with me.

'It's going with you I am,' she began. 'Ye'll need somebody to keep yez straight and to sew up the holes ye'll be shooting into each other.'

After she had 'tidied up a bit' we went down to supper. We were all seated at one table, and there was yet an empty place; but soon the girl we had seen get off the train came and seated herself in it.

'Can any of you tell me how to get to Kendall, Wyoming?' she asked.

I did n't know nor did Clyde, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy knew, so she answered, 'Kendall is in the forest reserve up north. It is two hundred miles from here and half of the distance is across desert, but they have an automobile route as far as Pinedale; you could get that far on the auto stage. After that I suppose you could get some one to take you on.'

'Thank you,' said the girl. 'My name is Elizabeth Hull. I am alone in the world, and I am not expected at Kendall, so I am obliged to ask and to take care of myself.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy at once mentioned her own name and introduced the rest of us. After supper Miss Hull and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a long talk. I was not much surprised when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came in to tell me that she was going to take the girl along. 'Because,' she said, 'Kendall is on our way and it's glad I am to help a lone girl. Did you notice the freckles of her? Sure, her forbears hailed from Killarney.'

So early next morning we were astir. We had outfitted in Green River, so the wagons were already loaded. I had rather dreaded the professor. I had pictured to myself a very dignified, bespectacled person, and I mentally stood in awe of his great learning. Imagine my surprise when a boyish, laughing young man introduced himself as Professor Glenholdt. He was so jolly, so unaffected, and so altogether likable, that my fear vanished and I enjoyed the prospect of his company. Mr. Haynes and his friend Mr. Struble on their wagon led the way, then we followed, and after us came Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and Miss Hull brought up the rear, with the professor riding horseback beside first one wagon and then another.

So we set out. There was a great jangling and banging, for our tin campstoves kept the noise going. Neither the children nor I can ride under cover on a wagon, we get so sick; so there we were, perched high up on great rolls of bedding and a tent. I reckon we looked funny to the 'onlookers looking on' as we clattered down the street; but we were off and that meant a heap.

All the morning our way lay up the beautiful river, past the great red cliffs and through tiny green parks, but just before noon the road wound itself up on to the mesa, which is really the beginning of the desert. We crowded in the shadow of the wagons to eat our midday meal; but we could not stop

long, because it was twenty-eight miles to where we could get water for the horses when we should camp that night. So we wasted no time.

Shortly after noon we could see white clouds of alkali dust ahead. By and by we came up with the dust-raisers. The children and I had got into the buckboard with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Miss Hull, so as to ride easier and be able to gossip, and we had driven ahead of the wagons, so as to avoid the stinging dust. The sun was just scorching when we overtook the funniest layout I have seen since Cora Belle[1] drove up to our door the first time. In a wobbly old buckboard sat a young couple completely engrossed with each other. That he was a Westerner we knew by his cowboy hat and boots; that she was an Easterner, by her not knowing how to dress for the ride across the desert. She wore a foolish little chiffon hat which the alkali dust had ruined, and all the rest of her clothes matched. But over them the enterprising young man had raised one of those big old sunshades that had lettering on them. It kept wobbling about in the socket he had improvised; one minute we could see 'Tea'; then a rut in the road would swing 'Coffee' around. Their sunshade kept revolving about that way, and sometimes their heads revolved a little bit, too. We could hear a word occasionally and knew they were having a great deal of fun at our expense; but we were amused ourselves, so we did n't care. They would drive along slowly until we almost reached them; then they would whip up and raise such a dust that we were almost choked.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy determined to drive ahead; so she trotted up alongside, but she could not get ahead. The young people were giggling. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy does n't like to be the joke all the time. Suddenly she leaned over toward them and said, 'Will ye tell me something?' Oh, yes, they would. 'Then,' she said, 'which of you are Tea and which Coffee?'

Their answer was to drive up faster and stir up a powerful lot of dust. They kept pretty well ahead after that, but at sundown we came up with them at the well where we were to camp. This well had been sunk by the county for the convenience of travelers, and we were mighty thankful to find it. It came out that our young couple were bride and groom. They had never seen each other until the night before, having met through a matrimonial paper. They had met in Green River and were married that morning, and the young husband was taking her away up to Pinedale to his ranch.

They must have been ideally happy, for they had forgotten their mess-box, and had only a light lunch. They had only their lap-robe for bedding. They were in a predicament; but the girl's chief concern was lest 'Honey-bug' should let the wolves get her. Though it is scorching hot on the desert by day, the nights are keenly cool, and I was wondering how they would manage with only their lap-robe, when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who cannot hold malice, made a round of the camp, getting a blanket here and a coat there, until she had enough to make them comfortable. Then she invited them to take their meals with us until they could get to where they could help themselves.

I think we all enjoyed camp that night, for we were all tired. We were in a shallow little cañon, — not a tree, not even a bush except sage-brush. Luckily, there was plenty of that, so we had roaring fires. We sat around the fire talking as the blue shadows faded into gray dusk and the big stars

[1] The story of Cora Belle was told in the *Atlantic* for December, 1913. — The Editors.

came out. The newly-weds were, as the bride put it, 'so full of happiness they had nothing to put it in.' Certainly their spirits overflowed. They were eager to talk of themselves and we did n't mind listening.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burney. She is the oldest of a large family of children and has had to 'work out ever since she was big enough to get a job.' The people she had worked for rather frowned upon any matrimonial ventures, and as no provision was made for 'help' entertaining company, she had never had a 'beau.' One day she got hold of a matrimonial paper and saw Mr. Burney's ad. She answered and they corresponded for several months. We were just in time to 'catch it,' as Mr. Haynes — who is a confirmed bachelor — disgustedly remarked. Personally, I am glad; I like them much better than I thought I should when they were raising so much dust so unnecessarily.

I must close this letter, as I see the men are about ready to start. The children are standing the trip well, except that Robert is a little sun-blistered. Did I tell you we left Junior with his grandmother? Even though I have the other three, my heart is hungry for my 'big boy,' who is only a baby, too. He is such a precious little man. I wish you could see him!

With a heart very full of love for you, E. R. S.

In Camp, *Aug.* 28.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

We are almost across the desert, and I am really becoming interested. The difficulties some folks work under is enough to make many of us ashamed. In the very centre of the desert is a little settlement called Eden Valley. Imagination must have had a heap to do with its name, but one thing is certain: the serpent will find the crawling rather bad if he attempts to enter *this* Eden, for the sand is hot; the alkali and the cactus are there, so it must be a serpentless Eden. The settlers have made a long canal and bring their water many miles. They say the soil is splendid, and they don't have much stone; but it is such a flat place! I wonder how they get the water to run when they irrigate.

We saw many deserted homes. Hope's skeletons they are, with their yawning doors and windows like eyeless sockets. Some of the houses, which looked as if they were deserted, held families. We camped near one such. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I went up to the house to buy some eggs. A hopeless-looking woman came to the door. The hot winds and the alkali dust had tanned her skin and bleached her hair; both were a gray-brown. Her eyes were blue, but were so tired-looking that I could hardly see for the tears.

'No,' she said, 'we ain't got no eggs. We ain't got no chickens. You see this ground is sandy, and last year the wind blowed awful hard and all the grain blowed out, so we did n't have no chance to raise chickens. We had no feed and no money to buy feed, so we had to kill our chickens to save their lives. We et 'em. They would have starved anyway.'

Then we tried for some vegetables. 'Well,' she said, 'they ain't much to look at; maybe you 'll not want 'em. Our garden ain't much this year. Pa has had to work out all the time. The kids and me put in some seed — all we had — with a hoe. We ain't got no horse; our team died last winter. We did n't have much feed and it was shore a hard winter. We hated to see old Nick and Fanny die. They was just like ones of the family. We drove 'em clean from Missouri, too. But they died, and what hurt me most was, pa 'lowed it would be a turrible waste not to skin

'em. I begged him not to. Land knows the pore old things was entitled to their hides, they got so little else; but pa said it did n't make no difference to them whether they had any hide or not, and that the skins would sell for enough to get the kids some shoes. And they did. A Jew junk man came through and give pa three dollars for the two hides, and that paid for a pair each for Johnny and Eller.

'Pa hated as bad as we did to lose our faithful old friends, and all the winter long we grieved, the kids and me. Every time the coyotes yelped we knew they were gathering to gnaw pore old Nick and Fan's bones. And pa, to keep from crying himself when the kids and me would be sobbin', would scold us. "My goodness," he would say, "the horses are dead and they don't know nothin' about cold and hunger. They don't know nothin' about sore shoulders and hard pulls now, so why don't you shut up and let them and me rest in peace?" But that was only pa's way of hidin' the tears.

'When spring came the kids and me gathered all the bones and hair we could find of our good old team, and buried 'em where you see that green spot. That's grass. We scooped all the trash out of the mangers, and spread it over the grave, and the timothy and the red-top seed in the trash came up and growed. I'd like to have put some flowers there, but we had no seed.'

She wiped her face on her apron, and gathered up an armful of cabbage that had not headed but was the best she had. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy seemed possessed; she bought stuff she knew she would have to throw away, but she did n't offer one word of sympathy. I felt plumb out of patience with her, for usually she can say the most comforting things.

'Why don't you leave this place? Why not go away somewhere else, where it will not be so hard to start?' I asked.

'Oh, 'cause pa's heart is just set on making a go of it here, and we would be just as pore anywhere else. We have tried a heap of times to start a home, and we've worked hard, but we were never so pore before. We have been here three years and we can prove up soon; then maybe we can go away and work somewhere, enough to get a team anyway. Pa has already worked out his water-right, — he's got water for all his land paid for, if we only had a team to plough with. But we'll get it. Pa's been workin' all summer in the hay, and he ought to have a little stake saved. Then the sheep-men will be bringin' in their herds soon's frost comes and pa 'lows to get a job herdin'. Anyway, we *got* to stick. We ain't got no way to get away and all we got is right here. Every last dollar we had has went into improvin' this place. If pore old hard-worked pa can stand it, the kids and me can. We ain't seen pa for two months, not sence hayin' began, but we work all we can to shorten the days; and we sure do miss pore old Nick and Fan.'

We gathered up as much of the vegetables as we could carry. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy paid, and we started homeward, promising to send for the rest of the beets and potatoes. On the way we met two children, and knew them at once for 'Johnny and Eller.' They had pails, and were carrying water from the stream and pouring it on the green spot that covered Nick and Fan. We promised them each a dime if they would bring the vegetables we had left. Their little faces shone, and we had to hurry all we could to get supper ready before they came; for we were determined they should eat supper with us.

We told the men before the little

tykes came. So Mr. Struble let Johnny shoot his gun and both youngsters rode Chub and Antifat to water. They were bright little folks and their outlook upon life is not so flat and colorless as their mother's is. A day holds a world of chance for them. They were saving their money, they told us, 'to buy some house plants for ma.' Johnny had a dollar which a sheep-man had given him for taking care of a sore-footed dog. Ella had a dime which a man had given her for filling his water-bag. They both hoped to pull wool off of dead sheep and make some more money that way. They had quite made up their minds about what they wanted to get: it must be house plants for ma; but still they both wished they could get some little thing for pa. They were not pert or forward in any way, but they answered readily and we all drew them out, even the newly-weds.

After supper the men took their guns and went out to shoot sage-hens. Johnny went with Mr. Haynes and Mr. Struble. Miss Hull walked back with Ella, and we sent Mrs. Sanders a few cans of fruit. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I washed the dishes. We were talking of the Sanders family. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was disgusted with me because I wept.

'You think it is a soft heart you have, but it is only your head that is soft. Of course they are having a hard time. What of it? The very root of independence is hard times. That's the way America was founded; that is why it stands so firmly. Hard times is what makes sound characters. And them "kids" are getting a new hold on character that was very near run to seed in the parents. Johnny will be tax-assessor yet, I'll bet you, and you just watch that Eller. It won't surprise me a bit to see her county superintendent of schools. The parents most likely never would make anything; but having just only a pa and a ma and getting the very hard licks them kids are getting now, is what is going to make them something more than a pa and a ma.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is very wise, but sometimes she seems absolutely heartless.

The men did n't bring back much game; each had left a share with Mrs. Sanders.

Next morning we were astir early. We pulled out of camp just as the first level rays of the sun shot across the desolate, flat country. We crossed the flat little stream with its soft, sandy banks. A willow here and there along the bank and the blue, distant mountains and some lonesome buttes were all there was to break the monotony. Yet we saw some prosperous-looking places with many haystacks. I looked back once toward the Sanders cabin. The blue smoke was just beginning to curl upward from the stove pipe. The green spot looked vividly green against the dim prospect. Poor pa and poor ma! Even if they could be *nothing* more, I wish at least that they need not have given up Nick and Fan!

Mr. Haynes told us at breakfast that we would camp only one more night on the desert. I am so glad of that. The newly-weds will leave us in two more days. I'm rather sorry; they are much nicer than I thought they would be. They have invited us to stay with them on our way back. Well, I must stop. I wish I could put some of this clean morning air inside your apartments.

With much love,

E. R. S.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL SERVICE AND THE CHURCHES

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THE most significant thing about the religious development of the last generation or two has been the revolt of the Protestant world from Protestantism. Protestantism to-day is not Protestant at all. If it may not be called anti-Protestant, it at least deserves the name of neo-Protestant. The religion believed and practiced in those churches which were founded by such men as Calvin, Luther, Knox, Wesley, and Campbell is fast becoming more different from anything those worthies would have espoused than their religion was different from Catholic Christianity.

The difference between a Catholic and an old-time Protestant was that the former sought to transform human souls by making them members of a super-worldly society which was at one with God, while the latter sought to make them over by bringing them individually, through private acts of faith, to be atune with Him. The fundamental aim of both was the same, — the saving of human souls out of the world. Both looked upon things earthly as things transitory. Both found their real values beyond the grave. Both looked forward to the coming of Christ in judgment upon the earth. When they prayed, 'Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven,' both thought of the Christ suddenly arriving to revolutionize the cosmos in a great day of readjustment. Neither of them had the faintest thought of the world's being gradually improved bit by bit, until it should become Christ's Kingdom. They differed in method; but, Catholic and Protestant alike, from Christ's time until very lately indeed, Christians agreed in being supernaturalists and millenarians.

Neo-Protestantism, however, repudiates these universal Christian agreements. Any one who is at all familiar with the popular theology of the day knows that people of this sort have no desire to save any one from the clutches of the world, because they think that the clutches of the world are really Nature's motherly embraces; that they despise 'other-worldliness' above all things; that they quite ignore, or else allegorically explain away, the sudden coming of Christ, 'as a thief in the night'; that they expect the Kingdom of Heaven to come upon the earth by process of evolution. Millenarianism in any real sense they repudiate, and supernaturalism is, at best, suspect.

The development of this neo-Protestantism is yet in process. Only clear-headed men like ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Professor Foster of the University of Chicago, and a few others, have carried the metamorphosis to its logical conclusions. The great mass of Protestants are in all probability still unaware that their churches have largely repudiated, or even drifted away from, the religion of their fathers. The fact that this drifting is going on, going on rapidly, and going on among Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Campbellites, Congregationalists, in fact every Protestant denomination, including the 'broad-church' wing of

the Anglican communion, is perfectly plain to those who, as Catholics, look upon the Protestant world from the outside. It tends to make these Catholics even more chary than they used to be of fraternally associating with their Protestant fellow Christians.

Church unity among the various fast-becoming neo-Protestant denominations is doubtless much nearer than it used to be; but the union of Catholics on the one hand with members of the various Protestant denominations on the other, is becoming every day an increasingly impossible thing. The ignoring of this plain fact is the pathetic thing about most of the common talk one hears from the enthusiasts on Christian unity. 'How can two walk together unless they be agreed?' queried the prophet in old time. There were — are, indeed — many things which tended to unite a Catholic and a Protestant, many common hopes, many common beliefs. But what can ever unite Catholicism and neo-Protestantism, — the one, supernatural, millenarian, other-worldly; the other, naturalistic, evolutionary, this-worldly?

The great difference in the religious world of to-day, then, is not between Catholicism and Protestantism. The quarrel that counts is between supernatural religion, both Catholic and Protestant, on the one hand, and natural religion, neo-Protestantism, on the other. It is a quarrel between religion based upon the revolutionary conversion of human souls and religion based upon the evolutionary transformation of human society.

There seems to be a quite general assumption on the part of neo-Protestants that all of science, all of history, is on their side. They wax not only indignant but often contemptuous at the nonsensical mummery of those who go on celebrating spiritual mysteries, when, so they say, it is as plain as a pike-staff that the world is drawing nearer to heaven by natural evolution, aided now and then by a little benevolent legislation, and is quite independent of any supernatural aid. If this were indeed true, all that supernaturalists could do would be to acknowledge themselves beaten by the facts, and retire, more or less gracefully, from public view. Unfortunately for this simple solution of the difficulty, however, the facts are by no means all on the side of the 'new religion.' The wide-awake lay-student of human affairs is apt often to agree with the late Alfred Russel Wallace that this is one of the worst, and not the best, of all the ages. After all our evolution, we of the twentieth century have not attained to the beauty which characterized Grecian culture, or to the administrative efficiency which marked Rome, or to the political justice of the ancient Asiatic states, or to the spiritual fervor of either the classic Egyptians or the Hebrews.

Even our material achievements are very little, if any, in advance of those of many a folk of long ago. To many people it is not at all plain that the fourteenth century, when men lived short and violent lives and had a glorious good time doing it, was any worse than the twentieth century, when men live longer, and possibly in greater physical comfort, but are largely bored by having to live at all. It is anything but sure, so many a careful observer of life to-day thinks, that the world of men as a whole is any further along toward the making of a perfect humanity than it was three or four thousand years ago. The supernaturalist need not yet hide his head. The evidence does not utterly overwhelm him. That man needs supernatural grace ever to develop to the heights of personality, the perfection of humanity, is still, to say the least, a debatable position.

When we come to look at those church activities whereby neo-Protestantism is seeking self-expression, we find that the greater part of them may be grouped under the name of 'Social Service.' Time was when the success of any church was estimated according to the number of souls who humbled themselves before the Heavenly Father and became citizens of that Kingdom which is eternal. Nowadays, however, when churches seek to justify their existence they tell of the number of social clubs, penny lunches for working girls, gymnasium classes, men's clubs, kindergartens, penny savings banks, children's story hours, sewing schools, manual-training classes for little boys, and so forth, housed under their roofs, managed by their clergy and lay workers, and financed by their people. Instead of sermons dealing with eternal verities we are apt to hear from the pulpits of the really 'advanced' churches continual treatments of local politics, the vice question, prison reform, and so on. It used to be thought that a guild-house was an excellent adjunct to a church. Now it is quite commonly assumed that possibly a church is a right pretty thing to have attached to a guild house.

To a neo-Protestant these ameliorative social activities seem eminently the church's business. Indeed to many of them, if one may judge from their writings, these seem to be the church's only legitimate business. This attitude is the natural outgrowth of their non-supernatural beliefs. If the universe is going on evolving for countless millions of years, if the human race is to go on approaching perfection, little by little, with the passing centuries, then the way to do the will of God, the way to assist in the perfection of humanity, is by exactly the sort of activity in which neo-Protestantism is so greatly enthusiastic. As long as one believes that man is by nature good, that things are constantly growing better, and that if we only keep on following the natural course of development all will be well, then one will look upon the activities of social service as the acme of religious devotions.

Now, none of these things that have just been mentioned are in themselves anything but good. Every one surely would like to see all the little children fed and taught and given a place to play in. Working girls need cheap lunches, and social activities for every one are things much to be commended. To the Catholic, however, or to the old-time Protestant, it seems that in furthering none of these good things lies the church's real business.

In the opinion of the believer in supernatural religion, the imparting of spiritual assistance to man, whereby he may be transformed from a creature merely of environment, a mere product of the world, into a creature of spirituality, who shares with that Christ who overcame the world, is the true function of the church. As a cure for the sordid selfishness of man, which is the cause of all of those social festerings which 'social service' seeks to mollify, supernaturalism holds aloft a crucified Christ, despised by the world but glorified by God, murdered by the world but raised to eternal life and alive for evermore. It bids man touch his radiant personality, in prayer, in sacrament, and from Him derive strength to go out into the world and defy it, battle with it, master it, revolutionize it. It says to him, 'Here you touch perfect humanity and manifest divinity. Go forth, and in God's name let your lives show it, in your fearlessness, in transcendental fire, in burning love that brooks neither cant nor injustice, in revolutionary zeal.'

To a supernaturalist it seems a thing not to admire, but rather to wax wrath-

ful about, that many churches, whose real purpose is thus to sow spiritual dynamite and to encourage men to explode it, should be found substituting for this a combination of inexpert sociological teaching and usually inefficient social-settlement activity. One might as well admire the spectacle of Joan of Arc forsaking her place at the head of France's armies while she devoted her time to mending her soldiers' hosiery.

As a matter of fact, however, many churches are abandoning their work of inspiring men with a sublime vision and of imparting to them that supernatural power which will enable them to regard the vision as of such supreme importance that the world's inducements toward selfishness will be as nothing. Many of them are substituting for it mere ameliorative and reformatory social service. And already, so it seems to some who look on, they are beginning to pay the penalty. When the churches completely metamorphose themselves from supernatural agencies into natural agencies, at that instant they sign their own death-warrants. They deny the only reason they have for being. There is not — the writer thinks he speaks advisedly — a single bit of so-called social-service work now being attempted by the churches which is not being done more efficiently by someone else. Work for the bodies of boys, for instance, is far better done by the Y.M.C.A. Work for their general culture, and for that of girls, too, for that matter, is more efficiently handled in the public schools. Club work, both for children and for adults, is better carried on in the small parks and in the social settlements. Lunch clubs and other similar ventures are now furnished, where there is real need for them, by private enterprise. So one might go through the whole list. There is none of this work which could not be done as well, and in many instances far better, by other agencies, even though all the churches were to cease to exist to-morrow.

In this situation any thinking man is bound to ask himself, 'If this sort of philanthropic endeavor is all the churches are good for, and if it all can be done as well or better by other existing agencies, where is the usefulness of the churches and their religion at all?' It is really somewhat hard to see how neo-Protestant churches can justify their own perpetuation. If, however, there is a great vision of perfected humanity, as shown forth in the person of Christ, to be held aloft before the world, if there is a supernatural store of help to be furnished to struggling men, then indeed the churches may claim an adequate excuse for their existence.

There are many quite intelligent churchmen to-day who believe that the contempt in which the churches are held nowadays is largely due to their failure to rise to their real duty. The demand that the churches dabble in social service is not nearly so general as many of the neo-Protestant ecclesiologists suppose. There is among us to-day a great soul-hunger. Let the churches cease their dilettante concern with sociological minutiæ, and, as did the prophets, as did the Christ, let them once more lift their mighty voice in a cry for spiritual regeneration and revolution. Let them reason once more of 'righteousness and temperance and judgment to come,' and it is just possible that the world, like Felix of old, will cease to yawn and begin to tremble.

THE SOCIAL MISSION OF THE CHURCH

BY JOHN HOWARD MELISH

THE most revolutionary idea of modern times is the theory of evolution. Charles Darwin planted intellectual dynamite under every church, university, and library; and it went off, more or less simultaneously, in all places when the new generation touched it. Textbooks, thumb-marked and dog-eared by the fathers, were thrown into the fire by their sons and daughters. The Church rallied its leading minds and ecclesiastical courts for defense against the theory, only to see every champion ignominiously fall before the sling-stone of this modern David. In the short space of one generation every university in Christendom had assumed, as the regulative idea in all departments of science, history, and philosophy, the theory of evolution and development. A revolution had taken place in the intellectual life of the world, the magnitude and far-reaching consequences of which we can scarcely yet conjecture.

For two thousand years the Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, had thought of a speedy ending of the world. And it had abundant scriptural authority for so thinking. Had not Christ himself told the High Priest and the Sanhedrin, in one of the solemn moments of his life, that they should 'see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the Almighty and coming in the clouds of heaven'? To be sure, they died in their beds without any such vision, but the second coming had only been delayed. Paul taught it to every community of Christians that he established, and every other apostle believed it. The early Church universally accepted it and put into its first formula of faith, 'We believe that He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.' From those days until our own, all Christians of every name have believed that it was possible that in their lifetime the heavens might open and that upon the clouds might appear in power and great glory the Christ in judgment. That expectation, like some solemn strain in sacred oratorio, runs through all the liturgies of Christendom. And multitudes of pious souls have prayed either that the great day might come or that it might not come while they were alive. Periodically some man or woman, sincere and ignorant, has arisen to announce the date of the end of the world.

Whether the Founder of the Christian Church believed in any such mistaken notion about the world as this which his Church has believed for nineteen centuries, is a much debated question among New Testament scholars at the present moment. On one side we have authorities who maintain that Jesus went to the cross in the firm belief that God would interfere at the last moment, and that He died in despair because God forsook Him. On the other hand are men of no less learning and insight who hold that the apocalyptic element in the Gospels has been put into the mouth of the Lord by his apostles who did not understand Him. But whether on strictly scholarly grounds or not, the

majority of Christian students to-day minimize the apocalyptic element in the Gospels and magnify those elements which the Church has heretofore slightly stressed. No passages of scripture are so frequently preached upon to-day, in all the churches, as those which speak of development, of a leavening process at work in society, of the growth of the followers of Christ into all truth under the enlightening Spirit. The Church is shifting its basis from the Christ of tradition and heaven to the Christ of science and social redemption.

In making this revolutionary change from millenarianism to evolution the church is likely to lose in our generation the spiritual value of apocalyptics, just as for centuries it has failed to appreciate the value of the evolutionary elements in the teaching of Jesus. That there is basis of fact for apocalyptics must be apparent to every student of history. The race has gone forward by means of revolution as well as by evolution; the leavening process results in an uplifting as by volcanic eruption; the silent growth of years bursts into fruition; gestation eventuates in birth. In Church and in State the law, as revealed in European history, is — Renaissance, Reformation, Revolution. Evolution and revolution are complementary; revolution crowns evolution and in turn inaugurates a new evolution.

Now the apocalyptic parables of the Day of the Lord are symbols of revolution, as the parables of the seed and the leaven represent evolution. In the history of our race there have been advents of Christ, times of tribulation, deliverance, and advance. In the experience of the individual there have been sudden conversions and transformations when the Lord has come to men 'as a thief in the night,' and robbed them of their pride and self-sufficiency and left them rich before God. Christendom has frequently 'seen the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of the Almighty and coming in the clouds of heaven.'

The belief in the near ending of the world, or the apocalyptic faith, as universally held by the Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, has done untold harm. It has also done some good. Were we to believe the end of all things to be at hand, in this year of our Lord 1915, as a neighboring minister firmly holds, would not that belief change our perspective and give us a different sense of proportion? Would not little things be small, and big things large?

The generation which has really believed in the Day of the Lord as imminent, under the preaching of some John the Baptist, has been brought up standing before the things that count. But, from a social point of view, such teaching, whatever revolutions it may have brought to the individual, has destroyed human society. If it had destroyed some system of society and compelled the race to inaugurate a new system of justice and equality, we should have no quarrel with it. As a matter of record, however, it has entrenched the children of this world and rendered foolish the children of light. The spectacle of multitudes of earnest but silly people selling all that they had, clothing themselves in white garments, and waiting on some high hill for the archangel's trumpet, is one to make demons laugh and angels weep.

It has frequently happened that a 'revival' has been preached in a community just at the time when it began to think about community ownership of its water or light plant, with the result that those social problems lost all significance, and 'salvation' monopolized the serious thought of all

earnest people. What good to society upon this earth can a belief bring which holds that any and every society here, coöperative or competitive, democratic or monopolistic, industrial or military, is as dust in the balance? Supernaturalism, the expectation of something or other which is to come down from the stars, should be consigned by all socially minded men and women to the museum of ecclesiastical and theological antiquities.

The modern world is beginning to take up in dead earnest the splendid task of building upon this earth an ideal society. It is singing unto the Lord a new song — the song of brotherhood; it is seeing a new vision — the vision of a community in which no one is overworked and no one is underpaid and every man has his chance to do and be his best. When men and women whose hearts beat to the new tunes of social aspiration and effort hear their faith derided from the pulpit and their religion called unchristian, what must they think of the Church? Professor Peabody has said that the growth of the religion of socialism is due to the failure of the Church to obey the social teachings of Jesus. Without doubt the repudiation of the Church on the part of multitudes in both Catholic and Protestant countries is the penalty which the Church is paying for its unreal faith. There are those who believe that the Church is even antichrist. The unreality of the religion of the Church is responsible for this situation, and the decay of this unreal faith is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

In every church to-day there is a growing number of men and women who have drunk anew at the spring of their religion and have found there water of life. With minds trained in scientific method and with hearts open to their own day, they have once again searched the scriptures if haply they might find God. And they believe that they have found Him, and with Him, have found his will and purpose for the world.

Further back than Protestantism, and before the world had ever heard of Catholicism, there existed in the cities of Asia and Southern Europe communities of Christian men and women. Little societies they were, each complete in itself, yet united with one another by ties of mutual service and sympathy. Composed of working people almost entirely, they were primarily engaged in meeting the needs of the workers, when oppressed, hungry, sick, imprisoned, enslaved. Harnack is right in calling them the first labor unions. They were also the first charity organization society, children's aid society, employment bureau, social settlement, socialist local. Those little communities were formed around the faith that God had spoken to men in Jesus the crucified carpenter, and that Christ was about to come again. In that faith and hope those men and women lived such lives of service and courage as the world had never seen before.

When two or three generations of such communities had lived and died, with the growth of numbers and power, they developed — as all societies do — organization, rituals, and traditions. This huge accumulation of several centuries is known as Catholicism, and, when it is reformed in certain particulars, is called Protestantism. Both the Catholic and Protestant churches resemble the Primitive Church about as the Steel Trust resembles a college fraternity.

The modern parish more closely resembles the Christian Church which braved the Roman Empire and conquered the world, than any form of religion which the world has seen for many centuries. At its heart is a great

faith in a living and present Christ. Unlike the early church it is unable to confine the expressions of that faith to its immediate community, but finds outlet and effectiveness in innumerable organizations distinct from its own. Among its members are many types of mind, radical and conservative, and they express their faith in different ways. In the socialist local some find an outlet as others find it in boys' clubs. There are those for whom Socialism is too conservative and who are found dreaming the Syndicalist dream and pleading for liberty of speech for the I.W.W. The constructive policy of the Women's Trade Union movement appeals to one, while the ameliorative work of the Girls' Friendly Society commands the loyalty of another.

There are those who believe in woman suffrage and those who oppose the giving of votes to women. Playgrounds and politics, business and family, charity and social justice, individual relief and social revolution, parish-house activities and community effort are 'outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace' of a many-sided modern Church. What it calls 'social service' is a new expression of religious life, an attempt to relate many different types of minds to the larger community of city, nation, and world. It believes in a better world and sets out, inspired by its faith in a present Christ, efficient though unseen, to produce it, by evolution or by revolution.

Professor Harnack says that historical Protestantism was the restoration of the Gospel which Catholicism had lost among alien accretions, such as holy water, the Pope on his throne, St. Anne. The Church of the Reformation under the leading of the Spirit restored as much of the Gospel as it could appreciate in the light of the needs and the knowledge which it had. In the light of our needs and new knowledge of the gospels, Protestants and Modernist Catholics are restoring a part of the Gospel which was hidden from our fathers. A little phrase, long overlooked in scripture, stands forth with new meaning like a window on which the setting sun shines. It is '*The Gospel of the Kingdom.*' What is the good news? The end of the world, in the first century; the creatorhood of God, in the Nicene age; the Church, in mediæval times; salvation by faith only, in the sixteenth century; forgiveness of sins, in recent times. Each of these in its time and place has been the Gospel.

Our modern age is about to give a new answer. The Kingdom of God is that social order which it is the will of God to have prevail upon the earth. It is a society of individual wills, knit into one corporate will, which resembles more and more the Will of the Father. It is an organization of humanity which is according to the plan of the Creator. The scene of its triumph is not the clouds but this earth. 'Thy Kingdom come on earth.' As the ideal social order, it is always here in part and yet is always coming. In so far as the ideal has been partially realized, in the family and in the political democracy, the kingdom is here; in so far as it has yet to be worked out, in industrial life and elsewhere, it is still to come. John the Baptist announced that the Kingdom of God was imminent. Jesus declared that it was here among men, growing up as a seed, at work in society like leaven, destined in time to fill the whole earth.

When the church universal awakes from its mediæval and sixteenth-century dreams to the realization of the Gospel of the Kingdom, and consecrates itself to preaching it, there will be such a Day of the Lord as super-

naturalists never expected nor hath it entered into the heads of Catholics and Protestants to conceive. Men and women are groping for it, hungry and thirsty for something, they know not just what; expecting the Church to give it and cursing the Church because it disappoints them; turning to panaceas which promise more abundant life and yet leave them unfed. Verily Christ is again moved to compassion because of the multitude who are as sheep without a shepherd; and because those who in his name claim to be pastors are unable to discern the signs of the times.

What the Church needs to-day is a restoration of the Gospel of the *Kingdom*, with the same revolutionary vigor and life with which the Protestant Reformation witnessed the rediscovery of the Gospel of the individual soul. It is in the will and purpose of God, as manifested in the teaching and the life of Jesus, that humanity is to find the abundant life. In the midst of life, speaking like thunder in the discontent of the age, illuminating like the sun in the science and scholarship of to-day, going before and behind, as a pillar of fire by night and cloud by day, is God. To make his voice articulate and his way plain for every man and woman, is the high calling and the supreme mission of the Church.

THE CHURCH FOR HONEST SINNERS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE young man who greeted me cheerfully in the lobby of the hotel in Warburton, my native town, and who handed me a card setting forth the hours of service at St. John's Church, evidently assumed that I was a commercial traveler. I was in no wise offended by his mistake, as I sincerely admire the heralds of prosperity and sit with them at meat whenever possible. I am a neurologist by profession, but write occasionally, and was engaged just then in gathering material for a magazine article on occupational diseases. A friend in the Department of Labor had suggested Warburton as a likely hunting ground, as children employed there in a match-factory were constantly being poisoned, and a paint-factory also was working dire injury to its employees.

'I'm afraid,' I replied to the engaging young representative of St. John's Men's League, 'that my religious views would n't be tolerated at St. John's. But I thank you, just the same.'

I had been baptized in St. John's and remembered it well from my youth. On my way uptown from the station I had noted its handsome new edifice of impeccable Gothic.

'We have the best music in town, and our minister is a live wire. He knows how to preach to men, — he's cut big slices out of the other churches.'

'Gives the anxious sinner a clean bill of health, does he?'

'Well, most of the leading citizens

go there now,' he answered, politely ignoring my uncalled-for irony. 'Men who never went to church before: the men who do things in Warburton. Our minister's the best preacher in the diocese. His subject this morning is "The Prodigal Son."'

I felt guiltily that the topic might have been chosen providentially to mark my return; and it occurred to me that this might be a good chance to see Warburton in its best bib and tucker. However, having planned to spend the morning in the slum which the town had acquired with its prosperity, — and the slum of the small city has little to learn from Whitechapel, — I hardened my heart against the young solicitor, in spite of his unobtrusive and courteous manner of extending the invitation.

'You represent a saint's church,' I remarked, glancing at the card. 'I travel a good deal and I have n't found a church specially designed for sinners like me. I'm uncomfortable among the saints. I'm not quarreling with your church or its name, but I've long had a feeling that our church nomenclature needs revision. Still, that's a personal matter. You've done your duty by me; and I'd be glad to come if I had n't another engagement.'

The pages of a Chicago morning newspaper that lay across my knees probably persuaded him that I was lying. However, after a moment's hesitation he sat down beside me on the long leathern bench.

'That's funny, what you said about a church for sinners, — but we have one right here in Warburton; odd you never heard of it! It was written up in the newspapers a good deal. It's just across the street from St. John's on Water Street.'

I recalled now that I had seen a strange church in my walk to the hotel, but the new St. John's had so absorbed my attention that I had passed it with only a glance. It came back to me indistinctly that it was a white wooden structure, and that boards were nailed across its pillared portico as though to shut out the public while repairs were making.

'Saints excluded, sinners only need apply?'

He nodded, and looked at me queerly, as though, now that I had broached the matter, he meditated telling me more. It was ten o'clock and half a dozen church bells clanged importunately as a background for *Adeste Fideles* from St. John's chimes.

'"The Church for Honest Sinners" might suit you, only it's closed — closed for good, I guess,' he remarked, again scrutinizing me closely.

He played nervously with a pack of cards like the one with which he had introduced himself. Other men, quite as indubitably transients as I, were lounging down from breakfast, hugging their newspapers, or seeking the barber-shop with large leisure-enforcing cigars clenched in their teeth. Something in my attitude toward the church for which he was seeking worshipers seemed to arrest him. He was a handsome, clear-eyed, wholesome-looking young fellow, whose life had doubtless been well sheltered from evil; there was something refreshingly naïve about him. I liked his straightforward way of appealing to strangers; a bank-teller, perhaps, or maybe a clerk in the office of one of the manufacturing companies whose indifference to the welfare of their laborers I had come to investigate. Not the most grateful of tasks, this of passing church advertisements about in hotel lobbies on Sunday mornings. It requires courage, true manliness. My heart warmed to him as I saw a number of men eyeing us from the cigar-stand, evidently amused that the

young fellow had cornered me. A member of the group — a stout gentleman in checks who represented a distillery — held one of the cards in his hand and covertly pointed with it in our direction.

'If there's a story about the sinners' church I'd like to hear it,' I remarked encouragingly. 'It seemed to be closed — I suppose they're enlarging it to accommodate the rush.'

'Well, no; hardly that,' he replied soberly. 'It was built as an independent scheme — none of the denominations would stand for it of course.'

'Why the "of course"?'

'Well,' he smiled, 'the idea of sin is n't exactly popular, is it? And besides everybody is n't wicked; we can't assume that; there are plenty of good people. There's good in all men,' he added, as though quoting.

'I can't quarrel with that. But how about this Church for Honest Sinners? Tell me the story.'

'Well, it's a queer sort of story, and as you're a stranger and I'm not likely to meet you again, I'll tell you all I know. It was built by a woman.' He crossed his legs and looked at the clock. 'She was rich as riches go in a town like this. And she was different from other people. She was left a widow with about a hundred thousand dollars, and she set apart half of it to use in helping other people. She would n't do it through societies or churches; she did it all herself. She was n't very religious, — not the way we use the word, — not the usual sort of religious woman that works on guilds and gets up oyster suppers. She was n't above asking the factory hands to her house now and then, and was always helping the under dog. She was splendid, — the finest woman that ever lived; but of course people thought her queer.'

'Such people are generally considered eccentric,' I commented.

'The business men disliked her because they said she was spoiling the poor people and putting bad notions into their heads.'

'I dare say they did! I can see that a woman like that would be criticized.'

'Then when they tore down old St. John's and began building the new church, she said she'd build a church after her own ideas. She spent twenty-five thousand dollars building that church you noticed in Water Street and called it the Church for Honest Sinners. She meant to put a minister in who had some of her ideas about religion, but right there came her first blow. As her church was n't tied up to any of the denominations she could n't find a man willing to take the job; but I suppose the real trouble was that nobody wanted to mix up with a scheme like that; it was too radical — did n't seem exactly respectable. It's easy, I suppose, when there's a big whooping crowd — Billy Sunday and that sort of thing — and the air is full of emotionalism, to get people to the mourners' bench to confess that they 're miserable sinners. But you can see for yourself that it takes nerve to walk into the door of a church that 's for sinners only — seems sort o' foolish!

'I should n't be telling you about this if I had n't seen that you had the same idea the builder of that church had: that there's too much of the saint business and general smugness about our churches, and that one that frankly set out to welcome sinners would play, so to speak, to capacity. You might think that all the Cains, Judases, and Magdalens would feel that here at last was a door of Christian hope flung open for them. But it won't work that way — at least it did n't in this case. I suppose there are people in this town right now, all dressed up to go to church, who've broken all the ten commandments without feel-

ing they were sinners; and of course the churches can't go after sin the way they used to, with hell and brimstone; the people won't have it. You 've been thinking that a church set apart for sinners would appeal to people who've done wrong and are sorry about it, but it does n't; and that's why that church on Water Street 's boarded up, — not for repairs as you imagined, but because only one person has ever crossed the threshold. It was the idea of the woman who built it that the door should stand open all the time, night and day; and the minister, if she could have found one to take the job, would have been on the lookout to help the people who went there.'

This was rather staggering. Perhaps, I reflected, it is better after all to suffer the goats to pasture, with such demureness as they can command, among the sheep.

'I suppose,' I remarked, 'that the founder of the church was satisfied with her experiment — she had n't wholly wasted her money, for she had found the answers to interesting questions as to human nature — the vanity of rectitude, the pride of virtue, the consolations of hypocrisy.'

He looked at me questioningly, with his frank innocent eyes, as though estimating the extent to which he might carry his confidences.

'Let me say again that I should n't be telling you all this if you did n't have her ideas — and without ever knowing her! She lived on the corner below the church, where she could watch the door. She watched it for about two years, day and night, without ever seeing a soul go in, and people thought that she'd lost her mind. And then, one Sunday morning when the whole town — all her old friends and neighbors — were bound for church, she came out of her house alone and walked straight down to that church for sinners she had built, and in at the door.

'You see,' he said, rising quickly, as though recalling his obligations to St. John's Men's League, 'she was the finest woman in town, — the best and noblest woman that ever lived! They found her at noon lying dead in the church. The failure of her plan broke her heart; and that made it pretty hard — for her family — everybody.'

He was fingering his cards nervously; and I did not question the sincerity of the emotion his face betrayed.

'It is possible,' I suggested, 'that she had grown morbid over some sin of her own, and had been hoping that others would avail themselves of the hospitality of a church that was frankly open to sinners. It might have made it easier for *her*.'

He smiled with his childlike innocence and faith.

'Not only not possible,' he caught me up, with quick dignity; 'but incredible! She was my mother.'

THE FAMILY AND THE INDIVIDUAL: A FRENCH VIEW

BY HENRY BORDEAUX

I

It is always interesting to know what our passing guests think of us. Undoubtedly Americans have made a point of reading with keen interest — if only for the sake of disputing them — the observations which M. Paul Bourget published in *Outre-Mer* on his return from the United States. Among the distinguished Americans whom France has had the honor of receiving within the past few years, two have formulated their opinions, one in poetic form, the other in a book of travel. Both were particularly well qualified as observers: having come in an official capacity to lecture at the Sorbonne, they had spent considerable time in France, and had penetrated within the French society so charmed to welcome them. They were Dr. Henry van Dyke and Professor Barrett Wendell.

Dr. van Dyke, professor at Princeton University and minister at The Hague, turned poet once more on the boat which took him back to his native land. He paid homage to old Europe, thanking her for her hospitality and extolling her ancient and exquisite civilization, her thousand graces and charms, and her artistic treasures; but at the same time his tone was critical, as if the air which he breathed there had been a little close; France seemed to him too much attached to the past, too dependent upon it. According to his notion, life demands that one look ahead, not behind. And he added, with glowing eloquence, 'The glory of the present is to make the future free,' — a bold formula which contradicts absolutely the famous declaration of Auguste Comte, 'Humanity is composed more of the dead than of the living,' and which slurs at one and the same time historical tradition, racial continuity, and the interdependence of the generations of man.

Professor Barrett Wendell, less lyrical, spent his sojourn in France in listening, watching, studying; and, after having stored up facts and faces and conversations, and having mentally photographed the life of the time, he gave us the result of his observations in a pleasantly readable book entitled *The France of To-day*. Now what perhaps struck him most in this France of to-day, whose general characteristics he describes, is the firm foundation of the family. He confides to us his surprise, his amazement even, when he saw what united and permanent little societies the families are; he expresses his gratitude for the courtesy with which they welcomed him as a friend, and sets down the reflections, the comparisons, even the social lessons which he deduced from them. The Englishman and the American, he says, have their home, of course; but the Frenchman has his *foyer*, which strangers do not know as they should.

'It is the chimney, the hearthstone, — the core of domestic life, where the family gathers, complete in itself, distinct from any other group in this confused and bustling world, at one with

each other, free for a while from all the rest of humanity.' The foyer is the symbol of all the vigorous, profound, complex power of the family spirit which amongst this people is the strongest of all individual and national emotions. Putting together little significant facts, Professor Wendell shows that in France the family spirit is the most spontaneous of all instincts. Elsewhere the strongest tie is the bond between husband and wife; here it is that which unites parents and children. This assured fact gives him the key to many social customs for which he used to have no explanation. The insistence upon the *dot*, for instance, no longer implies to him a vulgar and despicable selfishness, but rather an affectionate prudence which makes careful provision for the new home to be established. The French marriage, which used to strike him as an exceedingly complicated affair, with its rites, its ceremonies, its authorizations, he looks at no longer as a purely individual question, but as one which affects the entire family.

For the same reason, a man's choice of career is a matter of concern to the family, since its effect will be either to consolidate or to weaken the family. The domestic duties — those of direction, of administration, and of the father's position in the household — are considered to be at least as important as the duties of husband and wife. An inheritance is guaranteed to the children. All these facts are the mark of an advanced civilization which has bowed to natural exigencies and has laid emphasis on the family rather than on the individual.

And to cap this chapter upon the French family, Professor Wendell concludes: 'In brief, as one grows familiar with the French, one realizes with growing amazement how their whole conception of the family, with all the consecrated emotional sanction of the foyer, makes them look upon themselves primarily, not as individuals, but rather as members each of his own little society. The family is a partnership, if you will, — a corporation, or a clan. It is something more than the sum of the individuals whom it comprises in all their human and fallible complexity; it has a dominant, supreme claim to devotion for its own sake. The human beings who compose it, like those who at any given time may compose a nation, must pass into oblivion; but the family itself can outlive them perennially. The first of human duties thus becomes not individual but rather self-abnegating and social. To this ideal of duty the French are deeply loyal. If they had not followed it throughout the generations with eager, unselfish, persistent fidelity, their society could not exist in the form which it has inherited from their past and is transmitting to their future.'

In the last analysis, Professor Wendell, like Dr. van Dyke, emphasizes the force of the past in the construction of French society. But instead of denouncing it in the name of liberty, Professor Wendell justly recognizes it as the fruit of the experience of the ages, — experience which has tried various forms of society and has retained but one, as that at once most likely to endure and best qualified for the development of the nation. Nevertheless, neither of the two distinguished travelers has seen — or could see during his attentive and judicious but limited visit — the profound changes which, drawing their inspiration from the Revolution, have manifested themselves during the past thirty years in this compact French family. Both gentlemen spent most of their time in middle-class circles in which respect for family life has been longer maintained; whereas, among the rich bour-

geoisie and laboring classes, it has already vastly diminished. The truth is that, since the Revolution, a veritable battle has been going on in France between the old form of society, wherein the family occupied the foreground, and the new, where the individual claims precedence. This battle is what I want my American readers to understand. By its results they shall judge of the importance of its cause, and perhaps these results will invite them to some personal reflections.

II

Speaking of marriage, M. Demolombe, the well-known jurist, has said: 'This contract, the most ancient and most universal of all, was not invented by human legislators. Its origin goes back to God himself. . . . Among all peoples, marriage has been a religious act placed under the tutelage of the Divinity.' Marriage is not created by law, like other contracts. The law, finding it already in existence, recognizes it, establishes it, strengthens it. In all the ancient forms of society, this sacred origin of marriage was so clearly understood that it was placed under the protection of religion. Such was its position in the social systems of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as Fustel de Coulanges shows in his admirable *Cité antique*. Christianity, which in its turn inherited the institution of marriage, made it a sacrament, so as to put upon it clearly the stamp of religion; this sacrament the husband and wife administered to each other as they exchanged their eternal promises in the presence of the priest, God's witness and representative. Its sacramental character made it clearly indissoluble. Its aim was not the happiness of the contracting parties, but the creation of a new family from which the union of heart and of flesh, of will and of deed, would allow no turning back.

The family was in itself a society, a little hierarchy, with its responsible chief and its obligations. Somebody had to be the leader of the group; this direction was entrusted to the husband and father. His marital and paternal power arose to complete the order established by the marriage.

This order established in the family was about to have its effect on the early national life of France. In the dark ages, when the barbarian tempest swept down from the north and the Saracens came from the south, the family was the only institution already organized and prepared to come to the rescue. To save themselves from extermination, these little societies — the families — sought out one another and united together. The first combination, the *mésnie*, was merely the family enlarged. The *mésnie* became the fief. And from the authority exercised by the father of the family, grew, like a flower blossoming upon its stem, the white lily of royal authority. 'The king,' said Hugues de Fleuri in the eleventh century, 'represents in the kingdom the idea of the father.' And later, in the sixteenth century, when the legists wished to define the State, the *jurisconsult*, Jean Bodin, contented himself with this comparison: 'All the households taken together form what we call the people. It is only by the succession of families that the people is rendered immortal. . . . The republic cannot possibly stand fast if the families which are its pillars have weak foundations.'

The family is thus considered as the foundation of society and the symbol of government itself. And this is not merely a theory for philosophers to wag their heads over, but a fact proved by experience in the course of those many perilous and glorious centuries through-

out which the might of France was revealed.

How did the economic development of the family come about? The family settled permanently in one place, taking root there through inheritance. Its wealth consisted only of real estate. The land conquered by the labor of one generation was transmitted to the next, the father appointing an heir. This heir varied according to the different provinces and their customs: sometimes the eldest son was chosen, this being the prevailing plan; sometimes the head of the family was allowed to select his heir from among his sons; sometimes, as in the Basque province, even the eldest daughter was made heir. In certain districts the written law allowed a partition of the estate, but then the brothers and sisters agreed to keep it intact. Thus the property was handed down with the name, and became the visible image of the family's continuity, sometimes even to the point of becoming confused with it. A whole series of circumstances, economic and social, were favorable to this condition of things: custom, law, the peace and quiet of life on the farms, and the difficulty of communication. The right of inheritance brought with it heavy burdens, too. It implied the subordination of the individual's life to the existence and continuance of the family; and it imposed upon the heir the maintenance of the parents, of the unmarried sisters, of the unsuccessful or infirm or invalid brothers; the continuation of the works of mercy and charity (for a congeries of duties clusters about every family of any importance); and the administration of the property, — not merely to enjoy it, but, at the very least, to maintain it, and, if possible, to increase it. Under this system, the brothers who were, so to speak, disinherited, had the advantage of liberty and could embark upon any careers they pleased — in the army, the navy, the colonies, or what not — with the certainty of being succored in case of need.

The family of ancient France has left the written evidence of its vitality in the *livres de raison*. These *livres de raison* were originally simple account books wherein were enumerated the details of the division of the property. Little by little, the habit grew of writing in them the dates which were of importance to the family, — dates of marriages, of births, of deaths. Later these dates were accompanied by commentaries. With the aid of these commentaries alone, it has been possible to reconstruct the past existence of the family. Moreover, we find in them evidence of a double creed, — which perhaps can be considered as but a single one, — faith in God and faith in life. The fathers, bowed down though they be with burdens, invariably hail with joy the arrival of a new-born child, even if they already have nine or ten or more. A birth is always regarded as a blessing. They thank God, who will know how to help them feed this full nest of children. They exert every energy for the future of the house and of their race, for its name and honor.

There are shadows in this picture of the French family. Indeed, the history of nations, as of individuals, offers very few examples of powers which, if put to the test, have not been abused. The husband and father, with the double authority, marital and paternal, has not always had the sense to use it justly. Cases arose where the wife and children were reduced to slavery, and where their most legitimate aspirations were throttled. Although the family is not composed of a series of individual happinesses, still it cannot, without danger to itself, rob its members of those rights which the human conscience holds most sacred; and the

right to the pursuit of happiness is one of these. Compulsory vocations and forced marriages are the result of a wrong attitude toward the individual.

The church came to the rescue of the victims. Not that she ranged herself against the family — she was herself a hierarchy standing for authority. But she condemned the encroachments which destroyed human liberty in its intangible foundations.

The family retained this established form practically without change until the Revolution. Rétif de la Bretonne, in his *Life of my Father*, draws a picture of it which would have been as true in the eleventh or twelfth century as it was in the eighteenth. He calls his father his 'visible God,' and no one could underline more distinctly the almost sacred character which the children attributed to the paternal power. This *dieu visible* himself obeys a preceding god (his own father). And Rétif's narrative takes us to the wedding of his father, who was coerced by *his* father into a marriage repugnant to every natural inclination of his heart. For these founders of dynasties, these responsible leaders, love does not count or individual happiness, — nothing counts but their race. This is where they make their mistake; for intimate happiness and legitimate affection play their part in sustaining the family. And to reduce marriage to a mere social form, and do without the consent of the contracting parties, is to alter its character. In those days, children did not oppose their father's commands; hence Edmé obeyed, and married a good housewife instead of the woman of his choice. At the end of his life, we see him like a patriarch, surrounded by his fourteen children and all the servants of his household; after they have taken supper together, he reads from the Holy Scriptures, adding some brief observations of his own. It takes one back to Biblical times, except that this family, instead of being nomadic, is bound to the soil.

III

The Revolution did not come like a bolt from the blue, but like a bolt from a sky gradually overcast by clouds. The first cloud on the family horizon was caused by the Reformation, which opened the door of the home to individualism. Wiping out the eternal promises, it substituted the possibility of divorce for the principle of indissoluble union. Here was the first alteration of marriage. Until the Reformation there was no doubt of its permanence; now there came a new doctrine, which struck at marriage in its essential principle as a definitive engagement entered into in the presence of God. It is true that after a stubborn struggle, the Reformation was rejected in France and Catholicism triumphed. But the very foundations of the family had become a subject of argument; and the idea of impermanence was destined to gain ground. It gained ground throughout the whole of the eighteenth century and became involved with a more general doctrine, that of the rights of the individual. According to the theories of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the individual was to be unshackled. Then how could he bear the burdens of the family, which were the oldest and heaviest burdens? He was to be born with rights, not with duties. He was to be dependent on neither his father nor his mother; the State was there to receive him. It was to the State that the famous theorist assigned the paternal power. As for marriage, how could two persons pledge themselves for the future when they were not sure of their own hearts? Feelings may change; liberty alone does not change. Meanwhile, Voltaire and the Encyclopædists placed the so-

cial problems on a secular basis, claiming to set them apart from all thought of religion.

Economic conditions and customs were beginning to accelerate the march of ideas. The family lived on its estate and set the neighborhood the example of its character and its continuity. The higher the source of this example, the more it provoked imitation. But now, in the seventeenth century, the great landed families began their exodus to present their petitions at Versailles. As the lords of the soil became courtiers, their local influence diminished. The close bond between the family and the soil was broken. Another blow was dealt at the hitherto sacred rights of the family, on the day when Louis XIV compelled Parliament to legitimize his bastards. Lastly, from the time of the Regency, high society made fashionable the estrangement of husband and wife. 'For heaven's sake, leave me alone!' said a wife to her husband, when he asked her to descend to the familiar *thee* and *thou*. Another, who claimed a separation because her husband had given her a box on the ear, *en tête-a-tête*, and who was not able to obtain her divorce, went back to the brute in his study, and slapping him in turn, exclaimed by way of explanation, 'There, monsieur! there 's your box on the ear back again; it's of no use to me!'[1] What had become of the respect for the head of the family? Marriage was no longer a constraining force; it was nothing but a worldly association of selfishness and caprice. Thus the anarchy of manners played its part in spreading an anarchy of ideas.

Economic conditions, freedom of manners, and new ideas — coming in this order — paved the way, then, for the Revolution, which is to be considered here only as it altered the constitution of the family. Neither these new ideas, nor these manners, nor these economic conditions touched the majority of the French people, those vast masses which are the reservoir of the national strength and life. This is the reason why the Revolution, in making family institutions over from top to bottom, did not really reach beyond the cities. The country districts escaped it; and after the storm was over, life began again, hardly different from the life of former days. The overthrow of the family in 1792 was merely the work of doctrinaires and theorists, disciples of Jean-Jacques and of the Encyclopædists, who were persuaded that they were unshackling the individual. This overthrow did not produce its complete results until many years later.

Hitherto, marriage, since it was a sacrament, had been bound up with religion. That bond was snapped by the Revolution. The law of September 20, 1792, made of marriage a purely civil contract, which the institution of divorce terminated. This law established three kinds of divorce: divorce by mutual consent, divorce pronounced at the demand of one of the conjoined, — merely on account of incompatibility of temper or of character, — and divorce for fixed causes. The effects made themselves felt immediately, but only in Paris and in some large cities. In the first three months of 1794, the number of divorces in Paris matched the number of marriages. The proclamation equalizing the rights in inheritance of the legitimate child and the natural child, and the suppression of marital authority and paternal power, completed this new legislation about the family. 'At Paris in the year IX,' said the tribune, Carion-Nisas, a short time afterwards, 'there were about four thousand marriages and seven

[1] Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, *La Femme au 18e siècle.*

hundred divorces; in the year X, there were only about three thousand marriages, but nine hundred divorces. Both the decrease in marriages and the increase in divorces are terrifying; and they prove that divorce, far from being a remedy, is but one evil the more, and that instead of calling citizens to marriage, as has been pretended, it causes them to detest and shun it. People thought to facilitate marriage by ridding it of its indissolubility, imagining that they were strengthening it; and they destroyed it.'

IV

The authors of the Civil Code did not entirely forget this experience. In the preliminary discussion, indeed, one finds this earliest opinion of the First Consul upon divorce: 'What shall we say of a family broken up by divorce? What sort of husbands and wives are those who, after having been bound together by the closest ties that nature and law can form between rational beings, become all at once strangers to one another, without being able to forget one another? What sort of children are those who have no longer a father, who can no longer mingle in the same embrace the disunited authors of their days; who, in duty bound to cherish and respect them equally, are, so to say, forced to take sides against them; who dare not recall in their presence the deplorable marriage of which they are the fruit? Oh, take care how you encourage divorce! It would be a great misfortune if it became customary with us!'

He himself belonged to a closely united, clanlike family, and he remembered it. And if, as general and head of the State, in his rugged campaigns and his rapid reorganization of a broken-down social system, he had found about him as many people as he needed who were ready and fitted to help him, he could not have attributed that abundance of power and talent, sprung from the land, to anything but the latent vigor of Old France. And whence came this vigor, if not from the constitution of the family, which had stood by the kingdom in all its vicissitudes throughout the centuries? One might have feared lest the constraint imposed by the authority of the head of the family, and the subjection of the other members, might keep youthful energies from developing, might crush those children who had been too strictly brought up, might sap their youthful wills. But discipline revealed once more that it is an incomparable school for developing the sort of character which gives itself to a cause even to the limit of self-sacrifice.

The Civil Code, then, was a compromise between the ancient constitution of the family and revolutionary authority. In appearance, it sustained the traditional family founded upon marriage, the marital power, the paternal power,[1] and inheritance. But it altered those essential principles. From the very first, it secularized marriage, which ceased to be a religious act and became a civil contract. The husband and wife might appear before a priest, if they wished — the law took no account of that. And inasmuch as religion immediately regained its popularity after the Concordat, and couples preferred to be married in church rather than in the town hall, a law was enacted that forbade the celebration of the religious ceremony before the civil marriage. Ancient custom gave way to this law; but the practice survived of introducing all the ceremonial into the religious marriage and of treating the civil marriage as it itself insisted upon being treated — that is to say, as a

[1] Louis Delzons, *La Famille française et son Evolution.*

contract which needed neither dress, nor flowers, nor music, nor solemnity, nor emotion, nor holy witness, — a contract, moreover, which had no fixed duration, and which might cancel itself like a lease. For divorce was sustained in the new laws, notwithstanding the eloquent words of the First Consul, who promptly changed his mind, — thinking already, perhaps, of the personal use which he could some day make of it. Divorce upon the simple demand of one of the parties was by no means allowed — this form being equivalent to repudiation in Roman law; but divorce for fixed causes, and even that by mutual consent, — with certain limitations, — was sustained. Some years later, the law of May 8, 1816, abolished divorce, it is true, no strong objections being raised. The Napoleonic wars had left many ruins to repair; the work of restoration demanded that the constitution of the family be strong.

Finally, in the Civil Code, the marital power and the paternal power were indeed sustained, but both of them changed their nature. The first belonged to the husband only by right of marriage, ceasing to be his perquisite in his capacity as head and director of the community; the second was established in the interest of the child, ceasing to be a sort of divine right accompanying paternity. Both, in fine, became dependent on law, instead of being simply recognized and protected by it. This fact shows how the new spirit was making itself felt. It made itself felt still more plainly in the succession by title, wherein the principle of equality prevailed decidedly over that of liberty. Under this dispensation parents were allowed to transmit to any single heir only an inconsiderable fragment of their patrimony. Thus the estate, broken up, pulverized, systematically submitted to division, — which meant that it was bound sooner or later to fall into strangers' hands, — could no longer serve as the family's hereditary prop.

V

'During the three quarters of a century which followed the promulgation of the Civil Code,' justly observes Louis Delzons, in his treatise on *The French Family and its Evolution*, 'there were, practically speaking, no changes.' French society continued to exist — to use the words of Professor Barrett Wendell — in the form which it had inherited from the past. Divorce having disappeared from the Civil Code, marriage had its full effect. The father and husband used their paternal and marital power with a moderation which — although they did not realize the fact — was the result of the new manners much more than of the law. Altogether one might believe, judging from appearances, that family life had not been altered by the turmoil of the Revolution, and that the experiment of individualism had completely failed in France; either because individualism was not workable, or else — supposing that the social life of the nation could take other forms than that form of *collectivité familiale* put to the proof by so many centuries — because it was simply premature.

There remained, to be sure, the ruinous method of succession by title. This method, as it made partition obligatory, little by little cut up the estates; in addition, it divided the family against itself by constantly introducing questions of interest in the property, and it destroyed the symbol of the continuity, union, and permanence of the family. But this very partition of the property, in days when the land was not particularly crowded and was often badly exploited, permitted a more intensive cultivation of the soil; so the Code

might be considered as causing a better exploitation of the country. A little later, when people began to see at last how dangerous this legislation was to the love of the land, to the feeling for the past, and to patriotism, its unlucky results were destined to be forgotten in the economic revolution which, caused by the application of new methods of transportation, soon began to spread throughout the country a feeling of restlessness and a desire for travel, and which finally precipitated the country upon the town.

Apparently it was still possible to believe that family life had undergone no change. But only apparently; for the battle continued, and the campaign for individualism set in again as early as the end of the Restoration. It was directed from the first by the literature of the romantic movement, which had scarcely any ideal other than to champion the rights of the individual and to deify passion. And indissoluble marriage hampered the rights of the individual, and set duty over against passion.

Nobody expressed the romanticist hatred of all social barriers better than George Sand. In *Jacques*, one of her most celebrated romances, a young man, Jacques, writes to Fernande, his fiancée, on the eve of their marriage, 'Society is going to dictate to you the formula of an oath; you are going to swear to be faithful to me and to submit to me, — in other words, never to love any one but me, and to obey only me in all things. One of these vows is an absurdity; the other is a villainy. You cannot answer for your heart, even though I should be the greatest and most perfect of men; you ought not to promise to obey me, for that would be to debase us both.' Thus warned, George Sand's heroine hastens to prove that the husband so well informed concerning the conduct of life is right. She takes a lover, or rather, she 'fulfills her destiny.' Jacques, in this novel and somewhat delicate situation, remains logical; he neither complains nor is astonished.

Classic literature had depicted a morally and socially reasonable man who could prefer passion to duty, but classic literature had recognized that this preference was wrong, and had not sacrificed reason, or religion, or society to it. Romantic literature represented a man of defective brain as well as defective heart and senses, — a man enslaved by his passions, who, by a new sophistry, called this servitude liberty! But what happens to our Jacques, the indulgent and comprehending husband? To save everybody from embarrassment, he goes on a walking-tour in the Tyrolese mountains, and falls, as if by accident, into a crevasse. Thus must a thoughtful husband prove that he has sense enough to renounce his wife in favor of her lover, since the door of marriage is closed to any escape!

There was an effort to break down this door at any cost. George Sand's successor, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, tried to burst it open in his plays appealing for divorce. But the conflict was not confined to literature. It extended to the political and social fields; and one can follow the phases of it in the history of nineteenth-century thought. On one side were the followers of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who continued to work for the enfranchisement of the people and of the individual, and who shook the world in the name of liberty: Victor Hugo, Michelet, Edgar Quinet. On the other side were the followers of the tradition which maintained that the forms of society are eternal and not subject to fluctuations of ideas, of sentiments, or of economic conditions; and that without authority and the hierarchical form of the family and of religion, there can be nothing but riot

and anarchy. These men were Joseph de Maistre, Bonald, Balzac, Le Play, — who, after having toured the world and written a monograph about the workingmen of Europe, undertook the restoration of the family, — and Auguste Comte, the founder of the philosophy of positivism. Building upon a rational study of facts, Comte reached this conclusion about marriage: that any society, if it would endure, must strengthen the order which Catholicism so successfully set up when it sanctioned the fundamental indissolubility of marriage. 'The obligation to conform one's life to an insurmountable law,' he wrote in his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, 'far from being a source of unhappiness, is one of the most indispensable conditions of life, since it steadies our wavering ideas and our half-hearted intentions.' And explicitly condemning divorce, he added, 'One needs only to understand the chief purpose of the conjugal tie to see its necessary conditions. This fundamental union cannot gain its essential end except by being both exclusive and indissoluble. These two characteristics are so indispensable to any union that even illegal *liaisons* tend to manifest them. We cannot, without assuming an entire lack of all moral and social principles, understand how anybody can dogmatically set up inconstancy and frivolity of affection as essential guaranties of human happiness. No love can be profound if it is not undivided and perpetual; for the mere idea of change disturbs its course. Is our short life longer than two people need — two beings so different as man and woman — to enable them to know each other well and love each other worthily? And yet, hearts are usually so fickle that society has to intervene in order to do away with irresolution and inconstancy, which if given free scope would tend to reduce human existence to a deplorable succession of experiments without issue and without dignity.'

Positivism, then, agreed with Catholicism that indissoluble marriage is the safeguard of individual dignity and of social life.

The partisans of individualism finally triumphed. On the twenty-seventh of July, 1884, divorce was put back into the body of French law, at the instigation of M. Naquet. True, they called it a necessary evil, and they did not allow divorce by mutual consent or at the wish of one of the parties. They allowed it only for fixed causes: adultery; the condemnation of one or the other to undergo degrading punishment; and, finally, ill-treatment, cruelty, and serious abuse. But it began at once to produce its disintegrating effect upon the family.

VI

An eminent professor of law, M. Glasson, has laid down this experimental rule: wherever divorce exists, it tends to increase. Statistics show us its rapid progress. In 1885, immediately after the promulgation of the law, there were in France 4227 divorces. 'These are the unhappy households accepting their freedom,' proclaimed the partisans of divorce; 'wait and you will soon see a halt.'

But the halt has not yet made itself manifest. The number of divorces has steadily increased: 5427 in 1890; 6750 in 1895; 7157 in 1900; 10,017 in 1905; nearly 13,000 in 1911.

In the first months of marriage, even when the deepest love is present, patience is often necessary. People used to be patient in the days of indissoluble marriage. To-day they will not tolerate the slightest provocation. At the least quarrel they appeal for divorce. The prospect of remarriage plays too

real a part in these ruptures. Divorce, then, insinuates itself as a corrupting element in married life, and even in life before marriage. People think of it when they marry, and ascribe less importance to a union which can be broken. Statistics tell us, again, that the households of not even a year's existence are those among which divorce makes proportionately the most progress. The young people will not submit to even a year of patience and of mutual concessions before declaring their common life impossible. But a social system cannot be sustained on pity for such unfortunate individuals.

Marriage is the keystone of the family arch. That is why its character is of so much importance in any social system. We now find its character in France modified for the second time. The first time was in 1792, and we have seen what were the consequences. These consequences were already comparable with the results obtained by centuries of the traditional family which had built up the power of France.

Between 1816 and 1884 the country bound up its wounds and recovered its strength. One could see the national vigor in the way it endured a disaster like that of 1870, and in the rapidity with which it repaired its losses in men and money. Since 1884, thirty years have passed. A second test, longer and more decisive, is being added to the first. Once more the adversaries of the family are trying to drive home their victory. They incessantly demand the facilitation of divorce: they want divorce for mental derangement of one of the parties, divorce for absence, divorce for infirmities, divorce for religious disagreements. They have not yet succeeded in putting these things into the law of the land; but in equity they have succeeded by means of a legal fiction in introducing divorce by mutual consent, which the tribunals constantly grant. They pretend that human beings are their own masters, and that this is a principle inscribed in the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*. But to say that human beings are their own masters is really to say nothing at all; or else it means the suppression of every form of agreement. There is no agreement in which future liberty is not renounced by present liberty. Every contract is an agreement which encroaches upon one's future. Why should a perpetual agreement be immoral? If an agreement is immoral it certainly does not become so on account of its duration. The character of a lease remains the same whether it lasts one year or twenty years. It is the object of an agreement which may make it immoral, and make it just as immoral if it is for a year as if it is perpetual. If, then, an engagement for a season is moral, it will remain so forever.[1]

It is the doctrine of individualism which inspires the partisans of divorce. They consider only the happiness of the husband and wife, and substitute the pleasure-marriage for the duty-marriage. One of them, Novicow, has expressed it frankly: 'The sexual bond is contracted *only* for the direct happiness of the contracting parties.' If the parties do not find this happiness, they separate; or if one of them fails to find it, he leaves the other, to look for it elsewhere. Under these simple conditions, marriage is entirely set apart from the family, — as if it did not create the family, as if it had nothing to do with the family, which Taine has called the only remedy man has found for death.

A state is composed of an enduring race; that is to say, it is composed of families; that is to say, of marriages producing children. To consider marriage without the child, and merely as the

[1] George Fonsegrive, *Le Mariage et l'union libre.*

satisfaction of the desires of the husband and wife, is to take away from it all social character; and if this is done, why should society bother with it?

Now, how many years are required to complete the child's education? Is a boy or girl of ten years ready to be taken from its parents? Or even of fifteen years? So long as the child's education continues, it will demand their effective coöperation. After fifteen or twenty years, then, the father and mother, grown old and weary, are going to take up a new life, to create a new home! 'The work for which the husband and wife associate themselves,' says M. Fonsegrive again, 'cannot come to anything unless their union is for their whole life. So they make their vows for life. He who wishes to reach the goal must make up his mind to take the only road to that goal. Indissoluble marriage is necessary for a normal upbringing of the child; it is the only kind of marriage which allows the child complete moral development. The law of indissolubility, far from being contrary to nature, is demanded by nature.' That is what the positivist Comte meant when he said that without indissoluble marriage human existence amounts in most cases only to 'a deplorable succession of experiments without issue and without dignity.'

Still another objection is made: that the situation of the children is less cruel in divorce than in legal separation. This is not true. Legal separation, through its very sadness, will never be anything but an exception; while divorce, giving as it does the power to begin life again indefinitely, runs the risk of becoming customary. Legal separation relaxes but does not break the family tie. Even when disunited, the father and mother cannot look into the future without thinking of what it holds for their children. These children remain an ideal; while in divorce, which authorizes new ties, they will never be anything but a curse.

But what is the use of starting here a debate upon the philosophy of divorce? I have shown that the motive idea of marriage has altered since the day when it lost its religious character to become a simple civil contract. The consequences of this alteration have been fatal. The divorce law is the most striking sign of the changes which, from that time on, have taken place in the French family. It is not the only sign. We must add other less important laws providing for the diminution of paternal power and for the reconciliation of legitimate and illegitimate children in the succession to property. A parallel might even be drawn between some of these laws and certain interpolations made by the church in the ancient common law, which it considered too rigid in its affirmation of paternal and marital power and too antagonistic to the rights of the individual, — unless one somehow twists the meaning of the word *rights*. Here, then, we have a whole group of phenomena which testify to a voluntary overthrow of traditions. The intention is to pass systematically from a form of society based on the family to a form of society based on the individual. The individual takes the place of the family, which is thus thrust into the background.

If Professor Barrett Wendell has not seen the change, it is because a social order which has lasted for centuries leaves its impress for a long time upon people's minds and hearts, and continues for a long time to struggle against the order which is to succeed it; it is also because his acquaintance lay chiefly among that middle-class society in which the family ideals are still honored; and finally, because the new order finds itself face to face with forces little

disposed to give way to it, — the forces, namely, of Catholicism, of a whole hidebound literature, and of a new sectionalism which has lately come into fashion again.

The distinguished traveler should, however, have noticed several things which would have revealed to him, under the old surface of French life, the thrust of a new world: a high society which lives as it pleases, believing implicitly that it has not a single tie with the land or the people; a bourgeoisie which, active and well-established and honorable as it is, is nevertheless not so thrifty as it used to be, and regulates its expenses and its future to its present profit; a rural population which, in too many cases, tires of the fields and descends upon the cities; and a working class crowded into insufficient lodgings, — a class for which the day-labor of the women has been the death of the home. I admit that the dark picture is brightened by the survival of the old French traits. Energy, gayety, courage in the face of difficulties, love of home, and the tenderness of parents toward their children continue to fill our houses with an atmosphere of comfort and hope which reassures us for the future.

Nevertheless, when one sees individualism trying to acclimatize itself in France, after the French family has for centuries borne such beautiful fruit, one has an uneasy fear for the population of the country. United, strengthened, defended by laws, the family guaranteed long life to the nation. Reduced to a precarious condition, it gives no more children. Voluntary sterility increases. It is sufficient to consult the statistics. The total number of births fell from 937,544 in 1883 to 774,000 in 1907, and in 1911 the total number of deaths exceeded it by 34,889.

'The nation,' said Joseph de Maistre, 'is an association of the living with the dead and those still unborn.' That is to say, the nation is a collection of families. The family alone honors its dead and sustains life. In the Latin countries there is no doubt that the fortunes of the nation and the status of the family are closely related. Even if experience in other countries points less decisively to this conclusion, it is still to be feared that the search for individual life leads sooner or later to that disparagement of the nation's life which manifests itself in the decreasing birth-rate and the refusal to undergo sacrifices and struggles.

THE GENTLE FEMALE AND THE ASTUTE STATESMAN

BY MATILDA HALL GARDNER

CONGRESS, like the Washington Monument, presents many aspects to many people. To the woman who lobbies for suffrage, Congress is an assemblage of uncomprehending male beings. Only that and nothing more.

In the four hundred and thirty-five members of the Sixty-Third Congress of these United States, there are representatives who are suffragists by political expediency, and there are representatives who are suffragists by the grace of conviction. A majority, however, of the legislators have given little or no thought to the subject.

The average Congressman makes a point of 'being courteous to the ladies.' When two women enter his office in the busy morning hours, he puts down his paper and tries to look pleasant, although he may be in the midst of a eulogy of himself in his home paper. The secretary stops work, too, and tries to decide whether it will be claims, civil service, or just cards to the gallery.

The suspense is short. One of the women says, 'Good morning; I am Miss A. This is Miss B. No, thank you, we won't sit down. Will you be good enough to tell us how you stand on woman suffrage?'

The Representative tries to look as if he had known all the time that that was going to be the question. If he be a Northerner, he says, 'Ladies, I endeavor to represent my state in the truest sense, and whenever the majority of ladies in my state express themselves as wishing the ballot, I shall earnestly endeavor to fulfill the high obligations of my office'; and so on.

If he be a Southerner, he says, 'My dear madam, I believe that is a question which each state should decide for itself.' And then follows a disquisition upon state rights. Every woman who has lobbied for suffrage at the national capital is fully equipped to make a state-rights speech. She is familiar with every argument, including citations from speeches of former legislators and statesmen. Then the Representative, be he from the North, East, South, or West, looks complacent and quite prepared to say, 'Good morning,' pleasantly.

But the lobbyist does not say good morning. She is apt to say, 'But of course you must have an opinion on so important a subject. Would you mind very much telling us whether or not you would favor suffrage if the women in your state should desire the ballot?

The secretary looks happy and the Congressman resigned. The discussion which follows is not long, for that precious knowledge of the psychological moment when to go is as important to a lobbyist as to a diplomat.

To put the question and get the answer sounds quite simple, but indeed it is not. Many a lobbyist in the early days of her experience, thinks to herself, 'Lobbying is not really so dreadful. Mr. Blank was very pleasant.' And then she starts to put down on her little pad what Mr. Blank had said, only to find that he has not answered her question.

I shall never forget my first experience, and how I walked those stone floors for ten minutes before my courage was equal to the ordeal. Only one other incident in my life stands out as equaling this in humiliation. When quite a little child I had to take back to a large and terrible butcher some meat which was not what had been ordered. When I opened the Congressman's door the second time, he looked surprised, but more so a second later when I said to him, 'Will you be good enough to tell me whether you are for or against equal suffrage?' He was distinctly embarrassed and, I like to think, a little ashamed. The secretary chuckled, and the Congressman answered my question. Although it was most distressing to me, the incident had value, for the secretary reported to me later that the Congressman had related the experience to others as a joke on himself and a warning to them.

The first instructions which the green lobbyist gets from her veteran sisters are these: 'Be gentle and persistent; *don't be clever!*' A trial of wits may result only in befogging the issue and disturbing the pleasant serenity of the Congressman. On one occasion a brilliant young woman, after a long argument, left an important man quite flustered, and failed to learn how he stood on the question of equal suffrage. The next day two of us were told to 'First pacify, and then get him on record.' We felt, I presume, as do young reporters when a brutal city editor hands out without a word of counsel a difficult assignment. We decided to ask him about the actual legislative process through which a bill passes in becoming a law, taking as an example a resolution then before his committee in which I knew that he was greatly interested. We were just ignorant enough to disarm him, and intelligent enough to arouse his interest. Before we left he quite willingly told us where he stood on equal suffrage.

A lobbyist very soon learns not to generalize about Congressmen. She finds that all Southerners are not garbed in black broadcloth, with low-cut vest and black string tie. Neither does the Western Congressman necessarily wear a wide-brimmed Stetson, or pack a six-shooter in the hip-pocket. Nor does the Down-easter always resemble a Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothing model. The mentalities of Congressmen are not necessarily sectional.

For instance: One morning we put our customary query to a Northern Democrat — a spick-and-span typical business man. He looked bored. He said, 'Oh, I guess it's coming, all right, so I might as well get in early. Yep, you can say I'm for it.'

'Oh, dear,' sighed my companion, 'let's do a Southern one next!' We did. He was a chunky little man in a brown suit and a little round brown felt hat. There were traces of brown tobacco, too. In answer to the query, he said, at once, 'Well, I reckon you all have got a right to it, 'fore the kinky-headed niggers!'

On the contrary, the contrasts within state lines are often more startling than the sectional contrasts. Take, for instance, a Middle-Western state. The first member visited was a tall, lean, dark man, of morose expression. He would make up well as a pirate, by the addition of a big, black moustache and a dagger. In answer to our question, he said, 'Well, you're good-looking suffragettes, anyway!' His secretary looked worried. My companion's face expressed horror. I replied that that was beside the question, and repeated my query. The Congressman refused to answer any question not propounded by a constituent from his own district.

The second member, from the same state, was a pleasant-faced, gray-haired man, plump, and of a most amiable appearance. He sprang from his chair as we entered, and beamed, as we supposed, with enthusiasm for the cause. He assumed the statesmanlike attitude near the large table, and said, in answer to the query, 'Ladies, I am an old-fashioned Democrat.' He repeated this several times in answer to questions differently expressed. In despair we finally said, 'Good morning,' and he replied, 'Good morning, ladies; I am an old-fashioned Democrat!'

The third one was as tall, lean, and lank as the first, grayish of hair and of clothing, but with the difference of great precision and neatness in his dress. Our errand stated, he said, 'Ladies, you know Votes for Women won't bring the millennium.' Our hearts sank. We had heard about the millennium many times before. Then the tall, thin man gazed long out of his window. And when he looked back at us, we knew we need not fear what he was about to say. It was this: 'My folks were pioneers in our state, and everything my father did, I guess my mother more than matched him in what she did. I am for suffrage, ladies, and I thank you for coming to ask me.'

We found many quiet little eddies of thought where our simple questions seemed a veritable thunderbolt. One dear old gentleman seemed so anxious to do something for us; and when I told him what we wanted, he looked like a hurt child. All he could say was, 'Well, I'll be dinged!' And then hastily apologized for his language.

Another man, elderly, but not so dear, met us at the door all smiles. Before we could state our errand, he assured us he would do anything for the ladies, anything at all. 'Why, I'd swim the Hellespont for the ladies, or I'd go after the Golden Fleece like — Dick,' he called, turning back to the room, 'what was the name of the fellow that got the Fleece?' 'Jason, sir,' answered Dick, promptly. 'Yes, like Jason,' said the Congressman. 'I'd do more than that for the ladies.' But when we told him what we did want him to do, he utterly disconcerted us by bursting into loud laughter. 'That is a good joke,' he finally gasped, 'you ladies telling me that. Why I saw a lady once who wanted to vote, and she had short hair!' Here his mirth overcame him again, and we left him wiping his eyes with a huge bandanna.

The House of Representatives Office Building consists of five floors of corridors and doors. Behind each door sits a Congressman, each man with a different personality. As she opens one of these doors to call on the Congressman, the woman lobbyist can judge neither by manner nor by dress what the personality of the man is. Gruffness may be just a cloak for shyness, and the well-dressed, immaculate member is not always helpful.

A Representative from an Eastern state said to us, 'Really, I can't say I have ever given the matter a thought. The ladies in my state are not interested. In fact, I recall having heard from two ladies of social prominence — really quite prominent socially — that they rather disapprove of this matter.'

My companion murmured something to the effect that social prominence did not always make for progress or intelligence, and the secretary giggled.

In the corridor, my companion said wearily, 'Don't you always expect the tidy ones to be suffragists?' Every woman feels that way instinctively. To discover tidiness reactionary — be it expressed in shirt-sleeves or a Prince Albert — is always a shock to a woman. I find that the home-makers who lobby make far more excuses for little lacks in manner or appearance than the women

who work with men out in the world.

A young business woman who sometimes helps me, spoke derisively of the spots on the vest of an important statesman. I suggested that he had no woman to look after him. She replied crisply, 'A woman? What's the matter with ten cents' worth of benzine and a rag?'

A business woman is less apprehensive, too, of taking the time of the member. I had been rather fearful of intruding upon the time of a Congressman, until I met the secretary of a certain member who has served his country long in Congress. I had gone many times to his office and found only the busy secretary. One day I said in despair to her, 'Is n't Mr. C. ever here?' 'Good gracious, yes,' she replied, 'I should think he was. He was here for an hour this morning, and nearly drove me crazy. Just kept pestering me until I could hardly do my work. I declare I believe I'll have to get a pack of cards and teach him how to play solitaire!'

After a little experience, lobbying becomes quite impersonal.

A young Southern girl was taken to see a Southern member. The man almost verged upon rudeness in his repudiation of the subject. I expected, once safely outside the door, to hear from the girl expressions of surprise at the lack of the traditional Southern chivalry on the part of the member we had just left. Instead, she said, 'Poor dear, I know what's the matter with him. Did you see his flannels? Winter flannels to-day! Just like my father: never would change his flannels until mother made him.'

The same day the Southern girl went to see a member from her own state. He was not in his office, but his secretary, a polite, uncomprehending young man, was distinctly curious. So we stayed a minute. When he gathered our purpose, he said, 'Ladies, indeed I don't want to be discourteous. I would n't be discourteous to a lady for the world, but surely you ladies — ' and then he hesitated — 'have nice homes.'

The girl replied simply, 'Yes, indeed, I have; I think it's the most beautiful home in the whole world. You can see all of our county from our front piazza. But I reckon you don't know how the mill-women in our state live or what kind of homes they have.'

Only in exceptional cases does the woman lobbyist encounter rudeness. In fact, so far as I was concerned, the cases of rudeness were confined to individual instances of Congressmen from a couple of Middle Western states. We found later that the reason for this attitude was the fact that the woman-suffrage question and the liquor question had unfortunately been coupled in the previous campaigns of the Congressmen in question. One of them rose large and glowering from behind his desk and said, in a loud tone, that he did not admit our right to question him. We asked him very meekly if he would mind telling us who would have that right. He thought hard over this for a minute or two, and finally answered, 'I would admit the right of the senior member from my state,' quite forgetting that that same senior representative was a strong ally of the suffrage cause. We were so sorry to leave him in such an unhappy state of mind, but it seemed unavoidable.

On another day — a very hot day — we entered the office of a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man. He looked promising, as he sat there reading his paper. He might easily have been a nice Uncle Jim or Uncle George. We stated our errand, and the nice-looking person roared at us, 'I won't be threatened! You can't coerce me!' We were very warm and weary and asked him

if we might sit down a minute, and he assented to that proposition. He continued, 'I won't be listed; I won't have my name put down on a list; the idea is preposterous! When I register an opinion I register it on the floor of the House!' At which point, I gently interrupted to assure him that that was exactly what we wanted; that his was the real spirit; that to have it discussed on the floor of the House was our object. 'What!' he roared, 'me talk about women voting? You'll never get that on the floor of the House in a million years!'

He wanted to make a wager then and there, but lobbyists do not make bets with Congressmen, so we lost that opportunity. We then led the conversation from suffrage to himself, and learned that he represented 'a happy farming community where women are content to mind their homes.' He said homes. He may have meant husbands. We left him feeling quite cheerful. A month later we saw him again and he was calm and almost civil.

Frequently, before the lobbyist's second visit, members talk their experience over with other Congressmen and acquire a different point of view. A friendly secretary told us that a Congressman in their corridor had lately asked his (the secretary's) employer, 'Did two ladies come to see you a little while back about voting?' His Congressman answered, 'Yes, and mighty nice ladies, too; they did n't take much of my time.' 'No,' the other one said, grimly, 'they did n't take much of my time either, but it will take a heap of my secretary's time to answer the letters I am getting from my state.'

One Tammany member — or 'organization' member, I should say — said, 'Ladies, I'll be quite frank with you; I used to be against you, but I have been reading up on the subject.' Here he waved his arm toward a shelf where there was much suffrage literature, and continued, 'Now, I see what it has done and I am with you.'

We were greatly pleased by the effect of suffrage literature on the minds of public men, until we talked to another New Yorker farther down the corridor. In response to the customary query, he said plaintively, 'Oh, it's coming. Why the ladies in my state cut down Blank's plurality two thousand last election, and he never had his plurality pared before.' He was referring to the Tammany Representative with the shelf full of suffrage literature.

The physical exertion of lobbying was one day impressed upon our minds in an interesting manner. A friendly Representative from a Middle-Western state kindly volunteered to go around with us to the offices for a couple of hours. At the end of the first hour he was very droopy. At the end of the second hour he frankly confessed that he could do no more. 'You ladies surely have got good heads on you; but what I want to know is, how in thunder can your feet stand it?' We had been working for five hours before we met him.

That was the day we found the pedestal — that old-fashioned, uncomfortable piece of furniture on which a certain type of man is accustomed to place all women. We had previously thought that the pedestal was lost forever; but there it was, in the possession of an elderly gentleman with a face like a cameo and the manners of a Chesterfield. When we could politely leave, after listening to a long dissertation on the glories of his state, and the virtues of the homekeeping women thereof, our weary Congressman said dryly, 'I wonder if he uses any of that stuff on the scrubwomen who will be around here pretty soon?'

One young man, in response to our query as to his views on suffrage, rose

to his feet, and majestically waved his arm toward the corner of the room, where stood the usual enormous desk. 'That,' he declaimed, 'is what I believe in!' I decided at last that he was referring to a large, framed photograph which stood on the desk. It was a likeness of a woman and child, and I ventured timidly that 'She looked like a good suffragist.' 'Suffragist!' he roared; '*she* is a *wife* and a *mother!*'

In the corridor my companion said, 'What do we do when they are like that?' 'We come again,' I replied.

Another young man was argumentative along the old familiar home-keeping line. In my reply, I touched upon the handling of garbage as surely being within a woman's kingdom. He became at once quite excited, and said, 'I think ladies are much too fine to go smelling around garbage-cans!' We found later that his family name was intimately connected with a garbage-reduction scandal in his own state, and therefore my allusion had been most unfortunate.

We are so accustomed to the usual stock arguments against woman suffrage, that the replies come automatically; they are card-indexed in the brain, as it were. But occasionally we encounter an argument so overwhelming that it leaves us speechless.

One large statesman, in response to our query, said, 'I have a mother to whom I am most deeply attached, and for that reason I am unalterably opposed to woman suffrage!'

There seemed to be no adequate reply.

Through these varied experiences the woman is beginning to lose a little of that awe with which she has been taught to regard a statesman, and the statesman is coming to understand that even a gentle, voteless female may possess potentialities for political embarrassment.

THE PUBLISHER

BY ELLA M. SMITH

THE singing white-throat poured my gladness out,
And spread my golden wonder through the trees,
That day when Love burned the dead leaves of doubt,
And sifted sorrow's ashes to the breeze.
My soul sat in her sunshine by the door
While her sweet spokesman told it o'er and o'er.

THE ACCIDENT OF WAR

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

THEY had come upon it in the evening — a long, low house, too beautiful for words. Roses blew on its walls, the windows were leaded and oddly shaped, a stream ran through the garden. Mary had put her face to one window and John was peering through another. They shouted their discoveries, breathless, and like two children caught up by a game.

'A chimney-corner with inglenooks and iron dogs,' shouted Mary, 'and beams all over the ceiling.'

'Mine's got beams,' answered John, 'and paneling, and a carved fireplace —'

'Here's the best room,' shouted Mary, 'with a long window so that you can step out, and real old stenciled wall-paper; and some one 's carved his name on a brick — "Nicolas, 1628."' She spelled it aloud for him and added the date.

'There's a ladder in the kitchen,' he repaid her; 'goes up into a bedroom, I suspect; and a pump, and a red brick floor, and great hooks to hang hams on — I suppose it's hams.'

Thus they circled the house, proclaiming its glories, with no one to listen except the birds and the tinkling stream. It stood all silent, it made no answer, secure in its beauty, its age, and its stored memories. It seemed to them even a little ghostly as the shadows disappeared and they two were alone with it and the green, sheep-dotted meadows.

They passed out at the low white gate, they took the path uphill, they reached a second gate, and so came to a lane that gave on the road and a vague village. Their fly was waiting for them at the inn.

'It's ours,' said Mary. She had said so once before.

'I'll buy it,' answered John.

Next day, however, they discovered that you could n't 'buy it' without taking over the rest of the estate, which ran to some six-thousand-odd acres and was not actually in the market. The agent smiled as he explained the situation. But Horner's was to let, he said.

He mentioned the rental. John and Mary agreed that it was ridiculous.

Horner's, they discovered, was what is known in England as an 'odd farmhouse.' Every farm had its dwelling-house that went with the land, and if a farmer held more than a single farm, he would also hold a superfluity of houses. That was why Horner's was to let. Mr. Harrowby and his family preferred the other house — a modern one. That same afternoon John and Mary called on Mr. Harrowby.

He was expecting them, for John had been lavish with wires.

'Of course it's only a farmhouse, and a very old one at that,' he said tentatively. He could n't quite understand this couple — they looked like gentlefolk. He had expected a man with an interest in chickens, — at Horner's, of course, you might keep chickens, — or a retired couple who would eke out a tiny income by filling the house with

summer boarders. But these two — they were something beyond him.

'Of course, if you keep a dog, it must n't worry my sheep in the lambing season,' he was saying. 'You understand that?'

They understood everything. They wanted now to see the inside of Horner's, and each had vowed to the other not to go into audible raptures for fear the man would put the rent up; and, for the same reason, they had agreed to conceal the fact that they were Americans.

Horner's, inside, was all and more than it had promised. Such dear rooms, no two alike! And none were square or rigid as in a modern house, and every hall and every lobby and every passage had its character. Mr. Harrowby bumped his head coming down the single flight of stairs; but then, he was very tall and had not looked out. They would look out.

There was no bath or bathroom, but one could be made; the water came here, boring under the meadow.

Mr. Harrowby apologized for countless drawbacks. He did n't think Horner's would suit them.

'Perhaps not,' they answered. It was the moment to knock a pound or two off that ridiculous rental; yet neither of them had the nerve, they confessed afterwards.

'If you were keeping chickens or took in boarders,' said Mr. Harrowby, 'there's an acre of land round the house and I could let you have part of the meadow.'

They were in the coach-house now, and looking over the three-stall stabling. John had thought out a place for the bathroom, and so had Mary. Luckily it was the same place.

'All right,' said John suddenly, 'I'll take it. If it's a failure it's a failure, and not much harm done.'

Mr. Harrowby seemed relieved.

'I don't mind papering the good rooms,' he said.

Mary could see his idea of papering; and he was n't going to touch that old stenciling of white and lavender!

'Of course, we choose,' she snapped.

'Certainly,' he assented guardedly, 'if it's not too expensive.'

So they settled it, and left him wondering. The agent would do the rest and John's bank was a reference.

Mr. Harrowby saw them to their fly; and next they were alone with plans that included furnishing, and heaps of pots and china and candlesticks — it would take them months and months.

'Not a word — not a word did I say,' began Mary, 'about those old brass finger-plates — on every door they were — they want rubbing up.'

'And I cursed the heavenly closets that are going to save us buying wardrobes. Did you see the hooks and shelves in them?'

'And the dresser in the kitchen — all oak, and lovely and neglected?'

'And the paneling and the carving in the room we're going to quarrel over?'

'And did you mark my English accent?'

'It was spotty,' answered John.

'It was,' she agreed. 'I kept on forgetting.'

And that is how John and Mary Callendar came to take Horner's.

II

John was an only son and did no work worth mentioning. His father, he would explain, had worked enough for both. It was true, literally and figuratively. There was no special reason why John should continue to waste a lifetime in a New York office, and so, Mary aiding and abetting, they had come abroad. This absence was their honeymoon, and already, when

they took Horner's, it had lasted several years. They had lived in Paris, in Greece, in Italy, and they had spent the bygone spring in London. The train from Dover had given them a glimpse of England. 'Let's settle here for a while,' John had said, looking out of the carriage window; and Mary had agreed. Old houses grew in that park-like country, and they had determined to fasten on one of these. Not a big one, that would own them, but a small, manageable place like Horner's. Its dozen rooms would be more than they wanted, and here, for a few years, they would make a home — their very own and not some one else's, a real place into which they fitted. To-day, installed, they felt like one of those collectors whose choicest treasure was bought for half-a-crown. The house itself was their bargain, though at auction sales and on countless expeditions there had been others.

They said nothing to Mr. Harrowby, the unconscious victim, but privately they crowed over it. They grew into Horner's; little by little they took possession; and, as they had foreseen, its furnishing and arranging was the occupation of a year.

Yet no one else seemed to love it. Instead of a Rembrandt or a Velasquez, your ordinary man would sooner live with a Peter Smith. Old houses, too, they learned, are an acquired taste and one that comes only with a little knowledge. The tradespeople who called had a dubious air, a polite contemptuousness; and the two servants, a married bumpkin couple, lamented the inaccessibility of the house and its lack of those tawdry elements which they approved — florid wall-papers, florid furniture, whitewashed ceilings. In England, outside the urban radii, the past and all its fine achievement had been forgotten, and the rustic mind longed for the obvious that sprawled, all red-brick and window-glass, a sight for gapers looking through a painted railing.

John and Mary got a second married couple, this time from London. These loved the house.

And, incidentally, they had discovered that Horner's placed them. Socially, it should be understood. Their neighbors called, — the vicar first, a shrewd, foreseeing man who declared them harmless and eligible, assessed their income at a glance, and the contributions that might be levied thereon without a strain. Next came the 'church-workers,' with subscription lists, desiccated women for whom love was not. The previous tenant of Horner's had always given five shillings, they said. And after these streamed some very minor gentry, blandly condescending. The vicar had reported and John and Mary were given their due place, no more, no less. They learned the order of that rustic hierarchy, where every one lived to the utmost limit of his income and a bit over. So might you know just who and what they were. The ladies of captains, majors, and colonels well retired, drove up to the front gate and left their cards; and one day came the pseudo-squire and his lady, the ancient legendary squires being broken and dispersed. This fellow, the romantic son of a London bill-broker deceased, acted the part with a cheery realism.

And over all that landscape brooded the Estate, whose marquis owned everything and everybody — the village, the farms, the houses, big and little. The man was absent and an agent ruled for him. His palace and his park — you could see them from Horner's — were let to a financier whom no one knew, a kind of mammoth who occasionally escaped the London jungles: he brought his own friends, he lived his own life, he was invisible.

III

The postman had left three letters for Mary. The first two did not matter, but the third was all important. It was from Frances Cowley and bulging with the news.

There were happenings in New York, happenings in Philadelphia, happenings in Boston, and a series of the liveliest personalities, about relatives and common friends and interesting new people. There was the young man to whom Mattie Harper had become engaged, and the German professor who had stayed with the Denholms, and the Louisville girl Chris Harrison was so mad about. Frances was ever a faithful correspondent, and it seemed that Mary could hold her own; for on the last page of all stood a definite announcement; Mary digested it and passed it across to John.

'You won't mind, dear,' it said. 'Mr. Gale, the publisher, was dining with us the other evening, and after dinner I read your last letter aloud — it had just come in. They are always so delightful, those descriptions of your life over there, of your neighbors, the house and garden, and the village, and this last letter was positively brilliant. Mr. Gale, Aunt Susan, mother, Mr. Heron and I were there. Nobody else. Naturally, I skipped all the really personal bits; but the rest — they got it all. When I had done, Mr. Gale said, "Have you any more like it?" Of course, I've a whole deskful. I fetched one or two others and read *them*. Mr. Gale grew quite serious. "I'm going to make a book of these," he said, '*Elizabeth and her English Garden* — something of that sort.' We were all delighted with the idea, and so will you be. The book is coming out in the new year, before the rush. Mr. Gale will attend to everything, provided it has my approval. He is sending you a contract as soon as ever he gets ready. Have I been rash? Tell me, dear, and don't spare me.'

'That's just like Frances,' said Mary.

'It'll be rather a lark,' said John. He knew those letters — they were among the most amusing things that ever occurred at Horner's. 'If no one here sees them,' he added thoughtfully, 'there'll be no harm done.'

'Of course,' said Mary, 'when they get published, it won't be under any name. And then it's only in America. No one here knows anything about America; they'd never heard of it nor met one until we came.'

The contract arrived the week after, and Mary was to get fifteen cents on every copy sold. She signed it blindly. 'I'll spend the money, if there is any, on the garden,' she said. She had visions of really expensive bulbs, which so far she had denied herself, and of Alpine plants for her rockery. Not knowing how long they were going to stay at Horner's, she had hitherto restricted such extravagances. Now, if her letters about the place brought in money, the things would have paid for themselves.

She corrected her proof-sheets, which came promptly, and she was very careful to see that every name was a long way from the right name, and to mix up all the houses so that no one would ever guess that the Hall stood for the Grange or the Gables for Woodlands. The book, of course, might leak out, — you could never tell, — and she wished to hurt nobody's feelings, although some of them had not spared hers. The women were rather spiteful, she discovered, seeing them over again and in the lump.

'I guess that's because we're different,' John commented. 'We don't conform; we laugh and cry in the wrong places.'

In December following, Mr. Gale,

the publisher, startled John and Mary with a second announcement.

'You will be glad to hear,' he wrote enthusiastically, 'that your book will appear simultaneously in England and in America. I have succeeded in placing it with one of the very biggest London houses. It is quite a triumph for a first book. . . .'

There would be more money from this source, he ended; and, when John and Mary examined the contract, they found that he was acting entirely and scrupulously within his rights.

'All the names have been changed,' cried Mary. 'There's nothing by which they can identify the author or the place or anything.'

'Anyway, they never read a book,' said John.

'No, they're hopeless,' answered Mary. She had seldom met with an illiteracy such as prevailed about this countryside. It was appalling; it was ghastly; she had often wondered who the English were who did things. They were none of them here. They must have gone away to the cities or overseas.

The book came out in the first week of February. It was bound in a bright and skyey blue, and on the cover in pure gold stood: 'Two in England.' Nothing more. This title was the handiwork of Mr. Gale.

IV

Till Easter it remained their secret, — the book, the whole excitement of paragraphs, cuttings, and reviews. The London publishers sent on these details, and Mr. Gale followed with a parallel assemblage, hardly so polite. It was the despised English who understood and who applauded Mary Callendar. The critics in the towns, it seemed, saw eye to eye with her. They knew this ground, had probably escaped its littlenesses. The beauty of it they touched freshly, just as she.

The Americans, she fancied, had no real interest in a life remote from theirs and possibly antagonistic to it. They seemed to say that John and Mary had abandoned a progressive country for something shadowy and unreal. May be it was true, but that had hardly been her object; and, after all, it was Mr. Gale's fault. *She* had n't dreamed of publication. Privately she received letters that were far more appreciative. A quiet public seemed to like her, though the press notices took her to task.

'It's their duty,' said John, to whom the book was dedicated. 'Some day we'll go back and be truly useful citizens.' He drew her to him as he spoke, and she knew his meaning. Their children, when they came, would be good Americans, though, for the nonce, the parents might be straying.

It was not till after Easter that the book came to Elmsford — to Elmsford village, to Elmsford town, to all that countryside which it illuminated.

There was an intelligent greengrocer in Elmsford and he began it; a great reader he was and shrewd in observation. He passed the news along, and his many recognitions of the local notables. And now the book sailed gayly down the High Street and the rumor of it spread in tradesmen's carts that called for orders. Next it reached the servants' quarters — by what processes is unrecorded; and thence it was but a step to higher ground.

Mary had hardly reckoned on the greengrocer, or on this literate middle rank outside her social purview. She discovered subsequently that behind these cautious shop-fronts lay half the brains of England and most of its ambitions. At present, however, she was occupied with polite evasions.

There were the vicar and the vicar's

wife, two of her pet characters. They called expressly, because they wanted to know. Really, there could be no doubt, in spite of the change of names, for in three of the letters stood glaring records of things that had *actually happened.* Mary had seen only the humor of them at the time; to-day they wore the face of Tragedy.

She had, for instance, given a full and particular account of the vicar's difference with the strong-minded church-worker; a truly feline and ferocious argument, which, though conducted in public and with all regard for the proprieties, had startled three committees and overflowed into the columns of the parish magazine. The lady had triumphed; the vicar had retired. And then there was the story of how the vicar's wife had appropriated the six pots of plum-jam that were left over from the bazaar, brazenly annexed them, and served them out at tea; and here too were her simply inhuman views on servant girls and their young men, and a report of John's altruistic debate with the vicar on the same burning topic.

When this couple had gone, politely yet firmly evaded, John went up to the village on an errand that involved a word with Mr. Hicks, the village carpenter.

He found Mr. Hicks possessed of the book and lending it out at twopence a time to daily readers. 'I hope you're making as much money out of it as I am,' said Mr. Hicks.

Guiltily John returned, yet inwardly guffawing. That evening he and Mary held the volume in review. They had thought that they had been careful, but their nationality was specified, the district was indicated, and in one place Mary had written John, meaning her husband, who was ordinarily allowed the bare initial. They found four more slips of a like nature. The retired civil servant who boasted so of his pedigree and lived at the Hermitage was actually given intact if one omitted his surname; and so were most of the minor characters, — shepherds and ploughmen, gardeners and washerwomen, and boys taken on for odd jobs from the village. There could be no mistaking them. They realized at last that in that limited world every individual stood out clear and characteristic, though possibly the beauty and the continuity of that still life were hardly visible to those who made it.

'We're in for it,' said Mary; 'and I can't stop it.'

Stop it, indeed! Why, only yesterday the London publisher had written to congratulate his author on a fourth impression. All over England Mary was being read, but here she had more than the topicality of the local newspaper.

V

There were hostile glances for John and Mary, or else a pained silence that preceded the cut direct. Never had their lives been so peaceful; the perfunctory calls and callers had vanished, leaving them free to make their garden, now approaching radiance, and John was mastering the rudiments of cricket, a game that first puzzled and then engrossed.

In the village itself and among the people their going and coming evoked sympathetic grins. 'Them's the two wot did it,' Mary might have heard; and from John, who moved more freely and with less caution, she gathered that she had become the spokesman of a whole feudality. In countless ways she learned that she had but said aloud what these others whispered, and that it was only the 'quality,' whose conventions she had defied or challenged, who bore her an undying grudge. She had not thought of

them at all, save as objects in a landscape; and this made her crime the more offensive, and possibly the truer and heartier to the taste.

'If they only had a sense of humor,' groaned John.

'But they have n't,' answered Mary; 'and did n't I say it, and resay it, and say it all over again?'

In the lull that followed, the situation gained a clearer outline. The newcomers were to be outcast and sent to Coventry till further orders. So John read it, and found it not unnatural.

'We've sinned against the immemorial instincts of the herd,' he said.

And then one day, taking the big chestnut out for a gallop across the downs, he ran into Topham-Brooke, late of the Scarlet Lancers, riding a bright roan with a speaking head.

The two gentlemen had a hunting-field acquaintance.

'Halloa, young feller, I hear you've done it!' shouted the major, almost before there had been a recognition.

'Done what?' asked John, genuinely at a loss.

'That book of Mrs. Callendar's,' pursued the major. 'My wife and I — we sat up half the night and roared over it. So jolly well written, too — but why were n't you more careful?'

'We were as careful as we knew how.'

'But you did n't know enough, eh, Callendar?'

'Seems not,' said John. 'Really, we did n't mean to hurt anybody.'

Next they fell to discussing the horse, — a passion they held in common, — too technically for further report.

'You'll be out again in September, in spite of the book,' laughed the major. 'You're keeping two hunters?'

'Three,' corrected John.

'Lucky devil! I can't afford more than one — Oh, yes, I borrow.'

'Borrow one of mine,' said John, 'if you're ever in need.'

'Thanks awfully,' said the major; and then he laughed again. 'I say,' he began; and for a moment he hesitated.

'What do you say?' asked John.

'Well, if Mrs. Callendar'll go round on her hands and knees and say she's sorry, and hand the profits over to the vicar's coal club and Mrs. Tremlett's Christmas tree or something, and stop that book of hers and abolish it altogether, there'll be no more said and you'll be asked to tea again and all forgiven. So my wife tells me. She heard 'em say so. Those are the terms. They seemed to think it likely. Can't say I agreed. Rum lot up at Elmsford — too many retired noodles. Must n't judge England quite by that sample. You know there are places in America — in the South and East — damned dull. Oh, I've been there — buying remounts during the Boer War — all the men gone, only old women.'

'I wish you'd move and live at Elmsford,' said John, laughing.

'Roydon's bad enough, but I farm my little place — gives me something to think about besides art and literature. I must be going — Bye-bye, Callendar. Er — your lady won't mind if we come in some day for a cup of tea?' And away he went, bronzed, breezy, and riding an excellent seat.

John watched him.

'Those are the terms,' he reflected. 'Mary down on her hands and knees and in a white sheet!'

VI

Though the major might hardly be described as an emissary, it was certain that the two offenders were to be given a chance. Not much of a chance, as such things went, but, surely, as much of a one as they deserved. The respite ended with the June quarter-day, when there arrived Mr. Dan Harrowby from whom they had taken Horner's

John met him in the garden, and they had their chat striding to and fro across the lawn.

Mr. Harrowby was manifestly uneasy. He apologized and cleared the way before he began. But at last he got started. It was not his fault, it was the estate, — more especially the agent of the estate, — who had been quite firm; and there was also a petition, a kind of round-robin, got up by the local notables. In brief, he had received orders to find another and less versatile tenant.

For a moment John wondered whether this could be true, or whether it were not a case of Mr. Harrowby's ultimate realization that he had almost presented them with Horner's. Mary had said so in the book.

'If it's a matter of money,' he answered, 'we might come to terms.'

But no, it was not a matter of money. And next John remembered that there was a passage, something about insanitary cottages, which the estate might take to itself.

'So that's it!' said John. 'I get a half-year's notice, don't I?'

'If you like to give it me — I thought *you* might like to be the one. That's why I came as soon as I was sure. Book or no book, I don't hold with this,' concluded Mr. Harrowby.

It was only after he had gone and was well across the meadow that John and Mary quite realized what his visit had meant.

'They can't make us apologize and so they want to kick us out,' said John.

'We'll go when we get ready.'

'And not a day before.'

John's face was drawn, determined. It was not for nothing that he was the son of old Mike Callendar, who had broken railroads in America and had fought with wilder, vaster, and more ominous foes than an absentee marquis and his estate.

VII

The major had called and brought his lady. 'We've tried to pacify 'em,' he announced, 'but they're out for blood. Olive's tackled them and I've tackled them.'

'Ridiculous!' cried Olive Brooke.

John listened, feeling that he and Mary had done more. He was newly returned from London; and, 'I'm game,' Mary had told him as he left, 'even if it means an income small enough to stay on here and all our savings thrown out of the window.'

'It'll mean exchanging six per cent for three and a lock-up till we've shown these people.'

'I think we'll turn a few of them out, starting with the agent; and I'll take over all the cottages and put them in good repair.'

'And then they'll say you're gifted but eccentric — "such a charming woman, but totally and utterly mad!"'

'You think they'll forgive us?'

'Lord, they'd forgive us murder if we owned the Estate!'

By now it will be clear that certain retaliatory measures were being devised at Horner's. John, 'keeping himself to himself,' had early discovered that the marquis might be induced to sell; that this young man, indeed, stood in a perpetual want of ready money, and that, given a sufficient temptation, he, or, rather, his advisers, would be glad to part with the estate. Originally John had feared that the marquis, like so many of his peers, might possess only a life interest.

Thus far had our two Americans arrived toward the close of that July, little dreaming that their plans, like so many myriads of others, depended, not on holdings and investments, but on the War Lords of this earth.

It came home to them on the Sunday — the second of August, 1914, to

be precise. They were playing a round of croquet, taking good care to avoid the stream, when Major Topham-Brooke motored up post-haste and leaped out of his car.

'What's all this war-talk, major?' John received him.

'Do tell us about it,' added Mary.

'I'm afraid it is n't talk,' he answered gravely. 'Those two hunters of yours — I've come to buy them.'

'I've three,' said John, incredulous, but with an involuntary tremor.

'We'll call 'em two,' said Brooke.

Then only did John and Mary realize that it might come; that it was moving like a storm from far-off valleys.

There was the lawn, decked out for tea with linen and silver; the peace of God was hallowing meadow and blue sky; the uncut corn was standing, ruddy-golden, on the hillside; and all this horror —

'Are you serious?' asked John.

'Government orders — here's my cheque-book,' answered the major. 'I'm sorry. I go back to the old regiment as soon as I'm through here.' He hesitated. He met Mary's eye, and she met his. 'Look after Olive a bit,' he added, 'if you can spare the time. She's got to run the place — the two youngsters'll be back from school. I've got a girl and a boy, you know —'

Poor Mary was close to tears. She had never realized that living in Europe might mean this; and she liked the Brookes — and then, a girl and a boy —

'We'll do anything, John,' she said, 'anything for these people!'

The major was in his car again.

'Good luck to you!' he cried; and 'Good luck!' waved John and Mary.

It was the last they ever saw of him. He fell at Soissons.

VIII

August was gone, and after it September. About midway through October Mary received a fat cheque for the book.

'Bulbs?' said John. He was half awake, having barely come off night duty. From three to six that morning he had patrolled the Dover Road. Like most of his neighbors he had joined the special police, releasing the regulars and younger men now called out to the war.

Mary fingered her earnings.

'Some of it's for Belgians,' she said, 'and a part of it's for shirts and socks, and I'll double what I gave to our Wounded Fund. It'll be a surprise for the vicarage people. We've a Red Cross meeting at eleven, and a working party at four.'

'I think we've surprised the vicarage people enough. I'd stick to bulbs,' he teased her.

'And you've a committee at twelve — District Relief. Oh, John, who'd have thought it — we're growing quite popular!'

'But we have n't bought the estate — and now it is n't likely. Pearce, the agent, says it'll be mutiny and desertion if we go. We talked it over at five this morning, shivering together and swapping sandwiches. I rather like Pearce. He said it was difficult to understand Americans, but now they knew us. "You've got to stay," he ended; "I'll make it right with Harrowby."'

'Just like the vicar,' mused Mary, 'only he hopes *we* understand *them* better. Their boy is in the Navy. I'm working a sweater for the little chap,' she pursued. 'Such a small size, John; and she tried so hard to keep cheerful when she gave me the measurements. But, then, they're all alike.'

Mary unfolded her cheque a third

time. 'I'll tell them where it came from,' she added, 'and that it belongs to Elmsford.'

She found her hat, and presently she disappeared.

John overtook her in the lane as they returned, in the same spot where they had first clapped eyes on Horner's. The house stood ringed with autumn, snug and beautiful, the wood-smoke rising from its chimneys, the dahlias massed in clumps behind the stream. An aeroplane passed overhead, steering for France — to what strife, to what ruin, they could but guess.

'Well?' he said, with an arm about her.

'I'm poor again, but honest,' she laughed, 'and I've made quite a sensation. There was n't one of them that did n't press me to go home and write another book!'

THE PASSER-BY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Step lightly across the floor,
And somewhat more tender be.

There were many that passed my door,
Many that sought after me.
I gave them the passing word —
Ah, why did I give thee more?
I gave thee what could not be heard,
What had not been given before;
The beat of my heart I gave. . . .
And I give thee this flower on my grave.

My face in the flower thou mayst see.
Step lightly across the floor.

SOME POLITICAL PHASES OF GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

I

THERE has been a revival lately of proposals for and discussion of government ownership in the United States. Congress within recent years has enacted legislation creating postal savings banks and a parcel post; and former Postmaster-General Hitchcock advocated government purchase of the telegraph lines. An act for government construction of railroads in Alaska has been passed. Senator Kenyon of Iowa has proposed that Congress create a commission to investigate the results of public ownership of railroads abroad. A committee of post-office officials lately reported in favor of acquiring the telephone lines. And Senator Kenyon and Senator Martine of New Jersey, after serving on the committee which investigated the strike, in 1913, in the coal-mines of West Virginia, reported in favor of government acquisition of all coal-mines, to prevent such strikes.

The people favored the postal-savings-bank and parcel-post laws. They may have approved government construction of railroads in Alaska, although few had considered the question on its merits. Doubtless but a small minority has studied the expediency of such gigantic projects as purchase and operation of telegraphs, telephones, railways, and coal-mines. But the fact that prominent public men do make such proposals is significant. They usually know what ideas have taken root in the public mind, and what it is prepared to receive. Most Americans still mistrust state enterprise. But the feeling is not so strong as formerly. Unless a good case shall be made against public ownership, sentiment may crystallize in favor of state telephones, telegraphs, railways, and mines. The continuance of private ownership even of farms is not certain. The movement for the single tax is in its essence a movement for the public ownership of land.

In view of these facts, serious discussion of the probable results of state socialism under the conditions in the United States is pertinent. The effects of the nationalization of merely the great public-service enterprises, such as the telephone, telegraph, and railway systems, would be numerous and important enough. Still more varied, numerous, and momentous would be the results if the coal-mines also should be made public property.

One of the important questions raised is whether government ownership and management would increase or reduce the economic cost of production. The government can raise capital cheaper than private corporations. But the government would manage as well as own. Would its management be so efficient as to conserve the saving in the cost of capital? If government management were efficient, and the cost of production were reduced, it

would be possible to improve the services rendered, reduce rates or prices, raise wages, and improve working conditions, or turn profits into the public treasury. If government management were inefficient the results would be of an opposite character.

Thirty-three years ago an Italian government commission made a most thorough investigation of public ownership of railroads, and reached several important conclusions. One was that under government ownership, 'politics,' as President Hadley phrased it, 'would corrupt the railroad management and the railroad management would corrupt politics.' This would cut the public with a two-edged sword. Political influence would cause the government industries to be ill-managed. Nothing else is so fatal as such influence to the efficient management of state enterprises. And if the state management should become a factor in politics, then politics would be demoralized. No influence holding a greater menace to free institutions could be injected into politics than the influence of government departments which controlled the expenditure of billions of dollars annually and employed millions of voters.

Most of the concerns the nationalization of which is suggested render 'public services.' Therefore, under private ownership, they must secure franchises from the public, and are subject to government control and regulation. In connection with this control and regulation various questions of public policy arise which often get more or less into politics. One is, what rates the concerns shall charge. Another is, what improvements and extensions they shall be allowed or required to make, and on what terms. Still another, is the conditions under which they may require their employees to work. In some cases the wages they shall pay have nearly got into politics. Under government ownership, questions of similar character regarding all of the nationalized industries might be drawn into politics.

II

In the consideration of the rates or prices of a concern regulated or managed by government, controversies and antagonisms spring up between different classes of buyers of goods or service, who think that unfair discrimination is practiced as between them. They develop between different communities which think that they are not equitably dealt with. They spring up and become embittered between those who sell the goods or service and those who buy them.

In many cases the questions raised by such controversies and antagonisms have, under private ownership, become issues in politics in the United States. The public-service companies have tried to defeat or minimize public regulation by seeking to control the nomination and election, and the subsequent official action, of lawmakers and other public servants. The public-service companies which have used these methods have not alone been at fault. Sometimes they have employed them to prevent 'strike' legislation. Sometimes the campaign contributions and bribes which they have given have been blackmail.

In time the public found that regulation by mere legislative enactment usually is either futile or harmful. Experience taught it that the way to take public-service corporations out of politics, and at the same time to make regulation effective, was to delegate the work of regulation to administrative commissions. The increase of regulation, and the change of its form, have reduced the influence of the public-service companies over politics, and seem

to have shown that they can be used to destroy it.

While the public-service companies have ceased in most places to be an important factor in politics, politics, unfortunately, has continued to be a factor in the regulation of their rates as well as of other features of their business. But the extent to which politics influences state regulation has declined, while so completely has regulation of interstate rates been turned over to the Interstate Commerce Commission that it has almost ceased to be a factor in national politics.

If the railways, telegraph and telephone systems, and other industries whose interstate operations are now regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission were acquired by the government, the fixing of their rates might be left in the hands of the Commission. But whether this would be done is questionable. The government charges the people for carrying their letters, newspapers, and other mail; and the question has been raised whether the rates, especially for second-class mail, are reasonable; but the government has never had an expert and impartial investigation of the subject made by the Interstate Commerce Commission or any similar body. The government employs the railways to carry the mails, as passengers and shippers employ them to carry them and their goods. But the government does not submit the reasonableness of its mail-pay rates to the Interstate Commerce Commission, as the reasonableness of passenger and freight rates must be submitted to it. The rates for which the railways must carry the mails are fixed arbitrarily, and largely on political considerations, by Congress and the Postmaster-General. The law gives the Interstate Commission some authority over the parcel-post rates; but those rates also have been fixed arbitrarily and on political considerations by Congress and the Postmaster-General. If the telegraph and telephone systems were acquired they would be incorporated into the post-office department, and the control of their rates probably would be withdrawn from the Commission. The authority to fix railway rates doubtless would at first be left with the Commission. But, wherever the rate-making authority might be lodged, it is doubtful whether telephone, telegraph, or railway rates could, under government ownership, be kept out of politics.

Under government ownership the existing limitations on the fixing of rates by public authority would be razed. Chief among these is the constitutional rule prohibiting the making of rates which deprive a company of a fair return. Under this rule, lawmakers and courts must fix rates according to the special conditions of each case. The result is, especially as to railways, that the rates allowed to be charged are much higher in some parts of the country than in others; in the west and south than in the east. Under government ownership the dominant part of the public could have rates fixed in any way that wisdom, caprice, political expediency, or selfish interest might suggest. For it would always be possible, if any body to which the rate-making authority was delegated should refuse to make rates as any section or class wished, to appeal to Congress. Congress could require the recalcitrant regulating body to be reorganized, or could abolish it, as it abolished the Commerce Court when that court's decisions did not suit it. Or Congress might lay down new principles according to which the regulating body must act; or prescribe whole schedules of rates itself.

Now, it is very likely that under government ownership the people of

the parts of the country where rates are relatively high would demand that their rates be made as low as the lowest. But if this were done, the earnings of the government railways would be heavily reduced. Losses would result which would have to be met by taxation of the entire public. Therefore, the people of the more populous and industrially developed sections very likely would resist the demands of other sections for reductions of rates. This would raise an issue over which bitter political struggles might be fought. Political struggles have resulted from similar causes even in Germany, where politics exerts less influence on state railway management than anywhere else. In Canada, on the government-owned Intercolonial Railway, the rates are thirty per cent lower than the average on the other railways of the country. Owing to this — and to its uneconomical management — the Intercolonial for years has not earned its interest, and in 1913 did not earn even its operating expenses. Its low rates operate to give a subsidy to the people living along it, which all the people of Canada pay back in taxes. And this subsidy has exerted a more than negligible influence on the results of recent elections in the eastern provinces.

All who use railway or telegraph or telephone service largely, have a motive for seeking to have the rates for the service made low. But it is to the interest of the general public under government ownership to have rates charged that will at least cover operating expenses, depreciation, and interest on the investment. Otherwise, as on the Intercolonial, there results a deficit which must be paid from taxes. In view of this conflict of interest it is easy to see how, under government ownership, the question how high rates in general should be made, or what rates should be charged this or that large class of users of public services, might become a political issue.

The history of the United States is not devoid of examples of struggles affecting sectional or class interests which have resulted in legislation based, not on scientific and economic, but on political principles. The tariff question, which, while much less complicated and important, is in many ways similar to the railway-rate question, has exerted a corrupting influence on American politics for a century and a quarter. If government ownership of railways, telegraphs, mines, and so forth, should be entered upon, the question what rates and prices should be charged for their services and products probably would add a page to our history similar to that written by the tariff. It is frequently said that under government ownership the fixing of rates for public services would be intrusted to a non-political commission. It is significant that, although long advocated, no such step has been taken to remove the tariff from politics.

III

Under state socialism it would be necessary for Congress to determine, directly or indirectly, what expenditures should be made for increasing and improving the facilities of the state industries, and for carrying on their services. The annual investment in additions to and permanent improvements in the concerns whose properties it is proposed to nationalize, is enormous. Recent years have been a period of relative depression in the railway business in the United States; yet the investment of new capital in the railways alone, during the five years ending June 30, 1913, averaged about $700,000,000 a year. The similar investment of the American Telephone

& Telegraph Company in its telephone lines amounts to about $56,000,000 annually. This annual new investment in the Bell system is $5,000,000 greater than the largest expenditure ever made by the government on rivers and harbors in any year, while the annual new investment in railways is fourteen times the maximum annual appropriation for rivers and harbors, and about equals the total expenditure on rivers and harbors since the foundation of the government. Under normal conditions the new investment made annually by the concerns whose properties it is proposed to nationalize is well over $1,000,000,000. Under either private or public ownership the amount invested must steadily, and even rapidly, increase, if the services rendered are to keep pace with the demands and needs of the public.

Under private ownership and management it is necessary in many cases for railway, telegraph and telephone, and other public-utility companies to obtain authority from public bodies to make extensions and improvements. In their attempts to secure favorable action, public-service companies have often resorted to improper methods. But in a great majority of instances public-service companies decide upon and make expenditures for their additions and improvements without reference to or effect on politics.

Would it be possible, under public ownership and management, to make extensions and improvements involving an investment of at least one billion dollars annually, with as little effect on politics as is the case under private ownership? Are the expenditures of the government for rivers and harbors and public buildings made regardless of political considerations and without political effect? On the contrary, the appropriations for these purposes, and even those for army posts and naval yards and stations, influence and are influenced by politics. Repeatedly have high-minded and patriotic public men—such men as United States Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio—denounced the grossly wasteful appropriations made by Congress for the political benefit of its members, and spread the disgraceful record before the public.

'The desire of Congressmen for re-election,' declared Senator Burton recently, 'and the local pride of selfish districts frequently occasion indefensible expenditures for both these purposes [the erection of public buildings and improvement of rivers and harbors]. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that one third of our total appropriations for rivers and harbors has been wasted by the extravagant and unscientific system under which they have been applied. . . . By this same system of framing appropriation bills for public buildings, political considerations triumph over the needs of the service and considerations of public economy and efficiency. As a result we have these bills written with an eye to the number of congressional districts in the country rather than to more patriotic considerations.' It is sometimes said that these abuses are decreasing. 'The most discouraging feature of this condition,' declares Senator Burton, 'is that it seems to be growing worse each year.' [1]

In many countries appropriations for government railways have played the same kind of part in politics that appropriations for some public purposes play now in the United States. In the earlier history of railways a number of lines were built by individual states in this country. In every instance evidence was afforded that under government ownership politics

[1] Article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, January 3, 1914.

is likely to corrupt the railroad management and the railroad management to corrupt politics. The experience of North Carolina is typical. The North Carolina Railroad, which was built by the state, began at Goldsboro and was laid out in the form of a horseshoe, which disregarded both physical and traffic considerations. Its historian explains that unless the road 'had gone to the home of Governor Morehead, had passed by Hillsboro, the home of Secretary of the Navy, Governor, and United States Senator Graham, and other distinguished men, had taken in the state capital in its route, and terminated in the midst of the descendants of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, it could not have come into existence at all!' 'So long,' he adds, 'as the state attempted to operate it, the political factions along its route had to be appeased by seats in its directorate, and favors more or less discriminating were a necessity both to individuals and to influential centres.' [1]

Expenditures on the railways always have been used more or less to influence political results in Australia and New Zealand. When New Zealand began railway construction in the seventies the government had a comprehensive plan for the development of the lines. 'But from every part of the country arose a clamor for a fair share in the public expenditure, and the appropriations were doled out to more than thirty different districts with undue regard to political influences.' [2] To these perversions of the original plan has been attributed the financial failure of the state railways of New Zealand.

The most recent example of the kind is afforded by Canada. It was decided by the Dominion Parliament that another transcontinental railway should be built. It was determined to turn it over for operation to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The construction of the eastern part, known as the National Transcontinental Railway, was, however, undertaken by the government itself, and delegated to the 'National Transcontinental Railway Commission.' In its earlier life this commission had no member with railway experience. Progress with its work being unsatisfactory, the government in 1913 created another commission to investigate it. In January, 1914, this commission, of which the general manager of the government-owned Intercolonial was chairman, reported that the National Transcontinental Commission had wasted at least $40,000,000, and made numerous detailed allegations regarding expenditures dictated by political considerations or by something worse. It charged that the part of the line in New Brunswick, which cost $35,000,000, was unnecessary and that it was built to placate the supporters of the government east of Quebec. It stated that the original estimate of the cost of the National Transcontinental was $61,415,000; that the expenditures to September, 1911, had reached $109,000,000; and that the estimates then made indicated that the final cost would be $161,300,000.

In view of such experience in this and other countries, how can anybody doubt that, without a complete revolution in American politics, the appropriations for additions to and improvements in the railways and other large public utilities would, under government ownership here, be made largely

[1] 'State Ownership in North Carolina,' by T. B. Womack, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of that state, in *World's Work*, December, 1906.

[2] 'Railways in New Zealand,' by James Edward LeRossignol and William Downie Stewart. *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, August, 1909.

with an eye to politics? How can we assume that communities which now demand appropriations for the 'improvement' of little streams which can never be navigated, would not, under government ownership, insist that their representatives and senators get them 'their share' of appropriations for the construction of new railway lines, regardless of the welfare of the nation as a whole? How can we assume that towns and cities which demand appropriations for public buildings the cost of which is utterly disproportionate to the population and business served, would not under government ownership demand that their Congressmen get appropriations for railway stations whose cost would be utterly disproportionate to the population and business accommodated?

If public men cannot, or will not, resist the demands made on them now, how can we assume that they could and would resist the new and larger demands that would be made on them then? And if the relatively small appropriations for public buildings and rivers and harbors play such havoc in our politics now, what would be the effect produced by the relatively enormous appropriations which would be made under government ownership of telegraphs, telephones, coal-mines, and railways, for the improvement and development of these properties?

In the construction and operation of railways, telegraph and telephone systems, and mines, it is necessary for the managements, whether state or private, to have many business dealings with contracting, manufacturing, and mercantile concerns. The manufacture and sale of railway equipment and supplies alone constitutes one of the largest industries in America. Billions are invested in it; and the number of men employed almost, if not quite, equals the number employed by the railways. There sometimes is graft in new construction and in the purchase of equipment and supplies under both private and state ownership. But there is no politics in them under private ownership, while there almost certainly would be under public ownership.

The promise of tariff legislation that would benefit them has always been used by one of our political parties to catch the votes of numerous large concerns and their employees. Under government ownership the argument that one party was more disposed than another to make large expenditures which would increase the business of equipment and supply-manufacturing concerns, might be used very effectively to attract the support of these concerns and their workmen. The commission which investigated the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway by the Canadian government charged that contracts had been let for the specific purpose of influencing national elections, and in one case even a local election in Quebec.

We have seen how large are the expenditures for improvements and extensions in the industries which it is proposed to nationalize. The expenditures for equipment and supplies used in them in the ordinary course of operation and maintenance are probably equally large. These latter outlays for the railways amount to $700,000,000 annually; for the telegraph and telephone systems to about $100,000,000 annually. If any considerable part of these sums should under government ownership be so laid out as to influence politics the results would be demoralizing.

IV

From a political standpoint, the most important phase of the question of government ownership is the effect which would be produced by the trans-

fer of millions of voters from private to public employment. The following table gives the numbers of employees in the civil service of the government, and of those in the service of the steam railways, electric railways, and express, telephone, telegraph, and coal-mining companies respectively, in the years mentioned: —

Steam railways, 1913	1,850,000	employees
Coal-mines, 1913	730,000	"
Government civil service, 1912	396,000	"
Telephone and telegraph companies, 1912	260,000	"
Electric railways, 1907	250,000	"
Express companies, 1907	80,000	"
Total	3,566,000	"

The table includes some employees who probably would not be transferred to government service. Such are those of the street railways, which are more likely to be municipalized than nationalized. It does not include some who doubtless would enter government service, as those of the Pullman Company and the private freight-car lines. On the whole, it gives a conservative idea of the number who would soon be employees of the government if such a policy of nationalization as is advocated should be adopted. Furthermore, at present, eight hours is a day's work in government service, while the standard working day on railways is ten hours. Therefore, if no change should be made in the hours of work of government employees, there would be, under government ownership, a reduction in the working hours on railways which would necessitate an increase of over 350,000 employees. In most other countries there have been large increases in the numbers of employees when railways and other concerns have been nationalized, even when there has been no change in the working day. It is safe, therefore, to estimate that, if the various projects for government ownership should be carried out, there soon would be almost 4,000,000 men in government service. If only the railways, telegraphs, telephones, and affiliated systems of communication and transportation were nationalized, the number of government employees would soon rise to 3,000,000. The total number of votes cast for president in 1912 was 15,036,542. The total number of qualified voters is about 21,000,000. Thus the number of government employees would, in such case, amount to from 20 to 25 per cent of the largest vote ever cast for president, and from 14 to 20 per cent of the total qualified electorate of the nation. What would be the political effect?

The present regulations concerning the political activities of government employees are strict. Civil Service Rule I, section 1, provides that employees subject to the rules, 'while retaining the right to vote as they please and to express privately their opinions on all political subjects, shall take no active part in political management or in political campaigns. . . . Petitions or other communications regarding public business addressed to the Congress, or either house, or any committee or member thereof, by officers or employees in the civil service of the United States, shall be transmitted through the heads of their respective departments or officers, who shall forward them without delay, with such comment as they may deem requisite in the public interest. Officers and employees are strictly prohibited from attempting either directly or indirectly to secure legislation or to influence pending legislation except in the manner above described.' It is further provided that 'an employee may not publish or be connected editorially, managerially, or financially with any political newspaper, and may not write for publication any letter or article,

signed or unsigned, in favor of or against any political party, candidate, faction or measure.'

If the railways and other industries should be nationalized, an attempt would be made to apply these rules to their employees. The employees of the railways, at least, foresee this, and the leaders of their unions detect in it a powerful argument, from their standpoint, against government ownership. The railway labor organizations now use political means constantly to secure changes in conditions of employment and in railway plants and operating methods. At their conventions they adopt resolutions commending public men who assist them to secure legislation, and denouncing those who oppose them. They have at every state capital and in Washington legislative agents who buttonhole lawmakers persistently, to get votes for their train-crew bills, locomotive-headlight bills, and so on. They have publications through which they urge their members to support public men who are 'friendly' and oppose those who are 'unfriendly.' By such means the brotherhoods secure the passage of scores of laws and control the choice of many public officials.

If the nation should acquire the railways, the state laws regulating them which the brotherhoods have got passed would be wiped out. A state cannot regulate an instrumentality of the federal government. And if the existing civil-service regulations should be applied, the machinery the brotherhoods have built up for influencing legislation would be destroyed. The highly paid conductors and locomotive engineers contrast their incomes, conditions of service, and freedom of political action with the situation of government civil employees; and they declare that if public ownership would reduce railway employees to the 'servitude' of railway-mail clerks they want none of it.

But it is not certain that the present civil-service rules would be applied to employees of government railways, telephone and telegraph systems, and coal-mines. They would not be if these employees could prevent it; and their numbers would give great potency to their resistance. Besides, while the rules restrict the political activities of government employees, they cannot keep members of Congress from passing legislation for the benefit of employees, or forbid employees to reward their benefactors with their suffrages. Finally, even if the civil-service rules should be extended to the new employees, it does not follow that they would be enforced. The control exercised over the two per cent of the qualified voters now in the government service is no criterion of the degree of control which could be exercised over from ten to twenty per cent of the qualified voters.

If the railways, mines, and other industries should be nationalized, there doubtless would be created to manage them departments hedged about with legislation designed to make them independent of political influence. The officers of these departments doubtless would try to operate the properties efficiently and economically. But efficiency and economy are not consistent with the constant granting of higher wages and easier conditions of work. And, on the other hand, no body of men ever was satisfied for any considerable period with its wages and conditions of employment. Therefore, in the course of a short time the employees would ask for concessions which the managements would refuse. Even under existing civil-service rules the officers would be obliged to transmit the employees' petitions to Congress. In this or some other way it would

speedily be made necessary for members of Congress to go on record either for or against the demands of the employees. Does not experience show that most of them, before they went on record, would consider the probable effect on their political fortunes? Members of Congress are human; and the number of humans who will act contrary to their selfish interests when no plain question of personal honor is involved is not large. Now, on every such issue the general public would be divided, or its attention would be distracted by other issues. But on such issues the government employees would be united. The hundreds of thousands of their relatives and friends would stand with them. The result would be that with respect to these special questions they and their sympathizers would usually hold the balance of power. Many members of Congress would therefore decide that it was to their selfish interest to side with the employees.

Let us suppose, however, that Congress should support the managements in refusing to make important concessions to the employees. By 'plumping' at the next election for the Congressmen who sided with them and against those who sided against them, the employees and their sympathizers could largely determine the personnel of the next Congress.

To inject the wages and conditions of employment of from two to four million voters into politics would be to inject a most corrupting and demoralizing influence. Elections and legislation should turn on questions affecting the welfare of the entire public, never on issues affecting the selfish interests of but a part of it. When they are determined by class interests and considerations, government in this country will no longer be democratic. It will be oligarchic.

V

The experience of other countries throws light on the effects which would be produced by taking a large body of voters into the employ of our government. In Prussia the government employees exert little influence on politics. But the conditions there weaken, rather than strengthen, the argument for public ownership here. In Prussia under the three-class voting system, which is based on property, the political power of the working classes, including state employees, is extremely small in proportion to their numbers. Besides, government employees are not allowed to organize in any way or for any purpose not sanctioned by their superior officers. The political status of the Prussian state-railway employee has been thus described by J. F. Mills, in an article in the *Railway Review*, the publication of the National Union of Railway Men of England:—

'The [Prussian] government's feudal conceptions may be realized from the fact that it regards its employees as bound to it body and soul, politically as well as industrially; and the open voting system places a terrible power for penalization in the hands of the state authorities, should the state employees choose to vote for candidates of whom the government does not approve. In fact, for state employees to exercise the elementary right of citizenship by voting for the candidate and policy most in accord with their own views, is to run the risk of forfeiting their posts and jeopardizing their livelihood.'

The autocratic Prussian state has kept its employees from resorting to political action; but this result has been accomplished at the sacrifice of their political freedom. They do not dictate to the government; but the government does dictate to them. It cannot

be said that government ownership has no political effects in Prussia: it strengthens the government and makes a political nullity of the employees.

Let us cross into France. Here the state is half-democracy, half-bureaucracy. The government owns two of the seven large systems of railroads, the telegraph and the telephone, and has monopolies of the tobacco, match, and other industries. According to the estimate put forward by Mr. William Morton Fullerton, in his book, *Problems of Power*, 900,000, or eleven per cent, of the 8,000,000 voters are employees of the state. The results are graphically described by Mr. Fullerton. The state employees are allowed to form unions; and the civil servants have been rapidly grouped into organizations designed to get from the state everything that they can. 'At present there are in France at least 488 professional associations of state employees in the big central government offices, and 202 unions representing the state employees in the match factories, the tobacco factories, the mint, the state railways, and so forth. These various unions are united in a general federation, and it is this colossal new force, which has been encouraged by the state, that was suddenly brought to the notice of the public by the postmen's strike of March, 1909.'

Appointments to desirable positions in the service are used to further the political ambitions of members of the Corps Législatif. As Clement Colson, the leading authority on French railway affairs, has shown, when the government in 1908 took over the Western Railway, it turned out the experienced officials to make places for politicians. Political influence being paramount, members of the Chambers are constantly besieged for appointments; and, as Mr. Fullerton says, 'the deputy is tempted to become a traveling salesman of political or social favors and jimcracks, in return for votes or local influence,' while 'government in France is the tyrannical monopoly of a minority,' — the ruling minority being the employees of the state.

Both reason and experience indicate the impossibility of any government's taking into its service a large part of the voters without serious political results. A government may succeed in adopting and enforcing rules strictly circumscribing the political activities of its employees. But to do that it must be so strong, or must be made so strong, that the political liberties, not only of its employees, but of the great mass of the citizens, will be repressed or destroyed. In most countries, including the United States, the government is much more likely, if it takes into its service a large part of the voters, to prove unable to restrain them from resorting to political action. Then the employees become the masters, not the servants, of the public, establishing, as in France, 'a tyrannical government of the majority by the minority.' Once let from two to four million voters be brought into the service of our government, and able and unscrupulous men will be able to use them to build a political machine which will dominate the nation.

VI

The fundamental trouble with government ownership is that it reverses a tendency which has marked the progress of modern civilization and has contributed greatly toward promoting it — the tendency toward differentiation of political and economic functions. Under the patriarchal system all political, social and economic functions were concentrated in the patriarch. He was the head of the family, captain of industry, military commander, chief priest, king. Even under

feudalism varied and numerous functions and powers were united in the baron. His economic power, and his military and political authority, were coextensive. His retainers were forced to fight for him in order to keep their right to exact a living from the soil; they had to cultivate his land to secure from him protection from the attacks of others and to obtain justice in his court; and it was from these conditions that the evils of the feudal system chiefly arose. The king was, politically and economically, merely a greater feudal baron. From the Middle Ages to the present time the differentiation of these various functions, while often retarded, has never ceased.

Most important of all, perhaps, has been the segregation of the political function of ruling from the economic function of directing industry. The doctrine of *laissez-faire*, so ardently preached a century ago, was little more than the doctrine that the function of ruling — that is to say of maintaining peace and order — and the function of managing industry should be kept separate, and especially that the former should not needlessly interfere with the latter.

Doubtless for a time *laissez-faire* was carried too far in both theory and practice. But it is notable that it was during this time that the greatest impetus was given to the development of political freedom, on the one hand, and of industry, on the other.

Government ownership is a movement backward because it would reconsolidate political and economic functions. There must be some sovereign power. This power must be the political power. And by appropriate means and tribunals the political power should so control the management of industry as to prevent and correct abuses not prevented or corrected by economic law. But it does not follow that the sovereign political power should itself assume the exercise of gigantic economic functions.

The modern industrial system has sometimes been likened to the feudal system, because great captains of industry have sometimes used their money and the votes it has enabled them to command, to dominate and corrupt the politics of cities, states, and the nation. When this condition has existed, however, the real vice in it, as under the feudal system, has consisted in the union of political and economic power in the same hands. Those possessing the two kinds of power have been able to use their economic power to attain their political ends, and their political power to attain their economic ends; and both politics and legitimate business have suffered.

Public ownership often is advocated as the only effective means of destroying the corrupting alliance of big business and politics. But already the two great movements for the purification of politics and for the regulation of concerns of a monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic character have practically dissolved this alliance, and are raising the tone of politics and reducing the abuses in business. A continuance of efforts to purify politics and improve government, and to use the power of government to destroy and prevent economic and social evils, while avoiding placing unnecessary restrictions and burdens on the exercise of private initiative and enterprise, will have beneficial effects on both politics and business. On the other hand, the adoption of an extensive policy of government ownership would once more combine great political power and great economic power in the same hands.

In the recent past this power has been combined in the hands of leaders of industry; under government owner-

ship it would be combined in the hands of leaders of politics. For government management, like business management, is always more a thing of men than of machinery. Men always have their leaders and bosses, whether in war, or business, or politics; and it is the leaders of politics, whether statesmen or bosses, who really manage the government and who under public ownership would control the management of elections, on the one hand, and of government industries, on the other. They would then exercise a total power incomparably greater than was ever exercised by any body of men in this country. They would have the same political power of the ordinary kind that the leaders of the party dominant in the government have now. The power to determine what rates and prices should be charged by concerns earning billions of dollars annually would be a great power; and they would have it. The power to make contracts for expenditures that amount to billions annually would be a great power; and they would have it. The power to determine whether millions of men should be allowed to keep their jobs would be a great power; and they would have it. The power largely to determine how millions of men would vote, and thereby what men should keep or lose public office, would be a great power; and they would have it. And these would be powers which, once acquired, might be transferred from one group of political leaders to another, but which could never be dissolved into their elements without abolishing government ownership itself; and to abolish it would be much more difficult than to adopt it.

Big business never controlled anywhere near as many voters as it is proposed to take into the government service; yet big business has managed at times to control the politics of cities, of states, and of the nation. In politics, as in war, a small, relatively well-organized, well-disciplined force is more powerful than a far larger body, if untrained and undisciplined.

If all the aspects of government ownership be considered, the conclusion must be reached that its extensive adoption would be destructive of both the economic and the political welfare of the people of the United States. The people would find that they had created an economic and political Frankenstein which would not only be able to undermine their material well-being and destroy their free political institutions, but which would be irresistibly impelled by its very nature to accomplish this work of ruin.

LITERATURE AND COSMOPOLITANISM

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

READERS of literature who entertain a fond belief that literature emancipates the human spirit, especially those who read European books in the belief that they are opening their souls as well as their minds, and that by training themselves upon things cosmopolitan they are shaking off the narrow bonds of national prejudice, have suffered a cruel shock. In this bloody upheaval of Europe, where all men are in dire need of temperance, serenity, and an emancipated spirit, the leaders of European literature are swept off their feet by the flood of national passion, just as madly as statesmen, news-venders, fishmongers, merchants, and all who constitute the national mob. Is the 'Republic of Letters' as much the home of fanaticism, of the negation of reason, of mad self-love, as a military barrack? Is there no medicine in literature to heal the mind sick with national egotism? Or are the present chiefs of European letters — Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Romain Rolland, and the rest — not worthy of the respect in which the world has held them?

The 'Republic of Letters' is an idea so covered with lichens of respectability, that it has become an object of vague homage, and is commonly believed to possess wonder-working properties. To it has been assigned not merely the large and serene duty of instilling respect for letters in all those who waste their powers in getting and spending, but also that of spreading democracy, of substituting peace for war, of playing a part at least as great as that hoped for from Christianity. The 'Republic of Letters' is to break down the barriers between nations, pull up ancient landmarks, and establish a human *patria*. Several considerations have aided this notion. In the Renaissance, at which school our modern world acquired the complexion of its thought, all that was then acknowledged as literature — the classics of Greece and Rome — was termed the humanities; and Terence's apothegm, *homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto*, was weighted with new solidity. In this realm of the spirit every human being could find a home. The power of the humanities seemed herculean; as soon as the things of the mind were recognized to be the real things of life, political boundaries, national jealousies, race-prejudices, would vanish of themselves, and the problem of inhumanity be solved. This idea we have inherited.

Besides this, in the 'Republic of Letters' a succession of men have risen to the office of supreme authority, not by right of heredity, not as representing God on earth, not at the will of a Pretorian Guard, or a military caste, but by the universal suffrage of enfranchised minds in all Europe. Plato, Cicero, Petrarch, Voltaire, Goethe, are recognized as belonging to the whole world; their great names knit up the raveled sleave of national divisions and bind all peoples into one. Their influence

spreads far beyond the boundaries of their native states, and unites men from east, west, north, and south, in common discipleship.

Added to these grounds of hope that literature would arouse in men a recognition of their common brotherhood, is the part played in the creation of literature by curiosity. At bottom natural man is pure yokel, suspicious of men from another village, afraid of travelers from afar; he builds a wall to keep the alien world away. Nevertheless, curiosity, the Ariel of the intellect, peers over the wall into what tradition asserts is the Cimmerian darkness beyond, and perceives something stirring. After all, the people within the walls are not the only creatures that walk erect. Curiosity climbs over the wall and ventures to reconnoitre; it wanders on further and further, making discovery after discovery, until at last it founds all our sciences.

Literature, too, is the indirect product of our curiosity; we are curious to learn things outside ourselves. We wish to know the great deeds of our ancestors, how they fought the Trojans on the windy plains of Ilium; we wish to know about the covenant made by our fathers with their God, how they came out of the land of Egypt, and were led across the desert into the land of Canaan. We are eager to become acquainted with the ways and doings of our less immediate neighbors, — Becky Sharp, Père Goriot, Anna Karenina, Dorothea Casaubon, Hester Prynne.

This tendency to inquire concerning things beyond our village, beyond our province, operates also concerning things beyond our national boundaries. We are as inquisitive about life in London, Paris, or Rome, as about life in Boston or New York. We wish to learn foreign manners and customs, foreign ideas concerning all the multitudinous manifestations of life. We are as eager concerning things cosmopolitan as concerning things domestic, and we demand that literature shall tell us all about them. Curiosity in literature seems to take the direct road toward an international commonwealth.

Such facts as these have encouraged pacific men to a belief that literature might establish a cosmopolitanism which should make all men brothers, and do what Christianity and the Roman Catholic Church have failed to accomplish. And here and there, in rare instances, the idea of a world so concerned with matters of the mind that national discords fall like withered husks from the ripe fruit of the spirit, rises in majesty before some high and sensitive soul.

In the year 1870, by the eighth day of December, the Prussians had long been laying siege to the city of Paris. They had advanced from victory to victory: the Emperor of the French had surrendered at Sedan, Marshal Bazaine had surrendered at Metz. On that day, in the *Collège de France*, Gaston Paris, the famous teacher of mediæval literature, began his winter's course with a lecture on the *Chanson de Roland*.

He said, 'I did not expect that I should reopen my course in the midst of this circle of steel that the German armies make round about us. Since I bade good-bye, in the month of June, to my kind audience, what strange things have happened! Of those auditors who had already become for me almost friends, very few doubtless are here again to-day in this hall. Some are taking part in the defense of the city; others, unable to take a hand therein, have gone to seek a little peace in foreign lands; others, too, I cannot forget, are no doubt in the very camp of the invaders.'

Then he went on to say, —

'I do not think, in general, that patriotism has anything to do with science. The chairs of higher learning are in no degree political tribunes; they are wrested from their true purpose if made to serve, whether in defense or in attack, any end whatever outside of their spiritual goal.

'I profess absolutely and without reserve this doctrine, that science has no other object than truth, and truth for itself, without any heed of consequences, good or bad, sorrowful or happy, that truth may cause in practice. He who from any motive, patriotic, religious, or even ethical, allows himself, in the facts which he studies or in the conclusion which he draws, the smallest dissimulation, the very slightest alteration, is not worthy to have his place in the great laboratory where probity, as a title to admission, is more indispensable than ability.

'So understood, studies in common, pursued in the same spirit in all civilized countries, form above nationalities — which are limited, diverse, and too often enemies — a great *patrie* which no war soils, no conqueror menaces, and where souls find refuge and that union given them in ancient times by "The City of God." '

The conception of a country beyond the greeds, the vulgar ambitions, the baser passions of man, does not point to a 'Republic of Letters,' but to a 'Republic of Science.' Science is the same for all men: the properties of numbers, the deductions of astronomers, the analyses of chemists remain the same whether the experiments are performed in Petrograd, Paris, or New York. Stars, rocks, radium, fossils, speak the same language to Swede and Spaniard, to Welshman and Serb. The sciences have one common mode of expression throughout the world; that mode is experiment. Sir Oliver Lodge, Ehrlich, Metchnikoff, Carrell, Flexner, Madame Curie, are all fellow laborers, — like so many carpenters, masons, and bricklayers, — busily at work upon the edifice of experimental truth. Their great tower ascends toward heaven; and it will mount higher and higher, for no jealous god has cast upon the workmen the confusion of tongues.

Science has but one language, whereas thought which finds expression in literature is quite another matter. If literature embodied itself in some non-national medium, as numbers or musical notes, the whole weight of its influence would be in favor of brotherhood and unity. But, since the failure of Latin to maintain itself as a living language, literature has been dependent upon a medium which is the earliest and purest product of the national spirit, — language. Language is a steadfast assertion of national characteristics, national limitations, and national boundaries.

II

The spirit of literature finds its home in its native place. Literature must strike its roots into its native soil, and spread its branches to its native sunshine and its native breezes, or it will die. Literature is passionately patriotic; for it lives only in its native speech. Translate literature into another language, and instead of the living tree, its head lifted toward heaven, its branches spread wide over its native soil, you have cords of wood piled up in the marketplace.

The great dictators of letters have dominated Europe through the power of national language, just as Cæsar spread his conquests by means of Roman legions. Plato is universal because in a language unrivaled in its blending of intellectual and sensuous qualities he embodied the Greek spirit; in the

English of Jowett he is something quite other than himself. Cicero, by a Roman military splendor of rhetoric, by masterful control of the learned phrases of Latin, filled the world with his reputation. Petrarch, indeed, succeeded to the first place in European letters, because of his lordship in every department of Latin literature, while Latin was still the universal language; but within a hundred years, all those grounds for his fame were forgotten, and he has since remained enthroned because he is the greatest master of delicate expression in the Italian tongue.

Voltaire's renown throughout Europe was due to his happy power of embodying the essence of the Gallic genius in French prose. Goethe, the great apostle of cosmopolitanism, whose ideal was to lift his head above the clouds and fog of national discords, will surely, in the end, depend for his glory upon his lyrical poems, for in them he made exquisite use of what is best in the German heart and the German language.

The only name which absolutely transcends national boundaries is that of Shakespeare; but who can say that even his delineation of the human soul in Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Cordelia, Imogen, Shylock, could have won such world-wide admiration, had it not been for his royal power over Elizabethan English?

Read him at random: —

> There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
> . . . . . .
> There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
> Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
> When down her weedy trophies and herself
> Fell in the weeping brook.

Is it not this Shakespearean English that constitutes the wings of Shakespeare's genius?

As all lovers of beauty were wont to make a pilgrimage to Rheims because the cathedral there was saturated with French genius; as we go to Florence because the *Palazzo Vecchio*, Giotto's campanile, and the pictured riches of the Uffizi, are profoundly Italian; as we visit the yew-shaded, tender-turfed, mellowed and memorial-laden village churches of England, because they breathe forth the very breath of England; so do we betake ourselves to the great national classics of literature.

The genius of a nation is the source of untold riches; it has been bred by centuries, dandled by favoring circumstances, nurtured and tutored by a thousand random influences; it has taken to itself a multitude of discordant elements, transformed them into a homogeneous whole, and stamped that whole with the national effigy and superscription.

Language is the most perfect expression of a nation's genius; it serves the nation's greatest needs; it has had the greatest labor bestowed upon it. Generation after generation has struggled to express in language its tenderest love, its profoundest passion, its bitterest grief, its subtlest thought. One man added a word here, another a phrase there; this man, as with a hammer, beat rough speech into smoothness and delicacy, a second rendered it pliable, a third fitted it for speculation. Mothers wrought it into a means of comforting their babies; lovers fashioned it into fantastic rhetoric of compliment; thinkers moulded it into a substance so light that it is hardly heavier than thought.

Finally, after a people has labored for centuries to create a national instrument, literature picks up that instrument and puts it to her uses. What literature shall do is determined by that instrument; she has no choice, she is the creature of her tool, she is the handiwork of language.

There was a time, hundreds of years

ago, when cosmopolitanism dominated literature. The Latin language was but the spirit of the Roman Empire reincarnate in literature; the universal domination of one great people lived on in ghostly fashion. Even after national languages had long proved themselves amply sufficient for all the purposes of literature, brilliant spirits of the Renaissance — Ficino, Poliziano, Erasmus, Spinoza, even Leibnitz — wrote in Latin; they wished to overstep national boundaries and write to all the world as fellow cosmopolites. And because they wrote in Latin, and not in their native languages, what they wrote belongs to the domain of thought, not to the domain of literature. Learning and the Church strove in vain to maintain Latin as a living language; it died just because it was cosmopolitan and in no wise national. Everywhere the power that carries literary fame throughout the world must be sought in some national trait.

We must not be disappointed to find that in this tumult of national passion these European men of letters became primitive, elemental, blinded by national egotism. Men of science, whose home is the laboratory, who talk in electrons and terms of energy; philosophers, who spend their time in speculation concerning truth; statesmen, who know that under the promptings of greed all nations behave like savages, — these have no excuse for losing their moral equilibrium: physical truth, philosophical truth, human nature, will not be changed by the outcome of this war. But it may not be so with literature. These men of letters are instinctively right: literature, the food of their souls, depends upon national spirit. Literature would droop, decay, and become of no more moral comfort to men than mathematics, if it were to become cosmopolitan, or indifferent to national existence.

III

Does literature then do nothing to soften men's manners, to lift them to a large view of things, to enable them to surmount the Chinese wall of ignorance and prejudice which encircles every nation, to crush in their hearts the brutal and irrational war-spirit, to help bring about the long-dreamed-of golden age of peace and good-will among men? The answer is that, of course, literature helps men in all these ways; but not by uprooting the instincts of patriotism.

Cicero's eulogy of the benefits conferred by literature is as true to-day as on the day when he defended Aulus Licinius Archias in the Roman forum. '*Haec studia adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*' (These studies nourish youth, they delight old age, they add a grace to prosperity, they offer refuge and comfort in adversity, they are a pleasure at home, they are no trouble abroad, they will pass the night with us, accompany us on our travels, and stay with us in the country.)

All this is true. The benefits of literature can hardly be overestimated. Books enlarge a man's horizon. They raise a mirage of water-brooks and date-palms to travelers in a desert. They are 'the sick man's health, the prisoner's release.' Shut within a narrow routine of dull necessity, sad at heart in a world where wrong triumphs, where beauty has no assurance of respect, where humanity toils terribly merely for its daily bread or the satisfaction of trivial appetites, the earthly pilgrim need do no more than pick up a book, and lo! he steps forth into another world. Here he is free from sorrow and care, free from the burden

of his body, from envy, jealousy, contempt, self-satisfaction, from vain regrets, from wishes that can never wear the livery of hope, from narrowness of soul and hardness of heart. He may mingle in the society of the good and great; he may listen to the wise man, and the prophet; he may see all the conditions of human happiness and misery; he may watch the human spirit, in its strife with circumstance, nobly conquer or basely succumb; he may go down through the 'gate of a hundred sorrows,' or accompany Dante and Beatrice through the spheres of Paradise.

By means of literature we step from our narrow chamber into a brave world of unnumbered interests. After such experiences the reader acquires a larger view of life; in his heart he crushes the irrational and brutal war-spirit; he imagines for a season that men are brothers. And if this is true of readers who can leave their daily routine for the palace of literature but now and then, for an hour or two of an evening or on Sunday, it is far more true of the men who pass their lives in the palace and have contributed to its wonderful appurtenances.

The humanities do render men more humane; literature does fit them to be citizens of the world, without depriving them of their own homes. *Die versunkene Glocke*, *L'Oiseau bleu*, *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, *Peter Pan*, *Jean Christophe*, are all proofs of a broad and sensitive humanity.

But certainly Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, and their companions, all swept away by national feeling, have given our world a shock. It is a natural disappointment; we had hoped that literature was an effective instrument of peace, and it comes with a sword. We are disappointed, not by what they have done, but by what they, or some among them, have left undone. Men whose country is threatened with destruction are right to cry out and fight for the preservation of their country, and men of letters more than others, for literature has rendered their own country still dearer to them than it is to other men. So far as their passion limits itself to the preservation of their own country, all the world will applaud them; if they overstep that limit and support, or justify, any attempt to destroy another nation, or if they remain silent during any such attempt, no matter who makes it, they are false to literature, as well as to civilization and to the nobler spirit of man. All these distinguished European men of letters proclaim the sacred rights of their own nationality: but if one nation has a sacred right to exist, all nations have; and the infringement of a sacred right is a sacrilegious wrong. That wrong is committed by any man of letters who does not raise his voice and hand to prevent one nation from crushing another. There is an allegiance owed to literature.

The world's literature depends for its richness upon diversity; and difference of nationality creates the most interesting diversity. Life and its phenomena do not appear the same to a Russian and a Belgian. Crush Russia, and you maim or bruise her national life, and with her national life her power of utterance, — you crush in the egg Tolstoïs and Dostoievskis still unborn. Destroy Belgium, and you deprive the world's literature of all that which new Maeterlincks would create. No nation can be severely injured, without suffering in soul as well as in body. The full functioning of national life is necessary to a fine flowering of literature. Athens produced Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, in the time of her glory; England bred Shakespeare, Spenser, Hooker, Bacon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fon-

taine, flourished in the golden days of Louis XIV. Lower a nation's vitality, and her spirit becomes languid; she no longer possesses the living energy to produce what she might otherwise have done. When a nation is sick, the noblest parts of her suffer first.

A cowed nation cannot bring forth a noble literature. But a little state may have as great a soul as a mighty state; witness the Athens of Pericles, the Florence of Lorenzo de' Medici, or Holland in its great days. No man of letters, unless blinded by ignoble passion, would consent to the national destruction of any state. The rule laid down by Immanuel Kant for the foundation of perpetual peace applies with double force to the lasting prosperity of literature: 'No independent State (little or great is in this case all one) shall be capable of becoming the property of another State by inheritance, exchange, purchase, or gift'; and if not by peaceful means, still less by violent means. The Commonwealth of Literature demands that all her constituent parts be respected.

Literatures can help one another; indeed no literature, unaided by another, can attain its fullest development. As each nation prospers best in material things by exchanging commodities with other nations, so each literature prospers best by exchanging commodities of the intellect. The cross-breeding of minds is necessary for new intellectual products. The history of all literatures is full of the benefits derived from one another. Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, in their respective flowering seasons, owe much to the achievements of the others. Literatures are like plants that need pollen wafted from afar in order to bear their brightest blossoms. The influence of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron, of Montaigne and Rousseau, of Petrarch and Tasso, of Goethe, of Ibsen, of all fertile genius, has been nearly as great in foreign literatures as in their own. Destroy one nation and you deprive the literatures of all other nations of untold seeds of increase.

The unworthy predicament in which some notable European men of letters stand, is that they have let themselves become so drunk with national egotism that they do not perceive the permanent need which the literature of each nation has of the literature of all other nations, and therefore they have committed high treason against the 'Republic of Letters.'

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS OF EUGENICS

BY S. J. HOLMES

It is often a misfortune for any good movement to become a fad. When this happens it is pretty sure to enlist the support of that object of Mr. Roosevelt's wholesome dread, the 'fool reformer.' And when the 'fool reformer' gets to work, prejudice against what he advocates is inevitably aroused.

The eugenic movement has perhaps its worst enemies in its over-zealous and ultra-radical friends. The advocacy of doctrines strongly at variance with established ideals and social customs makes an impression on the public mind that is not likely to be effaced by any amount of sane and sober-minded teaching. Eugenics is in a somewhat unfortunate position in that, through a little misrepresentation, it may easily be made to appear in an unfavorable light. Pearson tells us that Francis Galton, toward the close of his life, had come to fear that the new science of eugenics would do more harm than good. And considering the volume of nonsense on the subject, that is published largely for the purpose of appealing to popular interest in sensational things, there is more or less ground for Galton's rather gloomy foreboding.

The facility with which eugenics lends itself to caricature and cheap ridicule affords a temptation which is too strong for many writers to resist. No one would wish to deprive the editor of a country paper of his opportunity to wax facetious over 'eugenic marriages' and 'eugenic babies'; but it is a different matter when the same spirit of caricature is shown in articles purporting to give a serious and scholarly discussion of the subject. There are few questions of greater import than those relating to the forces which are moulding the innate qualities of the human race. There is no knowledge which it is more important to have widely diffused than the knowledge of the means by which our human inheritance can be improved. And a peculiar obligation, therefore, rests on those who discuss this subject, to be guided, whatever their opinions may be, by a spirit of fairness, and to avoid the temptation, so often yielded to, of sacrificing strict accuracy of statement to rhetorical effect.

The more I read controversial literature the more I am impressed with the frequent employment of the device of setting up a man of straw in order to demolish the object of attack with a great show of effectiveness. Such a performance is doubtless the outcome of a common psychological failing: we all wish to be victorious in our encounters and to experience the feeling of triumph, even though we are led, like the Dutch soldier whom Irving describes as achieving a brilliant victory over a field of cabbages, to expend our energies upon purely imaginary antagonists.

The best illustration of this method of attack which I have met with in the literature of eugenics is contained in an article by Mr. Fielding-Hall on 'Eugenics and Common Sense,' which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for

September, 1914. The writer states that 'the eugenist takes man purely as a plant or as an animal; he wants to breed him just as animals are bred'; and then, after attempting to show that domestic animals and plants have been rendered inferior to their wild ancestors through selective breeding for particular qualities, he draws a melancholy picture of what would happen if the 'eugenists' were to put their ideas into practice. 'Therefore, suppose the eugenists had their way and established a state, what would the inhabitants of that state be like in a few generations? They would be tall, broad, muscular, beautiful, delicate to a degree, useless save for athletic contests or beauty shows, always in the doctor's hands, — eugenic doctors, of course, — brainless, incapable of affection, almost wanting in courage, to a great extent sterile.' And further on we are told that 'the eugenist omits love. He knows nothing about it or about the world'; and we are given a forecast of what the world would be if 'the Eugenists could have their way and banish love.'

One would naturally suspect that all this was written purely for the sake of humor, but a perusal of the entire article leaves no doubt of its serious purpose. Nevertheless I have found myself recurring from time to time to certain passages with the uneasy consciousness that after all I may have mistaken the intent of the author. What I have found it particularly difficult to understand is, how he came to acquire such preposterous notions of the eugenic movement. When one criticizes the doctrines of the eugenists the implication certainly is, if no one is singled out for attack, that the opinions combatted are typical or representative of eugenic teaching. Nothing could be more manifestly unfair than to attack extreme or generally discredited doctrines under the implied assumption that such views are shared by eugenists in general. But this is precisely the kind of tactics which our author pursues with apparently a naïve unconsciousness of the impropriety of such controversial methods.

As the author quotes, near the beginning of his article, from 'what he calls a leading eugenic textbook,' which, by the way, is Davenport's *Heredity in Relation to Eugenics*, the unsuspecting reader might be led to suppose that the various reactionary doctrines that are discussed were advocated in that volume. But not only are such doctrines not found there, but there is much that implies precisely the reverse. Where then are we to find the 'eugenists' whom our author would hold up to scorn?

I have had occasion lately to make a bibliography of articles and books on eugenics in which I have endeavored to include the titles of all contributions of any scientific value on this subject. Surely a representative publication like the *Eugenics Review*, the official organ of the Eugenics Education Society of England, ought to voice the opinions of Mr. Fielding-Hall's 'eugenists,' in abundance; but after running through the files of that journal from its inception to the present time, I have failed to find a single expression of what our author represents as typical eugenic doctrine. In a similar survey of the chief German journal of racial biology, the *Archiv für Rassen- und Gesellschafts-Biologie*, my search was equally fruitless. So also was an examination of the publications of the Galton Laboratory in London, of the bulletins of the Eugenics Record Office in this country, and of various journals devoted entirely or in part to human heredity and social evolution. A few years ago there was an International Eugenics Congress held in London.

One would naturally look to this widely representative body for authoritative expressions of eugenic doctrine. But if 'eugenists' of our author's type were represented at the Congress at all, they failed to make a single communication that found its way into the two volumes of the published proceedings. Probably no one has a better right to be regarded as an authoritative exponent of eugenic doctrine than the late Sir Francis Galton; but no one was more careful to disclaim the advocacy of any measures that are antagonistic to established social usage.

Who then are these 'eugenists' against whom Mr. Fielding-Hall does battle? I do not deny that some might be found, for almost every imaginable absurdity has its exponents. Our critic has sedulously refrained from mentioning any of the 'eugenists' by name. One escapes a certain measure of responsibility in attacking doctrines which are attributed to no one in particular. But in combatting the views of people loosely referred to as 'eugenists,' one should direct his arguments against opinions that are held by the majority, or at least a large percentage, of his opponents. It is scarcely to be supposed that any one who presumes to write on eugenics is unacquainted with the literature to which I have referred. But the author has chosen to ignore these sources of information, and has set up a eugenist man of straw who knows nothing of love, who would breed human beings as cattle are bred for points, and who is altogether a very ridiculous sort of person.

Mr. Fielding-Hall objects to the conclusion that the laws of the improvement of corn and race-horses hold true also for man. We are told that there is much yet to be learned regarding the laws of heredity (which almost any one would cheerfully admit), and that the result of breeding domestic plants and animals is to produce races that are imperfect or degenerate in many respects, however highly they may have been developed in others. But when he passes to the statement that the attempt to improve the human race by selective breeding would end only in disaster, the conclusion by no means follows. Man improves animals and plants in certain directions, to serve his own selfish purposes, and it is not to be wondered at that they are usually rendered less adapted to thrive in a state of nature. Animals are not bred for general intelligence, nor as a rule for general vigor, and hence they are usually, though in many cases not markedly, inferior in brain and general physique to their wild progenitors. Man, however, is an animal moulded to live in the somewhat artificial environment of civilized society; and if he has lost something of his ability to thrive under the conditions of primitive savagery, the loss is of no particular disadvantage under what is now his normal mode of life. But why, if human evolution should be directed by eugenists, man should become 'tall, muscular, brainless and wanting in affection,' is incomprehensible, unless the 'eugenist,' with all his other stupidities, should deliberately set out to create so stupid a product.

Few appreciate the enormous advances made in recent years in the study of heredity, and the large degree of 'scientific precision' that has already been attained in our control of the heredity of plants and animals. Our author indeed admits that 'there must be something in heredity,' but he candidly adds, 'I have no idea what it is.' With all the doubt and uncertainty that attaches to many questions of human inheritance there is no doubt that any one who had a fair knowledge of the principles of genetics, and who was given control

over the matings of human beings, could, in the course of a very few generations, produce a large number of very diverse types. He could breed a race of idiots, a race of dwarfs, a race of giants, an albino race, an insane race, a race of moral imbeciles, a race which would almost invariably get drunk in the presence of alcohol, a race of preëminent mental ability, or a race of unusual artistic talent. The task would be easy, as it would involve only the isolation of existing strains of the human species.

The possibilities of improving our inheritance, even with our present imperfect knowledge, are great. The difficulties are chiefly those of ways and means. Most eugenists agree that it is highly desirable to prevent the propagation of degenerate human beings. We know enough of the inheritance of feeble-mindedness, insanity, and several other defective traits to justify us in preventing those in whom these defects have been inherited from producing offspring. In regard to many other features of human inheritance we are still much in the dark, as eugenists realize as well as, if not better than, almost any one else. One need not fear that 'the eugenists would eliminate all disease and with it all ability'; nor is it probable that 'they would have prevented Lord Bacon from being born.' Only an imaginary eugenist would be likely to do anything so unwise.

Any one familiar with current discussions of the policy of restricting parenthood cannot fail to be impressed by the general counsel of caution which is given by those most prominent in the eugenic movement. But no one with an adequate knowledge of human heredity can have any doubt that there are several forms of human ills which could be very materially reduced by the proper restrictive measures.

Several years ago, in the valley of the Dora Baltia, there were many cretins and people afflicted with goitre. These people were allowed to marry among their own kind and the result was the production of children who were defective like their parents. As David Starr Jordan, who visited the place several times, remarks, 'They were breeding a special type of man utterly incompetent to take care of himself and utterly useless for all sorts of purposes.' A few years ago a policy of segregation was adopted: the cretins were confined during the reproductive period and not allowed to marry. At present they are nearly extinct. An opponent of eugenics might have warned us that our knowledge of the laws of heredity is not sufficient to warrant any meddling with the perpetuation of life among these people, and counselled the policy of *laissez-faire*. But if he had had his way, the idiots and imbeciles would still be with us.

While many of the critics of eugenics admit that it is not only feasible but a social duty to eliminate our hereditary defectives, they offer various objections to any attempt toward the further improvement of the human race. There is a more or less prevalent conviction that most eugenists would have marriages determined by the state in order to develop the desired type of man. People, and especially the American people, are naturally hostile toward any system which would impose restriction or regulation of freedom of marriage. And in so far as they have been led to look upon the eugenist as a person who aims to bring about matings which will tend toward the realization of a particular eugenic ideal, they are apt to experience resentment against such an infringement upon their natural rights. Who is to decide, it is often asked, what is to be the eugenic ideal? In this connection it is

well to recall the remark of Francis Galton: 'Society would be very dull if every man resembled the highly estimable Marcus Aurelius or Adam Bede. The aim of Eugenics is to represent each class by its best specimens; that done, to leave them to work out their common civilizations in their own way.'

There is a sufficient consensus of opinion as to what kind of human beings are desirable in an ideal state, so that we need not trouble ourselves about further details for some time to come. Health, good nature, moral stability, social sympathy, and intellectual ability, I think almost every one would agree, we could well have in much greater measure than at present. We want more of such stock as the Lowells, the Lees, the Edwardses, the Adamses, — the stocks that have given us our authors, statesmen, educators, and successful men of the world; and we want less of such stock as the Jukes, the Tribe of Ishmael, the Kallikaks, and other degenerates who help fill our almshouses, insane asylums, and jails. We are confronted by the fact that families that fall within the first-mentioned classes are not on the average producing enough children to keep up their present number, while many of the least desirable stock are maintaining a relatively high degree of fecundity. The recent decline of the birth-rate among the classes of society that have achieved success is a serious menace to our racial welfare. And there is no escaping the conclusion that such a decline has occurred during the past fifty years in most civilized countries of the world.

The conservative eugenist wishes to effect a change in the differential birth-rate in such a way that fecundity shall be correlated with those qualities that are socially desirable instead of with qualities which we wish to eliminate. Most eugenists are keenly alive to the difficulties of effecting such a change, and they are quite generally agreed that any success in this direction must be preceded by a general enlightenment of the public, and an awakening, in those who are physically and mentally well endowed, of a sense of obligation to perpetuate the gifts which nature has bestowed upon them. In the catalogue of sins of omission there is none greater than the sin of racial suicide in a splendidly endowed strain. As Major Leonard Darwin has remarked, 'We of this generation are absolutely responsible for the production of the next generation, and therefore of all mankind in the future; and to make every citizen realize his great racial responsibility in all things connected with marriage, to make him feel this as a deep-seated sentiment greatly affecting his actions, this is the eugenic ideal.'

Eugenics is often attacked on the ground that, since we have much to learn of the factors of organic evolution, any attempt to improve the innate qualities of men is premature. According to Mr. J. P. Milum, who contributes an article, 'The Fallacy of Eugenics,' to a recent number of the *London Quarterly Review*, 'Eugenics is an application to human life of the current form of the evolution theory. The weak link in the evolution theory has been the attribution of creative power to selection. It is upon that very link that the eugenist has hung his case. Natural selection having failed in human life, it must be replaced, he declares, by conscious selection. And now we find that selection has no power whatsoever! It would appear, therefore, that eugenics is an untimely birth!'

Here we have the 'fallacy of eugenics'! And since the subject can be disposed of in so simple and summary a way, it is not a little remarkable that

so many of the leaders of biological thought should have been deceived by its fair promises that have no hope of realization. It is a great mistake, however, to conclude that the mutation theory, which the author represents to be orthodox evolutionary doctrine, precludes the possibility of progressive evolution through natural or any other kind of selection. This theory simply substitutes relatively large and stable variations for the minute ones to which Darwin ascribed the gradual formation of species. So far as the problem of progressive evolution in general is concerned, Professor De Vries, the chief exponent of the mutation theory, maintains that his doctrine 'is in fullest harmony with the great principle laid down by Darwin.'

No intelligent evolutionist ever held that natural selection creates the variations which must be presupposed before selection can produce any change. Darwin understood this obvious fact as well as any one at the present time. Whatever may be said of the creative power of selection, it is a demonstrated fact that selection has played an important rôle in the improvement of many varieties of plants and animals. Certainly the animal-breeder who refused to breed from his runts and scrubs would not be very 'untimely,' even in the present backward state of the science of genetics.

Whether one adopts the theory of mutation or adheres to the original form of Darwinian doctrine, should not make the least difference in his policy in regard to checking the multiplication of defectives and incapables, or endeavoring to increase the fecundity of the better breeds of human beings. It is in these two measures that the eugenic programme essentially consists.

The fact that in certain pure lines selection has not proved sufficient to produce modification beyond a certain point, has little direct bearing on eugenic measures, for the near future at all events. It is generally admitted by mutationists that the ordinary process of selection applied to a mixed population is easily able to raise the stock to the level of its best strains. Humanity presents a mixture of strains to an extent that probably occurs in no species in a state of nature; and if selection means no more than bringing out those that are most desirable and eliminating the inferior breeds it is capable of untold benefits to society. When the human species has been raised to the level of its best specimens Nature will probably be kind enough to supply us with further mutations in the direction of progress.

THE DEBT

BY KATHLEEN CARMAN

THE convent was a large square building of red brick, harsh of outline, unlovely in its proportions. It stood on the rise of a barren hill, unfriended by the trees of the little valley below, unsoftened by the pleasant landscape above which its ugly bulk arose, stern and domineering. To the south and west lay fertile fields and huddling farm-buildings; to the east, beyond the little valley, rose many closely wooded hills; while to the north, — ah, the north! — one of the greatest wonders of all this wonderful world lay there, for if one climbed to the highest story of the convent and looked out of any window to the north, one beheld that never-ceasing miracle — the sea!

Sister Anne had known no other home but the convent for nearly half a century, but the sight of those unresting waves never failed to set her spirit free: free of unknown and enchanted worlds, worlds of wonder, of mystery, and of heart-stirring beauty. She was merely a plain, silent, hard-working, rather stupid old woman, who had never been in all her life admired or considered, or even loved, unless one counts the tepid affection of those with whom she lived. She had been brought here as a young girl from the orphanage where she had passed her childhood; and since she had been one of those who are always willing to do what is asked of them, no matter how unpleasant or hard it may be, there had fallen to her share all the humblest and meanest of the household tasks, all the petty drudgeries which must be done and which no one wishes to do. Her place was always in the kitchen or the laundry. She would have liked to cook, but that had never been suggested. She had always been put to washing dishes. Here again she had a preference: she would have liked to wash the glassware which came out of the hot suds like bubbles and must be polished on the softest and cleanest of towels; or even the clumsy plated forks and spoons which to her were very beautiful. There was nothing delicate or lovely about the great iron soup-kettles which her patient hands must cleanse, or about the greasy roasting pans. And it was the same way in the laundry. Only the coarsest, heaviest of the washing was given to her: the rag mats that lay beside the beds in the dormitories, the big aprons that the working sisters wore, the cloths that were used in cleaning the lamps. Not for her the intricacies of starching and skillful ironing and fluting.

Yet all the years of toil had not saddened Sister Anne. If any one had questioned her and she had been able to express herself, she might have said that the forces which had formed her sturdy body had given her also a spirit capable of sustaining itself on the most meagre happiness. But no one questioned her and she was at all times slow and scant of speech.

The sources of her contentment lay all without the convent walls, and being so, it was strange that she should have discovered them. As a matter of fact she had not discovered them. They

had come through a slow and unconscious process to be a part of her life. It had begun, humbly enough, in the kitchen garden. When first she came to the convent she had not been very well and they had set her to weeding the vegetables in order that she might be out of doors as much as possible. Her simple, kindly nature had turned in solicitude and affection to this springing life that responded to her tendance. No great and lovely lady in her garden ever looked with more pride and admiration upon her roses and lilies than did Sister Anne upon her beans and cabbages and early peas. Through them she had come to watch with interest every change in the weather, anxious for the needed rain, fearful of the early frost, rejoicing when sun and air and moisture did their kindly best.

And thus it was, through a process simple, gradual, inevitable, that her heart had wakened to the wonder and the beauty of the world about her. At first she saw no further than the garden, finding joy in the clear green of the new shoots, pleasure in the sturdy growth of some robust plant, or a still ecstasy in the dew-crowned freshness of the bean flowers in the early morning. But soon that morning magic lay before her marveling eyes upon the near-by fields and the distant hills, and in time she beheld the wonderful pageant from mystic dawn to dawn, and that still more wonderful pageant of the changing months.

No one knew or guessed the joy that filled her life from this dumb intercourse with flying cloud or snow-hung cherry tree or from the deep stillness of a green-clad hill in a summer noon. When she was younger she used sometimes to speak of these things to her companions, but she had early learned that they neither understood nor cared to understand the feelings which she would have shared with them. But this did not disturb her. She felt for those with whom she lived good-will and a mild affection, but hers was not a nature to expect or need sympathy. She had a profound and sincere humility which rendered her incapable of envy. She felt herself, without bitterness, to be the inferior of all with whom she came in contact. The fact that they were indifferent to what were to her the purest sources of happiness never seemed to her a lack in them, but only an accentuation of the fact that she was less clever than they. To read, to embroider, to converse, to make long devotions, were all beyond her powers. She was not 'spiritual-minded.' Prayers were to her a tedious and difficult task, to be fulfilled conscientiously but always finished with relief. This indeed came by slow degrees to be a source of pain and anxiety to her. She felt herself a sinner. In the laborious and inarticulate processes of her mind there gradually took form the knowledge that she would rather do any kind of work than pray; that she would rather, far rather, sit in idleness, looking out upon the familiar, beloved landscape, than pray. This seemed to her inexplicably wicked, but it never occurred to her to change, although she sometimes felt that she would go to hell because of it.

Such thoughts were, however, neither frequent nor enduring with her. When she made her preparation for confession, she used sometimes to endeavor to formulate this general sense of wrongdoing; but the matter was too subtle for her limited powers of expression, and she never got beyond the specific instance, as when she neglected the kettles so that she might watch a storm coming up across the hills, or walked five miles on a singing May morning to get a not indispensable supply of fresh eggs from a farmhouse. Not for many penances would she have

foregone the clean joy of that walk. Spring came late and slowly to this bit of world beside the sea, but came none the less surely, none the less with magic and enchantment in its wings; the new color on field and hill, the wonderful smell of the earth and of the budding shoots, the divine air, that now blew chill and austere as from the cave of winter itself and now touched the cheek with a shyness, a softness, a warmth, like early love.

Sister Anne had no imagery. She was sixty years old, ignorant, unread, unimaginative, slow and dull of wit. Yet walking through this new-created world, she felt that joy more keen than pain, — that wordless ecstasy whose channel is the senses, but which sends the spirit groping back toward God who gave it life. Although she felt that this marvelous universe came from the beneficent hand of some supreme Good, she never identified it with the Deity to whom she made her difficult devotions. Deep in her heart there grew a strong sense of gratitude, of obligation, a wish vague and unformed, yet compelling, that in some way she might make return for the happiness which life had brought her. She tried to spend more time in the chapel and to say an extra number of Aves, but this did not satisfy her, and even her unseeking mind felt some doubt as to the worth of such mechanical and joyless prayers.

So the placid months and years slipped by, and at last there came to Sister Anne, as does not come to all of us, her great hour.

It was a cloudless, windless, intolerably hot day in midsummer. Sister Anne had been on an errand to a fisherman's hut at some distance from the convent. As she walked slowly home through the woods, she reached a place in the path which led near the shore and from which a few steps brought her out upon a little promontory. Never, it seemed to her, had the sea looked so blue or the sails of the distant ships so white. She stood for a long time gazing out toward the horizon before she saw anything nearer; but when she did see, she hurried down to where she could get out on the beach. On a tiny rocky islet some two hundred feet or so from the shore lay the figure of a man in a swimming-suit. It was evident that he was either dead or unconscious. Sister Anne considered for a while and then, without even removing her shoes, waded out to him. He was not dead, she found at once, but stunned by a blow on the head, apparently from one of the sharp rocks on which he lay. Sister Anne cleansed and bound the wound with her kerchief, and then sat for a few moments, her face grave and perplexed. Her bit of human wreckage was only a boy of sixteen or so, tall, slender, with thick, rough blond hair and skin fair as a child's. Sister Anne, by putting forth her whole strength, had been able to move him only a few inches, so that it was manifestly impossible for her to get him to the shore. The fisherman's hut from which she had just come was deserted, its owner off on a cruise; there was not even a boat there. The convent was a good three quarters of an hour away, make what haste she would, and it would take as much longer to return with help. In an hour, she well knew, the islet would be submerged by the rising tide. She knew of no other fishing-hut and of no farmhouse nearer than the convent.

The water had been nearly to her waist in one place as she came, and she could see that it had risen a little even in this short time. She took off her black robe and did what she could with its aid to put the helpless lad in a more comfortable position; then, desperately, by every means at her command, she set about restoring him to

consciousness. For a long time she met no response to her efforts. Indeed, more than once she anxiously leaned her ear against his chest, to be sure that his heart still beat. At last, when she had almost given up, discouraged, he made a slight sound, and a moment later tried to sit up, only to sink back into coma again. In a few minutes more, however, he opened his eyes and looked at her with manifest intelligence. Instantly she spoke to him with all the urgency she could summon.

'You must swim ashore as soon as you can. The tide is coming in and if you stay here you will be drowned, unless you are able to swim. If you can start now you will be able to walk part of the way between here and the beach, but part you must swim, even now.'

Again he struggled to sit up and this time succeeded, although for a moment he had to lean against Sister Anne's shoulder.

'As soon as you are able,' she reiterated anxiously, 'you must swim ashore.'

He shifted himself and gazed at her in considerable perplexity.

'Do you know how I hurt my head?' he asked. 'I must have fallen as I was climbing up here. And how did you come here?'

'I was passing,' Sister Anne explained, 'and I saw you lying here. I waded out to you. The water was not as deep then. Now —'

She paused, and a look of fear and anguish grew in her dull eyes.

'You cannot swim?' asked the boy.

'Oh, no, no,' she answered, her head sinking on her breast.

'Yet you stayed here to help me when you might have got safe ashore if you had left me? Did you know that you would be caught by the tide?'

'I am old,' she answered; 'it must come to me before many years in any case. But you are so young. I could not leave you. Your mother —'

The boy looked at her a moment with shining eyes and flushing face. Then he rose cautiously, and tentatively flexed the muscles of his legs and arms.

'Will you take off your shoes?' he said gently.

She gazed at him in bewilderment, and he explained to her carefully what he would do and what she must do. It took some time to make her understand, for her slow mind had not compassed such a possibility; but when once it was clear to her what was to be done, she was docility itself. Well for Sister Anne now that the strongest habit of her life was obedience. But for that, the lad, strong swimmer as he was, could not have brought her safe to shore.

That night the placid life of the convent throbbed and thrilled with an excitement unknown in its history. Sister Anne, for the first time in her existence, was the centre of a storm of solicitude, of attention, of agitation. She herself was unmoved. She came back from death as unemotionally as she had gone to meet it. She sat by the window of her room, wishing that she might be left alone to watch the moon rise above the quiet hills.

The Mother Superior, the curé himself, had visited her, had said strange and wonderful things to her which she scarcely understood. The whole Sisterhood buzzed about her like a hive, for it seemed that the fair-skinned lad of her adventure was the heir of a house whose name was famous in many lands, and the father was even now standing at her threshold.

Sister Anne was not embarrassed by the great presence; fame and wealth and high birth and all the glories of this world being indeed less than words

to her. Moreover, her visitor brought to this interview with an old unlettered woman all the charm and suavity and tact of which he was so well the master. The tale his son had told had seemed to him incredible and touching, and he felt a desire to understand the impulses which had made possible so singular an episode. He soon found that she had indeed faced death in full knowledge of what she did, that she had wittingly given up her chance of escape that the boy might have his. But to find the motive was not so simple. Delicately he probed one channel after another: duty, heroism, religious training, in none of these could he find the clue. Her life, he reflected, could hardly have been so full of happiness as to have attached her very strongly to this world, and deftly he pursued that trail, still unsuccessfully. Baffled for the moment, he was silent, watching her unrevealing face. The late summer twilight was darkening into deep shadows on the hillside, but the eastern sky was still clear yellow from the sunset. Just beyond that bank of clouds, Sister Anne thought, the moon would rise before long. The man beside her, still pondering his problem, made some comment on the clustering trees in the valley below.

She turned to him at once with a changed look.

'They are at their thickest now,' was all she said; but he saw that at last he had opened the closed door.

In a few moments more, under his skillful touch, were revealed to him the simple and profound sources of happiness on which her spirit fed. In sentences so incomplete, in thoughts so inarticulate as to be mere suggestion, he comprehended her, and at length, with infinite gentleness, drew forth the thread of explanation which he had sought so patiently.

She had felt for long, he gathered, that she owed a heavy debt in return for all the joy in life that had been hers. She felt that her life had held more happiness than she deserved, happiness for which she had made, it seemed to her, but inadequate return. When she had found the helpless lad, she had found also, it seemed, her chance of payment. If she might save his life or at least give her own in the effort, this debt that she owed the world would be lessened.

When she had managed in some fashion to convey this much to her sympathetic listener, she paused and looked at him wistfully.

'A human life,' he said, in instant response, 'is worth more than words can measure. You gave the greatest gift in your power. Be content. When you behold the sunlight on the sea tomorrow, say to yourself, "But for me there is one on whom the sun would not shine to-day."'

She looked at him in silence, and he saw her breast rise and fall in one slow breath as if of relief.

A little longer he sat, considering, in strange humility, this old and humble woman toward whom he had had such generous intentions. What of the many gifts in his power might he offer that could enrich her life? Nothing! Nothing to give to this poor, lonely, ignorant, toil-worn being who in her starved existence had found more joy than she could make return for!

Once more he thanked her in his son's name and his own, and with as careful a courtesy as if she had been his sovereign, bade her farewell.

The moon had climbed above the bank of clouds now, and the hillside lay transfigured in its light. Sister Anne leaned her head against the window-casing and looked for a while into the still summer night; then presently, being very weary, she slept, a dreamless sleep.

GERMANY'S ANSWER[1]

BY HANS DELBRÜCK

I

In order to have a complete comprehension of the present World War, it is necessary to consider Servia. This country, a neighbor of Austria, was for five centuries subject to Turkey, and now forms a small independent kingdom south of the Danube.

The independence of Servia has its origin in the fact that the country once belonged to Austria. By the Peace of Passarowitz in 1718, after the conquest of the Turks by Prince Eugene, what is to-day northern Servia, including Belgrade, fell to Austria; in 1739, twenty years later, Austria was obliged to cede this territory back to Turkey. This period of twenty years of freedom from the Turkish yoke had awakened in the Servian people so strong a feeling of self-confidence that a lasting spirit of resistance resulted, and in the nineteenth century insurrection followed insurrection, leading finally to the formation of an independent sovereign state. Sometimes it was Austria and sometimes Russia who protected Servia, and toward whom Servia's policy inclined. The final result, however, was increased friendliness toward Russia on the part of Servia, and an increased friction with Austria, after Servia had become large and independent enough to feel herself the mother-country of a future great united national empire.

Before the last great Balkan wars, the kingdom of Servia had three million inhabitants. But the population of Austria included about seven million people of the same race: Servians, Kroatians, Slovenes, Dalmatians, and Bosnians. A zealous national agitation has succeeded sporadically, though not universally, in stirring up a movement among the people which aims at union with Servia. Blunders made by the government of Austria and particularly by that of Hungary, in the treatment of the South Slavs, have largely contributed toward adding fuel to the fire of the Greater Servian agitation, and the danger to the Austrian Empire which arises from it is very considerable, not only because Servia is Servia, and because she has partisans in the Hapsburg monarchy itself, but because she is the advance-guard of the pan-Slavic idea and the outpost of mighty Russia. Nor should we speak of Austro-Hungarian craze for dominion; it is the instinct for self-preservation of a great power, which cannot, without despairing of its own future, tolerate the existence of the Greater Servian idea either within its borders or on its frontiers. A prospective Greater Servia would not only sever large tracts of territory from the Austrian Empire, but would cut her off from the sea, which in these days means death to a great power. The Greater Servian idea and Austria cannot exist side by side.

The Servians imagine that they can

[1] It lends especial interest to this paper to remember that the author is Professor of History in the University of Berlin in succession to the famous Treitschke; that he has served for many years in the Reichstag; and that he is in every respect entitled to speak for modern Imperial Germany. — The Editors.

play the same rôle among the South Slavs that Piedmont played in Italy. But the analogy is false. The South Slavs do not form a national unit, as the Italians did long before the creation of the political unit. The formation of such a national unit, which leads with irresistible force to the creation of a national state, demands a civilization that reaches back for centuries; a community of national ideals embodied in traditions, in literature, art, and science; and a reverence for great men, — all of which the Italians possessed, but the Servians do not. Granted that they speak dialects which bear considerable resemblance to each other, so that the language presents a certain uniformity; in culture and religion they are much divided. Servians and Kroatians hate each other, and Bosnia is even partly Mohammedan; no less important is the fact that the great majority of South Slavs do not want to hear anything about Greater Servia, and that, unlike the former Lombardo-Venetians, they are true and loyal subjects of the House of Hapsburg. Not until lately has a fervid propaganda sown the seed of the Greater Servian idea in these provinces, especially in the recently acquired Bosnia. The seed took root, and the result was the assassination of the Austrian heir-apparent, in the place of an honest political fight.

It was not to be thought of that Austria should content herself with the mere punishment of the assassins and their accomplices, even on the largest scale. Even taking into consideration and placing due importance upon the fact that the Austro-Hungarian policy was in part responsible for the dimensions assumed by the nationalist agitation, after the commission of the crime nothing remained for Austria, if she had any faith in her own future, and wished to retain her subjects, but to say, now or never. The only acceptable redress for the murder of the Archducal pair was to put an end once for all to the Greater Servian aspirations. The Austrian government presented its conditions in Belgrade. Their purport was that the bloody deed at Serajevo could not be treated as a solitary crime, but that it originated in the policy of Servia; therefore Austria demanded as redress the guarantee of a complete and permanent change of Servian policy. However, such a guarantee can never consist of mere paper promises. Austria demanded, therefore, conditions which would have placed Servia under her permanent control.

Although the world had long been prepared for a reckoning between Austria and Servia, yet it was the opinion of many that Austria had exceeded all reasonable expectations in her conditions and demands. And this with a time-limit of only forty-eight hours for the answer, which left only the briefest interval for getting into touch with St. Petersburg.

Was this abruptness intended, from the start, to render the keeping of peace impossible? Many say so, particularly those in foreign countries. It seems to me that the exact opposite could be said with more justice. Let us suppose that Austria had waived one or the other of her claims and confined herself to terms of studied politeness; the principal condition, the abandonment of the idea of a Greater Servia, and of the Greater Servian agitation, must of necessity have been expressed in unequivocal terms. This is the point on which the Servians, puffed up with pride as they are to-day by two victoriously conducted wars, and fixing all their aims and aspirations on nothing less than the establishment of a Greater Servia, could not be expected to yield. Even the acceptance of Austria's conditions would have only been the prelude to new controversies. Expressed in markedly mild terms the

Austrian demands would have accomplished nothing materially, and morally would have given an impression of weakness and irresolution, and would thereby have increased rather than diminished the danger of war.

For the danger of war lay, not with Servia, but with Russia. If Austria had given the impression of approaching the 'swelled-headed' Servians with a certain timidity, Russian diplomacy would have conceived the idea that Austria might be intimidated by energetic bluffing. Such bluffing, however, always involves a danger.

It might have been that the Czar, without really desiring war, would have carried his threats so far that he finally could not draw back. More than one war in the history of the world originated in that way. Count Berchtold, the Austrian minister, by expressing his note in terms as incisive as possible, placed the Czar before the immediate alternative of war or peace. Uncompromising plainness offers a greater chance for peace than a policy of vacillation. The Servian note, therefore, gives ample testimony not only to the resolution, but also to the wise political foresight of Austrian policy.

II

It is clear that it was very hard for Russia to relinquish the outpost she had acquired in a Servia hostile to Austria. Not only political calculation, but temperamental sympathies, bind maternal Russia to the little Slav kingdom. It was to be anticipated that, even if the Russian government wished to keep the peace, public opinion, led by the Slavophils, would rebel and bring strong pressure to bear on it. But did not Austria's interference in Servia arise from unavoidable necessity? What right had Russia to interfere in the quarrel between Austria and Servia? Servia lies far from Russia, and well within Austria's sphere of influence. Would the United States (aside from the Monroe Doctrine) permit a European power to interfere in her differences with Mexico or Colombia? What would England do, if a small power on her frontier constantly stirred up a number of her subjects, until finally the Prince of Wales was murdered by these agitators? The interference of Austria in Servia arose out of the dire extremity to which this small power, backed by Russia, had driven her.

Russia and England were about to divide Persia; France had taken Morocco; and should Austria have no right to interfere when the conspiracy against her heir apparent was hatched in Servia, before her very gates? Austria would not only have ceased to be a great power, but she would have been dismembered as a state, if she had not adopted vigorous measures.

The fundamental error of the English Blue Book[1] in the presentation of the case is the assumption of the right of Russia to assume the protection of Servia. With this assumption as a basis, Sir Edward Grey endeavored to move Vienna and Berlin to an amelioration of the Austrian demands. We have seen that if Austria had made her demands less sharp, sooner or later the war would have broken out just the same. If Sir Edward had really desired to maintain peace, he would have made it clear to Russia that a Russian protectorate in Servia was unjustifiable. Of course, this would have been rather hard for the Czar to concede, but he could have made it plain to this people that he felt obliged to withdraw his protecting hand from Servia, since the agitators there had become assassins: that

[1] The 'White Paper' of the British Government was first issued in the form of a 'Blue Book' by the British Foreign Office on August 5. — THE EDITORS.

a Czar could have no common cause with regicides. The possibility of such a diplomatic course as this was not alluded to by the least hint in the English Blue Book.

Perhaps American people are inclined to put the question whether even the existence of such an artificially constructed state as Austria is of sufficient value to be conserved with such immense bloodshed as is now taking place over the whole of Europe. It is true that Austria is a very artificial state, composed of many different nations. But if this state did not exist, a clever statesman once said, it ought to be invented. For did the Hapsburg Empire not exist, all those small nations — Slavs, Hungarians, Roumanians, and the whole Balkan peninsula, and all the rest — would form part of the body of the mighty Russia. Who then on the continent of Europe would be still able to resist the Russian colossus?

For the same reason it is a matter of course that the German Empire should stand at Austria's side. Had we tolerated the subjugation and dismemberment of Austria by Russia we should have had to wage the next war against Russia and France alone. Under no circumstances could we leave this danger to our descendants; the preservation of the Hapsburg monarchy was therefore a vital issue for the German Empire.

It is entirely wrong to imagine that Austria and Servia would be natural enemies under all circumstances. King Milan, who was a very questionable personage, but a very clever politician, used to prophesy to the Servians that their hostility to Austria would end in disaster, and he therefore followed a distinctly pro-Austrian policy.

Yet, even if the present war should finally result in Servia's becoming Austrian territory, the Servian national idea would not suffer from the fact, for the hoped-for national unity would be gained under the Austrian sceptre, and the united Slavic element would be of such strength that it would soon be accepted and recognized side by side with the German and Magyar elements, sufficiently to satisfy its sense of national self-importance.

But Servian self-assurance and the pan-Slavic ambitions of Russia have forbidden such reflections from the start.

III

The only possibility of preserving peace lay with England. Therefore, in the days of the crisis, I personally did not give up my hopes of peace till the last moment. For there seemed to me to be still a possibility that England would declare to Russia that, after the pan-Slavic policy in the Balkans had led to the murder of the Archduke, she found it morally impossible to stand by her further, and that England, in case of conflict, would remain neutral. Had England said this, Italy would have remained true to the Triple Alliance, whose supremacy would thus have been assured; Russia must have accepted her defeat, and peace would have been preserved.

We are all the more convinced that it lay in England's hands to keep the peace by this means, as all the indications show that France would gladly have followed her lead. It is true that the idea of *revanche* has by no means died out, but has remained very strong all these forty-four years; nevertheless there can be no doubt as to the existence of a strong desire for peace among the great masses of the French people. Suppose then that England had appealed to this peaceful attitude in France. An emphatic declaration from London would have given predominance to this tendency, and Russia would have been obliged to withdraw. What an incalcu-

lable responsibility was placed in England's hands! Every one knows that the civilization of Europe is at stake. If the Allies are victorious, the ultimate victory will not be with England and France, but with the country representing the most pernicious despotism that the world knows: Russia. In England there are not only many who realize this, but there have been plenty of voices raised to say so, and several ministers preferred resigning from the Cabinet to associating themselves with the murderers of princes.

But the majority of the Cabinet and Parliament decided otherwise; although she has no particular sympathy with pan-Slavism, not to speak of regicides, England has from the first, and also during the diplomatic attempts at intervention, placed herself on Russia's side, and by this attitude made war inevitable. Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues have formed the notion that the interests of England's power demand it.

Ranke, in his *History of the World*, said of Cleon, the Athenian demagogue, 'Regard for the common weal of the Grecian world was not in him. . . . He had eyes only for the situation of the moment, for the immediate one-sided gain.' Just so has England suppressed all regard for the common welfare of European civilization, and pursued only her own immediate ends. For if she had declared herself to Russia and France in the manner above mentioned, — and as honor dictated, — and if as a further consequence Russia had been obliged to abandon her rôle of protector of the Balkan peoples, a harmful reaction on the fundamental relations between Russia and England might have ensued; the Triple Entente would have been weakened; foreign policy might have required readjustment; England would perhaps have been led to seek a *rapprochement* with Germany, to live on amicable terms with her, and definitely to acknowledge her maritime importance. England did not wish to count with any of these possibilities, but preferred to allow the war to break out.

IV

But why did England go even further, and declare war on us herself?

The Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, expressed himself with unequivocal clearness. He was firmly convinced that in the event of a war between the Triple Alliance and the Double Entente, the latter would be defeated and France be crushed by Germany. The German Chancellor, for this reason, offered the English government the assurance that in case of victory we would demand of France no European, but at the most, colonial territory. Whereupon Grey replied that 'even without having her territory in Europe taken away, France could be so crushed that she would lose her position as a great power and be subject to German policy.' To save France from this fate England took up arms, and without being bound by any contract, threw herself into the conflict from the first. For she apprehended that if France were overwhelmed, Germany would control all central Europe, including Belgium and Holland, and the balance of power in Europe, which guarantees the freedom of the nations, would be at an end.

One resolution is bound to another like the links of a chain: in order to preserve the European balance of power France must be assisted; this entails the extension of the alliance to Russia, England's feared rival in Asia, on whose account again England must become the friend of a band of Servian murderers. To be sure, England affirms (and is believed in many parts of the world) that she declared war on us because we had violated the neutrality of Belgium,

From the preceding statements, however, it is clear that this was in reality only a pretext. For after the war had once broken out it was hardly possible for England to withdraw; on the contrary, the opportunity to rid herself once for all of Germany's rivalry on the sea appeared so enticing that the English ministers wished to take advantage of it. This was the real crisis, and it was decided before the question of Belgium's neutrality was brought up. But it was, of course, very opportune for the English ministers that Germany's line of action toward Belgium furnished them a pretext for posing as champions of the right and guardians of treaties.

Why did Germany give England this advantage?

If it were true that England entered into this war on account of Belgium's neutrality, Germany would have cheated herself out of a sure victory by this unwise step. For, if England had not interfered, Italy would have remained with the Triple Alliance; how, in that case, could France and Russia have conquered, or even maintained themselves? Can any one credit the German Emperor, the Chancellor, the General Staff, all very sagacious personages, with such a blunder? Their conduct cannot be logically explained unless they were sure, not only that England would join the ranks of our enemies under any circumstances, but that the united Allies would themselves afterward make their way through Belgium.

One very important advantage for Germany, at the outbreak of the war, lay in the fact that it could hardly be expected that Russia and France would be able to open hostilities simultaneously: the Russians, with their cumbersome mobilization, the enormous extent of their empire, and the thinly distributed network of their railways, would not be able to take the field until several weeks later than their allies. It was to be anticipated, therefore, that the French would first advance up to the Franco-German frontier (two hundred kilometers in length, and thickly invested by forts and fortresses), and would wait there, without assuming the offensive, until the Russians, arriving from the east, had obliged the Germans to divide their forces. Then, however, as the Germans have amply fortified their French frontiers with fortresses at Strassburg, Metz, and other places, the attack would have followed through Belgium, on the much more exposed lower Rhine. Of course, the German General Staff knew that, since they possessed the great mortars which subdued Liège, Namur, Antwerp, and the French northern fortresses, the French fortresses along the Vosges must fall also; but with these places protected by the whole French army, this would take so long that the Russians would have time to arrive. The only possibility of averting from Germany this hazardous double conflict was to break into France, across her much longer and less protected northern frontier, through Belgium, and thereby gain such an advantage that a part of the army could be dispensed with and sent against the Russians. Although finally Germany did declare war on Russia because the latter was mobilizing in threatening force on the Austro-German frontier, this danger was in reality much greater than Germany imagined.

Only a few days after our army was mobilized in the west, the Russians appeared in great force on our eastern frontier.

The first day of mobilization in Germany was August 2. By August 16 the mobilization was so far completed that the Kaiser left Berlin to join the army. On August 20 the Germans occupied Brussels, and on August 21 and 22

the first great battle took place on the Franco-German frontier between Metz and Strassburg. But already, on August 23, the Russians appeared in vastly superior numbers on the eastern border of Prussia and drove the Germans back, so that the German general headquarters was forced to withdraw troops from the French field of operations and send them against the Russians.

It is clear that the Russians must have begun their mobilization a long time before we were aware of it. If we had waited longer before taking the offensive, we should not have needed to violate the neutrality of Belgium, nor should we have been able to do it, for by that time the French and English would have been on the way through Belgium; they would have invaded the Rhine country, occupied Aix-la-Chapelle and Treves, and then, with the strong Belgian strongholds of Liège and Namur as bases, would have been able to push their offensive operations farther into the Rhine provinces.

Would the Belgians have defended their fortifications as bravely against the French and the English as they did against us? Why then had they built their forts only on the German border and not on the French? One can be perfectly sure that they not only would not have defended these fortresses against the Allies, but would have turned them over to them as a base; because, if the war had progressed to such a stage, no one in Belgium would have doubted the ultimate victory of the Allies, and every Belgian would have trembled for Belgium's existence, if the least opposition were made to the Allies.

In 1870, it was Germany that saved Belgium's integrity. Napoleon III would have been ready to agree to the German Federation if we had allowed him a free hand in Belgium. Why then has Belgium, in spite of this, gone over to the enemies' camp? Not because we were the ones who had just violated her neutrality. The others would have done the same, and it is very probable that French soldiers crossed the Belgian border even before the Germans did. The Belgians joined the Allies simply because they considered that side to be the strongest. (There was, too, the natural sympathy of the Belgian people for the French, growing out of the common language and religion.) It is always the surest course for a small country to pursue, to be on the side of the strongest. For years the French press has daily proclaimed that the French army alone, with its superior artillery and highly developed aviation, was a match for the Germans. The peaceful foreign policy of Germany they construed as fear, and ridiculed the Kaiser as 'Guillaume le Timide.' The political developments could be foreseen: that there would some day be a great coalition against Germany. The coalition came, and we stood two against seven. Belgium certainly seemed to have the greatest assurance of being among the victors by joining the other side.

For this reason, Belgium, in 1906, as has now become known, closed with France and England an eventual convention concerning military aid. Belgium did not close such a convention with Germany. This might be explained if Belgium — in spite of the memory of the French plans in 1870 — had been absolutely sure that this neighbor (on the south) at no time and under no circumstances would violate her neutrality. If this had been the reason, Sir Edward Grey would have told the German Ambassador, and would have been obliged to tell him, that France would not violate the neutrality of Belgium and that England was ready to guarantee that France would keep this obligation. Sir Edward did not give such a pledge

to the German Ambassador. Was it possible for a German statesman under these circumstances to believe in the lasting neutrality of Belgium? Diplomats very easily find a pretext to set aside a promise. Is a country lying between two unfriendly neighbors, and taking military precautions against one of them and not against the other, in reality neutral?

What attitude should Germany take toward such a state? From Sir Edward Grey's refusal to answer the neutrality question, Germany saw clearly that just as soon as the Russians were near enough, the French, perhaps aided by the English and Belgians, would attack Germany on that flank. Germany, therefore, had to consider which was the lesser of the two evils. If she proceeded against Belgium, there was the prospect of gaining large advantages before the Russians entered the conflict, — a hope that has only in small measure been realized. On the other hand there was the disadvantage in this move, that abroad, particularly in neutral countries, Germany would appear in the light of the peace-breaker. If, on the contrary, Germany had waited until the enemy had violated Belgium's neutrality, she would have had the moral advantage of appearing in the light of the defender of the right, but at the same time would have lost almost all hope of victory against the stupendous odds. Under these conditions Germany chose the odium of appearing to the world as the treaty-breaker, sure that she was so only in appearance, because the treaty had already been broken in fact from the other side.

Many take the standpoint, especially in neutral countries, that England hesitated until the last moment before going into the war, and that the violation of Belgium's neutrality was the last drop which caused the goblet to overflow. This theory has since been exploded by a report from the Belgian minister in St. Petersburg, de l'Escaille, to his government, dated July 30, which has been found in Brussels. This document states that the assurance of English support gave the war party in Russia the majority. This was five days before Germany had violated Belgian neutrality and while the German Ambassador was still discussing the question of Belgian neutrality with Sir Edward Grey. How is this evidence of M. de l'Escaille's report to be squared with the pretension of Sir Edward Grey in the English Blue Book that to the last he never undertook any obligation to Russia, to assist her against Germany? The answer is very simple. It is quite true that a formal treaty did not exist between England and Russia, any more than between England and France; notwithstanding, the leading men in St. Petersburg as well as in Paris were assured that England in case of war would be on their side. Grey's fault is not that he gave them a promise of help, but that he failed to declare that England would not be on their side. That, and that alone, would have conserved the peace.

V

The real sequence of events is therefore the following: Sir Edward Grey, with consummate skill, let Germany see that England would participate in the war in any case, thus putting Germany into the position of having to violate Belgian neutrality in self-defense; and then announced to all the world, with much moral pathos, that the defense of this neutrality was the ground for England's declaration of war.

One is now very well able to point out with the aid of several small mistakes in the English Blue Book that this artful policy of making Germany

appear as the aggressor was very carefully followed through. Grey reported, on July 30, that the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, tendered him a communication from the French Foreign Minister which stated that Germany was much further advanced with her preparations than France. If one considers the statements of this report more closely, it becomes apparent that this French note could not possibly date from July 30, but from August 1,[1] at the very earliest, if not from even later. This contradiction was subsequently discovered in London, so that in the new edition of the Blue Book not only this date, but the term 'yesterday, Friday,' by which the false date betrays itself, has been simply left out in both the English and the French texts; in consequence this very important document now has no date at all. The documents have in this way been falsified in order to justify the assertion that Germany, four days before she began to mobilize, was already making aggressive preparations.

In another place, a falsification betrays itself. The attempt is to prove that Germany already on July 23, the day on which Austria tendered the note to Servia, began mobilization. In both the French and the English text, this July 23 is designated as Saturday. July 23, however, was a Thursday. This mistake also was discovered later and corrected in subsequent editions.

One may reply that even the German Chancellor himself stated that Germany had violated Belgian neutrality, because 'necessity knows no law,' and was conscious of being in the wrong. This can be explained. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg lays much value on being recognized as absolutely loyal and truthful, which, in diplomacy, is not a very prevalent virtue. Because the formal violation of neutrality actually did come from the German side, it was characteristic of him to admit it openly. However, he immediately added, in his speech in the Reichstag, that he knew as a certainty that the neutrality had already been violated from the other side, and thereby had ceased to be in effect. In the same sense he told the British Ambassador, who announced the British declaration of war on the ground of this violation of neutrality, that England was going to war for a piece of paper. This did not mean, by any means, that in the eyes of the German Imperial Chancellor all treaties were only pieces of paper, but that this particular treaty had ceased to be anything more than a piece of paper, because it was no longer respected, not by us, but by either country.

[1] The date for which (5:30 P.M.) the order for mobilization in Germany was given.

VI

In the United States, many have taken sides against Germany, because they believed that they saw in the victory of the western powers a victory of liberalism, and in a German victory a triumph of militarism. Quite aside from the fact that Germany, in many respects, has far more political liberty than either France or England, the victory of the Allies would be a victory, not of the western powers, but of England and Russia. It is in reality these two powers who threaten the liberties of the nations to-day: England, who strives to rule the seas of the world and to subjugate the commerce of all nations to the law of her naval power; and Russia, whose army, even in time of peace, is larger than the armies of Germany, Austria, and Italy added together. Without those tremendous efforts made by Germany, — called by our enemies the 'Prussian Militarism,' — the mainland of Europe would long since have been under the dominion of

the Cossacks and there would have remained nothing but the struggle between England and Russia for the dominion over Asia, which would mean to the victor world-domination.

Would that be a desirable aim for the development of the world's history? All modern culture in all its wealth rests on polynationalism. If Germany and Austria are victorious in this war, the freedom of the nations will be preserved, because, no matter how strong Germany emerges from this struggle, she will still be far too weak to maintain a world-dominion. Germany lacks the mass, the bulk, the weight, and must rely for power on greater tension, activity, and efforts. Texas alone is much larger in area than Germany. But if England and Russia win, — France in comparison with these two hardly counts as a great power, — one will dominate the seas, the other the continents. Of course, England's power will continue only if the British Empire continues to exist. Does not the United States already feel the injustice of the English interpretation of maritime law? To what extremes would England utilize her power, if she no longer, as a check, had Germany to consider?

Therefore we, in Germany, have the firm conviction that it is not for our own independence alone that we are fighting in this war, but for the preservation of the culture and freedom of all peoples.

LA GRANDE NATION

BY J. O. P. BLAND

Ah! qu'elle est belle de haut en bas, cette France de 1914! Tout y est à recueillir dans nôtre mémoire, pieusement, et à suspendre pour jamais dans notre maison de famille, comme des tableaux devant lesquels les générations viendront prier et se recueillir. Quelle fraîcheur universelle! Il semble que toutes les âmes soient redevenues neuves et simples. Nous n'avions connu que des chrysalides. La France vient d'ouvrir ses ailes.

MAURICE BARRÈS.
de l'Académie Française.

I

BEYOND all question Barrès is right. For the past two months I have traveled through the length and breadth of France, talking with all sorts and conditions of men, from the government officials at Bordeaux to the last pitiful refugees of the devastated provinces, and as I look back on those crowded days, the impression left on my mind is one of ever-recurring wonder and increasing admiration. For to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, France presents to-day a splendidly moving spectacle of spiritual renaissance; the nation, purified and ennobled by sacrifice and suffering, is finding itself in a new world of rare moral beauty. War, the destroyer, has become also the restorer. In France it has swept away all frivolous and aimless things, all the petty strifes of class and creed, that seemed so vital a little while ago; all the sordid differences

imposed upon men by the uninspired routine of commercialism and politics. It has united the nation, as never before, in a blood-brotherhood of fervent patriotism; brought it back to the eternal verities, the things that matter. In a flash, with the first call to arms, all the symptoms of that malady of individualism, which seemed so deep-rooted, have disappeared; the old Gallic serenity of soul has been born again, the clear vision of the world's most chivalrous and humane civilization has been restored.

Come what may of evil from this devastating war, this much is certain, that the France of to-morrow will be a new and vivifying moral force, a force that shall help to teach the world to make the ways of peace nobler than those of war. If there is one national characteristic that stands out more clearly than another against the unbroken front of serene courage and self-sacrifice which France presents to-day, it is the people's conscious hatred of militarism, its determination to carry this war through to an end where that tyranny shall cease, so that the peace of the future may turn the hearts of men to thoughts and deeds as noble as those inspired by war. The social and political ideals of the future are bound to be higher than those of the past in France, because the spirit of the soldier-patriot, the spirit of obedience and duty and discipline, will henceforth impress itself upon the whole life of the nation, making of the new democracy a braver and a nobler guide. All the intellectual and moral activities manifested in Paris and in the provinces point conclusively to a profound moral renaissance.

Nowhere is this renaissance more convincingly manifested than in the hospitals for the wounded. I have visited them in all parts of the country, from the English Channel to the Mediterranean, from Bordeaux to the frontiers of Italy, and never, amid all the pitiful wreckage of human health and strength, have I heard any murmur of self-pity or complaint. The simplest *piou-piou* of peasant stock seems to have drawn serenity of soul from his part in the common heroism, to accept his share of suffering with a pride which completely dominates his sufferings. He feels, and every one about him helps him to feel, that he has done his share of a glorious work for France, that shall not be in vain. He feels, as Paul Bourget has finely said, that because heroism is justly measured by devotion to the common cause, he also has become part of the greatness of France. There is no moral distress in any Red Cross hospital, none of the bitterness, the hopelessness, the forlorn self-pity of the wreckage of industrial life — only a conviction of duty well worth doing and well done.

In writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* I realize how difficult it is to convey to readers in America a sense of the passionate fervor, of the lofty and intelligent patriotism which animates the people of France, moving the women in their stricken homes as deeply as the men in the trenches, making all the atmosphere of daily life to vibrate, as with chords of solemn music. I realize that, in America, the minds of many earnest pacifists are sincerely unable to sympathize with manifestations of that national instinct which involves recourse to the elemental brutalities of war, and this because the social and economic results of the struggle for life in a self-sufficient and geographically protected continent, have been of a nature to suspend such manifestations of this national instinct in the United States. Highly cultured men and women in America, reared in the traditions of peace and benevolent humanitarianism, of philosophic detachment

from all the stern realities of the great armed camps of Europe, must of necessity regard as unfeminine, almost uncivilized, the attitude of the mothers and daughters of France, speeding their sons and brothers to the front, stoically accepting all the sorrows and sufferings of this war, for the sake of the redemption of *la patrie*. And yet, could they but see and hear these women of France, could they but realize from personal observation of their thoughts, words, and deeds, what has been the life-history of the nation, the silent travail of its soul, since the fathers and mothers of the men who are to-day fighting Germany ate of the bread of humiliation in 1870, they would realize too that this instinct of nationalism, patriotism in its highest expression of collective effort, remains the strongest and deepest of all human emotions, — deeper than the love of home and children, stronger than the fear of death.

France, more than all the lands that have dallied with panaceas of pacifism, anti-militarism, internationalism, is conscious to-day of the truth that the instinct of race-survival transcends the law of individual self-preservation, and that in the world-struggle for life, the race shall survive which is trained as a compact force in self-discipline and self-defense. France knows also that prosperity invites aggression.

There was very little violent hatred of Germany among Frenchmen before the war; even now they display but little bitterness of spirit — only, throughout all classes of society, a calm acceptance of the inevitability of this ruthless struggle for national existence. All the 'isms' of the Socialists and Syndicalists, all the professed internationalism in the Labor groups, have proven to be as dust in the balance against the race-menace of the Teuton. Moreover it is clear to every student of history and psychology that the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to duty, now made manifest throughout the length and breadth of France, is the ripe fruit of the seeds of conscious nationalism which the victorious Germans sowed in 1870. Since that day of humiliation, the ancient unconquerable spirit of the Gaul has been in travail, often unsuspected by its political exponents, preparing for the trials and triumphs of *la revanche*.

How swift has been the transformation in every phase of the national life! At the first roll of the drum, this people, whom we Anglo-Saxons have been wont to regard as light-heartedly unstable, and easily misled by false comfortable doctrines, has laid aside all its garments of frivolity, its laughter and luxury, and set itself without hesitation or murmuring to the stern task of duty. The fervent, spontaneous unanimity of the country has surprised even patriotic Frenchmen, fearful of the pernicious cosmopolitanism which destroyed the unity of France in 1870. Like Barrès, they have marveled and given thanks at the spectacle of the *Grande Nation*, one and indivisible. No single note of discord has jarred upon the splendid symphony of its battle hymn.

It is impossible for any one who has not lived and moved among the French since the outbreak of war to form any conception of the unflinching determination of the people as a whole. One can realize, even from the laconic reports of the official *communiqués*, something of the spirit of the army which maintains its unbroken front from Nancy to the sea; but the indomitable temper of the nation behind it, and especially of the women of France, has not been fully realized, either in Germany or in England. This is partly because the masses, wholly concentrated on the struggle before them, are sternly undemonstrative and silent;

partly because most of the men who usually guide and express public opinion are serving with the colors. Indeed, nothing could more forcibly illustrate the temper of the nation than the present condition of the French press (shorn as it is of the fiery polemics and the audacity of inquisitiveness which normally distinguish it) and the philosophic acquiescence by the public in the autocratic activities of the censorship. In this respect, indeed, one is almost inclined to believe in a radical modification of the traditional attitude of the French people toward constituted authority. Paris, ever accustomed to scrutinize and to discuss all things, to criticize its rulers and to air its own views, has submitted to the arbitrary rules and regulations of martial law and to the frequently unconvincing proceedings of the press censors, with a far better grace than London. For three months, although all immediate danger to the capital has been removed, the citizens of Paris have cheerfully consented to being turned out of their cafés at 8 P.M., and out of their restaurants at 9.30. They have gone without music, without theatres, *cafés chantants*, politics, literature, and art; and there has been no voice of complaint among them, because, by common consent, self-denial and thrift have been accepted as the first duty of every good citizen. For an Englishman, coming from the crowded music halls and football fields of London to the high seriousness of Paris, it is impossible not to feel that, as a nation, the English are paying a heavy price, in the domain of things spiritual, for the sense of personal security which has grown out of their naval superiority.

II

As matters stand, and are likely to remain until the end of the war, the French press reflects but faintly the intellectual and political currents that are now forming as the result of this earth-shaking upheaval, — currents which nevertheless are gaining strength and depth with every passing day. It could not fail to reflect the nation's splendid unity of purpose, its unswerving fortitude, and all those virtues of mutual help and sympathy which have sprung up, like fragrant flowers of human kindness, behind the marching regiments. It could not fail to see and proclaim the awakening of the soul of France, the unfolding of her wings, but it has not yet endeavored to discuss the direction of their future flight. Nor is this matter for wonder; for, as I have said, the élite of the press, nearly all its clearest thinkers and ablest writers, are either at the front or so busily employed in the relief of suffering and distress, that they have no leisure either for meditation or for speculation. The literary, artistic, and purely political journals of the capital have therefore suspended publication; the daily press confines its activities almost exclusively to recording the events and progress of the war. Even the economic aspects of the struggle, its effect upon the trade, finance, and industries of the country, are scarcely discussed in the serious reviews. The intellectual as well as the physical energies of the nation are concentrated upon the war, all its activities directed toward driving the invader from French soil and ministering to the needs of the fighting line and the wounded. For the moment, the Shaws and Wellses and Arnold Bennetts of France have ceased to be vocal. For this reason, observers overseas can form but little idea of the present evolution of thought in France, of the future attitude of its intellectual leaders, and of the great changes which this year of blood and iron is destined to bring about in the political and social

ideals of civilization's most sensitive culture.

And yet, beneath the surface, certain broad symptoms and tendencies of public opinion are apparent, tendencies manifested as distinctly in the talk of wounded soldiers in hospital wards as in the conversation of political leaders at Bordeaux and Paris. First among these is the unmistakable resentment of the nation toward the class of professional politicians who, in the selfishness of their party strife, have neglected to maintain the country's defenses in the state of efficiency requisite to withstand the German invasion. This is no time for recriminations or for bringing offenders to book; but the French people know, and deeply resent the fact, that the charges brought by M. Humbert last July against the administration of the Ministry of War, and the guarded admissions of M. Messimy on the subject, revealed a condition of unpreparedness which has cost the country dear, and which, had France had no allies, must have resulted in irretrievable disaster. I have talked to hundreds of soldiers in every part of the country and can speak with certainty as to the bitterness with which they denounce the self-seeking activities of the breed of lobbyists, professional agitators, and financiers who are chiefly responsible for the government's failure to provide adequate munitions and equipment for the army. A similar spirit of resentment exists in England, directed against the Socialists and Little-Navyites who have preached the gospel of disarmament in order to catch with doles of public money the votes of the working classes; but the offense of the professional politician is the more grievous in France because the army was actually in being, established by the law of the land, and to starve it in the matter of guns and ammunition was to expose French lives to danger and French provinces to invasion. It is an open secret that all over France, even at this moment, there are vast numbers of effective troops in garrison (the number is estimated by competent authority as over eight hundred thousand) who have not been available for service in the fighting line for lack of the necessary equipment and munitions of war. Every soldier knows this, and realizing what it means, he is determined, as a citizen and a voter, to put an end hereafter, so far as in him lies, to the callous cynicism of the party system. The vision of Déroulède bids fair to be fulfilled; and with the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, France may well hope to face the future with a system of government strengthened and purified by the ordeal of war, a system in which the self-seeking, smooth-tongued demagogue will find his stratagems and spoils checked by the action of a more conscious and determined type of intelligent nationalism in the masses.

Another symptom, to some extent connected with the popular resentment against professional politics, lies in the growth of a new force of public opinion, spreading from official and commercial circles to the man in the street, against the pernicious influences which cosmopolitan financiers have been able to exercise of recent years in the control of French capital and French industries. For some time past, warning voices have been raised, pointing out the serious dangers and disabilities to which French interests have been exposed by the visible and invisible German influences lurking behind certain insinuating financiers who claimed to be French citizens, but whose sympathies were ever fundamentally Teutonic. These warnings fell upon deaf ears, however, even when they were sensationally confirmed by the *exposé* of M. Caillaux's politic finance in the Congo

and Morocco, because, until the present war came to open men's eyes, the great body of public opinion was blind to the activities of the denationalized financial agent of German *Welt-Politik*. Now the French nation, like the Belgian, has learned in the school of bitter experience that the German financiers and industrial magnates who have so long protested friendship for France and played so prominent a part in her affairs, have been nothing better than traitors and spies. It is now realized that French capital, the strongest weapon in the national armory next to the army itself, has hitherto been freely placed at the disposal of individuals and institutions whose proceedings have generally been directed by the powers of darkness in high places Teutonic. Beneath the velvet glove of Jerusalem, France has now felt the Mailed Fist of Berlin, and the revelation of the political significance of many of the financial activities that seemed so beneficent to the *rentier*, has produced a widespread revulsion of feeling and a determination in high quarters to cleanse the Augean stables of cosmopolitan finance.

The French government will without any doubt put an end to the insidious influences which in the past have subordinated French national interests to the workings of a money-machine, made in Germany, — influences which have gained much of their pernicious force from the relations established between *la haute finance* and the French press. Also, the average French citizen, fearlessly facing the facts, as is his wont, realizes that these corrosive influences have sapped the foundations of civic virtue, putting love of commissions before love of country, preaching their comfortable doctrines of 'economic interdependence' for the ultimate benefit of the Teuton. There will be no social or intellectual *pogrom* directed against the Rosenbergs, the Spitzers, the Schröders, and the Speyers, but effective steps will be taken, by legislation and by force of public opinion, to limit henceforward the activities of those aliens, who have made espionage a by-product of every trade and industry, and to insure for the future the control of French political finance by none but *pur-sang* Frenchmen. Among politicians, publicists, and business men all over the country I found a most significant unanimity of opinion on this subject, all the more remarkable for the fact that it has so far found practically neither inspiration nor utterance in the press.

Beyond all question a profound reaction is taking place in France against the international character of the government's political finance. Its results must be far-reaching, affecting not only the future scope of joint action by the Powers of the Triple Entente, but all the activities of Anglo-French capital in the industrial markets of the world.

III

But more important than any of the symptoms of impending political and economic movements are the evidences of a deep religious revival. It is impossible to travel anywhere in France today without being deeply impressed by the manifestations of religious fervor widespread among all classes of the people. The phenomenon is no less remarkable in Paris than in the provinces. M. René Bazin of the Académie Française, writing on the subject in the *Echo de Paris*, states an indisputable fact when he says that the churches are daily attracting greater numbers of worshipers and communicants, that in many parts of the country the old custom of family prayers has been spontaneously revived, that public and private devotions are manifestly approved

by public opinion, and that 'the road to church has been resumed by many who may have ceased for a time to tread it but had never forgotten the way.' This religious movement is particularly marked in the army: 'Thousands upon thousands of soldiers, before starting for the front, have gone to confession and asked the blessing of the Church.'

There is nothing in this phenomenon to surprise those who have studied the psychology of modern France, who for years have watched the growth of the spirit of self-sacrifice and passionate love of country which has grown out of the trials and humiliations of 1870. In a crisis like the present, when all the surface winds of controversy are stilled and the great deeps lie revealed, when all political bickerings have ceased and social differences have been forgotten in a common fervor of patriotism, it is inevitable that the soul of the people should find courage and consolation in the practice of its ancient faith; that, in the day of supreme trial, the dross of superficial triviality should be purged and the fine gold of the national character revealed. The great upheaval of this war has brought France together, as never before, in a great brotherhood of human kindliness. Class prejudices and bitterness have been swept away on the flowing tide of duty and altruism; the body politic has been cleansed of its petty jealousies and sordid intrigues, and, in this process of regeneration, religion has escaped from the paralyzing influences of political strife and revealed itself to the nation with healing in its wings. Whatever may be hereafter the social and national results of the present revival, it is certain that, during the lifetime of the present generation at least, the relations between State and Church in France are destined to be marked by kindlier feelings than have existed in the past, by tolerance and mutual sympathy, born of the good understanding of the present. M. Georges Clémenceau, with whom I had occasion to discuss this question, expressed, I think, the feelings which prevail among his free-thinking countrymen in a few significant words: 'Hitherto they have had nothing more than strict justice. Henceforward they are entitled to something more, to our sympathy and respect. For they have proved themselves good citizens and brave men.'

Thus, in the hour of danger, the stern realities of war, great leveler of all the artificial differences that separate man from man, have brought the nation back to the essentials of life, from surface conventions to simple sincerity of word and deed.

There can be no question as to the reality of the revival of piety which has taken place during the past three months. Before the war there were no outward and visible signs of increasing religious activity. The great mass of the people remained apparently indifferent to the perpetual strife of clericals and anti-clericals; the church-going class remained at its normal level; and this, beyond all question, because in the minds of many thinking men the practice of religion had become inextricably associated with politics. But with the outbreak of war all this was changed, and the deep-rooted religious instincts of the people, instincts as remote from dogma as they are from politics, asserted themselves throughout the entire structure of national life. Sectarian quarrels ceased, without discussion as to the terms of truce. The government, disregarding the opposition of the extreme anti-clericals, and realizing the supreme necessity of uniting all France in a common bond of patriotism, reestablished chaplains throughout the army and the fleet, and authorized the performance of religious rites in the

field and in all military hospitals. At the funeral of the Comte de Mun a significant spectacle was seen, when all the members of the government and even many extreme radicals paid reverential homage to the memory of this aristocratic head of the Catholics of France, because, political differences notwithstanding, he stood for all that is best and bravest in public life. It was a noble and inspiring spectacle, and there have been many others, all combining to prove that, in this national crisis, love of country counts for much more in France than all the political and religious quarrels that seemed so important eight months ago. Thus, on the field of battle, Catholics and Protestants have fought and worked together as brothers, and even rabbis of the Jewish faith, remembering that they were French, have not hesitated in emergencies to administer the last Christian rites to the dying.

In establishing this truce of God, the French government have merely expressed and indorsed an unmistakable manifestation of the soul of the people, and given effect to its instinctive impulse of piety. (Admitted that this instinct may be closely connected with that of self-preservation; it is none the less admirable, in that it makes for good citizenship and courage.) Officially, of course, the government adheres to its declared principles as regards the state's complete neutrality in the matter of liberty of conscience. By his circulars of the 14th and 26th of October, M. Millerand insists on the maintenance of that neutrality, but the whole tone of these documents shows clearly that the neutrality is very benevolent. Under the supervision of the military authorities, religious services of all denominations may be held, if desired, in military hospitals, and the authorities are directed 'to work in touch with the representatives of the Red Cross societies, so as to ensure the application of this circular in the spirit of concord, moderation, and tolerance which has inspired it and which should also inspire all your actions.'

The steps taken by the government to place the unity and safety of the country before all political considerations, have been warmly welcomed and supported by clericals and anti-clericals alike. It is, possibly, easier for a freethinker to be sure of himself and his patriotism in the face of the foe than for many a devout member of the church. It is undeniable that for many good Catholics modern France has been identified in its government with antichrist, and infidel persecutions of the church; yet in the hour of national danger, the church has proclaimed that its first duty is the defense of *la patrie*, right or wrong. There has been no sign of hesitation as to the path of duty. Priests — even bishops — have come straightway from their mission work in Central Africa and the Far East to take up arms for the defense of France. (One bishop has served in the ranks as a private soldier.) Not a word has been heard of all the protestations which, in time of peace, were raised against the law imposing military service on the priesthood. The sons of the church have fought, and are fighting, with splendid devotion and courage, as their long list of killed and wounded sufficiently testifies.

And therein lies the secret, revealed by the war, of 'the concord, moderation, and tolerance,' which have put an end to the strife that seemed inseparable from the relations of church and state in France. The hour of trial has proved to the French people that the church in their midst is no longer the unchanging anachronism of anti-clerical tradition; that gradually, more or less unconsciously, it has informed itself with the spirit of French national-

ism, and moved with it on broader paths of intellectual freedom. While the German clergy continue to urge their Rhinelanders forward for the glory of the Kaiser in the name of an ancient feudal system, the French priesthood, forgetting in its patriotic ardor its grievances against modernism, fights under the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. And in the days to come France can never forget that the priest has borne himself worthily as a citizen and as a man. Never again can any politician raise the cry that the church is more Roman than French; never again will men mock the wearer of the clerical frock; they will remember how gallantly he donned the red trousers in the hour of need. The good understanding that has been cemented by comradeship in arms will last for many a day; for the manhood of France has learned to respect the *curé* as a Christian and a gentleman, because they have seen him behave like one in the trenches and in many a post of danger more deadly than the battlefield.

And because of this good understanding, it would seem most probable (if one may judge from current opinion) that, after the war, a means will be found to prevent the revival of strife, by the establishment of a permanent *modus vivendi* between Church and State. Public opinion appears generally to recognize the expediency of renewing relations with the Holy See, as a measure likely to be advantageous to both parties; for, on the one hand, the French government can never expect to exercise its benevolent protectorate over Catholics in the Orient, except by agreement with the Pope; and, on the other, the church is well aware that it cannot hope to set back the hands of the clock in France, that the state must preserve neutrality in the matter of religion and public education, and that the days of monasticism are gone beyond recall.

The foundations of sympathy and mutual respect now being laid are likely to stand the strain of years; France has therefore good reason for hoping and believing that the present religious revival will make hereafter for peace within her borders and good-will among men.

IV

I have spoken of the splendid patriotism of the women of France, of their stoic submission to the sacrifices and sufferings imposed upon them by this devastating war. Their silent, matter-of-course heroism, manifested alike by the women of the aristocracy, of the *bourgeoisie*, and of the laboring classes, their cheerful acceptance of economic conditions far harder than those which English women have to bear, their efficient thriftiness and capability in organization, all combine to present a spectacle calculated to restore one's belief in the fundamental virtue of human nature.

It is not only in the field ambulances and hospitals of France that one sees the bravery of her women; not only in the soup-kitchens and homes for refugees of Paris and the provinces that their housewifely talents are directed to the effective relief of distress. All over the country — in the tilling of the fields, in the management of business enterprises, and even in the public services of the towns — women have taken the places of the absent bread-winners and have tried to 'carry on,' giving hardly a sign of all their burden of deadly anxiety. (One of the things which impresses one most in talking with French soldiers is their recognition of the truth that the burden which the war lays on women is heavier than that borne by men.) And even those whose activities are neces-

sarily limited to the care of their own families are eager and proud to prove their patriotism by making ends meet on the meagre soldier's separation allowance of twenty-five cents a day, with ten cents for every child. The women of the thrifty middle classes consider it just as much their duty to devote their hard-won savings to the common cause as their men-folk do to bear arms against the enemy. There is only one point at which their patriotism is lacking in intelligence (and in this matter they only follow the lead of their men), namely, that they generally refuse to leave their money in the hands of the banks. Competent authorities have estimated that the total amount withdrawn from circulation by private hoarding in France is about three billion dollars.

To any American, lover of France, who would see the soul of this nation worthily confronting the greatest crisis in its history, I would say in conclusion that while traveling in most parts of the country may not afford the height of luxury, it may confidently be recommended as a most stimulating and instructive moral tonic. As a matter of fact, the conditions of travel on all the railways outside the actual zone of military operations in the North, have been greatly improved during the past few weeks. You can reach Bordeaux from Paris in fourteen hours and the Riviera in twenty-one. Cook's offices have reopened at the most important towns, and hotel prices, generally speaking, are fifty per cent lower than those usually charged. Furthermore, because of the splendid work which the American Red Cross Society is doing at Pau, the American Ambulance in Paris, and private philanthropists in many parts of the country, citizens of the United States will find in France an appreciative welcome and a world of new and absorbing interest. There is hardly a town of any importance in all the South and West which has not either a Red Cross hospital, a community of destitute refugees, or a concentration camp for German prisoners; there is not a railway station on any of the main lines of traffic that does not present a picturesque object lesson in the economics and ethics of a nation under martial law; there is not a man or woman, from the highest to the lowest, but has something to say well worth hearing; because, in these days, artificial values have disappeared, only the human values count, and men and women have become surprisingly and splendidly human.

A LOVE LETTER TO FRANCE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

FRANCE! Beautiful word! Beautiful land! What a proud soul lives in that France now racked and tortured! What chimes will ring to heaven when the last defiler is pushed back over the edge of the lost provinces! France! The Land for whom, when you are hard driven, the heart most aches! Is it that you are a Woman, with a caress in your eyes, and your floating robe; with mystery in your clear, woman's smile, and that promise of eternal constancy, which Man never offers? Is it that in you we feel, as in no other Land, a Presence, such as in some houses makes life assured, and lovely; a Presence inhabiting the air of every room, more precious than its garniture? Take away the trappings, make desolate that place of all material things, and there will yet be the loved one, there will yet be the gracious, ardent spirit.

France! You, of all Lands, have the gift of Living Form, of a coherent grace, like that of your own flower of light, or such as haunts La Gioconda, listening to her inward life.

France! When I think of you there comes into my mind the image of a lime tree, in her spring garb of buds delicate, breaking to little gay leaves ecstatic in each wind; in her summer dress so full, so perfumed with honey-colored blossoms; in her autumn robe of few golden leaves, flat on the clear air, and trembling, trembling, with each breath of the day; and in her pale winter nakedness, — ever the same essential goddess of a tree, perfect in form.

France! It is your power to see that 'soul in things' which we call Ideals, to bring to life the truths you have seen, and so to concrete and shape your vision, that it becomes the rock spiritual on which nations stand. Because you are the living incarnation of your clear, unflinching spirit, we others love you.

You stand before the world, true embodiment of your three immortal words; as your immortal tune is the true voice of a Land's ardor and devotion.

France! You have sloughed off the gross and the vainglorious flesh of nations! You are the flame in the night! In this hour we see, and know you!

Great and touching comrade! Clear, invincible France! To-day, in your grave chivalry, you were never so high, so desirable, so true to France and to Humanity!

THE GERMAN SPY SYSTEM

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I

A FEATURE of the present war in Europe has been the extraordinary perfection of the German spy system and the odium with which it has covered its authors and directors. As all nations spy, none, one might think, is entitled on that score to cast a stone at another. But the therefores of logic have little hold over the waywardness of human nature. The use of spies is as fully authorized by the rules of war as the use of explosives, and it would not be difficult to show that to indict the Germans for employing them on a larger scale and with better effect than any of the other belligerents is hardly a reasonable proceeding. None the less a great deal of the really terrible hatred which has been raised against the Prussian authorities, a hatred which neither this generation nor the next is likely to outgrow, has its roots in their consummate organization of espionage. I have talked since the war began with men of all the nations that are fighting Germany. In each case this particular arm of German militarism was fixed upon as the breeding-ground of a transcendent animosity. In the countries that have so far suffered most from it, Belgium and France, the feeling on the subject burns like vitriol; and even in easy-going England it is beginning to harden.

Yet it is very obvious that if one spy is legitimate, so also are a thousand or twenty thousand. If it is proper in time of peace to commission a single individual to ferret out information in regard to the naval and military equipment and personnel of a friendly power, on what grounds can it be said to be wrong to set up in all countries permanent encampments of disguised spies? If it is no offense against the recognized code of military ethics to corrupt the inhabitants and officials and soldiers and sailors of another nation in one's own interests, the mere number of those who thus bribe and are bribed cannot affect the morality of the transaction. When one looks into it, the real charge against the Germans is that they have wielded with incomparable efficiency a weapon that their opponents have handled only half-heartedly. They have developed all its possibilities; they have lavished upon its construction the same method and prevision and microscopic thoroughness that they devote to all the instruments of war; in their hands it has been so extended as to seem almost a new thing. Perhaps it is just as well. There is more chance that a hateful practice will be abandoned by common consent now that the world has taken the full measure of its repulsiveness. Espionage, whether a necessary evil or not, has always been an evil; but the Germans have elaborated it into a malignant disease. There are many sports in which certain tactics, technically permissible, are recognized as against the spirit of the game. If a player or a team of players, intent only on victory, suddenly begins to concentrate on them, to exploit their utmost

capacity, to elevate them to a science, and to make them an essential part of attack and defense, legislation has to step in to modify or prohibit their use, or else the pastime changes its whole character and is well on the way to ruin. It is so with the Germans and their secret-service system. They have carried it to such limits that international comity is in peril of being poisoned. If other nations were to follow their example the whole world would be a mad-house of terrors and mistrust.

Yet they have done little or nothing in this war that they did not do in the war of 1870. If we are amazed to-day it is only because we have forgotten. From the days of Frederick the Great, who went to war 'with one cook and a hundred spies,' espionage has always been considered in Prussia, not only a military necessity but a reputable profession. 'One must not confine one's self,' said William I to Bismarck, 'to giving money to spies. One must also know how to show them honor when they deserve it'; and it was with his approval that the intelligence branch of the General Staff was put on a modern and permanent footing, and the secret police service, organized to watch over the Poles, the Socialists, and the revolutionaries of 1848, was systematically extended to foreign countries.

A genius in espionage—'the king of sleuth-hounds,' as Bismarck called him—was discovered in the person of Stieber. He was still in his twenties when he became a professional *agent provocateur*, posing among the people as a leader of the 'social revolution' and betraying his colleagues day by day to the police. He knew every trick in the game of stirring up popular feeling to the point where, without an actual outbreak, the authorities were furnished with all the excuse that they needed for acts of oppression; and in the tumultuous forties and fifties he rendered the King many conspicuous services. But it was not until he came in touch with Bismarck and won his confidence and was deputed to pave the way for the German invasion of Austria, that he became an international figure. For two years he traveled through Bohemia and Moravia, planting out spies at the points of strategic importance. Even Moltke, the most grudging of men, acknowledged the value of his work. Wherever the German armies went they found one of Stieber's agents primed with information as to the strength and position of the enemy's forces, the state of local feeling, and the resources and notabilities of the neighborhood. He was asked when the war was over whether the cost of organizing his service had been very heavy. He records in his *Memoirs* his proud reply. 'One cannot,' he answered, 'set down in thalers the value either of bloodshed which has been avoided or of victories which have been secured.'

After Sadowa he turned his attention to France. Between 1866 and 1870 he sowed in the fourteen French Departments that would be traversed by the German troops a residential army of not less than 30,000 spies. After looking over the ground, which had, of course, already been prepared, he formulated his needs in wholesale fashion. Thus he required (1) between four thousand and five thousand farmers, market-gardeners, agricultural laborers, and vine-growers, for whom employment was guaranteed in advance by his agents; (2) from seven to nine thousand female domestics for service in restaurants, cafés, and hotels, the youngest and prettiest of them to be stationed in garrison towns; (3) six or seven hundred retired non-commissioned officers for whom billets were to be found in commercial or industrial offices and factories; (4) one thousand

commercial travelers; (5) as many German governesses for distribution among the French official class. Well might he exclaim when an officer of the General Staff remarked in his and Bismarck's presence, 'Our army is invincible,' that the proper phrase should be 'Our armies.' 'The fighting army,' he went on, 'which you lead, comes behind you. Now, my army is already in occupation of positions which it reached in silence many months ago.' And well might Bismarck indorse the retort by silently clasping the hand of the master-spy.

When the Prussians got to Versailles, nine thousand of Stieber's men were on duty in the streets; and it was to their official headquarters, where Stieber was then in residence, that the unsuspecting Jules Favre was driven when negotiating the surrender of Paris. Stieber himself waited on the French minister in the guise of a valet, brought him his cup of coffee every morning, and systematically went through his pockets, trunks, and papers.

II

All this and much else is a matter of history, recorded in half a dozen enlightening memoirs and recollections. What the present war has shown is that the system first scientifically organized by Stieber forty-five years ago has been not only maintained but expanded. For many years past Germany has been spending on her secret service between three and four million dollars annually, that is to say, about five times as much as France and from twelve to fifteen times as much as Great Britain. The purpose to which these funds are mainly devoted is the establishment and maintenance of spies at fixed posts in potentially hostile countries. In France, where this smothered warfare has been waged most persistently and can best be studied, the principal agents are rarely Germans. They are as a rule Swiss, Belgians, and Alsatians, with a sprinkling of corrupt Frenchmen. If they are Germans, then they hasten to take out naturalization papers and to make themselves conspicuous by protestations of loyalty to the land of their adoption. But in all cases they are instructed to disguise their operations under the forms of ordinary business. They take shops, land-agencies, hotels, insurance offices, and so on. They follow their calling just like everybody else in the locality. They attract no notice either by having too much money or too little. Their businesses are soundly established and are in keeping with the requirements of the neighborhood. The expenses of starting them are borne out of the secret-service funds, and from the same source the deficits, if any, in the annual balance-sheet are made good. The man in charge identifies himself with the life around him, sits on committees, makes as many friends as possible, subscribes generously to local charities, and not infrequently gets himself elected to some minor office. He is paid for his services as a spy either by an inspector who visits him in the guise of a commercial drummer and to whom he hands his reports, or by bank notes enclosed in a registered envelope and accompanied by a letter dated from Lausanne or Brussels or some equally innocuous centre, — never from any German town, — the writer of which poses as some near relative or intimate friend gratefully discharging his financial obligations. Thus the spy is able to live in respected independence, his own master, secure against suspicion, or in any event against proof, and in a position to do his duty by his employers.

It is spies of this class who have made the German name detestable

throughout Europe. The spy who is dispatched either in war or in peace on a confidential mission to a foreign country has still an element of romance about him. Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves has described how, before he took service under the German Naval Intelligence Department, he was kept for five months 'at a steady grind of schooling in certain things.' He had to brush up his trigonometry, study topography, and master something more than the elements of naval construction and drawing. He was taught by experts everything there was to be known in regard to the various types of warships, torpedoes, submarines, and mines; the different ranking officers of the navies of the world, their uniforms, the personnel of battleships, and the systems of flag signals and codes. Thus equipped he was sent out to penetrate the secrets of the British navy, carrying his liberty in his hand, and matching his wits and skill against those of officialdom. Such a spy is legitimate. You may call him a cur when he is on the other side, but you feel for him a sporting admiration when he is on your own. So, too, with the men and women who are detailed to study and get acquainted with the naval and military chiefs of rival countries. They play at least a dashing game from which even the novelists have not yet rubbed off quite all the glamour.

But one has, irrationally perhaps, a very different feeling toward the German battalions of residential spies. They mingle with the people whose hospitality they are all the time abusing. They become, to all appearances, their friends, are admitted to their houses, and yet are always plotting against their safety. That is a situation which, the moment it is revealed or suspected, becomes little less than fatal to the normal confidences of civilized intercourse. Spy-mania, over which, I dare say, many Americans have made merry in the past few months, is a disease incomprehensible to those who have not themselves experienced its ravages. It is a madness of terror and suspicion vitiating the whole atmosphere, causing cities and whole nations to writhe under its snaky touch. But it is a madness not without cause.

If a German army were landed on Long Island, and New Yorkers were to discover the German manager of a Fifth Avenue hotel with a secret wireless apparatus on his roof, how, I wonder, would they feel about it. If country houses in the neighborhood were found to have concrete platforms for the support of heavy artillery under the guise of tennis courts; if leading men in the Long Island villages, whose loyalty had never for a moment been in question, were to go out to meet the enemy and act as their guides and place at their disposal all their stores of local information; if letters of the most innocent appearance — mailed, let us say, from Governor's Island — were proved to contain military intelligence of the most vital character written under the stamps, and between harmless-looking photographs and their mounts; if a Long Island farmer recognized at the head of the advancing troops a man who had been for years in his employment, and was at once presented by him with a list of the rooms, produce, and goods that he was immediately to hand over to the invader; if respected and well-to-do storekeepers, manufacturers, and residents turned out to be in communication with the enemy; if unsuspected cottages were suddenly to reveal their true character as miniature arsenals prepared in advance; if the fire of the German guns on New York were obviously being directed by signals from the city itself; if railway bridges were mysteriously blown up; if spies were caught red-handed in the City Hall

and in the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and if every day, in addition to the horrors of warfare, brought fresh evidence that the advance guards of the enemy had in effect been encamped on American soil long before the actual outbreak of hostilities and as part of a methodical system — Americans, I conceive, being a very human people, would find themselves in these circumstances by no means unmoved.

Now, each of these incidents has actually occurred, either in France or in Belgium, since last August. And they have been, no doubt, the prolific parents of other incidents which might have happened but did not, and of fears which were justified but never realized. Every known case of espionage raises suspicions of a hundred that have still to be discovered. The whole air is polluted. Men who were in Brussels in the early days of the war have assured me that the infection of hatred, terror, and mistrust which spread through the city as the daring and ubiquity of the German agents began to be realized was worse than any battle. The citizens saw spies or traitors everywhere and flung them indiscriminately into jail. They were in the grip of fear, unnerved by the horribly demoralizing sense of betrayal, panic-stricken by insupportable suspicions. The Belgians will rebuild their wasted cities and cultivate anew the fields now ravaged and desolate, but I doubt whether they will either forget or forgive the cruelty and bitterness of their experience with German spies. For them it has been little less than treason against humanity.

III

But there is a nobler form of spying which the Germans have also practiced with conspicuous courage and success. They have shown themselves, indeed, absolute masters of all the ruses and stratagems of war. When the French, in the opening days of the campaign, made their initial dash into Alsace and Lorraine, it was a clever and legitimate German stroke to have them greeted by local officials and notabilities with an exuberant and disarming welcome. The French were completely taken in; it was only when they discovered that the buildings to which they were escorted amid transports of joy were in direct communication by telephone with German headquarters that they began to doubt the quality of the reception.

Time and again spies in the German service have been discovered in and behind the French, British, and Belgian lines. One such, who had been nine years in London, part of the time as a waiter at the Hotel Cecil, was found disguised as a farm-laborer in the British encampment. But a great deal of the spying behind the lines has been done, not by Germans, but by Frenchmen, Swiss, and Belgians in their pay. Magnificently as the French have fought, and high and firm as is the national spirit, the war has undoubtedly revealed a disquieting amount of treason and corruption among the French peasantry. There have been cases where even the local mayor has been proved to be in the German service. Several incidental successes stand to the credit of these agents in the field. They loiter behind the trenches and signal their position to the Germans by waving a handkerchief; they drive flocks of sheep to indicate the line of fire; they paint signs on gates and walls to inform the enemy of the strength and whereabouts of the allied forces; they have been found in church towers communicating with the Germans by means of the hands of the clock; they convey information by waving colored lights and sending up puffs of chimney smoke; in instance after instance they

have been discovered with field telephones in their possession. On the eastern frontier a fisherman was noticed casting from a boat near a bridge over which the Russian forces were passing; it was found that by means of an electric bell button connected with a wire that ran through the water to an underground cable on the bank, he was signaling the number of troops crossing the bridge to the German headquarters two miles away. In another case a telephone transmitter was found in the nosebag of a horse harnessed to a cart which two peasants were filling with potatoes. The wire went round the wheel, thence through the grass to a near-by cottage equipped with a complete telephone installation.

The cleverness of these devices has been a revelation to the officers of the allied forces. But the Germans have been equally happy and daring in thinking out and experimenting with the stratagems in which civilians cannot be employed and which can be carried out only by the personal courage and sharpwittedness of the officers themselves. A favorite trick of theirs is to appear in the enemies' lines in the uniform of Belgian, French, or British officers. They are incomparably better linguists than the men opposed to them, and time and again they have succeeded, not merely in passing themselves off as British when among the French and as French when among the British, but in assuming the nationality of the very men they are talking to. It has frequently happened that when the Allies have descried a mass of troops in the distance, the word has run through their lines, 'Don't shoot. They are our friends.' Even as I write this, there comes a letter from a British officer at the front telling the same old tale. 'Suddenly,' he writes, 'from the dimness in front of us there was movement, — shadowy forms four hundred yards away appearing over a rise in the ground. An infantry attack. We were ready at once and fired into the moving target as well as sleepy eyes and hands weary with digging would allow. And then there were shouts down the front, and the word was passed down our front to cease fire, that those in front were English, not Germans, that we were firing into our own men. But they lied. Our men were deceived again, as they have been a hundred times in the war. So the officers yelled and ordered fire to be continued, and the men obeyed. But meanwhile the enemy had taken advantage of the lull and had occupied cover in front from which they poured in their fire.'

One of the most dramatic incidents of the war was the capture at Amiens of a German Red Cross convoy with arms, ammunition, explosives, and forty-eight doctors. The French commander accepted the explanation offered him to account for the presence of material of war, and the German doctors and their French confrères fraternized together for an evening's interchange of experiences. During dinner, when the talk ran naturally on 'shop,' — the effects of shell-fire, the treatment of gangrene and tetanus and so on, — it was noticed that some of the German doctors showed a singular unwillingness to be drawn into the conversation. Suspicions were aroused. One by one they were taken into an adjoining room and there submitted to an elementary cross-examination. Of the forty-eight there were eleven who knew nothing whatever of medicine. They were shot the next morning and the genuine doctors were sent on to Geneva.

A disguise frequently adopted by the Germans is that of a priest. In Brussels priests took to greeting one another in Latin in order to detect impostors. During the German retreat

from Paris, a French battalion entered a village which had recently been held by the enemy. They found for a wonder that the church and the priest's house adjoining it were still intact. The venerable curé welcomed them with open arms. He was invited to join the officers' mess and to say grace before dinner. He rose and murmured a Latin prayer that would have imposed on any layman. But, as it happened, one of the French officers was not a layman but an abbé. He listened to the curé's effort with growing astonishment and when it ended proceeded to ask him some technical questions. The man in the *soutane* could not answer them. He was a spy left behind by the Germans while they carried off the real curé as a hostage. At Malines Germans were discovered dressed as nuns. At Le Mans two of them, one robed as a priest and the other as a woman, were caught trying to blow up a railway bridge. At St. Dié four were found in the uniforms of French officers, attempting to rush through the French lines in a motor car. Five, with Red Cross badges on their arms, were arrested when on the very point of entering Paris in a car loaded with bombs and explosives. At one place they attached contact wires and batteries to a bridge, so that any one setting foot on it sent an automatic signal to the gunners three miles away. At another, foreseeing which house the approaching French would probably choose as their headquarters, they tethered a white goat on the lawn to serve for the guidance of an aviator and his bombs.

The ingenuity and audacity of these ruses, of which I have given only such instances as I have been able to verify with tolerable completeness, are self-evident. And unquestionably, as I said before, they have proved useful on occasion and have helped the Germans to score some incidental successes. But it is very doubtful if, so far as they are part and parcel of the spy system, they bring in any military return at all equal to the expenditure of thought, energy, and money. At the headquarters of the General Staff in Berlin there have been laboriously collected the *dossiers* of all the generals and most of the officers in the armies of Germany's probable enemies. They are cleverly prepared and cover not only the weak and strong points of the officer's character and personality but his financial position, his friends of both sexes, his habits and hobbies. From time to time no doubt the material thus brought together enables a clever spy to entrap and suborn some luckless or impecunious lieutenant, and very occasionally it may prove an advantage to be well informed as to the temperament of the commander who is immediately opposed to one. But even so, the direct profits of all this elaborate pigeon-holing must be ludicrously disproportionate to the care and persistence lavished upon it.

As for the residential spies and the deception practiced on the field, their value is in inverse ratio to the duration of the war. In a brief struggle, like the wars waged by Prussia against Austria in 1866 and against France in 1870, that value may be very great; and it is scarcely open to question that in the present campaign the Germans found their spies of real assistance in their advance on Paris and their operations against the Belgians. But the longer the war lasts, the more they tend to lose their efficacy. One by one the agents are discovered and shot. One by one the stratagems are found out and prepared for. A short successful campaign of quick victories and rapid advances may owe a great deal to an intelligent system of espionage; but in a drawn-out war of entrenched positions,

such as the struggle in France has become during the past four months, the value of all such accessories diminishes week by week. It is all very well once in a while for the Germans to dress up some of their men in khaki and send them toward the British lines shouting, 'Don't shoot; we are British prisoners,' while the German attack develops behind their shelter. But even with an antagonist as unwary and as unsuspicious as the average British officer, you cannot repeat a trick like that very often. The French, moreover, have succeeded by now in elaborating a system of counter-espionage through which it becomes every day more difficult to break.

In general I should judge that both the spy and the scout are relics from the days of pre-aerial warfare, have been largely superseded by aviation, and now have little more influence on the issue of large operations than the cognate fetish of 'campaign literature' has on the result of political elections; while it is doubtful if the colonies of planted secret-service agents bring in any military profit that at all makes up for the violent execration, the almost vulpine animosity, that is heaped upon their authors.

IV

In a mild form the reflex action of German espionage on the Continent has made itself felt in England. It was known five or six years ago that Germany was building up an extensive secret-service organization throughout Great Britain. The British government said nothing, but made a point of seeing everything. A Special Intelligence Department was established, to shadow the spies, and whenever any plans or documents were on the point of being sent abroad, the agent was arrested and convicted. So well had the department done its work that within a few hours of the outbreak of war all the known spies were thrown into prison and over two hundred who were suspected of being their accomplices were interned. Germans and Austrians were cleared out of certain districts along the east coast, their letters and telegrams were opened and read, they were forbidden to have any arms, or wireless or signaling apparatus, or any carrier or homing pigeons in their possession; they were obliged to register with the police; and some nine thousand alien enemies of military age were quickly held as prisoners of war in detention camps.

The mobilization of the British Expeditionary Force proceeded without a hitch of any kind; not a solitary act of violence has yet been brought home to any German agent in Great Britain; the many vulnerable places that exist in London — vital railway bridges, for instance, and exposed or easily damaged viaducts — have been left not merely uninjured but unattacked; and it seemed that the Home Secretary had reason on his side when early in October he declared that the German spy system had been broken up.

The public mind, however, has continued to be very far from satisfied. When the big influx of Belgian and French refugees set in, its apprehensions redoubled. The press began excitedly clamoring for the internment of all alien enemies without exception, and the authorities to some extent yielded against their better judgment to the agitation. The one party to the argument could point with telling effect to the experience of Antwerp, Brussels, and northeastern France as justifying the severest precautionary measures; the other party could reply that not a single disclosure or a single crime against the State had yet been

brought home to a German spy, and that in any case it was most unlikely that a German agent four months after the war would be of German nationality. On the one side were fears, on the other, facts; and as usual the fears had rather the better of it. Perhaps only a German raid on the British coasts or a descent of Zeppelins upon London will settle which was right. Meanwhile the government has greatly increased the rigors of inspection at the chief ports, and quietly and in silence is doing far more to dam the possible sources of leakage than the public is aware. It is an extremely difficult business, and I do not think there is much doubt that signals are passing between the eastern coasts of England and Scotland and German vessels, or neutral vessels in German pay, out at sea. Nothing has yet been proved, but suspicions that seem far from baseless abound, and the anxiety and the sense of insecurity which spring from them are no greater than the situation warrants. It is there, if anywhere, that the danger lies. The mares' nests of Zeppelin bases in the Chilterns, of German factories with concrete floors for the mounting of heavy guns, of mysterious quarries and borings, have all been satisfactorily exposed. But when one reflects on the surpassing value of secrecy and surprises in naval warfare, the flash-light communications which are believed on good authority to be going on between the German fleet and German agents in Great Britain have undoubtedly a sinister and disturbing importance.

It was Wellington's opinion that 'there is a great deal of charlatanism about what is called military intelligence.' The present war has shown that to be true. With all the agents that she employs, Germany entered upon this struggle apparently in utter ignorance of the things it was most vital for her to know. The vastness of the German spy system has been not a bit more evident than its stupidity. It is extremely effective in collecting and classifying information. It knows to a nicety how many guns are mounted on this and that fort and everything else about them. It has all the facts and details of all the armaments, defense works, equipment, and personnel of Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Russia at its finger-ends. But just as the defect of German 'culture' is that it so often mistakes facts for knowledge, so the German spy system never seems to see the wood for the trees. It has a narrow military value, but no political value at all. It misses nothing and at the same time understands nothing. It ferrets out all the little things and remains totally unconscious of the big ones. If war threatened to break out between Germany and the United States, it could supply the General Staff in Berlin with a full and accurate account of all the American naval and military preparations; but it would be quite incapable of deciding whether the United States would or would not take up arms to prevent, let us say, an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine.

In the present struggle all the multitudinous resources of German spydom were unable to inform the German rulers that Belgium would fight if her territory were invaded, that Great Britain would resist to the last any violation of Belgian neutrality, that Italy would break away from the Triple Alliance, and that both France and Russia would close up all internal divisions and face the crisis as united nations. That is why one may say of the German espionage system that it is as fundamentally stupid as it is superficially clever, and that no advantages accrue from it which are at all comparable with its vicious legacy of rankling ill-will.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND[1]

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love, —
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not, —
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's, —
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor, —
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?

[1] This 'Chant of Love' was of course suggested by Ernst Lissauer's 'Chant of Hate,' familiar through the spirited version of Mrs. Archibald Henderson. — The Editors.

Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground, —
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea, —
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
ENGLAND!

THE VEXED QUESTION OF CONTRABAND

BY ARTHUR WILLERT

I

ONE of the most important questions presented to the United States by the opening phase of the war has been that of contraband and everything it implies. For some months it has been the subject of constant negotiations between London and Washington. The situation is not precisely new. The sparks of the last great European war ended by leaping across the Atlantic. The tinder of popular feeling which they touched off had been dried to burning point by years of bickering with Great Britain about the effects of her commercial blockade of Napoleonic Europe, and about the ruthlessness with which British naval officers impressed American sailors and searched American ships for British seamen. The days of the press gang are happily over. There is no likelihood that seamen will again be filched from American ships. But in essentials the position of the United States toward Europe is much as it was from the beginning of the French Revolutionary war to Waterloo. Once more Great Britain is determined to use her sea power to bring to his knees a Continental foe; once more her policy of maintaining the rule of contraband at that high level which best enables her to starve her foe of military supplies bears heavily upon neutral nations; and of neutral nations the United States is once more, if not the worst, by all odds the most important sufferer.

It did not need many weeks of warfare to make that clear. By the end of August the export trade of this coun-

try was dislocated. In September, 1913, exports to Germany were valued at over $34,000,000; for September, 1914, their value was scarcely over $2,000. For the whole of Europe the corresponding figures for the same two months were respectively $142,000,000 and $89,000,000. Simultaneously it became clear that the rules of maritime law were still so inchoate and anarchical as to leave Great Britain legally free to adopt the most extreme contraband lists that the world has seen.

The only comprehensive international instrument governing contraband and defining the status of neutral trade in time of war is the Declaration of Paris, signed in 1856 by the United States among other powers, but never, it may be noted, ratified by the Senate. The Declaration was the outcome of the differences between British and Continental marine policy during the French war and earlier. The first clear definition of contraband was given in the Treaty of Southampton, concluded in 1625 between Charles I and the States-General of Holland. The treaty declared that all food-supplies and provisions of war carried to Spanish ports would, together with the carrier ships and their crews, be considered 'good prize.' From that and similar arrangements grew the habit of proclaiming lists of contraband at the outbreak of hostilities, a habit which has gradually acquired the force of law. The Treaty of Southampton was not, however, followed in all respects. Food-supplies were generally excluded from the lists.[1]

It was not till the beginning of the French Revolutionary war that Great Britain, and incidentally France, began to take up the advanced position which, by penalizing all neutral trade with their enemies, helped eventually to bring on the War of 1812. In 1793 both England and France made large seizures of provisions. Great Britain soon disposed of the French carrying trade, and as the French conquest of Europe proceeded, of the carrying trade of Spain, Holland, and other countries, as well. As Europe's need of imports was enhanced by war, the result was that the neutral American carrying trade began to grow by leaps and bounds. But it did not prosper for long. The naval power of England was equal to the occasion. Severe restraints were imposed upon neutrals as well as enemies. Importations into France of provisions and naval stores were prevented, and the policy was gradually adopted of seizing enemy cargoes other than contraband, even when carried in neutral vessels. Against this policy Sweden, Denmark, and the United States, the latter by an eleventh hour war, protested in vain.

Down to the Crimean War England had thus succeeded in upholding the formidable doctrine that an enemy's goods at sea are lawful prize under whatever flag they may be seized. During the Crimean War, — owing to the alliance of Great Britain with France, a naval power which, save during the abnormal era of the Revolutionary War and Napoleonic decrees, had been the chief protagonist in Europe of the doctrine of 'Free ships, free goods,' — the British doctrine remained in abeyance; and in the Declaration of Paris, immediately after the war, it was entirely abandoned, together with the right to declare 'paper blockades,' in return for the abandonment of privateering by the European powers.

The effect of the Declaration of Paris was mainly negative. Its prohibitions did not do much to clarify maritime

[1] Treaty of the Pyrenees between France and Spain, 1659; Treaty of Breda between England and Holland, 1667; Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye between England and France, 1667.

law. They left the rules of contraband disconcertingly elastic. It remained for the maritime conference meeting in London in the winter of 1908–09 to try to produce a real code. The conference was summoned to concoct a body of 'rules of international law to govern the procedure of the International Prize Court' (that is, a court of appeal from national prize courts) suggested in one of the conventions of the Hague Conference of 1907. The resultant Declaration of London repeated what has been the rule ever since the days of Grotius, — that absolute contraband consists of articles exclusively used for war, and conditional contraband of articles susceptible of use in war as well as in peace. It broke new ground by drawing up a list of articles which in no circumstances whatever could be considered contraband. While upholding the doctrine of the continuous voyage in regard to absolute contraband, it excluded the doctrine in regard to conditional contraband, that is, it denied the right of a belligerent cruiser to seize cargoes of conditional contraband in neutral vessels bound to a neutral port on the ground that their ultimate destination was an enemy's country.

II

When the present war started, the United States, as the leading neutral, expressed the hope that, abortive as the Declaration was, the belligerents would abide by it. Judging from her initial contraband lists, Great Britain was at first inclined to accept the suggestion in spite of the fact that she had never ratified the Declaration. But she speedily found that that would be impossible. Under the Declaration, oil, copper, and rubber were not, for instance, susceptible of treatment as absolute contraband; yet it was obvious that, with its immense system of motor transportation and its prodigious expenditure of ammunition, the German army would need above all things almost inexhaustible supplies of those commodities. Simultaneously it was discovered that oil, copper, and rubber imports to the neutral North Sea countries were increasing by leaps and bounds. The deduction seemed in London obvious: Germany was getting her supplies through her neutral neighbors. This, according to the Declaration of London, she could do without having the trade interfered with, as neither copper, oil, nor rubber appeared on the original British list of absolute contraband. Great Britain nevertheless began to seize some suspected shipments, paying, of course, the neutral merchant full prices for them. She also detained neutral vessels whose cargoes she suspected.

Her action started the present controversy. As most of the shipments were from the United States, and as American non-contraband trade suffered when it happened to be in the same hold with suspected goods, the State Department soon had to register a protest. Great Britain met the protest in the friendliest possible spirit. She had, she intimated, no wish to interfere more than was necessary with American trade; but, as she was sure the United States would understand, it was a matter of life and death to her to prevent Germany's getting military supplies. To enable her to invoke fairly the doctrine of the continuous voyage, she would put oil, rubber, copper, and some other commodities, upon her list of absolute contraband. This she has since done, thereby dealing another blow at the Declaration of London, by stretching to its limit the old rule that absolute contraband should include only commodities used exclusively in war.

The difficulty, moreover, went too

deep to be removed by revised contraband lists. The abnormal flow to neutral countries of oil, rubber, copper, and other commodities, continued, and Great Britain persisted in her practice of arresting vessels on suspicion. Deprived of their regular German markets, and with their neutral markets threatened with dislocation, American producers of copper and oil and rubber goods came running to the State Department for help. The chorus of their complaints was swollen by other traders whose shipments, although free, were delayed in the general tangle.

Nor was that all. To aid her policy of starving Germany in the military sense, Great Britain had meanwhile proclaimed an embargo upon the export from her possessions to all foreign countries of a large number of raw materials needed by Germany. Among these materials were many upon which American manufacturers are largely dependent. The State Department made further representations. In regard to the embargo it suggested that if the embargo were removed in favor of American manufacturers, it should be possible to see that Germany was not the gainer. In regard to contraband it said that, while it recognized the doctrine of the continuous voyage and the British right of search and seizure, it could not admit the justice of the British policy of detaining ships on suspicion. If, it argued in effect, a ship's papers suggested contraband traffic, well and good; if not, and the goods were consigned to a purchaser in a neutral port or even 'to order,' the United States could not take cognizance of the probability that the goods were really meant for reëxportation to Germany or Austria. The question of ultimate destination lay between Great Britain and the importing nation, not between Great Britain and the United States.

III

Such, reduced to its simplest terms, is the contraband dispute of which so much has been heard. It is not a simple controversy. Both sides can make out a good case. The United States is on firm ground, so far as precedent goes, when it questions the right of Great Britain to detain on suspicion cargoes of contraband ostensibly consigned to neutral countries. British and American lawyers alike have laid it down that the continuous voyage doctrine should be invoked only when there is clear proof that the shipment in question is really destined to go through to an enemy. When in the Civil War the Washington government asserted the doctrine against cargoes destined for the Confederacy *via* Mexico and West Indian ports it had a clear case. The traffic was patent. Neutral West Indian and Mexican ports, which before the war had been negligible, suddenly became teeming *entrepôts*. While British trade was of course a sufferer from the right claimed by the United States to seize cargoes of contraband to these neutral ports, — on the ground that their ostensible destination was not their real one, — Great Britain had virtually to acquiesce in a doctrine based upon her own previous practice and upon the decisions of Lord Stowell. The present situation is different. The United States traded before the war with the neutral countries of Europe. While there may be and unquestionably has been strong general evidence of smuggling, the circumstantial evidence against any particular cargo is usually not incontrovertible.

To the indignation of certain interests the government has not officially protested against Great Britain's new list of contraband, although it has reserved the right to do so in any par-

ticular case that may arise. Were it also to accept without protest Great Britain's claim to detain promiscuously cargoes to countries convicted of reëxporting to Germany and Austria, it would be crucified for not fulfilling its obligation to pluck from the conflagration of war as much as possible of American trade with Europe.

On the other hand, the claim put forward by Great Britain that new conditions necessitate new policies cannot be brushed aside. The United States has accepted the British contraband list because it recognizes that Great Britain could not afford to follow a code of contraband drawn up by men who lacked the imagination to see that the military machine of the twentieth century had been presented by modern science with all sorts of things that were not at the disposal of Frederick the Great or even of Wilhelm I. The question of search and seizure has likewise been immensely complicated by modern trade conditions. In these days of huge steamships, freights are more mixed and perishable than they were a hundred years ago. Steamships and railways have multiplied the avenues of import open to Germany and other countries. Rotterdam is now quite as convenient to Essen, Genoa to the foundries of Silesia, as Hamburg or Königsberg was a century ago.

Another result of steam transportation has been to cosmopolitanize what used to be local processes of manufacture. It is as easy now to mine ores on one side of the Atlantic and work them on the other side as it was to carry them fifty miles in the old days.

Great Britain, in fact, can argue and does argue that not to formulate a new and advanced policy to meet these conditions would be to sacrifice the fruits of her naval supremacy and to abandon the chief principle on which that supremacy is based, namely, that in a continental war control of the sea trade is a great part of the game. To minimize the difficulties of the situation as they appear at the time of writing would in this view be foolish. A Rip Van Winkle left over from 1814 might, on awakening to-day, imagine for one confused moment that history was about to repeat itself. There may well be unpleasant incidents and diplomatic controversies. But that there will not eventually be a satisfactory settlement is almost inconceivable. There is no true parallel between the situation now and a hundred years ago. At the time of the last great war the relations between Great Britain and the United States were excessively strained. The sores of the Revolutionary War were still open; French influences in the United States were still strong enough to make people ignore the fact that Napoleonic decrees were more arbitrary than the British Orders in Council. Great Britain, it may be recalled, never went so far as to assert, as Napoleon did, that any neutral ship submitting to search by a hostile cruiser should be liable to capture. Now American sympathy is more strongly with England than it ever was with Napoleon. Washington and London are no longer on each other's nerves. On the contrary, they are determined not to quarrel. A century ago fundamental issues were at stake, — the right of Great Britain, for instance, to take sailors and non-contraband cargoes from American ships. Now it is only a question of the adjustment to unexpected conditions of principles which both countries accept.

The State Department wished at first that all the powers should accept the Declaration of London, not because it approved of its provisions so much as because it hoped to obtain a uniform rule which all belligerents would

accept. As a matter of fact, the Declaration runs in some vital respects contrary to the traditions of Anglo-Saxon international law. It denies, for instance, the doctrine of the continuous voyage as applied to conditional contraband. That this should be the case is not surprising. The Declaration favors the interests of continental as opposed to maritime or isolated countries. This was admitted in an admirable article written some years ago, for a continental review, by one of the European delegates to the London conference. It was one of the chief reasons for the repudiation of the handiwork of the conference by the British Parliament. And if the British Parliament repudiated the Declaration, it can be argued that, by the recent withdrawal of its suggestion that the belligerents should follow the Declaration of London, the State Department also has returned to those principles of international law heretofore accepted by the United States and Great Britain. It is evident, at any rate, that a doctrine which allowed the natural ports of Germany to continue to be used for German trade simply because they happened to be in the control of neutral powers would always militate to the advantage of a continental power in a war with a maritime power.

The American doctrine of the continuous voyage was, on the other hand, based upon the common-sense view that the real character of the goods is determined by their real and not by their nominal destination. In the Civil War, the Supreme Court of the United States acknowledged the right of the Bahamas and Mexico to import what was needed for their own normal consumption, but refused to recognize their right to make money as a back door for illicit trade with the enemy.

IV

It is by the use of the same common sense that we hope the present controversy will be settled. In order to satisfy the normal wants of neutral countries and to reduce interference with neutral, and especially American, trade to a minimum, Great Britain is trying to get the neutral powers of the North Sea and the Mediterranean, which are in communication with Germany and Austria, to place an embargo upon the reëxportation of contraband. Already partial embargoes are in force in the North Sea countries. The Netherlands and Sweden refuse to allow the passage of copper. Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway, and Sweden have placed an embargo upon the exportation of oil. Sweden has taken similar steps in regard to rubber. The Italian arrangement is less water-tight. Italy apparently refuses to allow the export of copper, but has not placed an embargo upon the transit of copper. For this and for other reasons the controversy cannot be deemed to be closed. One of the chief outstanding difficulties is connected with the common trade practice of consigning goods 'to order.' The practice is followed mainly for the sake of convenience in financing bills. It is evident that the absence of any specification as to the real consignee implies the possibility that a belligerent subject may acquire shipments the moment they are landed, and send them on to a hostile destination. According to the British contention, this evasion is actually being practiced in regard to contraband goods in the free port of Copenhagen.

Consequently cargoes consigned 'to order' are still being detained for investigation, and shipments of commodities not covered by the embargoes of the Northern countries are still liable to similar treatment. In spite of

the American protest, there are still lying off Gibraltar and in other harbors vessels which Great Britain has detained on suspicion. Washington is still badgered by exporters. Congressmen are waxing properly indignant on behalf of injured constituents; and German propagandists are asking why the State Department does not take as stiff a line about British high-handedness as was taken a century since.

There is also the question of deliberate smuggling, of false manifests, and matters of that sort. Some time ago, it will be remembered, the Treasury Department issued orders to the port authorities not to make public details about cargoes until a month after they had left the United States. Great Britain maintains that this order has increased her difficulties. It is asserted that cargoes of contraband are sometimes either omitted from, or falsely entered upon, ship's papers, and that there have been instances of attempts to smuggle to Germany copper packed in bales of cotton or concealed among other non-contraband commodities.

And if Great Britain feels that the United States authorities have not perhaps, as yet, taken all possible steps to make smuggling difficult, the United States has on her side the grievance of the British embargoes, which prevent her from acquiring raw materials from British possessions. The fact that Great Britain is clearly within her right does not lessen the force of the grievance. Considerable harm is undoubtedly being done to various American manufacturing industries. The rubber trade, being deprived of British colonial rubber, is confronted with the prospect of a serious shortage of raw material. The woolen interests are clamoring for Australian wool. The crucible industry cannot get on without plumbago from Ceylon, and thus many kinds of metal manufacture are in danger of being hampered. Other metal manufactures are handicapped by shortage of manganese. The leather interests cannot get Canadian hides, and other producing businesses have been similarly cut off from part of their supplies of materials. There is a strong body of impartial feeling that Great Britain can well afford to relieve the United States from this incubus. While the government cannot, it is clear, interfere with the export trade, American manufacturers have signified their readiness to give the necessary guarantees that there shall be no reëxportation to Germany. Is it, they ask, either fair or politic of Great Britain to continue to hamper them, especially as many of their number, like the woolen, rubber, and metal manufacturers, are filling large orders for the Allies? Cannot Great Britain rely upon their good faith and her control of the sea to insure that Germany will not profit from the use of British raw material?

In view of what was said above about evasion of the contraband laws, England's answer to such arguments can be imagined. It is, however, an answer that suggests a way out of both difficulties. Let the United States do what it can to insure that its exporters are *bona fide* neutral traders and the embargo might be raised.

The solution, in fact, appears to lie in the usual Anglo-Saxon compromise, which is neither entirely reasonable nor entirely legal, but eminently practical. Chief Justice Marshall laid it down that war creates two indefeasible rights — one, the right of the neutral to export contraband; the other, the right of the belligerent to seize contraband. The United States government cannot interpose to prevent its citizens from exercising the legal right of dealing in contraband; but the American who is not a dealer in contraband

has the indefeasible right of self-defense against fellow citizens who compromise the safety of his harmless shipments by placing in the same bottom clandestine shipments of contraband. The United States government can connive at, and even assist, an arrangement according to which the shipper, say of cotton, to a German port or to Germany via a neutral port shall not be imperiled. In other words, it can supervise the loading of ships and the papers of ships destined for such ports, and thus greatly increase the difficulties of contraband trade. This there is good reason to believe it is preparing to do to the satisfaction of all parties.

But speculation is futile. Much is bound to have happened before this paper can appear in print.[1] All that can be done at present is to give some sort of idea of the controversy as it stands. The thing which it seems to the writer most important to remember is that the controversy is not one of law but of adjustment. It was inevitable that in these days of cosmopolitan economics the United States should be the innocent victim of the delirium of Europe. It was perhaps inevitable also, in view of the chronic reluctance of the Anglo-Saxon political mind to face squarely the possibility of war, that both the United States and Great Britain should have been taken off their guard and should have had to bring up to date their contraband codes amid the clash of arms.

Be that as it may, the necessity has arrived; and one cannot be too thankful that the principles of their codes are the same. Had it been otherwise; had the United States, for instance, taken the same aggrieved stand about the British invocation of the doctrine of the continuous voyage that was taken by Germany, when during the Boer War German ships carrying munitions of war to Delagoa Bay were seized on the ground that their cargoes were really meant for President Kruger's army; or had Great Britain tried to declare provisions contraband, as France did in her war with China in 1885, or provisions and even cotton and other things, as Russia did at first in her war with Japan, then indeed there would have been a large loophole for serious misunderstandings. As it is, one likes to think that only some very untoward accident or some egregious diplomatic blunder, or both, could create anything like dangerous international tension.

[1] It was received by the *Atlantic* on the 9th of December last. — The Editors.

THE PRESENT MERCHANT-MARINE PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

I

THE subject of a merchant marine, though frequently discussed, can hardly be said to have been a burning question until within a few months. It is probable that a year ago the average manufacturer and farmer of the interior would not have thought the matter one of direct interest to him. So much of the grain raised by the one or the products manufactured by the other as was sold abroad, seemed to find ready means of transportation across the sea. Those who gave the subject casual thought were wont to say that our money could be more profitably employed in other directions, and that the foreigner was a willing servant who would always put his capital in ships at our disposal, while our money was better invested elsewhere. There were those, indeed, who saw that our transportation systems ended at the sea, and that there were, so to speak, no terminal facilities for them under our own control beyond the water front. The situation was not unlike that which would have resulted had the railway companies terminating in Jersey City been obliged to reach New York by ferries and lighters under separate control, — indeed, under a control which not only was separate, but might through a difference of interest become at any time antagonistic.

It is not so many years since foreign trade was more of a name than a reality to a large portion of our people. A certain atmosphere of disapproval too was inevitably thrown about importations by an economic cult which taught that everything imported meant an injury to American workmen; and the same theory had for its corollary the fixed belief that we could not compete with the foreigner on our own ground but needed protection against him, and by so much the more we could not compete with him on his ground or in markets where there was no preference. Hence the export trade was naturally regarded by many, so far as manufactured products were concerned, as at least as much of a dream as a reality. Even today there are manufacturers among us who are with difficulty shaken from the conviction that they cannot compete with the products of their kind made in other countries, and, since they believe that they cannot compete, seem quite unwilling to try.

It was not easy to arouse interest in a mercantile marine under the American flag in an atmosphere in which imports were thought an economic mistake and large exports of manufactures deemed impracticable. Yet as the proportion of food-products in our exports diminished and we became less and less the granary of Europe, and as exports of fully finished manufactures grew until they became the largest item of the largest export sales that we ever made, it was inevitable that there should come in time a dawning consciousness that there was a weak spot in our transit facilities. At the same time, however, that the need for transporting our manufactures to foreign markets grew,

the demand for exporting agricultural products to those same markets diminished, and thus the interest in a merchant marine was but little enlarged. It would not be right to overlook, still less to undervalue, the efforts of those who have long maintained that a merchant marine under the American flag is essential to our full commercial development. Some there are — let due honor be given them — who have raised their voices in season and out of season in this good cause. But even they will agree that until a few months ago they were as the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness.'

Long the great fabric of our commerce pursued its course, depending, almost without our thinking of it, upon the facilities for ocean transit furnished by those who were competitors in the same markets in which our goods were sold, and whose interest might at any time change them from the indifferent attitude of carriers for hire of our goods, either to a hostile point of view, or to one in which we were left out of the account.

How suddenly this all changed with the early days of August last is now history. At once, as by a revealing stroke, two great weaknesses in our foreign trade burst plainly into sight, — the financial weakness and the shipping weakness. Our foreign trade, it is true, had grown to a total of over $4,200,000,000; and nothing speaks more strongly for the competing power of America than the fact that exports were much more than half this total, although we lacked those elements in export power which our great commercial rivals possessed in abundance. Coming last and with the poorest exporting equipment into the foreign field, we became a great power therein, — a power with which the only two who exceeded us in the competitive markets found it increasingly difficult to deal. Yet our export trade, so necessary for the full movement of our industries, so essential to the prosperity of our farmers, lacked financial facilities abroad and transportation under our own control. And lo! in August last the crash came, and our weakness became clear to us. In the early days of that month, wheat accumulated in large quantities in Galveston, and because the mechanism of exchange had temporarily collapsed, there was for a time some fear that our exports of wheat would be seriously hampered, to the great injury of the farmers of the central West. Even after the tension respecting exchange had relaxed, the movement of wheat would then have been accelerated had there been ships under the American flag to carry it. This last is true to-day. The nations which were at once our great competitors and the carriers of our goods entered into the effort to destroy each the commerce of the other, associating with them nations of lesser, but real, industrial and commercial importance. Each began to clear the seas of the ships of the hostile powers. At once American interests went by the board.

As this is written many ships lie idle in the harbor of Hamburg. Among them are three — two British and one German — loaded with cargoes belonging to many American business houses. Months ago some, if not all, of these American concerns paid in full for the goods which are thus detained. The cargoes for which our money has thus been paid are sorely needed by their owners, but the interest of those owners is of relatively small concern to the captors. For them the primary fact naturally is that two of the vessels are under a hostile flag, and the third will not venture out to sea for fear of capture. What boots it to them that the persons who own the goods that these vessels contain are suffering for lack of them?

What is the interest of America in this matter, that they should consider it? The American consignees of these cargoes know well by now the value of an American merchant marine. If these vessels had been under our flag, the cargoes for which American money was long since paid would long since have been delivered. Since the ships are under foreign flags, the fact that their cargoes have been bought and paid for by Americans is but an incident, not of essential importance to the belligerents; and so the American firms are without their money and their goods, and will be so until such time as the belligerents shall consent to some arrangement consistent with their own interests for the release of these cargoes.

The stringency in dyestuffs and cyanides has not been wholly a matter for pleasant thought to those who have needed these materials to continue their operations. The thought of our complete dependence upon a foreign nation for the necessary supplies for industry, while we ourselves possess both the materials from which these supplies are made and the knowledge how to make them, is of itself sufficiently unpleasant to an American. The position of him who needs these materials to keep his plant from closing is far worse. In mine and mill in many parts of the country there has been a realization of what this stoppage means. Such relief as has been obtained came in the form of a consent, on the part of the German government, to permit the shipment of a small quantity of dye-stuffs and chemicals by way of Rotterdam, provided that a vessel under the American flag was sent to receive them. This arrangement still stands, with the further restriction that the American ship shall on her outward voyage carry a cargo of cotton consigned to Germany. Here is a striking case of the insistence on the part of a foreign government upon the use of an American merchant marine in foreign trade, shipments being forbidden unless they move in vessels under our flag.

As this is written, there lie in many harbors vessels flying belligerent flags which dare not venture from their hiding places. Coincident with this is such a demand for ocean shipping to carry grain and other exports that a leading financial journal says, —

'The great drawback is the supply of ocean tonnage and the rates demanded. December boats are very difficult to get and January boats are scarce. As high as 21¢ per bushel has recently been paid from North Atlantic ports to Genoa, which is a record high price.' The same issue says: 'Tonnage on the Pacific coast is becoming very scarce. It is reported that steamer tonnage is almost impossible to obtain. Export shipments of coal to the Mediterranean have practically ceased on account of the high prices. Urgent demand for steamers for December and January loading in several of the transatlantic trades continues, particularly for grain and cotton; but the scarcity of available tonnage and the almost prohibitive rates demanded by owners greatly restrict trading.'

This is in the transatlantic trade. The writer goes on to say: 'A fair demand continues for tonnage to the West Indies, South America, and for long-voyage accounts.'

The National City Bank of New York in its December circular says: 'Vessels carrying the American flag are in great demand and commanding high pay, being particularly wanted for the trade to German ports, taking out cotton and bringing in dye-stuffs, potash, and sugar-beet seed.'

It is evident now to all men that we lack control beyond our own waterfront of the means of transportation upon which our agriculture and our

industries are dependent. We may not run our factories continuously on full time if our foreign trade is cut off. It is common knowledge that many which are running to-day would stop in whole or in part if transit across the sea were interrupted. That transit, however, we have not for long years controlled and do not now control.

The record shows our ability to manufacture in competition with the world in many lines; and it also shows that our farmers can, and in large part do, supply the needs of the world for food. We therefore possess the goods of both agricultural and industrial origin which the world wants and which we need to sell to the world. We possess better than any other nation the internal transportation lines which take these goods to the coast. There our advantages stop. The water lines, which form in a large sense the terminal facilities for our great railways, distributing the products carried by them from our ports all over the world, are in the hands of our competitors. They withdraw these vessels at their will, or because of their necessity, or through the act of some enemy. We suffer, but have been helpless. If a belligerent power wishes to destroy the ships needed to carry Kansas wheat, it will do so when it can, and Kansas has no redress. There are vessels of war eager to-day to get into the open sea and destroy thereon the commerce upon which we are at this hour dependent for the transportation of our great and growing export trade in manufactures and foodstuffs; and nothing we are able to do can prevent them.

All the world knows that so much American commerce is carried in British ships that this commerce is therefore necessarily largely dependent to-day upon the English and French navies for protection in the Atlantic, and upon the Japanese navy for protection in the Pacific. A leading financial paper says, 'The British navy has saved our export business.' Our commercial fortunes are thus linked, not by our choice, with those of others, and we share against our will in their war-hazards. The course of legitimate naval warfare directed against vessels carrying our goods may, quite without intent or desire on the part of any belligerent, work us serious injury. None of the contesting powers desire this any more than we do. All are friendly to us as we are to them. All are our customers to-day.

The situation is indeed of our own making. It is the normal outcome of lack of foresight. But it cannot with safety be allowed to continue. To end it as speedily as possible is an act of true neutrality and a plain duty. In a commercial sense the risk to ships under our flag, whether privately or publicly owned, is no greater than the risk has been and may be to our goods under other flags, with the important difference that in the former case we have the conceded right to act in our own defense, whereas now we must accept our loss helplessly.

Any state of affairs which places the transportation of our commerce, during a European war, chiefly in the hands of one side in such a contest, is both humiliating and hurtful. It makes real neutrality of spirit and of practice more difficult; and it puts a belligerent who indirectly may do us harm, without so intending, in a false position, not of his fault but of our neglect. The practical importance of this matter appears when we consider that by the excess of exports over imports between September 1, 1914, and January 1, 1915, we paid in goods over $250,000,000 of our floating debt to Europe, — a payment necessary to our recovery from the initial financial shock of the war, but dependent — in the ab-

sence of American ships — upon our use of vessels under other flags, many of them ships of belligerent powers subject to war-hazards which at times threatened to stop their movement.

The situation may be thus summed up: we have for years been depending in our foreign trade upon such coincidence between the interests of our foreign competitors and our own as to make them desire to carry the goods which we sell abroad in competition with them. They have fixed the sailings, they have arranged the routes; it has rested with them to determine the ports to which ships should or should not carry our goods direct. They have fixed the rates for freight; they have determined the extent, quality, and cost of the accommodations for passengers. It will not be pretended that they have placed at our disposal in all directions accommodations equal to those which they have themselves enjoyed. They have operated for profit: where it was more profitable to run many ships, many ships have been run; and where it was unprofitable to run any ships, no ships have been run. In all this the interests of American commerce have been incidental and those of the European-owned carrier primary. This has been the condition for years. Some have seen it; most have not; and it needed the rude shock of war to wake us up.

II

At the very time of this awakening came enlarged and unexpected opportunities. South America, which imports over nine hundred millions in value annually, and pays for it with her own products, found many of the markets in which her goods were sold closed, and many places in which she had bought no longer open. She turned to us, and through official representatives and by private efforts has sought and is still seeking to establish closer relations with us. The currents of her commercial and financial life which have hitherto flowed to and from Europe she is willing to direct to us; but we have not yet been ready to take up the great opportunity thus laid before us. We have been a borrowing rather than a lending nation, and for the first few weeks after the war broke out we were seriously concerned with the settlement of what we ourselves owed Europe. We were then quite unable to extend the hand of financial help to our sister nations in the south. Now that our finances are in large measure adjusted, we are beginning to consider what may be done in a constructive way to build up American interests in Latin America. The problem has two phases: It is a fiscal problem and it is a shipping problem. We have not had the money to lend, nor have we had under our own control the ships with which to move our products at our will wheresoever we and we alone saw fit to have them go. The determining factor in transportation rates and movements has been, here as elsewhere, the economic interest of the European stockholders of the ocean transportation lines. Europe has both in finance and in transportation controlled the trade of South America; and when for purposes of war she relaxed much of that control for the time, we were not prepared promptly to take up the task she had laid aside.

One may regret this and wish to alter the conditions without forgetting that there have been hitherto strong reasons why these things have been so. We are as yet young as an exporter of manufactures on a large scale. We are younger still as a lender of funds abroad. We seem even at this moment to be passing from the debtor into the creditor stage, and shall have many scores of millions yet to pay ere we cease our annual tribute of interest to foreign lenders. Still,

with the nations of the world looking to us for supplies of many kinds, and with our great competitors engaged in the act of mutual destruction, American progress is in the right direction. We are saving both capital and interest. Our competitors are busy destroying both, and their human equipment and their business good-will besides; such is the economic foolishness of war. Financially, therefore, we gain ground in the sense of becoming a greater factor in the world's finance. Loans have recently been made to Sweden and to France. Our banks have established branches in South America. Direct dollar credits with foreign centres are in actual operation and the tendency is forward.

On the shipping side of the problem a good beginning, but only a beginning, has been made. Few or none deny that the problem is serious. Quite painfully rare are practical attempts at its solution.

III

Why is a merchant marine wanted? Is it an end or a means, and if the latter, a means for what? Is it a thing to be desired chiefly for itself as a naval convenience, a gainer of profits, a source of national pride and gratification; or is it a necessity, a working tool for practical purposes of peace, for needed services apart from any question of mere sea-power? Is it not essential, as we see things to-day, that we shall have this working tool and shall have it under our own control, to be used primarily for the promotion of the general interests of American commerce? Is not a merchant marine our public messenger, to be sent where and when American commerce needs it to go, to be in very truth the servant of us all, and not a thing of isolated interest, standing by itself, — a thing upon whose separate gain or loss the movements of the commerce of many millions is to depend? What is the work this servant of ours is expected to do? Is it not the furnishing of transportation on behalf of the American people, as, when, and how it is needed for the general interests of the American people? Take the case of wheat and cotton and apples, now retarded in their movements by high rates and the scarcity of ships, both of which are out of our own control, or if controlled by our citizens, are involved in the present partial embargo imposed on our shippers. Is our commerce in these products being satisfactorily served now? Is it not rather the fact that the goods we wish to sell, for which the nations eagerly seek, are restrained in their movements by lack of ocean transportation facilities directed and inspired by the spirit of helpfulness to America? If it is said that marine movements must be governed by economic conditions, it is pertinent to ask what and whose economic conditions. Are those of the carrier or those of the nation to rule?

Existing conditions make clear certain definite needs: transportation at sea under our own flag; secure control of it in the interest of all — not of a few; righteous rates guarded in the interest of all American commerce and not in that of relatively few investors either at home or abroad; certainty of transit as to place, rate, and security, to go where our goods are wanted, when wanted, at a reasonable cost, free from competitors' control and from their war-hazards.

Sixty car-loads of apples from one state lay in early December in a single port for lack of steamers. If further illustrations were required of the need of action, they would be afforded by the present condition concerning cotton. Cotton moves with difficulty and almost wholly in foreign ships. There is complaint about insufficient insurance,

and more complaint about excessive rates. Suppose there were insufficient foreign ships and rates were to rise to a prohibitive point, or by some chance of war the supply of foreign ships were to be cut off. We have a cotton crop of about 16,000,000 bales, of which certainly 8,000,000 bales should normally be sold abroad. If from either or both of the causes suggested we were to lose the sale of 5,000,000 bales of cotton this winter, it might well mean a loss of business amounting to $150,000,000 in a single season. The prospect of the loss of a foreign sale of 5,000,000 bales under war conditions was recently rather less of a dream and more of a possibility than is desirable. The so-called cotton pool was a measure of self-defense against this very possible condition. True, the matter was at one time largely a question of exchange. It is not so to-day. Now it is a question of ships.

It will be said that these are temporary and unusual conditions. Unusual, truly, but real and expensive, requiring insurance against their recurrence. How temporary they are, we do not know. None rise to say how long the rather meagre facilities of to-day, with their consequent high rates, may continue. The point is that we are not and we ought to be in control of the situation. Our commerce is, and it ought not to be, in the control of those whose chief interest is not our own. There are those whose national duty would compel them to destroy the vessels on which our cotton exports now depend. Were these ships under our flag, that duty and danger would not exist. These difficulties come at a time when it is of peculiar public importance that the stream of our commerce should flow smoothly and in the largest possible volume. To argue that these are passing conditions on which action cannot be predicated, is like telling a man not to take out insurance for the future because his house has just been burned.

How great the confusion of tongues, however, when any practical remedy is suggested! The laws of economics and the experience of men are alike summoned to help prevent the accomplishment of anything effective. The multitude of voices confuses counsel. Most of the voices are of a purely negative character. They are against something. No proposal but raises a host of voluble enemies. The tangled skein of conditions that has throttled our marine progress is not easily or rapidly unraveled. Almost the one thing on which all agree is that matters are wrong. But every attempt to unwind a thread in the skein makes a row. The builders are adverse to one proposal; the owners object to another; shippers protest against another; here officers cry out in alarm; there seamen say they are injured. Every immediate and relatively small interest in the matter is loud in dispraise, and only the chief party concerned — the men of farm, factory, and mine, whose interest vastly outweighs all others — gets little or no hearing. Amid the outcries of the interested no solution is offered. Each looks at the problem on his own little side and wants nothing done which, however otherwise desirable, is inconvenient to himself.

Private interests, indeed, propose in some measure to supply the facilities our commerce needs, but none have yet come forward with definite specifications showing how this is to be fully done. It seems necessary that private capital should in this matter look at portions of the problem from a point of view opposite to that which is required for its solution. The impetus behind the private investment is the reasonable hope of profit, and this is conceded to be normal and necessary. The interest behind the need for an American merchant marine is a far larger thing

than that. It is the necessity for transportation facilities for the commerce of the United States, irrespective of the immediate profit or loss on the use of those facilities themselves. It is to provide an outlet through which our commerce shall freely flow, and which shall give to us, under our own control and in our own behalf, facilities equal to those which our competitors have and separate entirely from the risks to which others are necessarily exposed. It would seem to be in the nature of things that something like a compromise should take place here. There may be places in which private capital can and will supply the means required for transit. These should be under our flag and under definite public control as to facilities and rates. The needs, even when proper needs, of private capital, should, however, not be permitted to withhold facilities which the country requires, or to impose excessive rates to make good deficiencies in earnings. The essential thing is to have our commerce flow whither and when it will. So far as private capital provides for this, it will be welcome to do so and will find only support and good-will in so doing. It seems equally evident, however, that there will be places toward which American commerce will seek to flow at such times and in such quantities as to make it impracticable for private capital to operate at a profit. What then is to be done? Is our commerce to have the facilities withheld? To put it practically, is Europe to have three or four ships a week in cases of this kind, and America to have none under her own control, simply because the trade already exists toward Europe and not toward America? Private capital can hardly be expected to undertake to promote American commerce under such conditions; but is American commerce, therefore, not to be promoted?

Here comes in the illustration of the Pacific railways. Because private capital could not afford to build them and take the risk of no profits for long years, were they not to be built at all? Shall we now leave Alaska undeveloped, save only so far as private capital can see an immediate profit to be made by developing just so much of it as will soon pay dividends? In the case, however, of the Pacific railways and of Alaska, there was lacking an element which is present in the matter of ocean transportation, — namely, that we have in the latter case powerful rivals who have been willing and able, and will again prove to be able, to look sharply after the matter themselves.

The pending shipping bill has the merit that it proposes definitely and practically to get something done. Under it, in any event, vessels under our flag will sail where now they vex not the seas. Under it shippers will receive a means of transportation under friendly control, operated in their interest and in the general interest, where now few or no such facilities exist. Through it many matters alleged to inhibit an American marine can be tested by experience. Now we have but a small merchant marine. The hundred or more ships transferred to our flag under recent legislation are but a part of those which American capital owns, but which, as it shows by withholding them from transfer, it either cannot or will not place primarily at the service of American commerce. It is not necessary to criticize such a policy adversely. The managers of these ships are forced, in the nature of things, to think of the interest of their owners; and this interest must be to them supreme.

IV

So here we have defined the two major elements of the whole problem: the interest on one side of American com-

merce as a whole, and the interest on the other side of the relatively few interested as ship-owners, ship-builders, officers, and sailors. The American people will never consent to the lowering of the standards they have set for working conditions at sea. Then, we are told, vessels cannot be operated profitably under the American flag. That means that profit requires them to take such risks as we now see very plainly are involved in sailing under a foreign flag. It means that, at such time as the present, the interests of American commerce must be subordinated to the risks involved in the foreign registry. It means that to-day the need of profits requires them to accept a chance of capture or destruction at the hands of a hostile cruiser. Two American-owned ships which were on their way to be transferred to our flag have been sunk by cruisers hostile to the flag they carried. It means that Americans possibly are owners to-day of the very vessels under a belligerent flag held up in a foreign port while containing American cargoes. The private ownership by Americans of vessels under a foreign flag, kept under it for reasons of private profit, involves these chances; and this means that the interests of American commerce may in the nature of things be subordinated, in times when those interests cry out in greatest need, to other considerations which, however important, are less vital to the American people. This is the case to-day.

If then the conditions under which our ships are to be operated cannot be changed; and if, with the conditions unchanged, American owners of vessels under the foreign flag cannot transfer them to our flag and operate them successfully; and if it is true that until we build standardized ships in considerable quantities, we cannot build them as cheaply as they are built abroad, what then is to be done? These things, however true they may be, do not alter the fact that the American people require that their goods shall be carried on the seas by vessels under their own control where and when they wish them to go, at competitive rates, and with service competitive with that provided by the commerce of other nations.

The skein of which we have spoken appears to be so tangled that it can be unraveled only by being cut. How shall we cut it? Three major proposals are made. One has the benefit of historical precedent in our policy and of recent enactment into law. It is that of differentiating duties. The present statute permitting these is now in litigation and likely so to be for some time to come. It affords therefore no immediate promise of relief. It is doubtful, too, whether in its present form it is sufficient; for there are those who think that a differential of five per cent from existing duties would have to be supplemented, in order to be effectual, by the imposition of a corresponding duty on goods in foreign bottoms which would otherwise be free. It is not a powerful argument against this proposal that our foreign competitors might take similar action, or at least action calculated to promote their own maritime interests. Such action they are, of course, free to take, and have indeed taken in times past. It could hardly be called retaliation. It would rather be a normal watchfulness in their own behalf such as they exhibit in many other respects. It would not be a matter at which we could take just offense; and it is difficult to see how any action they might take would be effectual against the advantage to our own shipping which the differential duties would secure.

A second proposal is that the government should guarantee bonds whose proceeds should be invested in American shipping. This would undoubtedly lead capital to look with more friendly

eyes upon investments in vessels than has hitherto been the case in this country; and it is probable that this could be so arranged that the government guaranty would be not only without risk, but possibly even with some indirect profit. The suggestion, of course, implies that the guaranty should be available on equal terms to all entitled to it, and that a distinct limit should be placed upon the extent of the obligation assumed by the nation. It is suggested that, subject to the supervision of a central board, the mortgage securing the bonds should be guaranteed by the government, and a percentage of the interest be retained to compensate for the guaranty, — thus providing an attractive security with a limited liability on the part of the government, whose supervising central board would possess broad powers. There seems no reciprocal guaranty under this plan that the ships will be obtained to operate in accordance with the needs of American commerce. Private capital would still be the largest factor in interest. Something would be done, indeed, because the ships would naturally be favorable to American producers and would be free from the risks of foreign complications from which we now suffer. Yet there seems to be lacking that assurance that a working tool suitable for all the purposes of our commerce will be created; and this seems to be an essential factor in the problem.

The third pending proposition is that the government shall become a majority owner in a corporation to purchase, lease, or build ships to be operated under the American flag wholly in the interests of American commerce. It is not proposed that this shall necessarily be a permanent thing. It is on the contrary distinctly stated that under certain conditions it shall be a temporary thing. The plan, however, does propose, and so far as appears is the only one which proposes, to operate primarily in the interest of American commerce and only secondarily in any other interest. It is free from all the risks involved under foreign flags. It involves no greater necessary risk either to ships or to government than is incurred by vessels doing a transoceanic business under the American flag. The flag itself is the emblem of our national protection, and it protects all alike, whether the owner be an individual, or a corporation privately owned, or one in which the government is the chief owner. There is no obligation of protection which the government owes to itself in a ship of the latter kind, that it would not owe to a ship owned by a private citizen. It is assumed, of course, that just as the individual or the privately owned corporation would exercise reasonable care to comply with national and international law in purchasing, building or operating ships, so the government-owned corporation would be similarly sensible. There does not seem to be involved in this proposal the entry into the marine field of a cutthroat competitor. The purpose of the government-owned corporation would be to render service to the whole American people. It would be very harmful to some of them, and to those whom it distinctly wishes to encourage and over whom it extends its protection, if it so operated its portion of the marine as to injure or destroy another portion of its own merchant marine. That is purely a matter of sensible administration; its administration must be carried on in the light, for all men to see and criticize. On the other hand, it certainly would not be the purpose of the government-owned corporation to advance its rates with every stringency in ships, so as to secure an extra profit at the public cost, when this would be inconsistent with its conception of service to American commerce. It is the fundamental concep-

tion of this plan that American business needs an outlet which in all its forms private capital cannot supply, and should not be expected to supply so fully and promptly as the needs of the country require; that there is but one way in which this outlet can be supplied quickly and effectively enough to prevent continued loss of opportunity and consequent injury to American business; that the government may properly perform a portion of its work of promoting commerce by providing these facilities, — until such time only as private capital may be able to undertake the task on the only basis upon which it can be expected to undertake it, namely, the reasonable hope of a reasonable profit. At such a time the government would expect to withdraw, retaining probably through some instrumentality a general supervision in behalf of the party chiefly interested — the American people.

One fails to see why one of these plans should not be carried out and why the others should be left unfulfilled. In the proposed law providing for the government-owned corporation there is involved no repeal of the principle or the statute concerning the discriminating duty in favor of American ships. No more is there involved any antagonism to the development by American capital of privately owned vessels. Indeed, the contrary is true. One thing may be said with assurance — that it will be the purpose of the government to enhance, by every means which it shall discover to be available and proper, the establishment, as promptly and fully as possible, of a marine which shall give to American farmers, manufacturers, and merchants facilities for the transportation of their goods at sea under the protection of our flag, free from the interruptions of wars and rumors of wars among foreign powers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ENTER — THE WOMAN

'WHAT do you propose to write about?' asked Max.

'I am going to write,' I answered, 'about the two great traditions of womankind which have dominated the past. Each of these conceptions has moulded millions of women into a certain image. Each of them has presented a masculine ideal which women have embodied, shaping their actions, their speech, and their very thought to its contours. And men have pointed to the women they have made and said, "Behold! this is woman." Until we understand the origin and the force of these great traditions of womanhood—'

'What traditions are you talking about?' asked Max.

'I am talking about the Oriental and the mediæval traditions of womanhood. Each of them represents a way of thinking about women. It represents an attitude toward womankind. It represents a masculine ideal. It does not represent a feminine fact. When you see the women behind the lattices of the harem — or rather, when you don't see them — it tells you nothing about what women are. The woman of the harem, who lives her life apart from

the world, content with the constant companionship of her own sex and an occasional visit from her master, believing that her highest function is to bear sons, and wishing to know nothing of the life into which she is to send them — that woman is not real; she is a figment of the masculine imagination; she is a social work of art —and as a work of art she has a certain dignity and beauty; but — '

'I fail,' said Max, 'to see any dignity in the Mohammedan tradition of womanhood.'

'You may fail,' I replied, 'to see dignity in a Chinese play; but it is there for those who made it. And this Turkish tableau has its dignity too. For is not the whole Oriental system designed in a spirit of reverence to woman as the mother? Because women are the sacred vessels of life, they must be set apart from the profane uses of the world. They must be housed by themselves, in a quiet to which the din of commerce and politics may not penetrate. And when their master comes to them after the sordid business of the day, he must not bring to them his tired thoughts, the stale echoes of his day's work, but only a tender and passionate appreciation of their loveliness. Such, I am assured by the authorities, is the real spirit of the male Turk. It is for her sake that she is confined in the harem, and made to veil her face when she walks abroad. For he knows the effect of her loveliness upon men's minds, and he wishes to shield her from the unlawful thoughts of men.'

'The theory does n't seem to work very well,' said Max. 'I have read Burton's *Arabian Nights*.'

'It works about as well as any of the masculine theories about women. It works as well as the mediæval theory did. It is founded, at least, on fact — the fact that a woman is a woman. It is true that in his reverence for her female attributes, the Turk loses sight of the fact that she is a human being. But the troubadour starts out with the assumption that she is not a human being at all, but an angel. Women have a certain aptitude which enables them to masquerade as merely females. But they must have had a hard time play-acting at being angels.'

'Don't you suppose the men knew it was all play-acting?' suggested Max.

'No, I don't. It seems to me they took the play pretty seriously when they rode and reeled in clanging lists to prove their belief in woman's angelicalness. No, a man might be subject to ordinary human motives and impulses, but she—at least his own bright particular she—was more than human. Other women might be as wicked as any dame in the Decameron, but she was so coldly chaste that she could walk unscathed over hot ploughshares to prove it if it became necessary.'

'Don't mention it,' said Max with a shiver. 'I remember a horribly realistic poem about that by John Davidson. His heroine walked over hot ploughshares, but not — not unscathed —'

'She *was* human after all.'

'Don't talk about it,' said Max. 'Let's agree that the chivalric attitude toward women is crueler than the Turkish, and get on to something else. Where does the modern attitude toward woman come in?'

'She brings it with her,' I replied. 'That is the difference. The modern man does not have to invent something for the modern woman to be. She is what she is, and we adjust ourselves to her as well as we can —'

At this moment the door of the office burst open, and an impetuous young woman entered.

'Hello!' she said. 'Tell me, you two, what I'm to do. I've gone and made two different dinner dates for tonight!'

We put feminism from our mind and begged her to give us more data.

'One is with the Browns,' she said. 'There will be some interesting men there, and after dinner they will go off to the smoking-room and talk about all sorts of interesting things, leaving us women to ourselves. So I don't want to go.'

Involuntarily I thought of the harem, that secluded world of women into which no breath of the interests of the larger world could penetrate, and I smiled at what seemed a quaint survival of the Mohammedan tradition. That pleasant parlor of the Browns', with its group of laughing women waiting for their lords, changed subtly as I thought of it into the still precincts of the harem — fled from whence, and standing in trepidation upon our doorstep, was this defiant *désenchantée*.

The girl was speaking again. 'The other engagement,' she said, 'is with a young man who has attached himself to me, and wants to take me to see *The Merchant of Venice* — which I have seen at frequent intervals ever since I was eight years old. He insists that none of the other plays in town are "nice."' She smiled. 'He has seen them all, and he knows.

'He's such a funny boy,' she continued. 'He does n't seem to realize that I'm free, white, and twenty-one. He's getting to be an awful nuisance with his notions of how I ought to behave. And see!' — she held out a pair of gloved hands — 'I've had to buy me a new pair of gloves: he took one home with him the other night, and would n't give it back.'

There came to me a sudden vision of the lists, and of a proud young knight who carried triumphant through its dust and blood Her glove upon his helm. For Her he rode and reeled — for Her and for the ideal of feminine angelicalness. And then the scene faded and changed and I saw what sickened my mind — the red-hot ploughshares waiting for her feet.

'Well,' Max asked the girl, 'what do you want to do?'

She took another step forward into the room. 'I'll tell you,' she said seriously. 'I want to stay here with you boys and talk about Mrs. Pankhurst, and the Calumet strike, and a book by Havelock Ellis that I've just been reading; and after dinner I want to look over that feminist article you're writing and tell you what's wrong with it, and then copy it out for you on the typewriter.'

I looked at Max. Max turned to the girl.

'Sit down,' he said gravely, 'and have a cigarette. We will all collaborate on an article entitled "The Modern Idea of Woman."'

A BRIEF FOR THE HAT

I entered the crowded railway car and walked slowly up the aisle, examining people's backs to see which looked most inviting as a seat-mate. Ah! Slim pretty shoulders, and a head beautifully poised! I paused: — 'Is this seat taken?'

'No, indeed,' a sweet voice answered. 'Oh! How do you do? Is n't this pleasant?'

Pleasant indeed. I sat down happily, and as I turned to look in my friend's face I had an added thrill of pleasure. There was something a-little-more-than-usual about it. I considered — Yes! the hat! It had a little pinch in the brim, just in front, making a sort of gable-end, below which the face looked out at me with added piquancy. Silly idea — that pinch! Yet I was grateful to it for something it did to the always lovely face beneath it.

The incident set me thinking. I have always been one to scoff at the vagaries

of fashion. They have all seemed about equally absurd to me. But now I am growing more tolerant, especially in regard to hats. I am, in fact, evolving a philosophy of hats.

It is based on a fundamental and familiar trait of human nature. What we see constantly we cease to see vividly. The faces we notice least are those we know — and perhaps really love — best; our eyes are a bit jaded by following the familiar lines. The same is true of pure color. Water and sky are beautiful, and you may suppose that you are duly appreciative of them; but lie on the deck of a cat-boat and look at them with your head in an unaccustomed position — sideways or upside down — and note how the colors flare out upon your vision. Or stay indoors for a few weeks, in a room where you do not get much outlook, and then go out. You will be blinded by the glory of the world. But not for long. The glory, alas, fades quickly, and habit settles upon you once more.

With our friends' faces somewhat the same thing happens. When we first meet them they pique us pleasantly with their unfamiliar line and color. Gradually we grow wonted to them. The first vision has passed. What then? Must we turn upside down to look at them? Or perhaps turn them upside down? Or mew ourselves up — socially speaking — in dim back bedrooms, in order to regain that coveted first impression?

Not at all. Fashion has found a way. It claps a new hat on our friend's head — a hat with a funny nip in it, or a queer wiggle of the brim, or a long, soft droop, or a dashing tilt, or a jaunty upfling, or any kind of line whatever, that has distinctive meaning and is not the kind of line we have been used to.

What happens? First of all, we are interested, our eyes are challenged anew. Then the interest and the challenge give us a fresh interpretation. We see the familiar face as though it were a stranger's, and we find in it things we have never noticed. The funny pinch in the brim may bring out all its gayety, the long, soft droop may accentuate its pathos, the jaunty up-fling of the side may give it a sudden brave note. I have seen a pretty, refined New England face turned suddenly, by a sweep of brim and a green feather, into the face — pretty and refined still — of one who breaks bonds, blood-sister to Robin Hood.

Passing strange, this witchery of line! Not always working altogether for good. For if there are hats that we 'like' on our friends, there are also hats that we 'don't like.' Naturally. Since a line can evoke good points, it can also evoke bad ones, and the wrong line may accentuate in a face, not its bravery but its coarseness, not its prettiness but its pettiness, not its pathos but its heaviness.

Yet even with this danger, one must welcome the change, merely as change. For the rest of us, from the neck down, fashion provides some possibility of this change that we seem so to need. The waist-line may be 'worn high' one year, and 'low' the next. Now and then it may even chance — I noted this carefully in a good journal a while ago — that the waist-line will for a short season be 'at the waist.' Shoulders and hips may be made to seem broader or narrower, neck shorter or longer, by means best known to those who use them. But features cannot be so easily manipulated. At least, if they can, the methods are not, on the whole, regarded as altogether desirable or reputable. Fashion does not quite dare say, 'Noses are this winter being worn retroussé, but next spring the tips will drop a little, and by summer there is a chance that the aquiline line will come in again.' Or, 'Eyes are to be large and

round this fall, but smaller and narrower toward winter.' Or, 'Lips are fuller than they were in July, while chins promise to be longer and upper lips shorter than for several years.'

No, this is not yet done. But instead, a way has been found to get some of the same effects of change. By its means faces seem longer or shorter, noses appear to raise or lower their little tips, eyes seem to grow large or small, slanting or straight, and all by the magic of a line, a shift of mass, a flare of color. The hat! The hat's the thing!

CATACAUSTIC REFLECTIONS

Before going to bed I had read Balzac's story, 'A Passion in the Desert.' It tells, as you may remember, of a Frenchman lost in the desert, who went to sleep in a cave. 'In the middle of the night his slumber was disturbed by a peculiar noise. He sat up, and the profound silence which prevailed enabled him to distinguish a breathing whose savage energy could not belong to a human being. . . . By dint of straining his eyes, he perceived in the darkness two faint amber lights. . . . Soon, the brilliancy of the night assisting him little by little to distinguish the objects in the cavern, he discovered a huge beast lying within two yards of him. Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile?'

His was a terrible fear, increased by the dark, the silence, and the bewilderment of the first waking moments. But consider me, a domesticated person, and my fear. I too was awakened in the middle of the night, not by a mere noise, but by the actual physical contact of a body moving along my bed, carelessly rubbing my legs as I lay in my first stupor of the night. I cannot convey my impressions with the skill of a Balzac, but think of my predicament, of my suspicions. Was it a snake? No! Preposterously, no; not in a Connecticut farmhouse. Was it Tiger? Was it Nigger? Was it Buff? Was it Snow? Was it Katurai? These were the questions I asked myself as I lay there unable to move. I had not enough education to know which of our five cats my companion was; but my curiosity, my state of mind, was the more violent when the body curled itself with the gravity of five cats squarely across my feet.

The Frenchman in the desert cave endured the fiendish tortures of 'listening, of noticing the irregularities of that breathing, without losing a sound, and without daring to make the slightest motion. An odor as pungent as that given forth by foxes, but more penetrating, more weighty, so to speak, filled the cave; and when the Provençal smelled it, his terror reached its height. . . . Soon the reflection of the moon, which was sinking rapidly toward the horizon, lighted up the den, and little by little illuminated the spotted skin of a panther. . . . Its muzzle was stained with blood. It was a female; the hair on the stomach and thighs was of a dazzling white. A number of little spots, like velvet, formed dainty bracelets around her paws. The muscular tail was white also, but ended in black rings. . . . That placid but formidable hostess lay snoring in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat lying on the cushion of an ottoman.'

His companion was his hostess, mine — an intruder. How much more reason, then, had I to be afraid! Nor did my visitor betray himself or herself in any way. It lay there heavy as a cannon ball, silent as a crouching assassin. Nor did it snore, which is perhaps the one sign of domestic felicity which falls most gratefully upon the ear of domesticated man. Prostrated, I lay there under the direct rays of the moon. I lay there with that body on my feet, all

through the night, waiting for the dawn.

When the sun appeared in Balzac's story, 'The panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she stretched her paws, as if to limber them, and to rid herself of the cramp; finally she yawned, showing her terrifying arsenal of teeth, and her cloven tongue, hard as a file.' By so much was the Frenchman entertained, while I was not even in a position to see what had taken possession of my bed! '"She is like a dainty woman!" thought the Frenchman as he watched her roll about and go through the prettiest and most coquettish movements. . . . She licked off the blood which stained her paws and nose, and scratched her head again and again.'

When the sun appeared in *my* bedroom, the intruder suddenly stuck its claws into my feet, waking me from my last stupor of the night. I screamed in silent rage and beheld Nigger, the black cat, curving his back on high and yawning from the foot of the bed and displaying his full arsenal of teeth. Then he closed his mouth with a vicious snap, wrinkling his nose at me contemptuously, if I mistake not. Then he jumped off the bed and disappeared.

'It is a distinctly masculine performance,' I said to myself as he left me. But I was relieved, nevertheless. My horrible experience was at an end, I thought, only to be reminded that we have five cats in our house to the one panther which the Frenchman faced in the extensive desert. I do not wish to exaggerate a single detail of my experience. But how much more terrible my life must be than that episode of his, since I have not only five times as many felines to contend with, but this force is concentrated to the degree that our farmhouse is smaller than the desert of Sahara.

I dressed and descended to breakfast, where five cats were concentrated in the dining-room itself. Tiger, Nigger, Buff, Snow, and Katurai, the mother, all regarded me with steely eyes. I thought of the Provençal upon whom the panther had gazed steadfastly without moving. The rigidity of her steely eyes, and their unendurable brilliancy, made him shudder, especially when the beast walked toward him; 'but he gazed at her with a caressing expression, and smiling at her as if to magnetize her, allowed her to come close to him; then, with a touch as gentle and loving as if he were caressing the fairest of women, he passed his hand over her whole body from head to tail, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebræ which formed the panther's yellow back. The animal stiffened her tail with pleasure, her eyes became softer; she began to purr, as cats do to express pleasure; but the sound came forth from a throat so deep and so powerful that it rang through the grotto like the last notes of an organ through a church.'

Such was the music which he heard, 'like the last notes of an organ through a church.' How truly glorious — for him! But for me, — ah, pity me, to whom the last notes of an organ ringing through a church would have been like manna to one in the wilderness. There was I huddled in a chair, grasping the table with both elbows for support, and listening to the purring of five cats. Five cats of all colors and temperaments, five cats purring in the confines of the dining-room, their combined purrs like the first notes of a buzz-saw beginning a day's work. And Buff, the tawny head of the family, — see him approach me as I put fork into wheat-cakes and cream! With veiled insistence, he raises his huge body on his hind legs and leans on my left leg. Tiger sits in waiting on my right. I tremble, swallowing cakes and cream. In less time than it takes to mention it,

Buff inserts two pairs of claws, ten pointed reminders, into the flesh of my thigh. What Provençal in the desert ever endured such agony as I? Would he not have thrown pieces of cake to the four corners of the room in such a crisis?

It is said of the panther in the desert that her face was distinguished by 'an expression of extraordinary shrewdness; the unfeeling cruelty of the tiger was predominant therein, but there was also a vague resemblance to the face of an artful woman. At that moment, that solitary queen's features disclosed a sort of merriment like that of Nero in his cups.'

Let me emphasize here the fact that no one of our cats looks like Nero in his cups, or ever did look like him; no, not one. They are deadly serious cats, all of them, which makes life all the more frightful for me. They are as serious in temper as Jesuits or Puritans, civil war veterans, militant suffragettes, or Presidential candidates. Nor is there anything vague about their looks or what they do. From the unfeeling cruelty of Tiger to the extraordinary shrewdness of Nigger, their expressions bode no good to me.

I know not how it will end. Am I to spend my life shut in with five hungry cats striking claws into my thighs? Is there no protective association that domesticated man may join to put down strikes? How to end it all I cannot think. The lady of the house has forbidden me to make surreptitious journeys to the mill-pond with a sack. I have no dagger as the Frenchman had with which he tickled the skull of his panther, watching for an opportunity. I watch and watch, but no opportunity is vouchsafed. These cats climb over me at all hours of the day and night; they pursue me about the yard, and rub their bodies against my legs, leaving superfluous hair behind. But there is never that 'vague expression of kindness' with which the panther regarded her companion in the desert. None of the cats examines me with the 'prudent scrutiny of a tradesman.' Theirs is rather the scrutiny of the villain in melodrama approaching the lonely heroine.

But I would not have you think me a ridiculous coward. I do force myself to play with a cat occasionally, with Snow especially. Like the Provençal, I too neglect no method of taming her and winning her good graces. I have had with Snow, as he with his panther lady, the indescribable joy of seeing her move her tail with an almost imperceptible movement. I too have patted her paws and her nose, twisted her ears, thrown her over on her back, and scratched roughly her soft, warm flanks. For this I have been scratched as the Frenchman was never scratched by the Damascus blades of his panther playmate. He and Balzac did not know what comparative good-fortune was his.

How I long for the final moment that came to him in the desert! You may remember how their passion ended, as Balzac says all great passions do, by a misunderstanding. The Provençal did not know how he hurt her, but she turned as if she had gone mad, and wounded his thigh with her sharp teeth — a slight wound. 'I, thinking that she meant to devour me, plunged my dagger into her throat.' Would that Snow or Tiger or Buff or Nigger or Katurai would give me such an opportunity. I would put an end to one clawing mass of feminism after another. How I should relish the moment when I could do something without offending the lady of the house! But alas, think, reader, and commiserate me! Though I kill one farmhouse feline as the Frenchman killed his panther in the desert, I have still four lives, sixteen

paws, innumerable claws, contiguous to my feet in bed, and, as you have seen, close to my person when I eat, which form of amusement, common to mortals, I persist in at the risk of my life, my cakes, my cream, and all the meat that cats fall heir to, myself included.

ON SWAPPING VACATIONS

Swapping tales of holiday experiences is a popular pastime. School themes by the score bear the title, 'A Vacation Adventure,' and magazine articles by the hundred the more modest heading, 'How I Spent My Vacation.' I was reading one of the latter the other day, when I fell to pondering upon our propensity to accept our adventures, especially our holiday adventures, at second hand. We keep up forever this exchange of yarns and stories. Why do we not instead swap the very concrete paraphernalia of vacations, the daily routine, the food, the acquaintanceship, the scenery of vacation experiences? If we could only trade off our vacations instead of buying them, how much expense we should save, how much adventure we should gain!

And the more I think over the idea of exchanging vacations, the more I like it. Why cannot I find a lighthouse keeper who will spend two weeks in my comfortable vine-covered cottage, while I live in his spotless white lighthouse and fish for flounders off his front door-step? I am sure his wife would enjoy my vegetable garden, potato bugs and all, for a brief two weeks. Why cannot a hard-working logger's wife swap two weeks of camp-life, gunning, and mountain scenery, for the sophisticated comfort of a small suburban house? Why cannot a farmer, whose eighteen-year-old daughter has never seen a city, swap two weeks of snow-drifts, wood-fires, and the best of winter sports, for a fortnight in somebody's city flat? Why — but the possibilities are endless!

We need a bureau, a vacation exchange bureau. Its motto should be the old one, 'Variety is the spice of life.' It could not fail to arouse deep interest. even enthusiasm. It would do many things. It would offer the virtuous man all the excitements of gambling without its dangers. Surely such a bureau would find me my lighthouse keeper. And ah, how well weeded would his careful wife find my garden!

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THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

A SICK woman in a squalid rear tenement, so wretched and so pitiful that, in all the years since, I have not seen anything more appealing, determined me, within half an hour, to live on the East Side.

I had spent two years in a New York training-school for nurses; strenuous years for an undisciplined, untrained girl, but a wonderful human experience. After graduation, I supplemented the theoretical instruction, which was casual and inconsequential in the hospital classes twenty-five years ago, by a period of study at a medical college. It was while at the college that a great opportunity came to me.

I had little more than an inspiration to be of use in some way or somehow, and going to the hospital seemed the readiest means of realizing my desire. While there, the long hours 'on duty' and the exhausting demands of the ward work scarcely admitted freedom for keeping informed as to what was happening in the world outside. The nurses had no time for general reading; visits to and from friends were brief; we were out of the current and saw little of life save as it flowed into the hospital wards. It is not strange, therefore, that I should have been ignorant of the various movements which reflected the awakening of the social conscience at the time, or of the birth of the 'settlement,' which twenty-five years ago was giving form to a social protest in England and America. Indeed it was not until the plan of our work on the East Side was well developed that knowledge came to me of other groups of people who, reacting to a humane or an academic appeal, were adopting this mode of expression and calling it a 'settlement.'

Two decades ago the words 'East Side' called up a vague and alarming picture of something strange and alien: a vast crowded area, a foreign city within our own, for whose conditions we had no concern. Aside from its exploiters, political and economic, few people had any definite knowledge of it, and its literary 'discovery' had but just begun.

The lower East Side then reflected the popular indifference — it almost seemed contempt — for the living conditions of a huge population. And the possibility of improvement seemed, when my inexperience was startled into thought, the more remote because of the dumb acceptance of these conditions by the East Side itself. Like the rest of the world I had known little of it, when friends of a philanthropic

institution asked me to do something for that quarter.

Remembering the families who came to visit patients in the wards, I outlined a course of instruction in home nursing adapted to their needs, and gave it in an old building in Henry Street, then used as a technical school and now part of the settlement. Henry Street then as now was the centre of a dense industrial population.

From the schoolroom where I had been giving a lesson in bed-making, a little girl led me one drizzling March morning. She had told me of her sick mother, and gathering from her incoherent account that a child had been born, I caught up the paraphernalia of the bed-making lesson and carried it with me.

The child led me over broken roadways, — there was no asphalt, although its use was well established in other parts of the city, — over dirty mattresses and heaps of refuse, — it was before Colonel Waring had shown the possibility of clean streets even in that quarter, —between tall, reeking houses whose laden fire-escapes, useless for their appointed purpose, bulged with household goods of every description. The rain added to the dismal appearance of the streets and to the discomfort of the crowds which thronged them, intensifying the odors which assailed me from every side. Through Hester and Division streets we went to the end of Ludlow; past odorous fish-stands, for the streets were a marketplace, unregulated, unsupervised, unclean; past evil-smelling, uncovered garbage-cans; and — perhaps worst of all, where so many little children played — past the trucks brought down from more fastidious quarters and stalled on these already overcrowded streets, lending themselves inevitably to many forms of indecency.

The child led me on through a tenement hallway, across a court where open and unscreened closets were promiscuously used by men and women, up into a rear tenement, by slimy steps whose accumulated dirt was augmented that day by the mud of the streets, and finally into the sickroom.

All the maladjustments of our social and economic relations seemed epitomized in this brief journey and what was found at the end of it. The family to which the child led me was neither criminal nor vicious. Although the husband was a cripple, one of those who stand on street corners exhibiting deformities to enlist compassion, and masking the begging of alms by a pretence at selling; although the family of seven shared their two rooms with boarders, — who were literally boarders, since a piece of timber was placed over the floor for them to sleep on, — and although the sick woman lay on a wretched, unclean bed, soiled with a hemorrhage two days old, they were not degraded human beings, judged by any measure of moral values.

In fact it was very plain that they were sensitive to their condition, and when, at the end of my ministrations, they kissed my hands (those who have undergone similar experiences will, I am sure, understand), it would have been some solace if by any conviction of the moral unworthiness of the family I could have defended myself as a part of a society which permitted such conditions to exist. Indeed my subsequent acquaintance with them revealed the fact that, miserable as their state was, they were not without ideals for the family life, and for society, of which they were so unloved and unlovely a part.

That morning's experience was a baptism of fire. Deserted were the laboratory and the academic work of the college. I never returned to them. On my way from the sickroom to my comfort-

able student quarters my mind was intent on my own responsibility. To my inexperience it seemed certain that conditions such as these were allowed because people did not *know*, and for me there was a challenge to know and to tell. When early morning found me still awake, my naïve conviction remained that, if people knew things, — and 'things' meant everything implied in the condition of this family, — such horrors would cease to exist, and I rejoiced that I had had a training in the care of the sick that in itself would give me an organic relationship to the neighborhood in which this awakening had come.

II

To the first sympathetic friend to whom I poured forth my story, I found myself presenting a plan which had been developing almost without conscious mental direction on my part. It was, doubtless, the accumulation of many reflections inspired by acquaintance with the patients in the hospital wards, and now, with the Ludlow Street experience, resistlessly impelling me to action.

Within a day or two a comrade from the training school, Mary Brewster, agreed to share in the venture. We were to live in that neighborhood as nurses, identify ourselves with it socially, and, in brief, contribute to it our citizenship. That plan contained in embryo all the extended and diversified social interests of our settlement group to-day.

When I first entered the training-school my outpourings to the superintendent, — a woman touched with a genius for sympathy, — my youthful heroics, and my vow to 'nurse the poor' were met with what I deemed vague reference to the 'Mission.' Afterwards when I sought guidance I found that in New York the visiting (or district) nurse was accessible only through sectarian organizations or the free dispensary.

As our plan crystallized, my friend and I were certain that a system for nursing the sick in their homes could not be firmly established unless certain fundamental social facts were recognized. We tried to imagine how loved ones for whom we might be solicitous would react were they in the place of the patients whom we hoped to serve, and this test gave us vision to establish certain principles, whose soundness has been proved during the growth of the service. The staff, which in the beginning consisted of two nurses, my friend, and myself, has been increased until it now covers two great boroughs of New York City. In the year 1913–14, calls came from nearly 1100 more patients than the combined total of those treated during the same year in three of the large hospitals — a comparison valuable chiefly as measuring the growing demand of the sick for home nursing. The work thus begun comprised in simple form all those varied lines of activity which have since been developed into the many highly specialized branches of public health nursing now covering the United States and engaging thousands of nurses. With time, experience, and the stimulus of creative minds, our technique and administrative methods have improved, but our whole later work is found in embryo in our first two years.

We perceived that it was undesirable to condition the nurse's service upon the actual or potential connection of the patient with a religious institution or free dispensary, or to have the nurse assigned to the exclusive use of one physician; and we planned to create a service on terms most considerate of the dignity and independence of the patients. We felt that the nursing of the sick in their homes should be under-

taken seriously and adequately; that instruction should be incidental and not the primary consideration; that the etiquette, so far as doctor and patient were concerned, should be analogous to the established system of private nursing; that the nurse should be as ready to respond to calls from the people themselves as to calls from physicians; that she should accept calls from all physicians, and with no more red tape or formality than if she were to remain with one patient continuously.

The new basis of the visiting-nurse service which we thus inaugurated reacted almost immediately upon the relationship of the nurse to the patient, reversing the position the nurse had formerly held. Chagrin at having the neighbors see in her an agent whose presence proclaimed the family's poverty or its failure to give adequate care to its sick member, was changed to the gratifying consciousness that her presence, in conjunction with that of the doctor, 'private' or 'Lodge,'[1] proclaimed the family's liberality and anxiety to do everything possible for the sufferer. For the exposure of poverty is a great humiliation to people who are trying to maintain a foothold in society for themselves and their families.

My colleague and I realized that there were large numbers of people who could not, or would not, avail themselves of the hospitals. It was estimated that ninety per cent of the sick people in cities were sick at home, — an estimate which has been corroborated (1913–14) by the investigation of the Committee of Inquiry into the Departments of Health, Charities, and Bellevue and Allied Hospitals of New York, — and a humanitarian civilization demanded that something of the nursing care given in hospitals should be accorded to sick people in their homes.

We decided that fees should be charged when people could pay. It was interesting to discover that, although nominal in amount compared with the cost of the service, these fees represented a much larger proportion of the wage in the case of the ordinary worker who paid for the hourly service, than did the fee paid by a man with a salary of $5000, who engaged the full time of the nurse. Our plan, we reasoned, was analogous to the custom of 'private' hospitals, which give free treatment or charge according to the resources of the ward patients. Both private hospitals and visiting nursing are thereby lifted out of 'charity' as comprehended by the people.

We felt that for economic reasons valuable and expensive hospital space should be saved for those for whom the hospital treatment is necessary; and an obvious social consideration was that many people, particularly women, cannot leave their homes without imperiling, or sometimes destroying, the home itself.

We set to work immediately to find quarters — no easy task, as we clung to the civilization of a bathroom, and according to a legend current at the time there were only two bathrooms in tenement houses below Fourteenth Street. Chance helped us here. A young woman who for many years played an important part in the life of the East Side, overhearing a conversation of mine with a fellow student, gave me an introduction to two men who, she said, knew all about the quarter of the city which I wished to enter. I called on them immediately, and their response to my need was as prompt. Without stopping to inquire into my antecedents or motives, or to discourse on the social aspects of the community, of which, I soon learned, they were competent to speak with authority, they

[1] The 'Lodge' doctor is the physician provided by a mutual benefit society or 'Lodge' to attend its members. — THE AUTHOR.

set out with me at once, in a pouring rain, to scour the adjacent streets for 'To Let' signs. One sign which seemed to me worth investigating, my newly acquired friends discarded with the explanation that it was in the 'red light' district and would not do. Later I was to know much of the unfortunate women who inhabited the quarter, but at the time the term meant nothing to me.

After a long tour one of my guides, as if by inspiration, reminded the other that several young women had taken a house on Rivington Street for something like my purpose, and perhaps I had better live there temporarily and take my time in finding satisfactory quarters. Upon that advice I acted, and within a few days Miss Brewster and I found ourselves guests at the luncheon table of the College Settlement on Rivington Street. With ready hospitality they took us in, and, during July and August, we were 'residents' in stimulating comradeship with serious women, who were also the fortunate possessors of a saving sense of humor.

Before September of the year 1893 we found a house on Jefferson Street, the only one in which our careful search disclosed the desired bathtub. It had other advantages — the vacant floor at the top (so high that the windows along the entire side wall gave us sun and breeze), and, greatest lure of all, the warm welcome which came to us from the basement, where we found the janitress ready to answer questions as to terms.

Naturally, objections to two young women living alone in New York under these conditions had to be met, and some assurance as to our material comfort was given to anxious, though at heart sympathetic, families by compromising on good furniture, a Baltimore heater for cheer, and simple but adequate household appurtenances. Painted floors with easily removed rugs, windows curtained with spotless but inexpensive scrim, a sitting-room with pictures, books, and restful chairs, a tiny bedroom which we two shared, a small dining room in which the family mahogany did not look out of place, and a kitchen, constituted our home for two full years.

The much-esteemed bathroom, small and dark, was in the hall, and necessitated early rising if we were to have the use of it; for, as we became known, we had many callers anxious to see us before we started on our sick rounds. The diminutive closet-space was divided to hold the bags and equipment we needed from day to day, and more ample store-closets were given us by the kindly people in the school where I had first given lessons to East Side mothers. Any pride in the sacrifice of material comfort which might have risen within us was effectually inhibited by the constant reminder that we two young persons occupied exactly the same space as the large families on every floor below us, and to one of our basement friends at least we were luxurious beyond the dreams of ordinary folk.

The little lad from the basement was our first invited guest. The simple but appetizing dinner my comrade prepared, while I set the table and placed the flowers. The boy's mother came up later in the evening to find out what we had given him, for Johnnie had rushed down with eyes bulging and had reported that 'them ladies live like the Queen of England and eat off of solid gold plates.'

We learned the most efficient use of the fire-escape and felt many times blessed because of our easy access to the roof. We also learned the infinite uses to which stairs can be put. Later we achieved 'local color' in our rooms by the addition of interesting pieces of brass and copper purchased from

a man on Allen Street whom we and several others had 'discovered.' His little dark shop under the elevated railway was fitfully illuminated by the glowing forge. On our first visit the proprietor emerged from a still darker inner room with prayer-shawl and phylactery. He became one of our pleasant acquaintances and lost no occasion of acknowledging what he considered his debt to the appreciative customers who had helped to make him and his wares known to a wider circle than that of the neighborhood.

The mere fact of living in the tenement brought undreamed-of opportunities for widening our knowledge and extending our human relationships. That we were Americans was wonderful to our fellow-tenants. They were all immigrants — Jews from Russia or Roumania. The sole exception was the janitress, Mrs. McD., who at once dedicated herself and her entire family to the service of the top floor. Dear Mrs. McD.! From her basement home she covered us with her protecting love and was no small influence in holding us to sanity. Humor, astuteness, and sympathy were needed and these she gave in abundance.

It was vouchsafed us to know many fine personalities who influenced and guided us from the first few weeks of residence in the friendly college settlement through the many years that have followed. The two women who stand out with greatest distinction from the first are this pure-souled Scotch-Irish immigrant and Josephine Shaw Lowell. Both, if they were here, would understand the tribute in linking them together.

Occasionally Mrs. McD. would feel impelled to reprove us for 'overdoing' ourselves, and from our top story we were hard pushed to save visitors from being sent away when she thought we needed to finish a meal or go to bed. Cautious as we were not to make any distinctions in commenting upon the visitors who came to see us, she made her own deductions. At whatever hour we returned, she would be at the door to welcome us and to report on the happenings during our absence. 'So-and-so was here': shrewd descriptions which often enabled us to identify individuals when names were forgotten. 'Lots of visitors to-night,' she would report. 'Were messages left, or names?' we would naturally inquire. 'No, darlints, nothing at all. I know sure they did n't bring you anything.'

The key to our apartments, usually left with her, was one day forgotten, and when, upon unlocking the door, we saw a well-known society woman seated in our little living-room, we were naturally puzzled to know how she had arrived there. Mrs. McD. explained that she had taken her up the fire-escape! — no slight venture and exertion for the inexperienced. We suggested that other ways might have been more agreeable and safer. 'Whisht,' said Mrs. McD., with a smile and a wink, 'it's no harm at all. She'll be havin' lots of talk for her friends on this.'

When her roving husband died at home, the funeral arrangements were given a last touch by Mrs. McD., who placed on the casket his tobacco and pipe and ordered the procession to pass his tenement home twice before driving to the cemetery, 'So he'd not think we were not for forgivin' him and hurryin' him away.'

Her first love went to my comrade, whose beauty and humor and goodness captured her Celtic heart. During our second year in the tenement Miss Brewster was taken seriously ill, and one evening we had at last succeeded in forcing Mrs. McD. to go home and had locked the door. Unknown to us the dear friend remained on the floor outside all through the night, trying to

catch the sound of life from the loved one.

Bringing up a large family with no help from the 'old man,' and with stern ideals of conduct and integrity, was not easy. Some of her children, endowed with her character, gave her solace, but she was too astute not to estimate each one properly.

When we moved from the tenement to our first house Mrs. McD. and her family gave up the basement rooms, which were rent free because of her janitor service, in order to be near us, and she spread her warmth over the new abode. When, some years later, she was ill and we knew that the end was near, one close to me in my own family claimed my attention. Torn between the two affections, I was loath to leave the city while Mrs. McD. was so ill. She guessed the cause of my perturbed state and advised me to go. 'Darlin', you ought to go. You go. I promise not to die until you come back.'

Letters kept up this assurance and the promise was fulfilled.

III

Almost immediately we found patients who needed care, and doctors ready to accept our services with probably the least amount of friction possible under the circumstances; for those doctors who had not been internes in the hospitals were unfamiliar with the trained nurse, whose work was little known at that time outside the hospitals and the homes of the well-to-do.

Despite the neighborhood's friendliness, however, we struggled, not only with poverty and disease, but with the traditional fate of the pioneer: in many cases we encountered the inevitable opposition which the unusual must arouse. It seems almost ungracious to relate some of our first experiences with doctors. No one can give greater tribute than do the nurses of the settlement to the generosity of physicians and surgeons when we recall how often paying patients were set aside for more urgent non-paying ones; the counsel freely given from the highest for the lowliest; the eager readiness to respond. Occasionally sage advice came from a veteran who knew the people well and lamented the economic pressure which at times involved, to their spiritual disaster, doctors as well as patients.

The first day on which we set out to discover the sick who might need a nurse, my comrade found a woman with high temperature in an airless room, more oppressive because of the fetid odor from the bed. Service with one of New York's skilled specialists had trained the nurse well and she identified the symptoms immediately. 'Yes, there was a Lodge doctor. — He had left a prescription. — He might come again.' With fine diplomacy an excuse was made to call upon the doctor and to assume that he would accept the nurse's aid. My colleague presented her credentials and offered to accompany him to the case immediately, as she was 'sure conditions must have changed since his last visit or he would doubtless have ordered' so-and-so, — suggesting the treatment the distinguished specialists were then using. He promised to go, and the nurse waited patiently for hours at the woman's bedside. When he arrived he pooh-poohed and said, 'Nothing doing.' We had ascertained the financial condition of the family from the evidence of the empty push-cart and the fact that the fish-peddler was not in the market with his merchandise. Five dollars was loaned that night to purchase stock next day.

My comrade and I decided to visit the patient early the next morning, to mingle judgments on what action could be taken in this serious illness with due respect to established etiquette. When

we arrived, the Lodge doctor and a 'Professor' (a consultant) were in the sick room, and our five dollars, left for fish, was in their possession. Cigarettes in mouths and hats on heads, they were questioning husband and wife, and only Dickens could have done justice to the scene. We were not too timid to allude to the poverty and the source of the fee, and felt free when we were told to 'go ahead and do anything you like.' That permission we acted upon instantly and received, over the telephone, authority from the distinguished specialist to get to work. We were prudent enough to report the authority and treatment given, with solemn etiquette, to the physician in attendance, who in turn congratulated us on having helped him to save a life!

Not all our encounters with this class of practitioner were fruitful of benefit to their patients. Heartbreaking was the tragedy of Samuel, the twenty-one-year-old carpenter, and Ida, his bride. They had been boy and girl sweethearts in Poland, and the coming to America, the preparation of the clean two-roomed home, the expectation of the baby, made a pretty story which should have had happy succeeding chapters, the start was so good. Samuel knocked at our door, incoherent in his fright, but we were fast accustoming ourselves to recognize danger-signals, and I at once followed him to the top floor of his tenement.

Plain to see, Ida was dying. The midwife said she had done all she could, but she was obviously frightened. 'No one could have done any better,' she insisted, 'not any doctor'; but she had called one and he had left the woman lacerated and agonizing because the expected fee had been paid only in part. It was Samuel's last dollar. The septic woman could only be sent to the city hospital. The ambulance surgeon was persuaded to let the boy husband ride with her, and he remained at the hospital until she and the baby died a few hours later.

Here my comrade and I came against the stone wall of professional etiquette. It seemed as if public sentiment ought to be directed by the doctors themselves against such practices, but although I finally called upon one of the high-minded and distinguished men who had signed the diploma of the offending doctor, I could not get reproof administered, and my ardor for arousing public indignation in the profession was chilled. Later, when I heard protests from employers against insistence by labor organizations on the closed shop, it occurred to me that they failed to recognize analogies in the professional etiquette which conventional society has long accepted.

However, many friendly strong bonds were made and have been sustained with a large majority of the doctors during all the years of our service. We have mutual ties of personal and community interests, and work together as comrades; the practitioners with high standards for themselves and ideals for their sacred profession comprehend our common cause and strengthen our hands. It is rare now, although at first it was very frequent, that the physician who has called in the nurse for his patient demands her withdrawal when he himself has been dismissed. He has come to see that although the nurse exerts her influence to preserve his prestige, for the patient's sake as well as his own, nevertheless, emotional people, unaccustomed to the settled relation of the family doctor, may and often do change physicians from six to ten times in the course of one illness. The nurse, however, may remain at the bedside throughout all vicissitudes.

The most definite protest against the newer relationship came from a woman active in many public movements,

who was a stickler for the orthodox method of procuring a visiting nurse only through the doctor. To illustrate the importance of freedom for the patients, I cited the case of the L— family. A neighbor had called for aid. 'Some kind of an awful catching sickness on the same floor I live on, to the right, front,' she whispered. A worn and haggard woman was lifting a heavy boiler filled with 'wash' from the stove when I entered; on the floor in the other room three little children lay ill with typhoid fever, one of them with meningitis. The feather pillows, most precious possession, had been pawned to pay the doctor. The father dared not leave the shop, for money was needed and all that he earned was far from enough. The mother, when questioned as to the delay in sending for nursing help, said that the doctor had frightened her from doing so by telling her that the children would surely be sent to the hospital. No disinfectant was found in the house and the mother declared that no instructions had been given her.

The nurse who took possession of the sickroom refrained from mentioning the hospital; but when the mother saw the skilled ministrations, and the tired father, on his return from work, watched the deft feeding of the unconscious child, they awoke to their limitations. The poor, unskilled woman, bent with fatigue, exclaimed, 'O God, is that what I should have been doing for my babies?' When the nurse started to leave them for the night the parents clung to her and asked if a hospital would do as much as she had done. 'More, much more, I hope,' she said. 'I cannot give here what the little ones need.' Late at night three carriages started for the children's ward of the hospital: the father, the mother, the nurse, each with a patient across the seat of the carriage.

Said the critic when I had finished my story: 'I think the nurse should have asked permission of their doctor before she granted the request of the parents.'

IV

Times were hard that year. In the summer the miseries due to unemployment and rising rents and prices began to be apparent, but the pinch came with the cold weather. Perhaps it was an advantage that we were so early exposed to the extraordinary sufferings and the variety of pain and poverty in that winter of 1893–94, memorable because of extreme economic depression. The impact of strain, physical and emotional, left neither place nor time for self-analysis and consequent self-consciousness, so prone to hinder and to dwarf wholesome instincts, and so likely to have proved an impediment to the simple relationship which we established with our neighbors.

It has become almost trite to speak of the kindness of the poor to each other, yet from the beginning of our tenement-house residence we were much touched by manifestations of it. An errand took me to Michael the Scotch-Irish cobbler as the family were sitting down to the noonday meal. There was a stranger with them, whom Michael introduced, explaining when we were out of hearing that he thought I would be interested to meet a man just out of Sing Sing prison. I expressed some fear of the danger to his own boys in this association. 'We must just chance it,' said Michael. 'It's no weather for a man like that to be on the streets, when honest fellows can't get work.'

When we first met the G— family they were breaking up the furniture to keep from freezing. One of the children had already died and had been buried in a public grave. Three times that year did Mrs. G. painfully gather to-

gether enough money to have the baby disinterred and fittingly buried in consecrated ground, and each time she gave up her heart's desire in order to relieve the sufferings of the living children of her neighbors.

Another instance of this unfailing goodness of the poor to each other was told by Nellie, who called on us one morning. She was evidently embarrassed and with difficulty related that, hearing of things to be given away at a newspaper office, she had gone there hoping to get something that would do for John when he came out of the hospital. She said, 'I drew this and I don't know exactly what it is meant for,' and displayed a wadded black satin 'dress-shirt protector,' in very good condition, and possibly contributed because the season was over! Standing outside the circle of clamorous petitioners, Nellie and the woman next her had exchanged tales of woe. When she mentioned her address the new acquaintance suggested that she seek us.

Nellie proved to be a near neighbor. There were two children: a nursing baby 'none so well,' and a lad. John, her husband, was 'fortunately' in the hospital with a broken leg, for there were 'no jobs around loose anyway.' When we called later in the day to see the baby, we found that Nellie was stopping with her cousin, a widower who 'held his job down.' There were also his two children, the widow of a friend 'who would have done as much by me,' and the wife and two small children of a total stranger who lived in the rear tenement and were invited in to meals because the father had been seen starting every morning on his hunt for work, and 'it was plain for any one with eyes to see that he never did get it.' So this one man, fortunate in having work, was taking care of himself and his children, the widow of his friend, Nellie and her children, and was feeding the strangers. Said Nellie, 'Sure he's doing that, and why not? He's the only cousin I've got outside of Ireland.'

Mrs. S., who called at the settlement a few days ago, reminded me that it was twenty-one years since our first meeting, and brought vividly before me a picture of which she was a part. She was the daughter of a learned rabbi, and her husband, himself a pious man, had great reverence for the traditions of her family. In their extremity they had taken bread from one of the newspaper charities, but it was evidently a painful humiliation, and before we arrived they had hidden the loaf in the ice-box. My visit was due to a desire to ascertain the condition of the families who had applied for this dole. Both house and people were scrupulously clean. It was amazing that under the biting pressure of want and anxiety such standards could be maintained. Yet, though passionately devoted to his family, the husband refused advantageous employment because it necessitated work on the Sabbath. This would have been to them a desecration of something more vital than life itself.

We found that winter, in other instances, that the fangs of the wolf were often decorously hidden. In one family of our acquaintance the father, a cigarmaker, left the house each morning in search of work, only to return at night hungrier and more exhausted by his fruitless exertions. One Sabbath eve I entered his tenement, to find the two rooms in scrupulous order and the mother and children prepared for the holy night. Over a brisk fire fed by bits of wood picked up by the children, two covered pots were set as if a supper were being prepared. But under the lids it was only water that bubbled. The proud mother could not bear to expose her poverty to the gossip of the neighbors, the humiliation being the greater

because she was obliged to violate the sacred custom of preparing a ceremonious meal for the united family on Friday night.

If the formalism of our neighbors in religious matters was constantly brought to our attention, instances of their tolerance were also far from rare. A Jewish woman, exhausted by her long day's scrubbing of office floors, walked many extra blocks to beg us to get a priest for her Roman Catholic neighbor whose child was dying. An orthodox Jewish father, who had been goaded to bitterness because his daughter had married an 'Irisher' and thus 'insulted his religion,' felt that the young husband and his mother were equally wronged. This man, when I called on a Sabbath evening, took one of the lights from the table to show the way down the five flights of dark tenement stairs, and to my protest, — knowing, as I did, that he considered it a sin to handle fire on the Sabbath, — he said, 'It is no sin for me to handle a light on the Sabbath to show respect to a friend who has helped to keep a family together.'

There was the story of Mary, eldest daughter, as we supposed, of an orthodox family. When we went to her engagement party we were surprised to see that the young man was not of the family faith. The mother told us that Mary, 'such a pretty baby,' had been left on their doorstep in earlier and more prosperous days in Austria. 'The Burgomeister had made proclamation,' but no one came to claim her, and the husband and wife, who as yet had no children of their own, decided to keep her. 'God rewarded us and answered our prayers,' said Mrs. L., for many children came afterward; but Mary, blonde and blue-eyed, was always the most cherished, the first-comer who had brought the others. When she was quite a young girl she was taken ill — a cold following exposure after her first 'grown-up' party, for which her foster-mother had dressed her with pride. It seemed that nothing could save her, and the foster mother in her distress thought with pity of the woman who had borne this sweet child. Surely she must be dead. No living mother could have abandoned so lovely a baby. And if she were dead and in the Christian heaven, she would look in vain there for her daughter. 'So I called the priest and told him,' said Mrs. L., 'and he made a prayer over Mary and said, "Now she is a *Krist*." The doctor, we called him too, and he said to get a goat, for the milk would be good for Mary; and she get well, but no so strong, as you see, and that is why she don't go out to work like her brothers and sisters. We lose our money, that's why we come to America, and Mary, now she marry a *Krist*.'

Gradually there came to our knowledge difficulties and conflicts not peculiar to any one set of people but intensified in the case of our neighbors by poverty, unfamiliarity with laws and customs, the lack of privacy, and the frequent dependence of the elders upon the children. Workers in philanthropy, clergymen, orthodox rabbis, the unemployed, anxious parents, girls in distress, troublesome boys, came as individuals to see us, but no formal organization of our work was effected till we moved into the house on Henry Street, in 1895.

So precious were the intimate relationships with our neighbors in the tenement that we were reluctant to leave it. My companion's breakdown, the persuasion of friends who had given their support and counsel that there was an obligation upon us to effect some kind of formal organization without further delay, finally prevailed. As usual the neighborhood showed its interest in what we did; and though my comrade and I had carefully selected

men from the ranks of the unemployed to move our belongings, when all was accomplished not one man of them all could be induced to take a penny for the work.

From this first house have since developed the manifold activities in city and country now incorporated as the Henry Street Settlement.

I am reluctant to close this first article without making it clear that we were from the very beginning most profoundly moved by the wretched industrial conditions which were constantly forced upon us. In succeeding articles I hope to tell of the constructive programmes that the people themselves have evolved out of their own hard lives, of the ameliorative measures, ripened out of sympathetic comprehension, and, finally, of the social legislation that expresses the new compunction of the community.

[The next chapter of this history will discuss 'Children and Play.']

WHITHER?

I

In a final division of household possessions of my ancestors, a quaint gray chest has brought me a heritage of unexpected value in packages of letters, written many years ago, and tossed carelessly here with mouse-eaten diplomas and articles of ancient wear. As I read, deciphering oftentimes with difficulty the old-fashioned handwriting on the yellowing paper, I pause to marvel. What fullness of life is here! What richness! What greatness!

There are letters from a mother to a little daughter at school in the city; letters from an aged father who has been visiting his clergyman son; glad letters, written to bring joy at marriages; solemn, and yet joyous letters, written to console in death. Doubtless they are akin to hundreds of others still resting in the corners of boxes and old desks, and to others innumerable which have perished, recording the experience of a generation, two generations ago. Written out of narrower lives, so far as mere worldly circumstances go, than those with which I come in contact to-day, they reveal a far deeper life, a profounder hope and faith, a recognition of wider horizons than most of our contemporary world knows. Here is a knowledge of spirit as the one great reality; of divine meanings everywhere; a sense of the greatness of the issue in life as a warfare waged in the name of the soul; faith in the undying character of righteousness, in the endlessness of human hope. Words are here traced which take away one's breath, in the grandeur of their denial of that which seems, in the splendor of assurance: 'My sister Mary today entered upon eternal life —'

It is not primarily theology upon which they dwell: dogma plays a lesser part here than I should have supposed. It is upon the inner sources of hope and consolation, the life-giving power of faith, faith drawn often from hard experience, faced in the light of a great hope. Here is a real sense of the swift flitting of things earthly, and the great

promise therein; here is a constant dwelling upon the Master, the face of the Master, the vision of perfectness. Those writers repeat lovingly his words, thus bringing one another courage in sharp anguish of grief and at beds of illness; and the thought of sacrifice is ever in their minds, of outer loss that is great inner gain. One is aware of certain immovable tenets of hard theology, but I note that these have small part in their thought, their feeling, in the way in which faith vitalizes their daily lives.

Letters that I am privileged to see today are as different as if they were written by a different race; chance articles in newspapers and journals, intended to appeal to the contemporary public, reinforce the impression in regard to our present absorptions, our present limitations. These later letters are no less full of human tenderness, and possibly they are more outspoken in regard to it, but they bespeak an inner poverty, a contrasting narrowness of life. Their largeness, if wide horizons are suggested, is external, geographical, — the largeness of travel abroad, by land or sea, of motor-trips there or at home. They are full of restlessness, desire for change, rushing hither and yon. Their great concern is with material things: diet, dress, details of operations, fluctuations in stocks. There is much about reform, suffrage, the fighting of Tammany, measures for the physical betterment of factory boys and girls. There are many wrongs to right, for the most part centring in the body; but, in spite of my sympathy with each distinct measure and my strenuous efforts to help forward some of them, I feel great sense of lack. The horizon is near and attainable; the sky comes down like a brass bowl over our heads; I stifle in this world of nostrums, of remedies, of external cures for moral evils. This superficial material optimism which ignores the deepest need, the deepest answer, fails to suffice. One is aware of a lessening life, a drying of the very sources of vitality; the old sense of illimitable destiny, of greatness, of the challenge of eternity, is gone.

A kind of materialistic Epicureanism dominates our modern world; robbed of Eternity, we mean to make Time pay to the uttermost, — hence this nervous excitement, this feverish activity. Has any question been more absorbing during the last decades than the question how much space could be covered, on earth or in air, in a minute of time? Back of our hurry lies something deeper than the mere desire to excel in this or that sport, this or that means of rapid transit, this or that business enterprise or philanthropy. It is an unconfessed manifestation of our immense sense of loss; a morbid outpouring of that energy which might work healthily and to great ends if the old hope were there of endless destiny. We have but a few minutes in which to rob the house of life; let us seize all the articles in sight; death, the householder, is even now waiting to take us into custody. We want as much as we can get; we want all, and we foolishly think that hurrying feet and twitching muscles can win it. We will crowd all into the swift, flitting minutes, though Life should break in the process.

II

The question why we, who are the heirs of all the ages, should be so much worse off than our ancestors in that which means essential life might well give us pause. In all external matters we seem to have made great gain. We are carried about more swiftly; our houses have far superior plumbing; the goods we purchase are delivered more promptly, and existence has in every way become far more convenient and

easy. Is not this the age of progress? Progress — it is a word constantly on men's lips; have earlier ages ever heard such a din of talk about progress? It would appear as if our forefathers had little claim to be called happy, having lived before the time of great modern inventions and discoveries; yet, with this sheaf of old records in my hands, and many memories at work, I am forced to admit that the comparison works the other way. Here, in these fading papers, is a sense of significance in living, of illimitable destiny, that makes me ask why we are thus stripped, robbed, disinherited. Why is it that we seem to have inherited all of life except the point? The willful poverty of our spiritual lives contrasts strangely with their quiet sense of great possessions.

After all, are frenzied motion and progress synonymous? Any kitten chasing its own tail might, if we were really observant, disprove for us much of our modern claim of great gain. Would any age of real progress talk so much about progress, and so loudly count its achievements? Is not much of this done to hide the inner sense of loss and lack? Perhaps it is from a far-off country childhood that I derive a persistent belief, not obscured by all the noise and dust and glamour of our time, that real growth is silent. For many and many a day I have heard this glowing talk of progress, of widening intellectual horizons, and for many a day have watched the growing wistfulness of human faces. The more thoughtful become increasingly sad, while the number of the merely stolid increases apace, as do the restless ones, with their apparent longing for distraction and change. Unfinished faces, unsatisfied faces, are familiar to us all. They lack the high record of experience greatly taken; expression that denotes profound inner life. To-day we are so comfortable, so enlightened, and, with our widening philanthropy, so estimable, that we surely ought to be happy! Yet we see few satisfied faces, such as we can remember from long ago, full of inner content, — faces 'on which the dove of peace sat brooding,' — and we pause to ask what our boasted progress has to offer by way of compensation for the great loss that has come through the seeming gain of these later years?

The whole emphasis of life has changed since those days; its focus has shifted. The meanings of existence were to our ancestors inner meanings; now, passionate clutching at externals betrays a different aim. They show themselves capable of fault and error in these recorded experiences of old days, yet they are lightened and lifted by a great power; they touch ever the divine. Their contrasted reading of the significance of life shows most emphatically in this: they thought and felt in terms of the spirit. The modern world thinks and lives and speaks in terms of the body, not of mind and soul. The soul, that secret of personality, conceived as a part of one not wholly caught in the mechanical chain of things and capable of choice, was their great concern. To them a little child was something sacred, immortal, whose endless destiny commanded of those to whom it was entrusted, alertness, watchfulness, lest its feet should go astray from the narrow path that led to the heavenly hills. Words spoken near the cradle where the new-born baby lay, turned the spot to holy ground.

To those of us who are most advanced to-day, a little child is a little animal; few are left who, in its presence, think of sacredness any more than in the presence of a little pig. There is the utmost alertness in meeting its physical needs; there is, if possible, a trained nurse to bring scientific knowledge to its requirements, to keep lov-

ing fingers away; but the ideas that encircle it concern for the most part its body. Meanwhile, the most progressive thought of the age is busy with the question whether its standard cannot be raised to that of choice animal stock; whether the infant human being may not be bred, as colt or calf of approved ancestry is bred, by choice of the physically fit. This represents the furthest vision of the future; this is the goal against which the imagination of the present dreams.

III

It is an era of the flesh and its needs, its possibilities, — of unawareness, for the most part, of any aspects deeper than the physical. Many of us can remember the day when we were taught that we had immortal souls, to whose safeguarding thought and care and profound endeavor must go. The chief question was, 'Is it right or wrong?' The chief question to-day is, 'Is it sterilized?' Life, which used to be a brave flight between heaven and hell, has come to be a long and anxious tip-toeing between the microbe and the antiseptic. It is not that I object to antiseptics, but that I object to the amount of good brain-space they have come to occupy, to the exclusion of more important matters.

The modern world has a new and elaborate dogma of the body, but conviction (if it exist) in regard to the soul is tentative and wary. For many a past year the faith has been taught, the belief has been growing, that physically fit of necessity means mentally fit, that physical power is the measure of a man's efficiency. The one glory of our college life lies in its sports, and education of mind is more and more giving way to education of muscle. The only ideal of perfection now in evidence is an ideal of physical perfection; for this, no sacrifice is too great, no case too onerous. Images of perfect bodily development are kept before the young, — the Apollo, with beauty of sinew and muscle; but the face of the Christ is growing ever more and more dim before their eyes, and is more and more apologetically presented, if presented at all.

Yet this worship of the body, with its elaborate ritual of observances, its priests, its solemn rites; its great festivals wherein spellbound spectators, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand strong, in huge amphitheatres witness contests of physical strength; this monotheistic devotion, made up of fears for the flesh, and hope for the flesh, lacks much of a true religion.

I have often of late wished that some one wise enough in knowledge of things Latin would write the history and the inner development of a young Roman Progressive in the early stages of the Roman decadence. What feeling of growth and gain would be there to record! What assurance of outdistancing his crude forefathers! What sense of widening horizons, and of sudden freedom in laying aside old scruples! The point of time chosen should be that at which the word *Salus*, salvation, began to be interpreted as physical salvation, and the persistent concern with bodily life marked the beginnings of decay.

The one saving grace of our time perhaps lies in its generous philanthropic and social effort. We are more sensitive to our neighbor's needs than we used to be, but we have a most limited conception of our neighbor's needs, and, with all our quickened sympathy, we do our neighbor injustice in failing to recognize his deepest necessity. Grown so pitiful of hunger, why do we fail to realize the spiritual starvation of these years? We devise all sorts of machinery for ameliorating his physical condition, for getting him more pay, securing him better dramatic spectacles; we

teach him that his house should be plumbed, his children's food sterilized; but for him and for his benefactors wider vision would mean great gain. We are feeding the lesser hunger, — that is well, but it is not enough; we are arming him to meet the lesser foe. Does he too feel a sense of inner loss and lack in it all? All that America has to offer may be a poor exchange for the mystic faith brought with him from the fatherland. At least we should beware lest harm come to our neighbor through our manifold preoccupations with the needs of the body, through the contagion of an ideal of material comfort as the greatest earthly good; for even perfect physical well-being has its limitations as a solution of the problem of existence. The destiny of man — once terror and splendor attended the word; it was once a spiritual mystery, connoting endless endeavor, endless opportunity. Now the highest dream of high destiny is the porcelain bathtub, or some safe shelter behind a wire screen, beyond the attack of germs.

One wonders, moreover, why so much applied Christianity to-day fails to recognize itself as Christianity, and is disassociated from the faith in spiritual verities which brought it into being. Now and then one hears a philanthropic scientist claim that the new efforts to aid humanity originated with beneficent science, or an economist that the move toward betterment is the result of economic thought, both ignoring the great force which has kept alive through ages the impulse toward love of one's brother; both mistaking new methods for ancient motive power and unaware of their own relation to it. Yet back of this recent effort is the impetus of long years of definite religious teaching, with its potency in quickening the will, — to be reinforced perhaps, but never replaced, by the teaching of practical efficiency. Will this effort to succor continue, as that diviner pity, that healing done in the name of the Father, slips more and more from men's minds? Will this present sense that one's neighbor should have similar clothing and similar 'modern conveniences' to one's own prove a lasting basis of human brotherhood? The love of one's fellow man must be fed from deeper springs.

We have need of profounder faith, and of more poignant fear than this age knows. I am not sure that all the physical benefits that could be imagined or enumerated for ourselves or for others could make up for the supreme loss in this shifting the attention, altering the whole emphasis of life in the innumerable ways in which the physical now obtains over the mental and spiritual. We look longingly back to our forefathers, who lived primarily in the spirit, with constant sense of spirit-values, not in the flesh and that hoped-for immortality of the flesh, — or the nearest approximation to it, — that haunts our world to-day. In our great outer prosperity and inner poverty, our immense acquisition of external knowledge, and incalculable loss of deeper realities, our morality shifting its great concern from the welfare of the soul to that of the body, we find no symbol so fitting as the old fable of the dog and his shadow in the brook. Dropping his bone to grasp the shadow of the bone, he went hungry away.

Why this swift renunciation of that which has made for profounder life in our ancestors, and the loud cry of Progress as the treasure slips away? There is no age which has known in theory so much regarding orderly development in human affairs, the growth of the present from the past, and no age which has shown so little sense of the deeper meaning of these laws. The human race has never talked so much of continuity, and never, perhaps, has it made so sharp a turn. Modern science has taught us

much concerning organic growth, cause and effect as dominating the physical world; evolutionary theory is the basis of our study of language, of literature, of all human institutions. Clearly and unmistakably comes the teaching of our time that, in all aspects of life, the present is rooted in the past, indissolubly united in unbroken chain; but, curiously enough, whereas the law has been grasped in connection with matters material, matters intellectual, matters æsthetic, in matters spiritual there is a sudden halt or break. We prattle learnedly of evolution, but we have little conception of it in that which should be the deepest concern of life, the development of the soul. Nature, we are told, admits no gaps, yet it would seem that the great modern majority turns abruptly from the faith which has sustained human life from generation to generation, ignoring, as no age before has done, the best in the past. In so doing, does it not repudiate the law upon which our understanding of everything else is based? Distrusting in the study of physical life any theory not based upon ideas of growth, sequence, old custom, in matters spiritual we demand the fresh, the untried; not for reverence of that which has been attained, but because we find an idea startling and original, do we welcome it.

When Bergson assures us that an element of will is to be reckoned with in all growth, is it because we have drifted so near enslavement to a purely mechanical system of thought that we hail this as new doctrine and therefore acceptable? If it were whispered abroad that the idea is of unimaginable antiquity, that it has been at the basis of every ethical system ever founded, would his large audiences dwindle? If the idea of God, of immortality, could be advertised among the novelties, instead of among the long inheritances, who would refuse to believe? Belief in the universe as essentially spiritual, God-created; belief in the deathlessness of the human soul, belief in right-doing in the light of these great faiths, have been associated with the age-long growth of the race; can we ignore, or lightly cast aside, that which has been at the very heart of the spiritual evolution of our forefathers?

It is not merely in matters of religious faith that we find this sudden break with the past; the ignorance shown by many modern leaders of the glory of our literature; their pride in this disregard of 'the best that has been thought and said in the world'; their assumption that that which antedates contemporary discovery is worthless, are full of menace. A great thinker of a hundred years ago, I was recently told, is 'a back number,' and therefore valueless. Again comes that puzzling thought of continuity, the necessity of recognizing all the stages of growth. Why the enormous importance of every step in the physical past, this slight regard for the mental development? The race-experience, or the best of it, is recorded in our literature; here again are the foundations upon which we must build, if we are to build truly. Here is treasure too great to throw away so lightly.

IV

Back of all this absorption in physical and material welfare lies, of course, the preponderating intellectual influence of the century just past, with its passionate pursuit of truth through matter. No one wishes to decry the services of science to our knowledge of the physical world; the great discoveries in the theoretical field, the great inventions in the applied. It is one of the profoundest ironies of human existence that our blessings and our curses come subtly intertwined; we mortals forget that one seldom comes without

the other, and are prone to take as pure blessing that which is new. The measure of curse in our latest great achievements may be greater than we dream, although it is difficult for people to believe, in the sweep of a great movement, that it can mean anything but pure progress in a straight line. Yet we move ever by zigzags, this extreme and that. When will the race ever learn the art of mental equilibrium, of steady advance, employing all the human faculties, instead of exploiting a few?

The many subtle wrongs done the human spirit by this complete surrender to the world of matter, it would be difficult to enumerate. I recall the emphatic assertion of one of the new thinkers, arguing with one who held in all sincerity the old, simple faith: 'The only subject worth study is man, man considered from a biological point of view.' The initial genesis, the growth, the inevitable end, the physical actions and reactions, — that is man from the biological point of view. In the presence of people who hold this belief I feel as if an extinguisher were coming down, slowly smothering my very flame of life. You doubtless recall that iron chamber of Spanish Inquisition times, so fashioned that it closed in, day by day, a few inches upon the unfortunate inmate? So life to-day, for unnumbered people, grows narrower, threatening extinction. That earlier victim had no choice; one can but marvel at the modern folk, who themselves turn the key that shuts them in, and are content with their lessening world.

The voices of those who claim that mind is a secretion of matter, of those who find the way to truth through matter only, though not representing the wisest in our intellectual vanguard, have been heard above the others, and humanity is prone to follow where the loud voices call. Whether it is the fault of the leaders, or of the forlorn camp-followers who trail after the victorious army, picking up and misusing scraps of information; whether it is the fault of passive onlookers, ready to believe anything that is told by anybody, — be it professional utterance or popular inferences therefrom, in many cases unwarranted, — certain it is that we have spent the greater part of our lives in the shadow of the crass materialism which is one of the by-products of the machinery, intellectual and other, of the period just drawing to a close. It is a doctrine which fits absolutely the great and sudden influx of wealth during the last decades, pandering to the same tendencies, the same blindnesses, a twofold materialism of theory and practice.

It is a materialism stupid, unfounded, turning its back upon the earlier idealisms of poet, philosopher, religious believer, not so much because of reasoning processes as because of a sudden shifting of attention. Wonderful things may be observed under the microscope, wonderful things through the telescope; wonderful things are day by day invented. Is it likely that there is anything beyond all this? To recent generations, as to that progressive dog, the reflection in the water seemed for the moment, as is often the case, more real than the reflected object; hence this tragedy of loss.

The human mind has been suddenly diverted by a loud noise outside; a sudden change of tension results. Where one looks quickly, all heads are turned. It is a noise of motor-boats, aeroplanes, engines of all kinds; a sight of airships, flying like birds; of submarines, diving like fish; of moving pictures with their endless panorama. Mankind is childishly diverted; the hearing of the ears, the seeing of the eyes, — it is enough. The skepticisms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tried to reason out their origins, to explain upon what they

were based; not so here. This is the most unthinking of systems, not troubling to give a rational account of itself. Thought is out of fashion: nowadays we observe! Through this preponderance of observation over thought in this great period, the human mind has greatly suffered in surety of process, in logic, in differentiation of mental processes. The exercise of pure reason has become almost obsolete; the idea that thought can be exercised apart from sense, from study of phenomena, is all but forgotten. Whether or not we assume that matter is the origin and the end of all things, the world of to-day thinks in terms of matter; is content to live and breathe and have its being in matter; hopes, aspires, and prays, if it hope, aspire, and pray at all, in terms of matter.

Our very vocabulary is degraded; the most far-reaching symbols of our language come seldom into use, or appear with diminished meaning. Follow, for instance, the course of the word 'infinite' through the antics of contemporary literature. Our phraseology has become carnal; our vital terms are terms of physical life. Nowhere is the limitation of contemporary thought more apparent than in these instruments of speech. One must read again Wordsworth, Shelley, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Meredith, to meet great words, now little employed, that make you realize the utmost reach of life; in so doing, one pauses in dismay, realizing how full contemporary speech is of lesser terms, how few employ the greater words that tell the inner life of the soul.

All forms of idealism have suffered during the past century of progress, more through being ignored than through being refuted; there still are thinkers who consider Kant, with his demonstration of the universe mind-made, a wiser teacher than any who have followed him, yet these have few disciples. Of the two old hypotheses, that this is a world of spirit, that it is a world of matter, the latter has been the predominant choice of our time. That choice has been reinforced by the impact of a wonderful physical and material development, while there has been no corresponding gain in the spiritual and the purely intellectual; for many years the best of the fine young energy of the race has busied itself, either in investigation or in invention, with the world of matter. We hear endlessly of the great advance of our time, of the surety of its knowledge, the doing away with baseless old idealisms. What, after all, has been achieved? The origin of human thought, the destination of the human thinker, are as profound a secret as before this unparalleled progress. Science, which has been the great intellectual adventure of the last century, — to what has it led us? Only again to that edge of the unknown, where we confront the infinite. It has not gained by one hair's breadth upon the encompassing mystery of our lives.

V

The special form of idealism held by our forefathers, the Christian faith, with its great central tenets of God, immortality, the necessity of right-doing in the light of these faiths, has suffered with the other forms of idealism during the last decades. Those who, intentionally or unintentionally, have attacked, many of those who have defended, have alike done it injury. Of our intellectual vanguard, some have denied, some have ignored, some have been wisely patient and silent, awaiting the adjustment of new wisdom to old. As for the first, — surely those who hold sense-observation to be the basis of all knowledge should take no such vast leap into the dark as that involved in denial of these old beliefs. It is when certain of these new

thinkers slip beyond their own self-defined province, and philosophize in ways contradicting their own premises, that one fails to follow them; when, grown bold with their conquest of physical nature, they make a vast leap from observation of phenomena into metaphysical statement, without consciousness of what they are doing, that one listens with profound distrust. Doubtless we have all known one or two, ready to make assertions dogmatic beyond the dogmatism of old theology, founded upon nothing but the assumption that they, who can truly observe facts in the physical world, could assert nothing but fact. I respect them when they observe; I tremble when they begin to generalize.

It is indeed a crowning irony when one is called upon to believe, in the name of discoveries in the world of phenomena, that faith in God and in immortality is untenable. Because it is possible to see with the aided eye organisms unsuspected before our day, — this does not prove that the immemorial spiritual instincts of humanity have no foundation. The assumption that the great hopes of mankind cannot be true because they cannot be detected under microscope or through telescope, has floated in the air, darkening wise counsel, has assumed an authority never won; the present is full of unnecessary renunciations and unproved denials. In the intoxication of new discovery regarding the laws of organic growth, the leap from belief in unseen realities to doubt or to denial has been too swift and too absolute. Probably, in a great majority of cases, thought, intellectual process, has had little to do with the change. Humanity has lost hope without knowing why; the air has been thick with doubt and fear. Hearing a great noise in the dark, aware of attack, many have rushed away, leaving great treasure, while the enemy was still far from taking the stronghold. This new poverty of life which we call Progress is thus, in many cases, the misfortune, but not the fault, of those who, unable to think for themselves, take for granted that the most insistent voice must be the right voice.

How greatly the defenders of the faith, in much of the warfare, have missed the issue! The time that has been lost, the good territory yielded in contesting the literal interpretation of Genesis, may well fill us with shame. If the story of the serpent of Eden must slip from dogma to myth, must faith in the unseen realities therefore go? If our forefathers were wrong in linking the large faith of their spiritual lives indissolubly with the story of Adam and that of Jonah, we must discriminate where they failed to discriminate, remembering in all humility that with their smaller knowledge of external things went a far profounder knowledge than ours of things spiritual. We must keep the greater; the less is not to us the sacrifice it was to them; let it go!

If we ask, why this close linking with myth, who can answer? We know only that the human soul develops slowly; shade by shade the truth grows clear. We, who have learned something of the incredible slowness of physical development, can afford to have patience with the spiritual, but we cannot afford to let slip back anything that the soul has achieved, proved, made its own. In the long quarrels over the husk, the kernel has too often slipped out of sight; essentials have gone with unessentials. We can no longer in good faith teach the young that the misfortune of our present predicament may be traced to eating an apple; but those of us who are unable to step to the marching music of our time may, in impassioned good faith, until modern thinkers make a better case against us than they have

yet made, teach the young that the great realities of life are of mind and soul, not body; that growth and change are necessary, fundamental, vital, the very condition of life; that it is for them to remove reverently whatever outer veil may have obscured their forefathers' great light of faith; but that doom is upon them if they lose the light.

Doubtless the greatest wrong done the Christian faith by its defenders was the attempt to reduce it to a mere matter of reasoning. The pity of it is that, at a time when the whole fabric of Christianity was shaken and the whole spiritual life was at stake, theologians should so have emphasized fact, clinging to a dead literalness of interpretation! Through the long decades of the nineteenth century, trying to meet the geologists upon their own ground, they were very properly worsted. Why borrow, and use weakly, weapons which belong to a different warfare, knowledge? Sense-perception, playing a large part, and rightly, in science, is neither starting-point nor goal here, nor is historical fact. Proofs of a real religion are not limited to repetition of fact. When they imitated the scientists, in their demand for external evidence, and imitated them badly, the inevitable happened. More and more their own great world of spiritual aspiration and endeavor was ignored by those whose high privilege it was to make known the vitalizing power of the faith they held, its subtle answer to the soul's deepest need. The doom of a faith is its loss of inner sources of vitality, its 'materialization in fact,' and perhaps the Church has been rightly punished for forgetting that its weapons should be primarily weapons of the spirit, its world the world of divine endeavor. This is no time to haggle over theology; the object is not to save the church, but to save alive the souls of men.

Myth could go; dogma itself could go; Christianity would still be. Milestones in the path of the human spirit, dogmas have done great service, but none have been great enough to express the potential greatness of the spiritual life of the human race. Greatly have they helped; at times they have greatly hindered. Seemingly necessary bulwarks in time of stress and siege, the human soul has lived on after their demolishing; the human spirit is greater than they. Modern warfare has demonstrated that great forts and intrenchments are useless; that does not mean that there is to be no fighting. Faiths, beliefs, patriotisms are still there, but the fighting is to be in the open, a matter of life and death, the issue an issue of vitality.

VI

We have our choice; both propositions have been made: we are all body, wholly involved in a mechanical scheme of things, or we are partly free, recognizing within us faculties not wholly subordinated to the rigid physical law of necessity, free to choose, to struggle toward high aims, to succeed in part, in part, perhaps, fail. Pending proof to the contrary, let us assume that our wills have a certain freedom. It is at least better 'strategy and tactics' in the battle of life than the reverse. In the absence of a microscopic test to determine the matter, it may be well to demonstrate the existence of the power by using it, making decisive choice of the finer hypothesis, and asserting our right to do so. Perhaps the trouble has come not wholly from the activity of the materialists, but partly from the failure of the idealists to stand by their guns. The folly of perpetual defensive on the part of the idealist has been abundantly demonstrated in late years; it is for him to take the offensive, to claim and hold his own, ceasing to be shamefaced, explanatory, apologetic! Whatever special

form our denial of the supremacy of matter may take, whether philosophic or religious, of Plato and Kant, or of Christ, we should band together against this tyranny that threatens the inner life of the race, and affirm the supremacy of spirit.

Consider our forefathers' faith in the light of a working hypothesis, if you will. It is an age of hypotheses; science is ceaselessly busy with them. Its finest achievements have followed great imaginative conceptions, some of which have been verified by observed fact, some of which have been disproved, some of which, neither proved nor disproved, are still looked upon as a firm basis of knowledge.

The odd thing is that, in science, a whole fundamental assumption may go without interfering with the validity of the information based thereon; disproving one hypothesis, science goes serenely on. They taught me in my college days the indivisible atom quite as dogmatically as, earlier, I had been taught the literal reality of the story of Eve and the serpent. The fact that the atomic theory is now questioned, if not overthrown, in no way invalidates the truths of chemistry, while the passing of the serpent has, in some strange fashion, meant for many people the passing of the Christian faith. It has, in reality, nothing to do with the central tenets of the Christian faith, which are: that the universe is a universe of spirit, controlled by a great spiritual force, for great ends; that, for the guidance of stumbling humanity, the great spiritual force took human form; that mere human beings, keeping mind and soul intent upon that great example, may work out through love and sacrifice immortal meanings in their lives. Has any better working hypothesis ever been suggested to humankind?

Science says, 'Here are certain phenomena which we can explain in no other way'; and gives its splendid guess. Why deny to our spiritual life a method freely used in science, the assumption of an hypothesis that most nearly explains observed facts, with the hope of proving it true as knowledge grows more profound? Why may we not say, 'Here are certain persistent hopes, inner needs, longings, which we can explain only on the assumption that the universe is a universe of spirit'? These beliefs have been associated with the age-long growth of the race, and are perhaps the very condition of its mental and spiritual development. These facts of the inner life are as truly facts as are those of the outer world, though scientific absorption in matter has made mankind forget this. It is strange that a generation so fond of emphasizing fact should have ignored or even denied the most important facts of all, and so have brought about a crushing limitation to our endeavor. Not only in the external world are facts to be found: the hope, the faith, the long aspiration of the race, those persistent convictions of enlarging destiny which have played so great a part in human growth, — shall these be of no account? When such immense importance is attached to every phase of physical growth in the past, how can we deny the wealth of spiritual experience without being false to the very laws of thought?

So we ask, not what happened to our remotest forbears in the Garden of Eden, but what has happened to our nearer forefathers, whose needs were akin to our own, that will help our human existence. To what have they gallantly held? To what have they come back? To what did they inevitably turn in cruel times of suffering? What are the hopes they could not forget, slow century by century of trial, disappointment, aspiration, agony? Persistent faith in unending life, in which should come the crowning of the spiritual en-

deavor of this; indomitable belief in righteousness, in distinction between right and wrong; God, a divine wisdom, working through all the show of things, — such was their faith. Our forefathers tried and proved it and found it good, living difficult lives and dying hard deaths full of a sense of conquest, of triumph. Their working hypothesis has yet to be surpassed.

The old teaching — whether or not we share the exact shade of intellectual interpretation of ultimate mystery — brought a better sense of relative values than we have now, and a far greater chance of progress. Faith in soul is a better working programme than faith in body. Working forward, however eugenically, toward the Perfect Brute is a poor hope at best. There can be no growth without the boundless, the illimitable, ahead, and the great hopes, undisproved, still shine before us. Life must be made great in its scope, its demand, if it is to achieve greatly. It is a sorry thing to have the guiding forces mere shallow intellectual forces, — mere intellectualism is always shallow, — to reduce the whole of the hope and the wonder and the terror of life to the seeing of the eye, the hearing of the ear, the mere logical deduction, while the larger nature sleeps abashed. A sound hypothesis must cope with all the facts involved; our working hypothesis of life must reckon with the deepest striving of our nature, its furthest longing, its most imaginative reach. There has been great waste of unused powers in these later decades of our period of progress. Half only, and the lesser half, of the human being has been called into activity; the better part of the human faculties have been among the 'unemployed.'

Is it not time for the sleepers to waken, rub their eyes, and say, 'There is a greater in us than you have let us recognize. This attempt to solve the problems of human nature while leaving the best of human nature out of account has shown its inadequacy. The materialistic interpretation of the universe with its attendant cult of the body is a *cul-de-sac*. Life, personality, are full of larger needs and larger powers than the present trend of thought permits us to recognize; and life must know the diviner hunger, the deeper thirst, if it is to win significance.' This progress, which ignores the higher aspiration, the profounder stirring of the nature, — shall we be therewith content?

> Through hope, through faith, through love's transcendent dower
> We feel that we are greater than we know,

wrote a poet-philosopher who dared trust his soul as leader. In this mathematical and scientific age there is a dread of feeling, of impulse; a fear of this greater self that hopes and fears and prays. We recognize the great part that feeling and impulse play in the evolution of the world of living creatures; yet man, in trying to solve the riddle of his destiny, is forever searching for some narrow rationalistic explanation which will shut these large factors out. There is great distrust of intuition, of the imaginative faculty, when dealing with the inner life; yet imagination, intuition, hold an important place in the study of the outer world; the greatest discoveries in science are, no less than the great achievements of creative art, the result of imaginative grasp of the unrealized. If intuition, daring conjecture, afford such signal service in winning knowledge of the world of matter, why should we, who wish to believe something deeper than that world can ever teach us, be deprived of the use of our larger faculties? Feeling, emotion, play a large part, perhaps the best part, in our sum of human wisdom; passion is a fine instrument of discovery, — spiritual passion, of spiritual truth. Of the utmost help these

can give us we have utmost need, as we have of imagination, the divining power, that seer into the inner realities of things, and of 'the will as vision.'

VII

It is partly because of the largeness of its scope for activity of the entire man, the fullness of its appeal to the whole human being, that Christianity surpasses other idealisms as a working basis of life, proves itself the flower of them all. Sharing with others a purely idealistic theory, faith in the spiritual nature of the universe, it brings home that faith in ways unknown to other systems, makes it human, a matter of the hearth, of daily life. It is an idealism which is within the reach of the humblest intelligence; in its humanness, its simplicity, its nearness to the least, it may almost be said to be the only working idealism of all time. The vision of the Perfect Man appeals to the larger self; feeling is stirred by it, passion touched, and imagination, that power through which alone creative work is done, forever shapes fairer and fairer conceptions. No other idealism has the compelling power which brings the whole nature into play; so many elements to quicken the will and release hidden stores of energy. In all creative work, mere reasoning process lags behind; life, with its high spiritual possibilities, is creative work. It is for us to fashion it in accordance with our clearest vision of perfection; we have need of the largest hope that we can muster, the loftiest aim. For shaping life to great ends, for employment of all the faculties in the service of a great idealism, impulse, intuition, will, there is nothing that can match the Christian faith in the greatness of its simplicity.

The old, old needs of life are always with us, the necessity of consolation in grief and loss, of hope enough to keep us trudging along our path. Perhaps not even in its swift response to these great needs of the human being comes the profoundest proof of its supremacy. From the point of view of potential evolution, from the greatness and depth of its challenge, we know its greatness. Christianity, with the sting of its challenge for eternity, suggests enough of progress to satisfy the human soul once started on its way. What deeper appeal has ever come than the thought of endless destiny, bringing the awful necessity of living in the light of it?

Not long since, I read in some journal an article in which a writer speaks wistfully of our lost hope in immortality, but adds that we do not so greatly mind, and that our children will mind still less. If this faith is indeed gone, what has happened to rob us of so great a hope, once entertained? How the demonstration of organic processes in the physical world, which has been the great achievement of our time, can be assumed to reach to that which is beyond sense is hard to say; it would need eternity to disprove the belief, as it needs eternity to prove it. When you try with finite means to define the infinite you make trouble for yourself, and perhaps rob the young of inherited hopes. If our children do not mind, it will show a phase of degeneracy in them, of willful shutting off of light and life already attained. We shall count them craven if they let go any high ideal once conceived, for that means inevitable retrogression; this should be held as the unforgotten and unforgettable hope of the race. What mortal, when the splendor of such a thought had dawned on him, could let it go? The endless possibility, the infinite opportunity for growth, the challenge for eternity, — who dare take it, and order his life in accordance with it?

Again, this is the greatest of all idealisms in that it sets for the human being

the hardest and the highest of all human tasks, self-sacrifice. The wonder of it, that across the old physical law of survival of the fittest by brute means, supreme, unchecked, unhindered two thousand years ago, could have crept the gleam of a higher law, strangely contradicting it,— the survival of that which is fittest in the individual, perhaps at the expense of the body. The greatest marvel in all the world's history is that Christ could have been; that the very idea of soul, of human development transcending the physical in utter self-sacrifice, could have come into existence is proof enough of the divine. That teaching, so clear, so unmistakable, has been blurred and forgotten, as nation and individual have succumbed to the lesser law, but it still is there. Christianity left behind? It is millions of years ahead, so far ahead that it is still dim before our vision.

Must æons pass before the human race will begin to realize how great was that message, how divine, how far it reached into depths which nothing else had touched, how high, how all but unattainable its service? Is there no chance for this Christianity, with its stern teaching of sacrifice, of eternal endeavor, for this faith, never tried with sufficient freedom from the trammels of dogma, with the deepest challenge, the highest possibility that has come before the race?

Since no life can be worth living without faith in power transcending nature's manifestations of physical force; without some ideal of human conduct, of right and wrong, rising above the needs of 'biological man'; without a sense of further scope, of wider opportunity than the mere span of human existence allows; since our forefathers held these high beliefs and lived more greatly than we; since no man has disproved them; since the very effort to disprove is a contradiction of the laws of thought, carrying processes of reason into depths of life profounder than reason; since we have powers, capabilities of emotion, divination of higher meanings; since we know aspiration, hope, love, let us use these greater powers and let them build our greater world. The choice is ours; why choose the less, and fling away the greater?

The only genuine progress for us is progress in the inner life. We know the greater meaning, the higher significance, not in the mere way in which the facts of the physical world are known, but in a far higher way. By that uncertainty, full of challenge, which is the condition of real growth, rousing the creative will, it is ours to make great our lives in accordance with the loftiest hope the race has known.

VIII

Much of what I have been saying was written before this war began. In the great hush that has fallen upon the nations, is it not well for us to stop and ask anew whither our progress has been tending? What words have those who have been taught to live and breathe and think in terms of matter, wherewith to voice this awful stirring of the soul? People cry out that the Dark Ages will come again through this fearful slaughter, this waste of resources intellectual and material. Have not the Dark Ages been with us for decades? For mankind, more and more stripped of the deeper faith, the larger hope, more and more cut off from the finer part of his own nature, what darker ages can there be than these shadowed by the dreary positivism, undiscussed and undefined, but merely assumed, of our day? Many a thinker must see, in this present awful crisis, not an isolated phenomenon, not a mere political event for which a train of political causes had been laid, but also one of the natural results of our

ways of thinking, of our kind of progress. The growth of material over spiritual conceptions in the last fifty years is appalling; to such an end the Gospel of the Perfect Brute legitimately leads. We may believe ourselves through this struggle untouched, apart, and watch with wonder and surprise, but the same forces are at work with us, and potent. This terrible, crashing exposure is something to make us, who are not in the thick of the battle, stop and think.

We are shuddering at a German nation Nietzscheized, brutalized, as we conceive, through a brutal ideal; but are the Germans so far removed? Have they not simply adopted, a little more vigorously, a little more frankly than we, a doctrine which is becoming the moving force in all countries, replacing Christianity? Are they not simply the most progressive of all nations? Since the theory of evolution was demonstrated, the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, which should be taught as the mere working of a physical law, has come to be taught as ethics, and an odd confusion of thought has come about. How insidiously the idea of the biological necessity is coming to be considered the whole necessity of man, we are only now faintly realizing; the need of spiritual struggle, of spur to that instinct which may save man from much that had seemed biological necessity, is becoming more and more dim. It is one thing to recognize warfare in the physical world, the strife that attended the evolution of man; it is another thing to exalt this to a code of conduct and deliberately teach it. A conscious lowering of nature to the first primitive impulse, a deliberate going backward, is a very different matter from following these impulses in the slow process of growth. If a higher thought comes along your line of vision, woe betide you if you choose the lower! Doubtless dragons and prehistoric monsters would have behaved differently if they had got better ideas into their heads; we shall not be acquitted by posterity if, after a finer ideal has been suggested, we go back to writhing and biting in the slime.

I am a plain American citizen, with no direct connection with this war, as innocent of having anything to do with starting it as the Kaiser is claimed by his upholders to be; yet I feel a sense of guilt. I am ashamed to look the young in the face; it seems to me that, in some way, we older folk have betrayed them in letting humanity come to such a pass; in tampering with the ways of thought and of belief which have let this thing be. This deification of biological man has not as yet gone with us so far as exalting the gospel of warfare; we cry out, when we see the logical outcome of ideas taught with such fervor through the last decades, against the German evangel of the mailed fist.

Yet England too has her theorists teaching the biological necessity of war, that the fundamental laws which govern human conduct are the laws of brute force, the survival of the fittest in death struggle. America has been too profoundly influenced by Germany in educational matters, has sat too submissively at her feet, to escape. Accepting so many of the minor premises of her teaching, will not the major ultimately follow, as a matter of course?

It is Germany that has carried furthest this materialistic modernism, has perfected it. The word Germany has been a name to conjure with in swift denial if one but ventured to suggest the possibility of a spiritual interpretation of life. High intellectual achievement has been that of the Germany of these later years, but not the highest; she has kept the mailed fist upon the spiritual aspirations of mankind, and has made a treaty, on her own terms,

with the human soul, with what loss of territory! We have not yet accepted the whole of this new evangel; we have doubts, mental reserves. Neither have we, in our period of enlightenment, made gain in developing those forces of mind and soul that would enable us to refute it.

Man, from a purely biological point of view, indulging in the biological necessity of war in the year of our Lord 1915, is a sorry spectacle, but perhaps it is, as Mr. Shandy said, 'no year of our Lord at all,' so progressive are we. Now that we make our swift leap backward many thousand years, we pause to wonder whether this means only a quickened pace in a direction already chosen. Of the achievements of the mailed fist the Neanderthaler man, barring a difference of weapons, would have been capable. How shall we escape this progress which is utter retrogression?

This overwhelming catastrophe has brought the issues squarely before us. It is well that the forces we have to fight have come into the open; we know at last the world we live in. We are face to face, with a distinctness never before presented, with two great principles: the law of brute force, of the survival of the fittest, made into a code of conduct; the law of Christianity, with its possibility of higher development, finer progress than brute force dreamed, — the growth of the greater through sacrifice of the less; soul-achievement at the expense of flesh. In this great hour of need shall we let the shallow intellectualism of much recent thought dominate, or shall we boldly choose that faith in which the best of human life, from its first dim stirring to triumphant self-sacrifice, is summed up? One way lies inevitable slipping backward; the other way lies progress in inner life too great for word or present vision.

These are crucial moments; how great the crisis none may understand. Many an idealist, lost in the more than forty years of materialism of our time, is praying that out of the horror of the present may come better things: a deeper sense of the deepest needs of life; a knowledge that neither material comfort, nor physical health, nor materialistic thought can wholly satisfy; a hunger and thirst for which only the spiritual can suffice. Suffering bears strange fruit, and the suffering of the present days and of the days to come is incalculable. Even the mental anguish of mere watchers of the strife may help reveal to the modern world its profound need of faith.

One thing is evident in all this awful crash: men still are brave; never before, perhaps, have they fought against such great odds. The splendor of their courage dims our eyes. Shall the fighters in the world of spirit, 'fighters in the noblest fight,' be less brave in defending in the face of odds, perhaps never so great before, these inner truths, deeper than dogma, deeper than theology, deeper than life itself, the immemorial heritage of the race, — longing unutterable for righteousness, for faith in the spiritual, for enlarging and unending life?

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

II. THE ADVENTURE OF CRAZY OLAF

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

In Camp, *Aug.* 31, 1914.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

We are across the desert, and camped for a few days' fishing on a shady, bowery little stream. We have had two frosty nights and there are trembling golden groves on every hand. Four men joined us at Newfork, and the bachelors have gone on; but Mr. Stewart wanted to rest the 'beasties' and we all wanted to fish, so we camped for a day or two.

The twenty-eighth was the warmest day we have had, the most disagreeable in every way. Not a breath of air stirred except an occasional whirlwind, which was hot and threw sand and dust over us. We could see the heat glimmering, and not a tree nor a green spot. The mountains looked no nearer. I am afraid we *all* rather wished we were at home. Water was getting very scarce, so the men wanted to reach by noon a long, low valley they knew of; for sometimes water could be found in a buried river-bed there, and they hoped to find enough for the horses. But a little after noon we came to the spot, and only dry, glistening sand met our eyes. The men emptied the water-bags for the horses; they all had a little water. We had to be saving, so none of us washed our dust-grimed faces.

We were sitting in the scant shadow of the wagons eating our dinner when we were startled to see a tall, bare-headed man come racing down the draw. His clothes and shoes were in tatters; there were great blisters on his arms and shoulders where the sun had burned him; his eyes were swollen and red, and his lips were cracked and bloody. His hair was so white and so dusty that altogether he was a pitiful-looking object. He greeted us pleasantly, and said that his name was Olaf Swanson and that he was a sheep-herder; that he had seen us and had come to ask for a little smoking. By that he meant tobacco.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was eyeing him very closely. She asked him when he had eaten. That morning, he said. She asked him *what* he had eaten; he told her cactus balls and a little rabbit. I saw her exchange glances with Professor Glenholdt, and she left her dinner to get out her war-bag.

She called Olaf aside and gently dressed his blisters with listerine; after she had helped him to clean his mouth she said to him, 'Now, Olaf, sit by me and eat; show me how much you can eat. Then tell me what you mean by saying you are a sheep-herder; don't you think we know there will be no sheep on the desert before there is snow to make water for them?'

'I am what I say I am,' he said. 'I am not herding now because sorrow has drove me to dig wells. It is sorrow for horses. Have you not seen their bones every mile or so along this road? Them 's markers. Every pile of bones marks where man's most faithful friend has

laid down at last: most of 'em died in the harness and for want of water.

'I killed a horse once. I was trying to have a good time. I had been out with sheep for months and had n't seen any one but my pardner. We planned to have a rippin' good time when we took the sheep in off the summer range and drew our pay. You don't know how people-hungry a man gets livin' out. So my pardner and me layed out to have one spree. We had a neat little bunch of money, but when we got to town we felt lost as sheep. We did n't know nobody but the bartender. We kept taking a drink now and then just so as to have him to talk to. Finally, he told us there was going to be a dance that night, so we asked around and found we could get tickets for two dollars each. Sam said he 'd like to go. We bought tickets.

'Somehow or another they knew us for sheep-herders, and every once in a while somebody would *baa-baa* at us. We had a couple of dances, but after that we could n't get a pardner. After midnight things begun to get pretty noisy. Sam and me was settin' wonderin' if we were havin' a good time, when a fellow stepped on Sam's foot and said *baa*. I rose up and was goin' to smash him, but Sam collared me and said, "Let's get away from here, Olaf, before trouble breaks out." It sounded as if every man in the house and some of the women were *baa*-ing.

'We were pretty near the door when a man put his hand to his nose and *baa*-ed. I knocked him down, and before you could bat your eye everybody was fightin'. We could n't get out, so we backed into a corner; and every man my fist hit rested on the floor till somebody helped him away. A fellow hit me on the head with a chair and I did n't know how I finished or got out.

'The first thing I remember after that was feeling the greasewood thorns tearing my flesh and my clothes next day. We were away out on the desert not far from North Pilot butte. Poor Sam could n't speak. I got him off poor old Pinto, and took off the saddle for a pillow for him. I hung the saddle-blanket on a greasewood so as to shade his face; then I got on my own poor horse, poor old Billy, and started to hunt help. I rode and rode. I was tryin' to find some outfit. When Billy lagged I beat him on. You see, I was thinking of Sam. After a while the horse staggered, — stepped into a badger hole, I thought. But he kept staggerin'. I fell off on one side just as he pitched forward. He tried and tried to get up. I stayed till he died; then I kept walking. I don't know what became of Sam; I don't know what became of me; but I do know I am going to dig wells all over this desert until every thirsty horse can have water.'

All the time he had been eating just pickles; when he finished his story he ate faster. By now we all knew he was demented. The men tried to coax him to go on with us so that they could turn him over to the authorities, but he said he must be digging. At last it was decided to send some one back for him. Mr. Struble was unwilling to leave him, but the man would not be persuaded. Suddenly he gathered up his 'smoking' and some food and ran back up the draw. We had to go on, of course.

All that afternoon our road lay along the buried river. I don't mean dry river. Sand had blown into the river until the water was buried. Water was only a few feet down, and the banks were clearly defined. Sometimes we came to a small, dirty puddle, but it was so alkaline that nothing could drink it. The story we had heard had saddened us all, and we were sorry for our horses. Poor little Elizabeth Hull wept. She said the West was so big and bare, and she was so alone and so sad, she just *had* to cry.

About sundown we came to a ranch and were made welcome by one Timothy Hobbs, owner of the place. The dwelling and the stables were a collection of low brown houses, made of logs and daubed with mud. Fields of shocked grain made a very prosperous-looking background. A belled cow led a bunch of sleek cattle home over the sand dunes. A well in the yard afforded plenty of clear, cold water, which was raised by a windmill. The cattle came and drank at the trough, the bell making a pleasant sound in the twilight.

The men told Mr. Hobbs about the man we saw. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'that is crazy Olaf. He has been that way for twenty years. Spends his time digging wells, but he never gets any water, and the sand caves in almost as fast as he can get it out.' Then he launched upon a recital of how he got sweet water by piping past the alkali strata. I kept hoping he would tell how Olaf was kept and who was responsible for him, but he never told.

He invited us to prepare our supper in his kitchen, and as it was late and wood was scarce, we were glad to accept. He bustled about helping us, adding such dainties as fresh milk, butter, and eggs to our menu. He is a rather stout little man, with merry gray eyes and brown hair beginning to gray. He wore a red shirt and blue overalls, and he wiped his butcher's knife impartially on the legs of his overalls or his towel, — just whichever was handiest as he hurried about cutting our bacon and opening cans for us.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and he got on famously. After supper, while she and Elizabeth washed the dishes, she asked him why he did n't get married and have some one to look after him and his cabin.

'I don't have time,' he answered. 'I came West eighteeen years ago to make a start and a home for Jennie and me, but I can't find time to go back and get her. In the summer I have to hustle to make the hay and grain, and I have to stay and feed the stock all the rest of the time.'

'You write her once in a while, don't you?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Yes,' he said, 'I wrote her two years ago come April; then I was so busy I did n't go to town till I went for my year's supplies. I went to the post office, and sure enough there was a letter for me, — been waitin' for me for six months. You see the postmaster knows me and never would send a letter back. I set down there right in the office and answered it. I told her how it was, told her I was coming after her soon as I could find time. You see, she refuses to come to me 'cause I am so far from the railroad, and she is afraid of Indians and wild animals.'

'Have your got your answer?' asked Elizabeth.

'No,' he said, 'I ain't had time yet to go, but I kind of wish somebody would think to bring the mail. Not many people pass here, only when the open season takes hunters to the mountains. When you people come back will you stop and ask for the mail for me?'

We promised.

In the purple and amber light of a new day we were about, and soon were on the road. By nightfall we had bidden the desert a glad farewell, and had camped on a large stream among trees. How glad we were to see so much water and such big cottonwoods! Mr. and Mrs. Burney were within a day's drive of home, so they left us. This camp is at Newfork, and our party has four new members: a doctor, a moving-picture man, and two geological fellows. They have gone on, but we will join them soon.

Just across the creek from us is the

cabin of a new settler. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I slept together last night, — only we could n't sleep for the continual, whining cry of a sick baby at the cabin. So after a while we rose and dressed and crossed over to see if we could be of any help. We found a woefully distressed young couple. Their first child, about a year old, was very sick. They did n't know what to do for it; and she was afraid to stay alone while he went for help.

They were powerfully glad to see us, and the young father left at once to get Grandma Mortimer, a neighborhood godsend such as most Western communities have one of. We busied ourselves relieving the young mother as much as we could. She would n't leave the baby and lie down. The child is teething and had convulsions. We put it into a hot bath and held the convulsions in check until Mrs. Mortimer came. She bustled in and took hold in a way to insure confidence. She had not been there long before she had both parents in bed, 'saving themselves for to-morrow,' and was gently rubbing the hot little body of the baby. She kept giving it warm tea she had made of herbs, until soon the threatening jerks were over, the peevish whining ceased, and the child slept peacefully on Grandma's lap. I watched her, fascinated. There was never a bit of faltering, no indecision; everything she did seemed exactly what she ought to do.

'How did you learn it all?' I asked her. 'How can you know just what to do, and then have the courage to do it? I should be afraid of doing the wrong thing.'

'Why,' she said, 'that is easy. Just do the very best you can and trust God for the rest. After all, it is God who saves the baby, not us and not our efforts; but we can help. He lets us do that. Lots of times the good we do goes beyond any medicine. Never be afraid to *help* your best. I have been doing that for forty years and I am going to keep it up till I die.'

Then she told us story after story — told us how her different ambitions had 'boosted' her along, had made her swim when she just wanted to float. 'I was married when I was sixteen, and of course, my first ambition was to own a home for Dave. My man was poor. He had a horse, and his folks gave him another. My father gave me a heifer, and mother fitted me out with a bed. That was counted a pretty good start then, but we would have married even if we had n't had one thing. Being young we were over-hopeful. We both took to work like a duck to water. Some years it looked as if we were going to see every dream come true. Another time and we would be poorer than at first. One year the hail destroyed everything; another time the flood carried away all we had.

'When little Dave was eleven years old, he had learned to plough. Every one of us was working to our limit that year. I ploughed and hoed, both, and big Dave really hardly took time to sleep. You see, his idea was that we must do better by our children than we had been done by, and Fanny, our eldest, was thirteen. Big Dave thought all girls married at sixteen because his mother did, and so did I; so that spring he said, "In just three years Fanny will be leaving us and we *must* do right by her. I wanted powerfully bad that *you* should have a blue silk wedding dress, mother, but of course it could n't be had, and you looked as pretty as a rose in your pink lawn. But I've always wanted you to have a blue silk. As you can't have it, let us get it for Fanny; and of course we must have everything else according." And so we worked mighty hard.

'Little Dave begged to be allowed to plough. Every other boy in the neighborhood did, — some of them younger

than he, — but somehow I did n't want him to. One of our neighbors had been sick a lot that year and his crops were about ruined. It was laying-by time and we had finished laying by our crops — all but about half a day's ploughing in the corn. That morning at breakfast, big Dave said he would take the horses and go over to Henry Boles's and plough that day to help out, — said he could finish ours any time, and it did n't matter much if it did n't get ploughed. He told the children to lay off that day and go fishing and berrying. So he went to harness his team, and little Dave went to help him. Fanny and I went to milk, and all the time I could hear little Dave begging his father to let him finish the ploughing. His father said he could if I said so.

'I will never forget his eager little face as he began on me. He had a heap of freckles; I remember noticing them that morning; he was barefooted, and I remember that one toe was skinned. Big Dave was lighting his pipe, and till to-day I remember how he looked as he held the match to his pipe, drew a puff of smoke, and said, "Say yes, mother." So I said yes, and little Dave ran to open the gate for his father.

'As big Dave rode through the gate, our boy caught him by the leg and said, "I just *love* you, daddy." Big Dave bent down and kissed him, and said, "You 're a *man*, son." How proud that made the little fellow! Parents should praise their children more; the little things work hard for a few words of praise, and many of them never get their pay.

'Well, the little fellow would have no help to harness his mule; so Fanny and I went to the house, and Fanny said, "We ought to cook an extra good dinner to celebrate Davie's first ploughing. I'll go down in the pasture and gather some blackberries if you will make a cobbler."

'She was gone all morning. About ten o'clock, I took a pail of fresh water down to the field. I knew Davie would be thirsty, and I was uneasy about him, but he was all right. He pushed his ragged old hat back and wiped the sweat from his brow just as his father would have done. I petted him a little, but he was so mannish he did n't want me to pet him any more. After he drank, he took up his lines again, and said, "Just watch me, mother; see how I can plough." I told him that we were going to have chicken and dumplings for dinner, and that he must sit in his father's place and help us to berry-cobbler. As he had only a few more rows to plough, I went back, telling myself how foolish I had been to be afraid.

'Twelve o'clock came, but not Davie. I sent Fanny to the spring for the buttermilk and waited a while, thinking little Dave had not finished as soon as he expected. I went to the field. Little Dave lay on his face in the furrow. I gathered him up in my arms; he was yet alive; he put one weak little arm around my neck, and said, "Oh, mammy, I'm hurt. The mule kicked me in the stomach."

'I don't know how I got to the house with him; I stumbled over clods and weeds, through the hot sunshine. I sank down on the porch in the shade, with the precious little form clasped tightly to me. He smiled, and tried to speak, but the blood gurgled up into his throat and my little boy was gone.

'I would have died of grief if I had n't had to work so hard. Big Dave got too warm at work that day, and when Fanny went for him and told him about little Dave, he ran all the way home; he was crazy with grief and forgot the horses. The trouble and the heat and the overwork brought on a fever. I had no time for tears for three months, and by that time my heart was hardened against my Maker. I got deeper in the

rut of work, but I had given up my ambition for a home of my own; all I wanted to do was to work so hard that I could not think of the little grave on which the leaves were falling. I wanted, too, to save enough money to mark the precious spot, and then I wanted to leave. But first one thing and then another took every dollar we made for three years.

'One morning Big Dave looked so worn out and pale that I said, "I am going to get out of here; I am not going to stay here and bury *you*, Dave. Sunrise to-morrow will see us on the road West. We have worked for eighteen years as hard as we knew how, and have given up my boy besides; and now we can't even afford to mark his grave decently. It is time we left."

'Big Dave went back to bed, and I went out and sold what we had. It was so little that it did n't take long to sell it. That was years ago. We came West. The country was really wild then; there was a great deal of lawlessness. We did n't get settled down for several years; we hired to a man who had a contract to put up hay for the government, and we worked for him for a long time.

'Indians were thick as fleas on a dog then; some were camped near us once, and among them was a Mexican woman who could jabber a little English. Once, when I was feeling particularly resentful and sorrowful, I told her about my little Dave; and it was her jabbered words that showed me the way to peace. I wept for hours, but peace had come and has stayed. Ambition came again, but a different kind: I wanted the same peace to come to all hearts that came so late to mine, and I wanted to help bring it. I took the only course I knew. I have gone to others' help every time there has been a chance. After Fanny married and Dave died, I had an ambition to save up four hundred dollars with which to buy an entrance into an old ladies' home. Just before I got the full amount saved up, I found that young Eddie Carwell wanted to enter the ministry and needed help to go to college. I had just enough; so I gave it to him. Another time I had almost enough, when Charlie Rucker got into trouble over some mortgage business; so I used what I had that time to help him. Now I've given up the old ladies' home idea and am saving up for the blue silk dress Dave would have liked me to have. I guess I'll die some day and I want it to be buried in. I like to think I'm going to my two Daves then; and it won't be hard, — especially if I have the blue silk on.'

Just then a sleepy little bird twittered outside, and the baby stirred a little. The first faint light of dawn was just creeping up the valley. I rose and said I must get back to camp. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I had both wept with Mrs. Mortimer over little Dave. We have all given up our first-born little man-child; so we felt near each other. We told Mrs. Mortimer that we had passed under the rod also. I kissed her toilworn old hands, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy dropped a kiss on her old gray head as we passed out into the rose-and-gold morning. We felt that we were leaving a sanctified presence, and we are both of us better and humbler women because we met a woman who has buried her sorrow beneath faith and endeavor.

This does n't seem much like a letter, does it? When I started on this trip, I resolved that you should have just as much of the trip as I could give you. I did n't know we would be so long getting to the hunting-ground, and I felt you would *like* to know of the people we meet. Perhaps my next letter will not be so tame. The hunting season opens to-morrow, but we are several days' travel from the elk yet.

Elizabeth behaves queerly. She does

n't want to go on, stay here, or go back. I am perfectly mystified. So far she has not told us a thing, and we don't know to whom she is going or anything about it. She is a likable little lady, and I sincerely hope she knows what she is doing. It is bedtime and I must stop writing. We go on to-morrow.

With affectionate regards,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

RESURRECTION: AUGUST, 1914

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

THE Deluge first and after it the Dawn. —

The misery of dull enduring years,
The hopeless travail, and the desperate tears
Of patient peoples overwhelmed and worn
Beneath a burthen hardly to be borne.
The Whirlwind leaps; the starry splendor clears;
Swift dissipates the stifling fog of fears.
Triumphant breaks the Resurrection Morn.

Oh, praise and pray! We waited on the Word
That stilled the billowy waves of Galilee.
It came at last, inscribed upon a Sword
That flashed in fury over land and sea.
We sought our knees; and lo! the Risen Lord,
The stone rolled back, was greeting you and me.

MAXIM SILENCERS FOR OLD WHEEZES

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

I

THEY are good souls. But so was the section hand who laid a railroad tie across the track to save the train. True, the train did not strike the splintered rail: there was not enough left of it. This, of those first- and second-class passengers who, over coffee in the old-rose dining saloon, casually discuss that mutiny of crew and steerage which they know by the comfortable title of 'Unrest.'

The discussion is chronic. The world is eternally plagued by a class of estimable people who dread the new. Their instinct is to club it over the head. Since that primitive implement went out of fashion they have carried an antique flint-lock pistol known as an Old Wheeze. With this they take deliberate aim and the noise which follows is, 'Of course, there is some truth in what you say, but you can never change human nature.' Now while old campaigners like Columbus, Darwin, Cromwell, and Giordano Bruno could view this weapon with equanimity, it did often terrify amateur rebels into silence, until one bolder than the rest looked unflinchingly into the bore. The reward of his courage was this damaging discovery: the Old Wheeze is loaded with nothing but blank cartridges.

Still, the noise is annoying. It disturbs rational conversation; and then there are the fledgling revolutionists who wonder if the thing might not be loaded after all. Hence the invention of the Maxim Silencer. Unlike the Old Wheeze, it is loaded: not to kill, but to quell. Its action is at once salutary and humane. Since the culprits are not personal offenders but class offenders, exemplary persons, — pillars of society, — if they were maimed we should be the first to grieve. But silenced they must be, as much for their own sakes as for ours. So these little implements will be found useful, not only in self-defense, but in defense of those dumb, sweating myriads of our fellow humans who are being offered up daily on the bloody altar of our criminal complacency.

The most serious thing in the world is a joke. That is why earnest people, when all the ordinary forms of language have failed them, are thrust back on paradox. When they begin walking on their hands, you may know that they are converted. 'A dodge to court publicity!' Not at all. Walking on their hands is a spiritual necessity. For the test of belief is the ability to laugh: none but robust believers can risk a joke about their creed. Carlyle knew this. 'Faith,' says he, 'is properly the one thing needful. How, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury.' The lukewarm marvel at Salvationists, radiantly penniless, yet in perpetual high spirits; just as your conservative stares in wonderment at a tableful of radicals who rock and cackle over remarks which he supposes not only meaningless but silly.

Humor is our safety-valve for hearts

and minds surcharged. You may recall having seen, perhaps to your horror and amazement, fairly well-civilized families returning in a state bordering on hilarity from the new-made grave of one bitterly mourned. Or the day a college instructor returned from his mother's funeral, and, to the dismay of himself and his class, kept them in a gale. Suffering, on our own behalf or on behalf of others, intensifies our faculties; and when we can bear no more, we joke. Therefore, good neighbors, do not be misled by these gibes into supposing that the social throes which gave them birth are funny.

There was a sentence in the old grammar which we learned to parse. It went thus: 'Our sincerest laughter is fraught with some pain.' We learned to parse that sentence; did we learn, I wonder, the meaning of laughter born of pain? We earn the right to laugh at serious fun by having first suffered. Are our souls robust enough to laugh among the flames — not cynically, not bitterly, but in that bold, gay spirit which can find even among these shadows a smile to brighten the gloom for its fellows?

These jokes, then, are for the serious. And I can at least rely on revolutionist Christians (at once the most serious and the most frivolous of people) to see the fun.

II

Enter, therefore, that grizzled progenitor of all Old Wheezes, that prehistoric refuge of the dunce, 'You must be crazy.' The Maxim Silencer coolly replies, 'Madness is the state of being in the minority.' The next, hardly less ancient of days, is, 'If we did divide every thing equally, we should soon have it all back again exactly as it is now.' Your Maxim Silencer rejoins, 'If we did jam the tiller as hard to starboard as it is now jammed to port (which nobody proposes), we would only be steering in a circle, — as we are doing.' And, giving that time to seep in, it asks, 'Why not steer a straight course for a change?'

Just why the topic of poverty should be the instant signal for a riotous orgy of Old Wheezes is not clear, unless from the flurried impulse of us all to prove that we, personally, cannot be held responsible, and if we can, there is really nothing to be done. The kind of thing you get is, —

'If they spent less money on drink, they would not be so poor.'

The short, sharp shock for this is, — *No; nor you so rich.*

But another, mindful of the alcoholism inbred by underfeeding and overwork, replies to this smooth apology of the overfed and underworked, —

Quite so. If they were not so poor, they would have more money; and if they had more money, they would not be so poor.

Like the line-for-line dialogue, the stichomuthiae of Greek drama, another collection of these hoary saws whereby the well-housed are wont to shunt their accountability, piles up as does the climacteric page of Æschylean tragedy: —

'I am willing to aid the *worthy* poor, but . . .'

If they are worthy why should they be poor?

'They don't save what they get.'

Nothing from nothing leaves nothing.

'If you did pay them more, they would only spend it foolishly.'

On whose example?

'Of course, I will help all I can.'

All you can without getting off their backs.

At this point occurs that serene dismissal of the whole housing problem: —

'Give them bathtubs, and they put ashes in them.'

Do you wish that considered as comment on what has been done for them, or on what needs to be done?

'The trouble is we are letting in too many of these damn foreigners.'

That is what they *think.*

'Why all this discontent? I can't see that things are any different now from what they have been.'

That is why.

'Well, I believe, not in revolution, but in evolution.'

So did the Court of Louis XVI.

III

Be warned. This duty of squelching the fuddy-duds can get very awkward. First, like the college graduates torpid with baccalaureate sermons, you conceive yourselves to be Battling with Wrong. This picturesque illusion is shattered by the discovery that you are battling in haggard reality with certain revered aunts, cherished sisters, neighbors who were so kind when the children had measles, and your brother whom you positively know to be a prince of fine fellows even though he does superintend a spinning-mill. Next it appears that you are not battling with them, but with their stupidity. Now they are apparently clever enough in other ways, and certainly not the bloody-minded despots their own words would lead us to believe; so you are forced to the conclusion that you are struggling, not with their stupidity, but with their misinformation. And since they, like yourself, have been lavishly miseducated from first youth up to extreme old age, the job of changing their minds, — not to mention their hearts, — is no forenoon's coupon-clipping.

But meanwhile they must not be allowed to spring these rusty triggers under the impression that they are passing intelligent comment on the social earthquake. Not only is it unfair, — unfair to them, but still more unfair to those who are perishing in the clumsy machinery which persists by grace of these vain repetitions of the social heathen, — it is worse: it is unsafe.

A phrase much in use among those who would designate persons not of their own stratum is, 'These People.' 'These people' (you are to understand) 'do not appreciate what *is* done for them.' Or we learn that all those interlocking shackles of unemployment are to be knocked off the wrists of the down-and-outs with the bland assumption, 'If you did offer these people a job, they would n't work.' Now, waiving the somewhat obvious deduction that for the immigrants of yesterday to refer to the immigrants of to-day as 'These People' is to imply a fundamental difference between us and them which it is unsafe to assume, let me merely give warning that this particular wheeze is a gun which can be turned on its users to deadly execution. 'These people' can quite as well signify the cultured 'goops' who speak of their supposed social inferiors in this general tone of contemptuous pity. 'These people' are quite as truly the social heathen of our own class, our own set, our own households, whom it is the main, and about the only business of our time to convert from churchianity to Christ.

It was only the other day that we began to smell a mouse in the meal of philanthropy. First, the 'worthy poor' aforementioned, spying, it may be, a spot of their own blood on the conscience money, declined it without thanks. Then Dr. Gladden signed a minority report. That minority is speedily becoming a plurality as it dawns on us that industrialism, with the devastating zeal for improvement which diverts a woodland brook through a brand-new iron sewer-pipe, has jobbed out that gracious Christian virtue, charity, as the impulse to share our best, to the ruthless section boss of competition. Charity no longer begins at home. Charity begins at the directors' meeting, if not at the Probate Court. Charity is not puffed up for the simple reason that it

must get out and hustle. Nor need we be surprised when competitive charity behaves exactly as any other competitive industry is obliged to behave if it intends to continue in business. It has this warning in its ears: 'Stand in with the owning class, and your philanthropy is secure. Forfeit their favor, and you go begging with the other beggars.' Thus, the Maxim Silencer is prompt in response to the recommendation, —

'Let the worthy poor apply to organized charity,' —

Organized charity is the sterilized milk of human kindness.

Of course, until we can enforce our demand not for charity but for sharity, sterilized milk is better than none. The point is, if the milk were pure it would never need to be sterilized at all. But when, emboldened by this concession, the philanthropy-monger returns to the joust with, —

'What would the hospitals do; what would the colleges do; what would the churches themselves do without our millionaire philanthropists?' — let him be told, —

Lose their bodies and save their souls.

More explicitly, it may be said of these million-dollar philanthropists: —

Having sold their souls for a million, they are now dickering to buy them back for five hundred thousand — the bargain-hunt of eternity.

IV

In that after-dinner peace-on-earth which descends on the genteel when they have pushed back from the table and lighted private-brand cigars, expect the one about widows and orphans. Or let it be written as financiers, schooled to plausible glibness, pronounce it: widowzanorphans. I may as well confess that this one had me puzzled for a middling good while. To be sure, I was unable to encounter any of those down-trodden investresses, save a few who had endured, I admit, the not inconsiderable hardship of riding in a motor car of last year's model; but the bankers and brokers lifted lamentation so feelingly, and spoke in terms of such evident intimacy with these injured ladies and their distressed offspring that one felt convinced of deep sorrow — somewhere. That finance should so take to heart this form of oppression when its sympathies were beckoned to water with their tears a field so much more fertile among the children of the Southern textile industry and the widows of striking miners, was also bewildering. Yet in the mahogany sanctuaries of the ticker-tape, drop by drop, distilled these mournful dews for widowzanorphans.

But quite recently, a breath of rash candor from the heart of a great banking house has blown this fog out to sea. The coastline stands revealed. Thus reads the widowzanorphans' riddle: —

These mourning crocodiles are the Sairy Gamps of finance: and Widowzanorphans are their Mrs. Harris.

It seems a pity that from the little list of the Lord High Executioner, Koko should have omitted the gentleman who, while bragging that his children have never had anything but the best, imparts the ingenious theory, —

'Anyhow, these children are better off working in the mills than running the streets.'

Explain that, —

If mills were run for children, children would be running neither the streets nor the mills.

Also, with the Great Unmissed classify him who propounds either or both of the barnacled objections to disturbing the mildew of the law. He exclaims, —

'Freak legislation!'

Remind him, —

The freak legislation of to-day is the tradition of to-morrow.

Or he protests, —

'This is an infringement of personal liberty,' — permitting the reply, on a basis of no very searching Biblical scholarship, —

The most sweeping infringement of personal liberty in history is the Decalogue.

At this, scenting the sulphurous pitfumes of government ownership, he is sure to yell, —

'It's confiscation: that's what it is!'

You have your chance: —

Yes, but they did n't pay for the slaves.

For educated illiterates — the ones who remark that Millet's art was so exquisite, is n't it a pity he chose such common subjects? — there is a special course of sprouts. Their first offense is as follows, —

'If they don't like this country, why don't they get out?'

Because (explains the Silencer) *the steamship companies and mill corporations which brought them here have n't the same inducement to take them back.*

And their second is like unto it, —

'They wouldn't keep clean if you gave them a chance. They don't wish to live any other way.'

If that were true (says the Silencer) *we should all still be living as 'they' are.*

Or the stock objection to social revolution, —

'The trouble is, it is a gospel of hatred.'

This soft impeachment the revolutionist may admit with the best grace in the world, —

A gospel of hatred of injustice.

And then comes that rudimentary thought of the unthinking, 'The fact is, most people don't think.' There follows a disquisition on 'the essential shallowness of human nature,' which totally overlooks the unflattering light which such an opinion throws on the holder of it, ending with, —

'People are just like a flock of sheep.'

It is then time to quote, with all the gentleness which the words deserve, —

And he saw the multitude and had compassion on them, for they were as sheep not having a shepherd.

The same god-like dream, the same vision of poor, herded humanity that visited Christ has visited us. It moved Him to compassion. It moves us to contempt.

And if, after this, you are told, —

'Still, you cannot expect me to consider them my intellectual equals,' — it is permissible to say, without temper, though, it may be, with some regret, —

That point may disturb you. It never bothered Christ.

V

It was the end of summer, and, in a garage beside the strand of the much-sounding sea, the piano and pianola of a bird-of-passage cottager were in pickle pending shipment back to town. The jolly young chauffeurs, with that blend of mechanical expertness and personal freedom with the property under their charge for which they draw their pay, quickly learned to operate this machine without a license. When all the tangos in its repertory had been rehearsed, to the nausea even of themselves, they blew the dust off a few rolls of 'that classy stuff.' Then befell a wondrous thing. Liszt's *Rigoletto* Fantasie came pealing out of the garage. And, as poor Snout screamed on beholding Bottom wearing the ass's head, so might any amateur of music have cried, 'O Liszt! thou art changed: what do I see on thee?' Or with Quince, 'Bless thee, Liszt! bless thee! thou art translated.' Such a *Rigoletto* Fantasie as never was. Rhythms inverted; *tempo* sprinting or hobbling at a limp, — a Rigoletto gone stark, raving daft. The chauffeurs were performing the physical interpretation of Liszt's none-too-heady virtuoso piece, unsuspecting that certain mental processes were intended to accompany the performance.

This 'admired disorder' of the chauffeurs and the demented pianola I can only compare, for razzle-dazzling chaos, with the 'admired disorder' of the public mind during strike time. To cull from this season of quacking folly only a few of the choice ones, this pronouncement occurs early in the disturbance: —

'Business conditions are not such as to warrant an increase in wages at this time.'

A constellation of quotation marks would not faintly indicate the repetitions of this immemorial wheeze. Revolutionists who have opened their eyes and begun to mew know, of course, that,

Whenever workmen ask for higher pay, an acute business depression instantly precedes.

Next, the professional, professorial, clerking, shop-keeping classes, — all the poor relations, — dutifully repeat, —

'Strikers who resort to violence forfeit all claim on public sympathy.'

Let such gentry be informed: —

Had the same principle been applied in the struggle for political liberty which you thus apply to the struggle for industrial liberty, you would now be warbling for your national anthem, 'God Save the King.'

At this point, the college graduate who, chiefly because he owed it to his social position, chose banking as his vocation and a crack cavalry troop as his avocation, and is now engaged in the exalted task of cowing hungry men and women, promulgates the decree, —

'If there is more rioting by the strikers I will place the city under martial law.'

Or, as the little boy was heard to say early one morning to his baby brother who slept with him, —

Donald, why can't you lie still and let me spank you in peace?

Meanwhile, the managers of the industry will not have failed to assure the respectables through the columns of the soft-pedal press, —

'Our employees were perfectly satisfied with conditions until outside agitators came in to stir up trouble.'

The managers can receive at least this encouragement, —

You have good Scriptural authority for this: it was the grievance of the Jewish ruling classes against an outside agitator from Nazareth. The law, fortunately, was with them. It is still.

Also, unless all signs fail, expect this: —

'Should there be a return to violence, the manager said, the plant may be removed from this town altogether.'

Although, sobered by the knowledge that the same threat was recently invoked by an exasperated university president, we might hesitate to comment on the imbecility of this, still, when we picture the probable vicissitudes of, let us say, a soap-factory which would flee as a bird to some blessed isle where industrial squabbles never intrude, no Maxim Silencer quite so serves this egregious nonsense as does the couplet, easily its peer for maudlin hilarity, —

O Mr. Captain, stop the ship.
I want to get off and walk!

Those who complain that syndicalists 'do not fight in the open' may be referred to this definition of sabotage: —

Sabotage is shooting at the British from behind stone fences.

Finally, for an epilogue to the Congressional inquiries which roar you as gently as a sucking dove, and to the conspiracy trials from which these our (cater)pillars of society emerge triumphantly vindicated, give us an academic investigator of the stand-pat variety, lecturing likewise on the ethics of Syndicalism (ahem!) to remark, —

'The militia are very forbearing. In fact, several of the companies were composed largely of union men.'

RAUCOUS VOICE (from rear of hall): *Were there union labels on the bullets?*

VI

Let me explain why it is without the least misgiving that I come to the Old Wheeze as it is cherished, like the flintlock over the kitchen mantelpiece, by that section of society which has 'settled down.' It is, I know, the popular belief that he who takes his lamp and descends into these mine-damps of received opinion does so at no small personal risk; that the gaseous formulas — substitutes for thought — which compose the intellectual atmosphere of these narrow, dark galleries are, in contact — let us say — even with lamplight, violently explosive. The danger is greatly overrated. Thinkers of every stripe — poets, dramatists, sages, novelists, holy men, and artists — have been doing it continually and coming back unsinged. The truth is, the case between society and its critics is much the case of capitalism versus militant democracy as studied in its industrial wing, the I.W.W. Capitalism and the I.W.W. are not so far apart as they suppose. Each is a better friend to the other than it is to itself. That is the encouraging part. Capital makes propaganda for the I.W.W. far faster than the I.W.W. could hope to manufacture propaganda for itself; and the I.W.W., by letting noisy steam out of the safety-valve, defers a threatened bursting of the boiler which would wreck the plant.

Similarly, the family, as the cellular form of our social organism, has less to lose and more to gain by renovating criticism than any other single institution. Yet here is the hitch. No amount of patient explaining seems to carry it to the comprehensions of the unthinking timid that an attack can be aimed, not at an institution, but at the abuse of it, — especially if with them, as with the money-changers in the temple, the abuse *is* the institution. Hence the agonized clucking and cackling which goes up at the faintest suggestion that everything is not up to actuarial standards within the four walls of the home has frightened off all but the bolder spirits. The others, though they may have come along with only the most generous intentions of freshening up the coop, resent the suspicion that they are out to steal the chickens. Perhaps the point can be made clear by saying that the reproach is not against the family at all, but against that brand of comfort-besotted domesticity which has forsaken its place in the ranks of the mighty onward march of the world's militants — a domesticity which is bound to grow a thick skin against the smart of desertion, and which flouts the impetuous acts of impassioned altruism with the sneer, 'It is not good taste.'

Waiving the retort that good taste is a luxury for non-combatants, the Silencer says, —

Moral conviction and good manners never did keep house together. Gentleman is a compound word — of aristocratic origin — in which the important half is not gentle, but man.

Then, if domesticity is unwary enough to drag out and train its pre-revolutionary nine-pounder, —

'Of course, what you say is true, but this is not the time or place to say it,' — let the Maxim Silencer up and at it: —

The only season for preaching is out of season, because the truth is always out of season.

One seems to remember that it was the Victorian age which was so emphatic on the indecorum of 'washing dirty linen in public.' The result is that the laundry has all been left for the children. Speak gently to the twentieth century: its Monday wash is a hard one. As for decency itself, that sniff which shirks the whole responsibility of sex-education with 'It's not proper,' merits the rebuke, —

In the toleration of free speech, and in

equanimity in the presence of the nude, custom is everything.

If this misses, there is another with aim more deadly, —

The Pauline doctrine slandered the very sources of life. Is it any wonder that life has slandered Paulinanity?

And when, after all that has happened, domesticity is found harboring those beneficiaries of the iniquity they defend — those who announce, —

'There is and always must be one code of morals for men and another for women,' —

let them hear the scientific fact of a male autocracy contending for its property rights in sex: —

A governing class instinctively legislates in its own interest. Men are the governing class. Hence the double code.

But be more gentle with that pathos of frustration which sends each generation yearning forward into the future of its children, — unless an age *lies down* on its offspring with the sigh, —

'I hope to see my son achieve what I myself have failed to do.'

Then inquire, —

On what assurance? Why make fatherhood Failure's plot to succeed by proxy?

The worst of these aspirations of the parent age which strain forward into the new for their fulfillment is that they shackle the young; for the new generation, if it is worth its salt, will have fashioned a few ideals of its own, and they will be different. Each age has its own definition of romance, and the split is bound to come. More awkward still, it becomes a theorem in world-history that the Maxim Silencer of one age is the Old Wheeze of the next. Here they stand, in deadly parallel, —

The old idea of romance: The country boy goes to the city, marries his employer's daughter, enslaves some hundreds of his fellow humans, gets rich, and leaves a public library to his home town.

The new idea of romance: *To undo some of the mischief done by the old idea of romance.*

It should be added that the newness of this idea of romance is a newness not confined to this or any other single age of history. Always half the task of the children is knocking down the black walnut of their parents to the lowest bidder, or bestowing it on any settlement house which will give it room.

Two dogged and persistent offenders remain. The first, which exhumes clan morality in the early dawn of internationalism, — a very vile kind of body-snatching indeed, — the Silencer may admonish, —

'Blood' while 'thicker than water' requires thinning for use as a social beverage.

But the other, the degrading excuse of a parent age too laggard to keep up with its children, —

'Yes, but he never misses a Sunday at church,' —

you are not to spare. Straight from the shoulder with the left-arm jab let it come: —

Church-going is the anæsthesia of the social conscience.

VII

If cultivated people (people who know a mezzotint from a dry-point, a tonic from a dominant, Sheraton from Chippendale, an Anacreontic from a Sapphic, — and the age we have just had the privilege of burying preened itself that it did, in matters like these, know a hawk from a handsaw, — will insist on uttering these social blasphemies, then 'What' — to borrow their own language — 'can we expect from the Lower Classes?' Well, let them hear: red revolution. As ye go, preach, saying, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven *on earth* is at hand.'

For the Lower Classes are much better educated these days than their cul-

tured brethren. It came about by accident, — as we say. Wrenched by the pain of the burden that had lain so long on its right shoulder, the working class writhed, the other day, to shift the weight to its left. In transit, the balance of the burden was disturbed. It wabbled. The bearer suddenly guessed that the whole weight might be toppled off. And since that day, nothing has been the same.

And it will never be the same again. There is not much to fear for to-day. The bearer is a patient beast. But there is an end to his patience, and this article is consumed with imprudent rapidity by 'social superiors' who are as some elsewise admirable person who was simply never taught that it is wrong to steal; or as a dear little boy whose elders neglected to tell him that if he meant to keep friends with himself and the world, he must eschew the green apples of cut-throat industrialism. Or they are as two gentle old ladies, neighbors of my aunt, who were bequeathed a parrot by an adventurous nephew of a sardonic turn. Geoffrey, sojourning in Cuba with the army of occupation, had there acquired the parrot, which spoke only Spanish, but spoke that tongue with a fluency and an emphasis truly astounding in so scrubby a bird. Most of it was unintelligible, save one phrase which may better be conveyed in a purely onomato-poetic line after the Aristophanic manner, as thus: —

Alla lolla begolla.

This phrase so delighted the old gentlewomen that it passed into a byword with them. They babbled 'Alla lolla begolla' to each other in sheer lightness of heart as they went about their household tasks, until a military superior of their late nephew, a guest in their house, chanced to hear it, and stiffened with horror. He forebore, like the gentleman he was, to take the ladies at their word, but hastened to inform them as explicitly as decorum would permit, that, were he to do so, they could not possibly be considered ladies.

So when I hear dear old persons and dear young persons, too, of the 'sheltered-lives' variety, sweetly observing: 'If "they" would rather starve in the cities than live comfortably in the country, why, let them,' I do not tell them that they are uttering a shocking blasphemy compared to which 'Alla lolla begolla' is a golden text to be lisped by the infant class. I merely inquire,

Why starve them at all?

Of course, it is not remotely intimated that any one who will read these lines has ever emitted any such anti-social bulls. Only don't do it again.

And now, if those ante-bellum contemporaries of ours will pause in their vehement denials that such things as class-lines exist in this land of the free, — long enough to reflect that such a contention is essentially a class-view, — perhaps we can then set tooth to the kernel of the matter. Good neighbors, to the prayers you murmur morning and evening, add another petition, and throw into it all the strength of your souls: 'Lord, visit not on those who are dear to me my eighth and deadliest sin — the sin of indifference.'

For the platitudinarians who grind out the brutal phrases of this tabulation are folks whom we know to be a dozen times sweeter, a hundred times finer, than we can ever hope to be. They are old teachers who led us one spring along the golden road of Homeric verse; music masters who first unlocked for us the treasure-chest of Beethoven's chamber music; uncles who 'understood boys,' perhaps because they never had any of their own; and grandfathers who risked their necks relaying runaway slaves along the underground railway of the fifties. Not one of them, you see, who is not the real thing. Not one of

them but would be crushed with remorse did he realize half the social import of these formulas he repeats with such confident glibness. Now, while these shibboleths of the pass-by-on-the other-siders are what we naturally expect from the rich malefactors of the newspaper cartoonists, when such raw atrocities begin to proceed out of the mouths of our own folks, it is time to worry. The sweet faces, the snowy hair, the kind hearts, the white lives, show in sinister contrast to the stark, blood-chilling horror of the things they say, or rather, repeat. From the lips of an aged jurist of ripe scholarship and character rugged as the Berkshire granite which fashioned it, I have heard this comment on the Crucifixion, —

'I do not see how Pilate could have acted otherwise than as he did. He had to consider what the home government wanted of him.'

With such philosophy as this in the pates of our elders, is it any wonder that the young stand stock-still, appalled? Is it any wonder that those revolutionists who are doing their utmost to save us from ourselves suffer the stripes and spitting of that other 'stirrer-up of the people'? Is it any wonder that to the reproach of anti-patriotism from the anti-patriots these world-patriots reply sadly, —

The man least acceptable to an established government is a patriot. The man least acceptable to an established religion is a Messiah?

IN NO STRANGE LAND

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

He was in the heart of the crowd, in it, and of it, — the crowd of late afternoon whose simultaneous movement is the expression of a common wish to cease to be a crowd. His was one of the thousand faces that are almost tragical with weariness, tragical without thought. At five o'clock the sparkle of the morning is forgotten. There is no seeking of hidden treasure in the face opposite, for the face opposite, whosesoever it may be, has become too hatefully intrusive with its own burden to yield any light of recognition.

He was running down the Elevated stairs at the appointed minute, when his foot slipped and he fell. It seemed hardly a second before he was up again, angered by the sudden congestion about him. One white-cheeked woman put her hand to her mouth and gave a cry.

'Let me by!' he exclaimed, straining to break through the fast-pressing barrier. The very throng of which he had been an undistinguishable member had suddenly closed round him, focusing its Argus glance upon him, nearer and nearer, and it was only by extreme struggle that he was able to push away and be free.

He sat down in the train, breathless from his final sprint. He felt as if the incident had roused him from some deep lethargy of which he had hitherto been unaware. With his quickened pulse, his thoughts ran more quickly, more

crystally onward. He felt as if a wonderful but unknown piece of luck had befallen him. An ecstatic sense of fortune made him wonder at himself.

'What am I so damned happy about, all of a sudden?' he thought.

He made an indifferent survey of his fellow passengers, and as he noted the familiar heads and shoulders, he had a most curious sensation of utter bliss, and thanked heaven that his lot was not theirs.

'Am I dreaming?' he asked himself. 'Am I about to discover a gold-mine, or what?'

As the train moved out he sank comfortably back into his seat and with his chin on his hand he took up his accustomed nightly gaze on the outer landscape. His thoughts ran back to the morning. He saw the room where he had gone to wake his children. It was a large, square room, with colored nursery pictures on the walls and a collection of battered toys in the corner. The place was fresh and cool with the sparkling air of early day, and through the open windows he had seen the lawn thick spread with cobwebs. And in each of the three small beds a pretty child of his lay stretched in a childish attitude of sleep. Very tender they looked, very lovable, in their naïve curlings-up, a young, shapely arm flung out in the restlessness of approaching day, lips and nostrils just stirred by the tiny motion of their breathing, and an unbelievable, blossomy hand spread in fairy gesture across a pillow. As he walked through the room, he heard the boy John murmur in his waking dreams. Alicia sat up suddenly, as thin and straight as a new reed in her prim nightgown. Her eyelashes were black and her eyes were heather-purple.

'Father!' she had cried, 'I know what day it is!' And in a moment three small whirlwinds stood up on the floor, dropped their nightgowns, and began to fling their arms and legs into their morning apparel, and there was a great deal of loud conversation full of the presage of festivity. Their father had forgotten that he had a birthday until his wife and children had recovered it from obscurity and made it a day of days.

As he left the house he had looked at Maggie, his fragile, high-hearted wife, and urged her not to get tired with the nonsense. She had looked back at him with mock haughtiness and warned him not to be late to supper, or make light of feast days. He did not notice her words; he was curiously unable to grow accustomed to her face. The more he saw it, the more unbelievably beautiful, the more eloquent in delicate and gentle meanings, it became to him. She looked into his eyes quickly, with a question for his sudden absent-mindedness.

'Because your face is so heavenly,' he answered reverently.

As the train moved on, he saw that a fresh, green haze had begun to veil and adorn the landscape which through the cold months had been so gaunt and ugly to his daily observation. The hint of fever was in the air — the slight madness that accompanies the pangs of seasonal change.

Love glowed in his heart and touched all the veins of his body with its winelike warmth, its inimitable winelike bouquet. 'Life is sweet! Life is sweet!' his body said, echoing and reëchoing through all the channels of his being. And as the train carried him on through the fields and woods outside the city something almost like the fervor of genius took hold of him, plucking at his heart for words, crying to him out of the silent fields and woods for words, words!

A slight rain was in the air, darkening the twilight, when he stepped down from the train. He was grateful for the darkness, for the soft air on his face,

grateful indeed for the silence. Evening had brought him back to his obscure town, a small station marked by one lantern swung in the stiff grasp of an ancient man. The usual handful of three or four passengers alighted, and exchanging remarks up and down the village street, quickly disappeared within the generous portals of their hereditary houses. The sound of a door opening and shutting, the pleasant light of lamps, the brief glimpse of a shining supper-table, the departing whistle of the train as it shot away through field and thicket, and the remote town was undisturbed again.

He was grateful indeed for the nightly renascence of his spirit in the clear air and gracious heaven of the place. On this May night of mist and darkness he took up again the thread of his real existence. Only to-night it seemed more golden, more palpitating with hope and mystery, — a still moment wherein one could only half distinguish between the future and the past. He was thirty years old to-day, he told himself, and he had a wife and three children. A short swift time it had been! Had he them then, or was it a dream? Where were his footsteps taking him down the empty street? To Babylon, or some lost coast of gods and visions? He turned a familiar corner. A fresh breeze struck his face with a sudden shower of drops, and he saw in the dim light the heads of crocuses shaking in the grass beside the walk. He flung open the door and heard Maggie's voice in the dining-room and the laughter of Alicia.

'Hallo!' he called; and getting no answer, he walked into the dining-room. There was a circle of candles on the table, unlighted as yet, and a bowl of flowers.

Maggie was sitting by the fire, cracking nuts, and telling a story to the children who sat about her in white frocks, the firelight on their faces. The boy John was staring into the flame with the look that made his mother believe that she had given habitation to a poet's soul, and that inspired her to tell the most extravagant tales of wonder that her brain could conjure. Vibrant mystery rang in the low monotony of her voice.

Their father checked himself at the doorway, thinking that he had done violence to the etiquette of birthdays by allowing himself to view the preparation. He laughed and stepped out again.

'Oh, I see you don't want me. I really did n't look at a thing!' And he called back from the stair, 'How soon *may* I come?'

He heard nothing but the cracking of nuts, Maggie's enchanting tone, and the short laughter of Alicia.

'O Maggie, dear!' he called again.

No reply, — only the soft continuance of the magic tale in the inner room.

'By the way,' — He stepped down a stair. 'By the way, Maggie, May I see you a second?'

The story had ceased, but Maggie neither answered nor came. He stepped to the dining-room door with a curious sense of apprehension. There was a touch of surprise in his tone.

'Maggie!'

She looked round and on her face was the quick and strange reflection of his bewilderment. Yet she looked beyond him, through him, as if he had not been there. The boy John was still staring into the fire, folded deep in the robe of enthrallment his mother had made. As if from the hushed heart of it, he said, —

'What did you hear, mother?'

She gave him a startled glance, and then she smiled upon him, tenderly, warmly.

'Only the wind outside, dear child. It is a rainy and windy night.'

She looked again toward the door of the room.

'Maggie!'

Such was the sudden torture and fear in his breast, he could scarcely lift his voice. He put one hand to his head and stepped nearer his wife.

As if to find tranquillity in a moment of nervousness, she rested her soft glance on Alicia, the child of delicate hands and delicate thoughts.

Robbie, the importunate youngest, leaned against his mother with heavy and troubled eyes.

'I thought I heard something, mother,' he said.

She bent over him, visibly trembling. 'What did you think it was, darling?' she asked.

'I thought it was the rain hitting the window and trying to get in.'

She laughed and rose uneasily from her chair, and taking the child in her arms, she walked up and down before the friendly fire. For a long time there was no sound in the room except the vague sound of wind, of flame, and of Maggie's footsteps.

Suddenly Robbie gave a little cry from her shoulder.

'Why does n't father come?'

The man rushed toward his wife to clasp her and the child in his arms, crying, —

'O Maggie!'

She sank to her chair, trembling and stroking the head of her child with fearful compassion.

'O heavy mystery! Is this life,' he cried, 'or death?' He stretched out his arms in vain. The impassable gulf lay between them. Then as he turned away from her the walls of the house grew heavy upon him, the fire sent forth a smothering heat, and incomprehensible, unendurable became the spectacle of human grief.

He went toward the door. Hesitating he looked back again. Robbie's face was buried in her breast; her eyes were deep and dark with the half-guessed truth.

There came a sound at the door, that caused Maggie to start piteously. He forgot his desire to be free in his desire to clasp her again and console her.

She left the children and went unhesitating and pale to answer the summons, he hovering beside her. What a flower she looked and how fragilely shaken, like the rain-beaten crocuses in the grass!

As the door opened he saw two men standing in the dark and wet. For a moment neither spoke. One looked at the other, and broke out, —

'You tell her, for God's sake!'

This came to him dimly as if he were a thousand miles away. He heard no more. He had gone out into the wind and rain. It struck his breast again with its incomparable sweetness. He saw dark hills lying before him. Gateways long barred within him rushed open with a sound of singing and triumph. He felt no more sorrow, no more pity, — only incredible freedom and joy. The stone had been rolled away.

'Death is sweet! Death is sweet!' echoed and reëchoed through all the passages of his being. He smelt the icy breath of mountains, and he knew the vast solitude of the plains of the sea. The veins of his body were the great rivers of the earth, sparkling in even splendor. His head was among the stars, he saw the sun and the moon together, and the four seasons were marshalled about him. The clouds of the sky parted and fell away, and across the blue sward of heaven he saw the procession of glowing, gracious figures whose broken shadow is cast with such vague majesty across the face of the earth.

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

If my early training has been correct, which I am much inclined to doubt, we were not designed to be happy in this world. We were simply placed here to be tried, and doubtless we are — it is a trying place. It is, however, the only world we are sure of, so in spite of our training we endeavor to make the best of it, and have invented a lot of little tricks with which to beguile the time.

The approved time-killer is work, and we do a lot of it. When it is quite unnecessary, we say it is in the interest of civilization; and occasionally work is done on so high a plane that it becomes sport, and we call these sportsmen, 'Captains of Industry.' One once told me that making money was the finest sport in the world. This was before the rules of the game were changed.

But for the relaxation of those whose life is spent in a persistent effort to make ends meet, games of skill, games of chance, and kissing games have been invented, and indoor and outdoor sports. These are all very well for those who can play them, but I am like the little boy who declined to play Old Maid because he was always 'it.' Having early discovered that I was always 'it' in every game, I decided to take my recreation in another way. I read occasionally and have always been a collector.

Many years ago, in an effort to make conversation on a train, — a foolish thing to do, — I asked a man what he did with his leisure, and his reply was, 'I play cards. I used to read a good deal but I wanted something to occupy my mind, so I took to cards.' It was a disconcerting answer.

It may be admitted that not all of us can read all the time. For those who cannot and for those to whom sport in any form is a burden not to be endured, there is one remaining form of exercise, the riding of a hobby, — collecting, it is called, — and the world is so full of such wonderful things that we collectors should be as happy as kings.

Horace Greeley once said, 'Young man, go West.' I give advice as valuable and more easily followed: I say, young man, get a hobby; preferably get two, one for indoors and one for out; get a pair of hobby horses that can safely be ridden in opposite directions.

We collectors strive to make converts; we want others to enjoy what we enjoy; and I may as well confess that the envy shown by our fellow collectors when we display our treasures is not annoying to us. But, speaking generally, we are a bearable lot, our hobbies are usually harmless, and if we loathe the subject of automobiles, and especially discussion relative to parts thereof, we try to show an intelligent interest in another's hobby, even if it happen to be a collection of postage-stamps. Our own hobby may be, probably is, ridiculous to someone else, but in all the wide range of human interest, from postage-stamps to paintings, — the sport of the millionaire, — there is nothing that begins so easily and takes us so far as the collecting of books.

And hear me. If you would know the delight of book-collecting, begin with something else. I care not what. Book-collecting has all of the advantages of other hobbies without their drawbacks. The pleasure of acquisition is common to all, — that 's where the sport lies; but the strain of the possession of books is almost nothing; a tight, dry closet will serve to house them if need be.

It is not so with flowers. They are a constant care. Some one once wrote a poem about 'old books and fresh flowers.' It lilted along very nicely; but I remark that books stay old, indeed get older, and flowers do not stay fresh; a little too much rain, a little too much sun, and it is all over.

Pets die too, in spite of constant care — perhaps by reason of it. To quiet a teething dog I once took him, her, it, to my room for the night and slept soundly. Next morning I found that the dog had committed suicide by jumping out of the window.

The joys of rugs are a delusion and a snare. They cannot be picked up here and there, tucked in a traveling bag and smuggled into the house; they are hard to transport, there are no auction records against them, and the rug market knows no bottom. I never yet heard a man admit paying a fair price for a rug, much less a high one. 'Look at this Scherazak,' a friend remarks; 'I paid only ninety dollars for it and it 's worth five hundred if it 's worth a penny.' When he is compelled to sell his collection, owing to an unlucky turn in the market, it brings seventeen-fifty. And rugs are ever a loafing place for moths — but that 's a chapter by itself.

Worst of all, there is no literature about them. I know very well there are books about rugs; I own some. But as all books are not literature, so all literature is not in books. Can a rug-collector enjoy a catalogue? I sometimes think that for the overworked business man a book-catalogue is the best reading there is. Did you ever see a rug-collector pencil in hand poring over a rug-catalogue?

Print-catalogues there are; and now I warm a little. They give descriptions that mean something; a scene may have a reminiscent value, a portrait suggests a study in biography. Then there are dimensions for those who are fond of figures and states and margins, and the most ignorant banker will tell you that a wide margin is always better than a narrow one. Prices too can be looked up and compared, and results satisfactory or otherwise recorded. Prints, too, can be snugly housed in portfolios. But for a lasting hobby give me books.

II

Book-collectors are constantly being ridiculed by scholars for the pains they take and the money they spend on first editions of their favorite authors; and it must be that they smart under the criticism, for they are always explaining, and attempting rather foolishly to justify their position. Would it not be better to say, as Leslie Stephen did of Dr. Johnson's rough sayings, that 'it is quite useless to defend them to any one who cannot enjoy them without defense'?

I am not partial to the 'books which no gentleman's library should be without,' fashionable a generation or two ago. The works of Thomas Frognall Dibdin do not greatly interest me, and where will one find room to-day for Audubon's *Birds* or Roberts's *Holy Land* except on a billiard table or under a bed?

The very great books of the past have become so rare, so high-priced, that it is almost useless for the ordinary collector to hope ever to own them, and fashion changes in book-collecting as in everything else. Aldines and Elzevirs are no longer sought. Our interest

in the classics being somewhat abated, we pass them over in favor of books which we tell ourselves we expect some day to read, the books written by men of whose lives we know something. I would rather have a *Paradise Lost* with the first title-page, in contemporary binding, or an *Angler*, than all the Aldines and Elzevirs ever printed.

That this feeling is general accounts, I take it, for the excessively high prices now being paid for first editions of modern authors like Shelley, Keats, Lamb, and, to come right down to our own day, Stevenson. Would not these authors be amazed could they know in what esteem they are held and what fabulous prices are paid for volumes which when they were published fell almost stillborn from the press? We all know the story of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, how a 'remainder' was sold by Quaritch at a penny the copy. It is now worth its weight in gold, and Keats's *Endymion*, once a 'remainder' bought by a London bookseller at four pence, now commands several hundred dollars. I paid three hundred and sixty dollars for mine — but it was once Wordsworth's and has his name on the title-page.

But it is well in book-collecting, while not omitting the present, never to neglect the past. 'Old books are best,' says Beverly Chew, beloved of all collectors, and I recall Lowell's remark: 'There is a sense of security in an old book which time has criticized for us.' It was a recollection of these sayings that prompted me, if prompting was necessary, to pay a fabulous price the other day for a copy of *Hesperides or the Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*, a beautiful copy of the first edition in the original sheep.

We collectors know the saying of Bacon, 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested'; but the revised version is, Some books are to be read, others are to be collected. Mere reading books, the five-foot shelf, or the hundred best, every one knows at least by name. But at the moment I am concerned with collectors' books and the amenities of book-collecting; for frankly,

> I am one of those who seek
> What Bibliomaniacs love.

Some subjects are not for me. Sydney Smith's question, 'Who reads an American book?' has, I am sure, been answered, and I am equally sure I do not know what the answer is. 'Americana' — which was not what Sydney Smith meant — have never caught me, nor has 'Black Letter.' It is not necessary for me to study how to tell a Caxton. Caxtons do not fall in my way, except single leaves now and then, and these I take as Goldsmith took his religion, on faith.

Nor am I the rival of the man who buys all his books from Quaritch. Buying from Quaritch is rather too much like the German idea of hunting: namely, sitting in an easy chair near a breach in the wall through which game, big or little, is shooed within easy reach of your gun. No, my idea of collecting is 'watchful waiting,' in season and out, in places likely and unlikely, most of all in London. But one need not begin in London; one can begin wherever he has pitched his tent.

I have long wanted Franklin's *Cato Major*. A copy was found not long since in a farmhouse garret in my own county, but unluckily I did not hear of it until its price, through successive hands, had reached three hundred dollars. But if one does not begin in London, one ends there. It is the great market of the world for collectors' books — the best market, not necessarily the cheapest.

My first purchase was a Bohn edition of Pope's Homer, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in two volumes — not a bad

start for a boy; and under my youthful signature with a fine flourish is the date, 1882.

I read them with delight, and was sorry when I learned that Pope is by no means Homer. I have been a little chary about reading ever since. We collectors might just as well wait until scholars settle these questions.

I have always liked Pope. In reading him one has the sense of progress from idea to idea, not a mere floundering about in Arcady amid star-stuff. When Dr. Johnson was asked, what is poetry, he replied, 'It is much easier to say what it is not.' He was sparring for time and finally remarked, 'If Pope is not poetry it is useless to look for it.'

Years later, when I learned from Oscar Wilde that there are two ways of disliking poetry,—one is to dislike it and the other, to like Pope,—I found I was not entirely prepared to change my mind about Pope.

In 1884 I went to London for the first time, and there I fell under the lure of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb. After that the deluge.

London of 1884 was the London of Dickens. There have been greater changes since I first wandered in the purlieus of the Strand and Holborn than there were in the hundred years before. Dickens's London has vanished almost as completely as the London of Johnson. One landmark after another disappeared, until finally the County Council made one grand sweep with Aldwych and Kingsway. But never to be forgotten are the rambles I enjoyed with my first bookseller, Fred Hutt of Clements' Inn Passage, subsequently of Red Lion Passage, now no more. Poor fellow! when early last year I went to look him up I found he had passed away, and his shop was being dismantled. He was the last of three brothers, all booksellers.

From Hutt I received my first lesson in bibliography, from him I bought my first *Christmas Carol*, with 'Stave 1,' not 'Stave One,' and with the green end papers. I winced at the price: it was thirty shillings. I saw one marked twenty guineas not long ago. From Hutt, too, I got a copy of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, 1866, with the Moxon imprint, and had pointed out to me the curious eccentricity of type on page 222. I did not then take his advice and pay something over two pounds for a copy of *Desperate Remedies*. It seemed wiser to wait until the price reached forty pounds, which I subsequently paid for it. But I did buy from him for five shillings an autograph letter of Thomas Hardy to his first publisher, 'old Tinsley.' As the details throw some light on the subject of Hardy's first book, I quote the letter, from which it will be seen that Hardy financed the publication himself.

BROCKHAMPTON
DORCHESTER, *Dec.* 20, 1870.

SIR:—

I believe I am right in understanding your terms thus — that if the gross receipts reach the costs of publishing I shall receive the £75 back again, & if they are more than the costs I shall have £75, added to half the receipts beyond the costs (i.e. assuming the expenditure to be £100 the receipt £200 I should have returned to me £75 + 50 = 125). Will you be good enough to say too if the sum includes advertising to the customary extent, & about how long after my paying the money the book would appear?

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS HARDY.

Only those who are trying to complete their sets of Hardy know how difcult it is to find *Desperate Remedies* and *Under the Greenwood Tree* 'in cloth as issued.'

My love for book-collecting and my

love for London have gone hand in hand. From the first, London with its wealth of literary and historic interest has held me; there has never been a time, not even on that gloomy December day twenty years ago, when, with injuries subsequently diagnosed as a 'compound comminuted tibia and fibula,' I was picked out of an overturned cab and taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital for repairs, that I could not say with Boswell, 'There is a city called London for which I have as violent an affection as the most romantic lover ever had for his mistress.'

The book-shops of London have been the subject of many a song in prose and verse. Every taste and pocket can be satisfied. I have ransacked the wretched little shops to be found in the by-streets of Holborn one day, and the next have browsed in the artificially stimulated pastures of Grafton Street, Bond Street, and with as much delight in one as in the other.

I cannot say that 'I was "broke" in London in the fall of '89,' for the simple reason that I was not in London that year; but I am never long in London without finding myself as light in heart and pocket as Eugene Field — the result of yielding to the same temptations.

I knew the elder Quaritch well, and over a cup of tea one winter afternoon years ago, in a cold, dingy little room filled with priceless volumes in the old shop in Piccadilly, he confided to me his fears for his son Alfred. This remarkable old man, who has well been called the Napoleon of booksellers, confided to me that Alfred would never be able to carry on the business when he was gone. 'He has no interest in books, he is not willing to work hard as he will have to to maintain the standing I have secured as the greatest bookseller in the world.' Quaritch was very proud, and justly, of his eminence.

How little the old man knew that this son, when the time came, would step into his father's shoes and stretch them. Alfred, when he inherited the business, assumed his father's first name and showed all of his father's enthusiasm and shrewdness. He probably surprised himself as he surprised the world, by adding lustre to the name of Bernard Quaritch, so that when he died a year ago the newspapers of the English-speaking world gave the details of his life and death as matters of general interest.

The book-lovers' happy hunting ground is the Charing Cross Road. It is a dirty and sordid street, too new to be picturesque; but almost every other shop on both sides of the street is a bookshop, and the patient man is frequently rewarded by a find of peculiar interest.

One day, a year or so ago, I picked up two square folio volumes of manuscript bound in old, soft morocco, grown shabby from knocking about. The title was *Lyford Redivivus or A Grandame's Garrulity*. Examination showed me that it was a sort of dictionary of proper names. In one volume there were countless changes and erasures; the other was evidently a fair copy. Although there was no name in either volume to suggest the author, it needed no second glance to see that both were written in the clear, bold hand of Mrs. Piozzi. The price was trifling and I promptly paid it and carried the volumes home. Some months later I was reading a little volume, *Piozziana*, by Edward Mangin, the first book about Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, when to my surprise my eye met the following: —

'Early in the year 1815, I called on her [Mrs. Piozzi] then resident in Bath, to examine a manuscript which she informed me she was preparing for the press. After a short conversation, we sat down to a table on which lay two

manuscript volumes, one of them, the fair copy of her work, in her own incomparably fine hand-writing. The title was "Lyford Redivivus"; the idea being taken from a diminutive old volume, printed in 1657, and professing to be an alphabetical account of the names of men and women, and their derivations. Her work was somewhat on this plan: the Christian or first name given, Charity, for instance, followed by its etymology; anecdotes of the eminent or obscure, who have borne the appellation; applicable epigrams, biographical sketches, short poetical illustrations, &c.

'I read over twelve or fourteen articles and found them exceedingly interesting; abounding in spirit, and novelty; and all supported by quotations in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Celtic, and Saxon. There was a learned air over all, and in every page, much information, ably compressed, and forming what I should have supposed, an excellent popular volume. She was now seventy-five; and I naturally complimented her, not only on the work in question, but the amazing beauty and variety of her hand-writing. She seemed gratified and desired me to mention the MS. to some London publisher. This I afterwards did, and sent the work to one alike distinguished for discernment and liberality, but with whom we could not come to an agreement. I have heard no more of "Lyford Redivivus" since, and know not in whose hands the MS. may now be.'

A moment later it was in mine, and I was examining it with renewed interest.

My secret is out. I collect, as I can, human-interest books — books with a *provenance* as they are called; but as I object to foreign words, I once asked a Bryn Mawr Professor, Dr. Holbrook, to give me an English equivalent. 'I should have to make one,' he said. 'You know the word *whereabouts*, I suppose.' I admitted I did. 'How would *whenceabouts* do?' I thought it good.

III

In recent years, presentation or association books have become the rage, and the reason is plain. Every one is unique, though some are uniquer than others. My advice to any one who may be tempted by some volume with an inscription of the author on its fly-leaf or title-page is, 'Yield with coy submission' — and at once. While such books make frightful inroads on one's bank account, I have regretted only my economies, never my extravagances.

I was glancing the other day over Arnold's *Record of Books and Letters*. He paid in 1895 seventy-one dollars for a presentation Keats's *Poems*, 1817, and sold it at auction in 1901 for five hundred. A few years later I was offered a presentation copy of the work, with an inscription to Keats's intimate friends, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, for a thousand dollars, and while I was doing some preliminary financing the book disappeared, and forever; and I have never ceased regretting that the dedication copy of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, passed into the collection of my lamented friend, Harry Widener, rather than into my own. 'I shall not pass this way again' seems written in these volumes.

But my record is not all of defeats. The 'whenceabouts' of my presentation *Vanity Fair* is not without interest — its story is told in Wilson's *Thackeray in the United States*.

'The great man took particular delight in schoolboys. When, during his lecturing tour, he visited Philadelphia he presented one of these boys with a five-dollar gold-piece. The boy's mother objected to his pocketing the coin, and Thackeray vainly endeavored to

convince her that this species of beneficence was a thing of course in England. After a discussion the coin was returned, but three months later the lad was made happy by the receipt of a copy of *Vanity Fair*, across the title page of which he saw written, in a curiously small and delicate hand, his name, Henry Reed, with W. M. Thackeray's kind regards, April, 1856.'

One day, some years ago, while strolling through Piccadilly, my attention was attracted by a newspaper clipping posted on the window of a bookshop, which called attention to a holograph volume of Johnson-Dodd letters on exhibition within. I spent several hours in careful examination of it, and, although the price asked was not inconsiderable, it was not high in view of the unusual interest of the volume. I felt that I must own it.

When I am going to be extravagant I always like the encouragement of my wife, and I usually get it. I determined to talk over with her my proposed purchase. Her prophetic instinct in this instance was against it. She reminded me that the business outlook was not good when we left home and that the reports received since were anything but encouraging. 'That amount of money,' she said, 'may be very useful when you get home.' The advice was good; indeed her arguments were so unanswerable that I determined not to discuss it further, but to buy it anyhow and say nothing. Early the next morning I went back and to my great disappointment found that some one more forehanded than I had secured the treasure. My regrets for a time were keen, but on my return to this country I found myself in the height of the 1907 panic. Securities seemed almost worthless and actual money unobtainable; then I congratulated my wife on her wisdom, and pointed out what a fine fellow I had been to follow her advice.

Six months later, to my great surprise, the collection was again offered me by a bookseller in New York at a price just fifty per cent in advance of the price I had been asked for it in London. The man who showed it to me was amazed when I told him just when he had bought it and where, and the price he had paid for it. I made a guess that it was ten per cent below the figure at which it had been offered to me. 'I am prepared,' I said, 'to pay you the same price I was originally asked for it in London. You have doubtless shown it to many of your customers and have not found them as foolish in their enthusiasm over Johnson as I am. You have had your chance to make a big profit; why not accept a small one?' There was some discussion, but as I saw my man weakening, my firmness increased, and it finally ended by my handing him a check and carrying off the treasure.

The collection consists of original manuscripts relating to the forgery of Dodd, twelve pieces being in Dr. Johnson's handwriting. In 1778 Dr. William Dodd, the 'unfortunate' clergyman, as he came to be called, was condemned to death for forging the name of his pupil, Lord Chesterfield, to a bond for forty-two hundred pounds. Through their common friend Edmund Allen, Johnson worked hard to secure Dodd's pardon, writing letters, petitions, and addresses to be presented by Dodd, in his own or his wife's name, to the King, the Queen, and other important persons, Johnson taking every care to conceal his own part in the matter. In all there are thirty-two manuscripts relating to the affair. They were evidently used by Sir John Hawkins in his *Life of Johnson*, but it is doubtful whether Boswell, although he quotes them in part, ever saw the collection.

Pearson, from his shop in Pall Mall Place, issues catalogues which for size,

style, and beauty are unexcelled — they remind one more of publications *de luxe* than of a bookseller's catalogue. It is almost vain to look for any item under a hundred pounds, and not infrequently they run to several thousand. A catalogue now on my writing table tells me of a Caxton: *Tully, His Treatises of Old Age and Friendship*, one of four known copies, at twenty-five hundred pounds, and I'd gladly pay it did my means allow.

From Pearson I secured my holograph prayer of Dr. Johnson, of which Birkbeck Hill says: 'Having passed into the cabinet of a collector, it remains as yet unpublished.' It is dated Ashbourne, September 5, 1784 (Johnson died on December 13 of that year), and reads: —

'Almighty Lord and Merciful Father, to thee be thanks, and praise for all thy mercies, for the awakening of my mind, the continuance of my life, the amendment of my health, and the opportunity now granted of commemorating the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Enable me, O Lord, to repent truly of my sins — enable me by Thy Holy Spirit to lead hereafter a better life. Strengthen my mind against useless perplexities, teach me to form good resolutions and assist me that I may bring them to effect, and when Thou shalt finally call me to another state, receive me to everlasting happiness, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.'

Prayers in Dr. Johnson's hand are excessively rare. He wrote a large number, modeled evidently upon the beautiful Collects — prose sonnets — of the Church of England Prayer Book; but after publication by their first editor, Dr. George Strahan, in 1785, most of the originals were deposited in the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford; hence their scarcity.

From Pearson too came my beautiful uncut copy of *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, with a receipt for one hundred pounds in Johnson's handwriting on account of the copyright of the book, and, more interesting still, a brief note to Mrs. Horneck (the mother of Goldsmith's *Jessamy Bride*), reading: 'Mr. Johnson sends Mrs. Horneck and the young ladies his best wishes for their health and pleasure in their journey, and hopes his Wife [Johnson's pet name for the young lady] will keep him in her mind. Wednesday, June 13.' The date completes the story. Forster states that Goldsmith in company with the Hornecks started for Paris in the middle of July, 1770. This was the dear old Doctor's good-bye as the party was setting out.

To spend a morning with Mr. Sabin, the elder, in his shop in Bond Street is a delight never to be forgotten. The richest and rarest volumes are spread out before you as unaffectedly as though they were the last best-sellers. You are never importuned to buy; on the contrary, even when his treasures are within your reach, it is difficult to get him to part with them. One item which you particularly want is a part of a set held at a king's ransom; some one has the refusal of another. It is possible to do business, but not easy.

His son, Frank, occasionally takes advantage of his father's absence to part with a volume or two. He admits the necessity of selling a book sometimes in order that he may buy another. This I take it accounts for the fact that he consented to part with a copy of *The Works of that Famous English Poet, Mr. Edmond Spenser*, — the fine old folio of 1679, with the beautiful title-page. A 'name on title' ordinarily does not add to a book's value, but when that name is 'John Keats' in the poet's hand, and in addition, 'Severn's gift, 1818,' one is justified in feeling elated.

John Keats! who in the realm of poetry stands next to the great Elizabethans. It was Spenser's *Fairy Queen* which first fired his ambition to write poetry, and his lines in imitation of Spenser are among the first he wrote. At the time of the presentation of this volume, Severn had recently made his acquaintance, and Keats and his friends were steeped in Elizabethan literature. The finest edition of the works of Spenser procurable was no doubt selected by Severn as a gift more likely than any other to be appreciated by the poet.

Remember that books from Keats's library, which was comparatively a small one, are at the present time practically non-existent; that among them there could hardly have been one with a more interesting association than this volume of Spenser. Remember too that Keats's poem, —

> Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong
> And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song, —

was addressed to my great-great-uncle, George Felton Mathew; and let me refer to the fact that on my first visit to England I had spent several days with his sister, who as a young girl had known Keats well, and it will be realized that the possession of this treasure made my heart thump.

Stimulated and encouraged by this purchase, I successfully angled for one of the rarest items of the recent Browning sale, the portrait of Tennyson reading *Maud*, a drawing in pen and ink by Rossetti, with a signed inscription on the drawing in the artist's handwriting, 'I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood.' Browning's inscription is as follows: —

'Tennyson read his poem of Maud to E.B.B., R.B., Arabel and Rossetti, on the evening of Thursday, Septr. 27, 1855, at 13 Dorset St., Manchester Square. Rossetti made this sketch of Tennyson as he sat reading to E.B.B., who occupied the other end of the sofa.

R.B. March 6, '74,
19 Warwick Crescent.'

W. M. Rossetti and Miss Browning were also present on this famous evening, which is vivaciously described by Mrs. Browning in an autograph letter to Mrs. Martin inserted in the album.

'One of the pleasantest things which has happened to us here is the coming down on us of the Laureat, who, being in London for three or four days from the Isle of Wight, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us (and the second bottle of port), and ended by reading *Maud* through from end to end, and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled naïveté! Think of his stopping in *Maud* every now and then — "There 's a wonderful touch! That's very tender. How beautiful that is!" Yes, and it was wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech.'

Thus are linked indissolubly together the great Victorians: Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, and Mrs. Browning. It would be difficult to procure a more interesting memento.

IV

At 27 New Oxford Street, West, is a narrow, dingy little shop, which you would never take to be one of the most celebrated bookshops in London — Spencer's. How he does it, where he gets them, is his business, and an inquiry he only answers with a smile; but the fact is, there they are — just the books you have been looking for, presentation copies and others, in cloth

and bound. Spencer owes it to the book-collectors of the world to issue catalogues. They would make delightful reading. He has always promised to do it, but he, as well as we, knows that he never will.

But he is kind in another way, if kindness it is: he leaves you alone for hours in that wonderful second-story room, subjected to temptation almost too great to be resisted. Autograph letters, first drafts of well-known poems, rare volumes filled with corrections and notes in the hand of the author are scattered about among them, occasionally, such an invaluable item as the complete manuscript of the *Cricket on the Hearth*.

It was from the table in this room that I picked up one day a rough folder of cardboard tied with red tape and labeled 'Lamb.' Opening it I found a letter from Lamb to Taylor & Hessey, 'acknowledging with thanks receit of thirty-two pounds' for the copyright of 'Elias (Alas) of last year,' signed and dated, June 9, 1824. I felt that it would look well in my presentation *Elia*, in boards, uncut, and was not mistaken.

My acquaintance with Mr. Dobell I owe to a paragraph that I read many years ago in Labouchere's *Truth*. One day this caught my eye: 'From the catalogue of a West End Bookseller I note this: "Garrick, David. 'Love in the Suds. A Town Eclogue,' first edition. 1772. Very rare. 5 guineas." The next post brought me a catalogue from Bertram Dobell, the well-known bookseller, in the Charing Cross Road. There I read, "Garrick, David. 'Love in the Suds. A Town Eclogue,' first edition, 1772, boards, 18 pence." The purchaser of the former might do well to average by acquiring Mr. Dobell's copy.'

Old Dobell is in a class by himself — scholar, antiquarian, poet, and bookseller.[1] He is just the type one would expect to find in a shop on the floor of which books are stacked in piles four or five feet high, leaving narrow tortuous paths through which one treads one's way with great drifts of books on either side. To reach the shelves is practically impossible, yet out of this seeming confusion I have picked many a rare item.

Don't be discouraged if on your asking for a certain volume Mr. Dobell gently replies, 'No, sorry.' That means simply that he cannot put his mental eye on it at the moment. It, or something as interesting, will come along. Don't hurry; and let me observe that the prices of this eighteenth-century bookshop are of the period.

I once sought, for years, for a little book of no particular value; but I wanted it to complete a set. I had about given up all hope of securing a copy when I finally found it in a fashionable shop in Piccadilly. It was marked five guineas, an awful price, but I paid it and put the volume in my pocket. That very day I stumbled across a copy in a better condition at Dobell's, marked two and six. I bethought me of Labby's advice and 'averaged.'

From Dobell came Wordsworth's copy of *Endymion*, likewise a first edition of the old-fashioned love-story, *Henrietta Temple*, by Disraeli, inscribed, 'To William Beckford with the author's compliments,' with many pages of useless notes in Beckford's hand; he seems to have read the volumes with unnecessary care. Nor should I forget a beautiful copy of Thomson's *Seasons*

[1] I had a letter from Mr. Dobell not long ago, telling me that business was very bad in his line, and that he had taken to writing bad war poems, which, he said, was a harmless pastime for a man too old to fight. I am not sure that the writing of bad poetry is a harmless pastime, and I was just about to write and tell him so, when I read in the *Athenæum* that he had passed away quite suddenly. — THE AUTHOR.

presented by Byron 'To the Hon'ble Frances Wedderburne Webster,' with this signed impromptu: —

Go! — volume of the Wintry Blast,
The yellow Autumn and the virgin Spring.
Go! — ere the Summer's zephyr 's past
And lend to loveliness thy lovely Wing.

V

The morning's mail of a busy man, marked 'personal,' takes a wide scope, ranging all the way from polite requests for a loan to brief statements that 'a prompt remittance will oblige'; but at the bottom of the pile are the welcome catalogues of the second-hand booksellers, — for books, to be interesting, must at least be second-hand. Indeed, as with notes offered for discount, the greater the number of good indorsers the better. In books, indorsements frequently take the form of bookplates. I am always interested in such a note as this: 'From the library of Charles B. Foote with his bookplate.'

Auction catalogues come too. These also must be scanned, but they lack the element which makes the dealers' catalogues so interesting — the prices. With prices omitted, book-auction catalogues are too stimulating. The mind at once begins to range. Doubt takes the place of certainty.

The arrival of a catalogue from the Sign of the Caxton Head, Mr. James Tregaskis's shop in High Holborn, in the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Field, always suspends business in my office for half an hour; and while I glance rapidly through its pages in search of nuggets, I paraphrase a line out of Boswell, that 'Jimmie hath a very pretty wife.' Why should n't a book merchant have a pretty wife? The answer is simple: he has, nor are good-looking wives peculiar to this generation of booksellers.

Tom Davies, it will be remembered, who in the back parlor of his bookshop in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, first introduced Boswell to Johnson, had a wife who, we are told, caused the great Doctor to interrupt himself in the Lord's Prayer at the point 'lead us not into temptation,' and whisper to her with waggish and gallant good humor, 'You, my dear, are the cause of this.' Like causes still produce like effects.

From Tregaskis I secured my *Memoirs of George Psalmanazar*, 1764, an interesting book in itself; but its chief value is the signature and note, 'Given to H. L. Thrale by Dr. Sam Johnson, I suppose about 1770.' Following Mrs. Thrale's usual practice there are scattered through the volume a number of notes and criticisms in her handwriting. It was Psalmanazar, afterwards discovered to be a notorious old scamp, whose apparent piety so impressed Dr. Johnson that he 'sought' his company, and of whom he said, 'Sir, contradict Psalmanazar! I should as soon think of contradicting a Bishop.'

Side by side with this volume on my shelves stands the *Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa*, a work of sheer imagination if ever there was one.

My *Haunch of Venison*, in wrappers, uncut, 1776, with the rare portrait of Goldsmith drawn by Bunbury (he married Goldsmith's Little Comedy it will be remembered), also came from him, as did my *London, A poem in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal*, and the first edition of the first book on London, *Stow's Survay*, 1598.

From another source came one of the last books on London, *Our House*. This book, delightful in itself, is especially interesting to me by reason of the personal inscription of its charming and witty writer: 'To A.E.N., a welcome visitor to "Our House," from Elizabeth Robins Pennell.'

Continuing along Holborn citywards one comes to (and usually passes) the Great Turnstile, a narrow court leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here is another bookshop that I frequent, Hollings's, not for the rarest things, but for the choice little bits which seem almost commonplace when you are buying them, and give so much pleasure when you get them safely on your shelves at home. I never spend a few hours with Mr. Redway, the manager, without thinking of the saying of one of our most delightful essayists, Augustine Birrell, who to our loss seems to have forsaken literature for politics: 'Second-hand booksellers are a race of men for whom I have the greatest respect; . . . their catalogues are the true textbooks of literature.'

One frequently has the pleasure of running across some reference in a catalogue to a book of which one has a better or more interesting copy at a much lower price; for example, I saw quoted in a catalogue the other day at eighty pounds a 'Set of the Life of the Prince Consort in five volumes with an inscription in each volume in the autograph of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The first volume being published before Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India, she signed as Queen; the other four volumes Her Majesty signed as Queen-Empress.'

In my collection there are seven volumes, the five mentioned above and two additional volumes, the *Speeches and Addresses* and the *Biography of the Prince Consort*. My copies also are signed, but note: the volume of *Speeches and Addresses* has this intensely personal inscription: —

'To Major General, the Hon. A. Gordon, in recollection of his great and good master, from the beloved Prince's broken hearted Widow, VICTORIA R.
Jan. 1863.'

The *Biography* has this, —

'To Major General, The Honr. Alexander Gordon, C.B. in recollection of his dear Master from the great Prince's affectionate and sorrowing Widow, VICTORIA R.
April 1867.'

Volume one of the *Life* is inscribed:

'To Lieutenant General, The Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, K.C.B., in recollection of his dear Master, from
VICTORIA R.
January 1875.'

Volume two: —

'To Lieut. General, The Hon. Sir Alexander Hamilton Gordon, K.C.B., from
VICTORIA R.
Dec. 1876.'

Volume three: —

'To General, The Hon. Sir Alex. H. Gordon, K.C.B., from VICTORIA R.
Dec. 1877.'

The inscriptions in the last three volumes are identical except for the dates. All are written in the large, flowing hand with which we are familiar, and indicate a declining scale of grief. Time heals all wounds, and as these volumes appear at intervals, grief is finally assuaged and Majesty asserts itself.

[A second paper by Mr. Newton, on 'Book-Collecting in America,' will appear in April. — THE EDITORS.]

THE NARROW DOORS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

THE Wide Door into Sorrow
Stands open night and day.
With head held high and dancing feet
I pass it on my way.

I never tread within it.
I never turn to see.
The Wide Door into Sorrow
It cannot frighten me.

The Narrow Doors to Sorrow
Are secret, still, and low:
Swift tongues of dusk that spoil the sun
Before I even know.

My dancing feet are frozen.
I stare. I can but see.
The Narrow Doors to Sorrow
They stop the heart in me.

— Oh, stranger than my midnights
Of loneliness and strife
The Doors that let the dark leap in
Across my sunny life!

HOW BRADFORD REJOINED HIS REGIMENT

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

I

The inn at the top of the market-place was not new at the time of the Wars of the Roses, the church rebuilt in the sixteenth century is said to have been originally built in the twelfth century, and the market cross is so old that no one can give it a date; but the market-place itself is older far than any of them.

When the Normans came here they found a Saxon village, and the Saxons when they came found Britons here. They say that the monuments on the moor were raised three thousand years ago, and that some of the men who built them lived in this village. It is one of the oldest villages in the oldest part of Britain, — the west country, where Arthur lived.

Even now there is not much that is modern in the village. The main street is still called Holy Street, and the market-place is paved with cobbles at the side. There is no railway, and the news comes still by coach — a motor coach, but still a coach.

In the early morning the market-place awoke in busy mood. The little shops were opened; there were boys who passed with milk and bread, and the children clattered along to school. Then it relapsed into emptiness and silence for a while, to fill again before eleven. But this time the people were different, and their purpose not apparent.

Two or three dogcarts drove in and waited along one side, and there was a motor car; men and women came along the road from the little villas built beyond the church; shop-keepers appeared at their doors. The curate arrived, the doctor from his surgery; the one policeman found that he had duty there; some workmen momentarily left their work and came. So that when the church clock pointed to eleven there may have been fifty people in the place, standing about, waiting and doing nothing. They did not even talk. They waited.

Then with a noise and rattle the motor coach rounded the corner, snorted up the hill, and drew up at the Post-Office. The bundle of papers was thrown off and it went on.

And now indeed the people were alive. They thronged the street, the doorway whence the papers would be issued; they formed a queue that extended past the lich-gate of the churchyard. They were excited, anxious, but silent still.

And each one as he got his paper just went away a few yards from the throng and opened it. What news of the war to-day? The scanty bulletin was quickly read and then they formed in little groups and talked.

'Well! and what do you think of it?' the doctor asked.

Colonel Bradford shook his head. 'Not good,' he said, 'not good. They tell us little, and behind that little there is much — untold. Not good. Except always that they are gallant lads.'

'No news of Dick?'

'None since the card last week, and that only to say he was well.'

'And what more do you want?' said the doctor cheerily. 'He will keep well, and one day he will come back and tell us all about it, eh?'

The old man brightened up and smiled. 'I hope so. Yes.' Then, as a friend beckoned to him, he said, 'There 's Stevens, impatient as usual. Are you coming?'

The doctor shook his head and went away, and Bradford joined three other friends, old retired officers like himself, and together they went to the inn. There they had a map upon the wall of the bar parlor, and each day when news came they moved the flags. Then they discussed the situation, and then the little coterie of veterans parted. Each went home to tell his family, to read the paper through and through again and so pass the day — for indeed their day held little else for them than this.

Bradford had not far to go, — just up Holy Street and to the right, and he came to his cottage. There was a garden at the front and back, and that was all he cared for. That the cottage was but small never occurred to him, never had occurred to him even when, over twenty years ago, he had come here with his wife and baby boy, — never would occur to him. Such things mattered to him not at all. Money, luxury, reputation, advancement, amusement, all these things which are so much to most men, had never been anything to him. Even his wife, although he loved her, had not been much. For most of his life there had been only one thing that mattered, — his regiment, and what he could do for it; still there was but one, — the regiment and his son who served in it.

When, at forty-five, he had been obliged to retire, all desire of life went out. To go at forty-five, a young man still — and why? The doctors said his heart was bad — they said that all the malaria and hardships of an Indian frontier campaign had so affected it that it was too weak to do its duty. Taken care of, it might last him many years, but a sudden strain might burst it. What matter that? Let it fail and break and make an end. But leave the army? No.

And when they made him go he nearly died. For he had no interest in life, no knowledge of life, no desire for life. He was a soldier, and when he ceased to be a soldier he ceased to be anything — so it seemed to him. He was motiveless in a world he neither knew nor cared for. Why live on?

And indeed he probably would have died through sheer unhappiness if his wife had not married him. How it happened he did n't know. It was none of his doing. She simply came and took charge of him and married him, and that was all he knew. And having married him she tried to bring him back to life. She loved him and she hoped that her love and care would stir in him a new pleasure in life and that he would awaken. She studied him and tried to rouse him to some new work, something to take the place of the old regiment.

She failed. Bradford had, during all of his life that he could remember, lived to be a soldier; since he had joined his regiment he lived for it, and now he could not change. No new love could replace the old. The regiment and Bradford's heart were one.

But his wife was a wise woman and she still had hope. She still laughed; she still was happy. She was not jealous that she could not replace the regiment in her husband's love. She tried no more to fight the old devotion. No. She had now a wiser plan: she would enlist it on her side. Then she would win. But meanwhile she would be silent and endure.

And so in truth her victory did come. It came one spring morning very early,

when, the doctor having given leave, Bradford went on tiptoe into his wife's room. She lay exhausted on the bed, her face pale and twisted with the pain she had endured. But when she heard his step and felt him bending over her, she managed just to look at him and smile. And as he bent still lower, 'Look,' she whispered, and she moved her arm, 'Look at your new recruit — for the old regiment,' and dropped into unconsciousness again. And as Bradford looked upon the tiny face it seemed to him that something of the glory of the spring without had come into the room, — new life, new hope, new happiness.

From that moment Bradford was young again. His interest in life returned; the tie with his old regiment, which he thought broken forever, was renewed. The chain he thought had snapped, had only slipped from one link to another.

He was the soldier once again, the colonel with a recruit to train, a draft for the old regiment. Well, he must see about it. Here was work for him to do — and he must do it.

He did it. He wanted to begin at once indeed, and it required much persuasion from his wife to make him see that the recruit must be brought on slowly, and at first by her. He could superintend, of course, if it so pleased him, whistle bugle-calls to stop the recruit crying, and carry him about in a martial manner. But the spare time Bradford could put in by getting himself up to date again. Drill was altering, and strategy and tactics, and if he was to bring up his recruit to be a good officer, he must make himself a good teacher. He must study the history of the past and the evolution of the present. So all his interest in life returned and he became a happy man. He adored his son, and because his wife had given him this son he loved her; and because she was still for many years to be the recruit's commanding officer he respected her. No other children came; they were content with him they had. They lived in the boy. They left their house at the seaside and came to live in this village, to save money for his education and to help him when he joined. They cared nothing for themselves, only for him, — to bring him up to be a worthy successor to a line of soldiers. And they succeeded. The boy grew up strong and active. He was not spoiled. He gave back freely all the affection he received; he worked and did well in school, so well that his headmaster wanted to send him to Woolwich. But Bradford would not have it. Had he not been announced from the beginning as a recruit for the old regiment? So into the old regiment he must go. The boy passed out of Sandhurst and in due time was gazetted to his father's regiment. He served a couple of years at home, then two in India, and the battalion had been at home again only a few months when war broke out. Then it was sent to France. The Bradfords received a post-card from Boulogne; then silence; and so we come to this day in September where we began.

II

Bradford walked slowly up to his front door. There was a wealth of creeper on the porch, and the roses were still in bloom, but he did not notice them. He was thinking always of the war, — of the retreat from Mons, now at length known; of the battle of the Marne, now in full progress. His wife came out and met him.

'Well?' she said.

He shook his head. 'We hold our own, they say, Mary, and that is all they say. They will not tell us much.'

'And Dick is too busy to write,' she answered.

'Aye, aye,' said Bradford. 'When

you are using the sword and rifle all day the pen is forgotten. Don't blame him, Mary.'

'I don't,' she answered, 'only I want to know. And Mrs. Allan heard last night that her boy was killed.' Tears rose to her eyes.

'The fighting's hard,' said Bradford. 'I thought I had seen service, but it was nothing to this. The losses are terrible, they say. Whole regiments gone. But we will get through all right.'

She did not answer, and the two stood there in silence gazing on the scene. The golden sunshine filled the valley to its brim, making the corn more golden and the grass more green. There was a great peace that held the hills. She gazed upon them; and then her eyes came back to the road below. A boy on a red bicycle had just appeared. She gripped Bradford's arm, her heart grown cold.

'Harry,' she said, 'there is the telegraph boy.'

'There are many wires nowadays,' said Bradford. 'It will be for Johnson. He is always getting them.'

'But he has passed Johnson's house,' she whispered. 'He is coming here. It is for us. O Harry, Harry.'

There was a garden seat close by, and Bradford took her to it. Then with a firm step he went down to the gate. The boy had dismounted from his bicycle and held the telegram.

'For me?'

'Yes, sir. Shall I wait for an answer, sir?'

But Bradford shook his head. He was not a business man and rarely got telegrams. It could be but one thing. 'No,' he said and turned. He put the telegram unopened into his pocket and went up to his wife. 'Let us go in,' he said.

She took his arm and the two went in. The sunshine seemed to have gone cold and dim, and the door closed.

III

In the very early morning of next day, Bradford stood in his bedroom looking down into a trunk. There came from it a scent of naphthaline and camphor, and a gleam of red and gold. How long since last he wore it? He forgot. There was a hot hard feeling in his brain that made him forget everything. The past seemed obliterated; only the future remained. Well, he knew what he was going to do in that future. It was clear enough.

He bent down and took out his uniform, that of a bygone age. Now they wear khaki, but they did not then. He tried it on. Yes, he had not grown fat, he could wear it still, to appear in at the War Office. He would have to get a khaki uniform, of course, at once. He would do that after. He might have gone to the War Office in mufti, as he was retired, but the thought never came to him. Dick was dead. The old regiment was short of a Bradford; therefore he must go himself, to rejoin. From the moment of Dick's death he was called on. It was a pity that rules and regulations prevented his starting at once for the front, and made it necessary to lose valuable time at the War Office getting permission to go. But that could not be helped.

He put the uniform on, fastened his sword, pinned on his medals, and he was ready. He could catch the early train, be up in town by noon and back again by ten o'clock, so he wanted no luggage. His wife watched him wistfully and kissed him in silence. She had tried to talk to him, to persuade him to remain with her, but he had not heard. It was not that he refused to listen; he did not hear.

On the journey, people stared at this old man in his old uniform, but he did not notice. In London the taxi-driver smiled, but Bradford did not see. His

eyes were hard and fixed. He came to the War Office and went in.

Then came the disappointment.

The Military Secretary could not see him. 'Have you an appointment, sir?' he was asked, and when he shook his head, 'The Military Secretary sees no one except by appointment,' he was told. 'You must write and wait.'

They did not want him. Surely they did not want him; and he had thought they would admit his claim at once. He must 'write and wait.' And the old regiment?

He leaned against the wall of the corridor. His heart seemed cold and his head was giddy. Tears rose in his eyes. Well, he would write and wait. He would go now.

A sound came down the corridor and the ring of feet. Some men came down, a tall stern soldier at the head, followed by other soldiers. And Bradford drew himself to the salute. The tall soldier glanced at him and smiled and passed — and stopped and turned. 'Have you seen any one?' he asked.

'No, sir, they say that I must write.'

'Then come with me.'

The great soldier went on again and Bradford followed. They came to a room and entered. 'Now,' he said, 'sit down and tell me.'

Then Bradford told him. 'Let me rejoin,' he added at the end, 'as anything, to take my son's place. I do not want my rank. I want the regiment, and it wants me.'

The great soldier's eyes half closed as if he had been hurt, and opened again.

'I am old,' said Bradford urgently, 'but I am strong and well. And age makes me all the fitter to stop a bullet instead of a young man. Yes, I am strong.'

And he felt strong for a moment, yet suddenly the room got misty and dark, quite dark—

Then some one out of the mist said, 'Drink this,' and he drank. It was brandy; and then the room came slowly back again to him, and the great soldier and two other officers came into view. One, by his shoulder-straps, was evidently an army doctor, and gave Bradford brandy from a cup. He had been holding his wrist, but dropped it now.

And Bradford felt himself ashamed and afraid. They would never now let him rejoin the old regiment, because he was ill, — ill, and they would scorn him and reject him.

But no, they smiled at him. The doctor said, 'There, there. It's nothing. You were excited, that is all.'

And the great soldier said, 'Goodbye. You shall have your wish. You shall rejoin your regiment.'

'In France?'

There was no answer to this question, but Bradford did not notice.

'And at once, sir?' he continued, a glow of happiness filling all his veins.

'Not quite at once. Go home and wait — it certainly shall come.'

Then Bradford rose, and although they offered him an arm, he would not take it. No, he would walk alone. He saluted and went out.

The soldiers looked at one another.

IV

Bradford got back at ten o'clock. He was very weary, more weary than he had ever been before, and his head was bad. It *would* turn giddy now and then. That was excitement, so he thought. Well, he must fight it.

He told his wife.

'And,' he said to her, 'as orders may come any time, to-morrow, or even to-night, I must get ready. There is much to do.'

'Rest first,' she said.

But no, he would not. He must be

ready when the orders came. His will, — that was already done, but there were other matters. She must go to bed. He would work an hour or two, but she must go to bed. And so, to please him, she went away, but not to bed. She watched.

She saw him open his desk and take out many papers. Some of these he tore up; some he replaced. It took him a long while, for every now and then he would let the papers fall and seem to sleep a little, but, recovering, would continue.

The papers finished, he sat down again and began to write. But now his weariness overcame him, and after struggling against it for a little he gave in. He put his face on his hands and seemed to sleep.

She watched him.

Then suddenly he woke again. He raised his head as if he heard a call — a bugle-call.

He rose suddenly to his feet — stood for a moment at attention, his face bright with joy, and fell. And when she ran to his assistance he was dead.

So did Bradford rejoin the old regiment. But not in France. For indeed, save for a few wounded, the old regiment was not in France.

He found them where he went.

MON AMIE

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

She was French from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, but she was of that France which few Americans, I think, know or imagine. She belonged to that France which Jean-Christophe found in his friend Olivier, a world of flashing ideas and enthusiasms, a golden youth of ideals.

She had picked me out for an exchange of conversation, as the custom is, precisely because I had left my name at the Sorbonne as a person who wrote a little. I had put this bait out, as it were, deliberately, with the intention of hooking a mind that cared for a little more than mere chatter, but I had hardly expected to find it in the form of a young girl, who, as she told me in her charmingly polished note, was nineteen and had just completed her studies.

These studies formed a useful introduction when she received me in the little old-fashioned apartment in the Batignolles quarter on my first visit. She had made them ever since she was five years old in a wonderful old convent at Bourges; and in the town had lived her grandmother, a very old lady, whom she had gone lovingly to see, as often as she could be away from the watchful care of the nuns. In her she had found her real mother, for her parents had been far away in Brittany. When the old lady died, my friend had to face an empty world, and to become acquainted all over again with a mother whom she confessed she found

'little sympathetic.' But she was a girl of *devoir*, and she would do nothing to wound her.

She told me one afternoon as we took our first walk through the dusky richness of the Musée Cluny, that the shock of death had disclosed to her how fleeting life was, how much she thought of death, and how much she feared it. I used the lustiness of her grandmother's eighty-four years to convince her as to how long she might have to postpone her dread, but her fragile youth seemed already to feel the beating wings about her. As she talked, her expression had all that wistful seriousness of the French face which has not been devitalized by the city, that sense of the nearness of unutterable things which runs, a golden thread, through their poetry. Though she had lived away from Brittany, in her graver moments there was much in her of the patient melancholy of the Breton. For her father's people had been sea-folk, — not fishermen, but pilots and navigators on those misty and niggardly shores, — and the long defeat and ever-trustful suffering was in her blood. She would interpret to me the homely pictures at the Luxembourg which spoke of coast and peasant life; and her beautiful articulateness brought the very soul of France out of the canvases of Cottet and Breton and Carrière. She understood these people.

But she was very various, and, if at first we plumbed together the profoundest depths of her, we soon got into shallower waters. The fluency of her thought outran any foreign medium, and made anything but her flying French impossible. Her meagre English had been learned from some curious foreigner with an accent more German than French, and we abandoned it by mutual consent. Our conversation became an exchange of ideas and not of languages. Or rather her mind became the field where I explored at will.

I think I began by assuming a Catholic devotion in her, and implied that her serious outlook on life might lead her into the church. She scoffed unmitigatedly at this. The nuns were not unkindly, she said, but they were hard and narrow and did not care for the theatre and for books, which she adored.

She believed in God. 'Et le théâtre!' I said, which delighted her hugely. But these Christian virtues made unlovely characters and cut one off so painfully from the fascinating moving world of ideas outside. But surely after fourteen years of religious training and Christian care, did she not believe in the Church, its priesthood and its dogmas?

She repudiated her faith with indescribable vivacity. A hardened Anglo-Saxon agnostic would have shown more diffidence in denying his belief in dogma or the Bible. As for the latter, she said, it might do for children of five years. And the cutting sweep of that 'enfants de cinq ans!' afforded me a revealing glimpse of that lucid intelligence with which the French mind cuts through layers and strata of equivocation and compromise.

Most Frenchmen, if they lose their faith, go the swift and logical road to atheism. Her loss was no childish dream or frenzy; she still believed in God. But as for the Church and its priesthood, — she told me, with malicious irony, and with the intelligence that erases squeamishness, of a friend of hers who was the daughter of the priest in charge of one of the largest Parisian churches. Would she confess to a member of a priestly caste which thus broke faith? Confession was odious anyway. She had been kept busy in school inventing sins. She would go

to church on Easter, but she would not take the Eucharist, though I noticed a charming lapse when she crossed herself with holy water as we entered Notre Dame one day.

Where had she ever got such ideas, shut up in a convent? — Oh, they were all perfectly obvious, were they not? Where would one not get them? This amazing soul of modern France! — which pervades even the walls of convents with its spirit of free criticism and its terrible play of the intelligence; which will examine and ruthlessly cast aside, just as my vibrant, dark-haired, fragile friend was casting aside, without hypocrisy or scruple, whatever ideas do not seem to enhance the clear life to be lived.

II

Accustomed to grope and flounder in the mazes of the intellect, I found her intelligence well-nigh terrifying. I would sit almost helplessly and listen to her sparkle of talk. Her freedom knocked into pieces all my little imagined world of French conventionalities and inhibitions. How could this pale, dignified mother, to whom I was presented as she passed hurriedly through the room one day, allow her to wander so freely about Paris parks and museums with a foreign young man? Her answer came superbly, with a flare of decision which showed me that at least in one spot the eternal conflict of the generations had been settled: '*Je me permets!*' — I allow myself. She gave me to understand that for a while her mother had been difficult, but that there was no longer any question of her 'living her life' — *vivre sa vie*. And she really thought that her mother, in releasing her from the useless trammels, had become herself much more of an independent personality. As for my friend, she dared, she took risks, she played with the adventure of life. But she knew what was there.

The motherly Anglo-Saxon frame of mind would come upon me, to see her in the light of a poor ignorant child, filled with fantastic ideals, all so pitifully untested by experience. How ignorant she was of life, and to what pitfalls her daring freedom must expose her in this unregenerate France! I tried and gave it up. As she talked, — her glowing eyes, in which ideas seemed to well up brimming with feeling and purpose, saying almost more than her words, — she seemed too palpably a symbol of luminous youth, a flaming militant of the younger generation, who by her courage would shrivel up the dangers that so beset the timorous. She was French, and that fact by itself meant that whole layers of equivocation had been cut through, whole sets of intricacies avoided.

In order to get the full shock of her individuality, I took her one afternoon to a model little English tea-room on rue de Rivoli, where normal Britishers were reading *Punch* and the *Spectator* over their jam and cake. The little flurry of disapprobation and the hostile stare which our appearance elicited from the well-bred families and discreet young men at the tables, the flaring incongruity of her dark, lithe, inscrutable personality in this bland, vacuous British atmosphere, showed me as could nothing else how hard was the gemlike flame with which she burned.

As we walked in the Luxembourg and along the quays, or sat on the iron chairs in the gardens of Parc Monceau or the Trocadero, our friendship became a sort of intellectual orgy. The difficulty of following the pace of her flying tongue and of hammering and beating my own thoughts into the unaccustomed French was fatiguing,

but it was the fascinating weariness of exploration. My first idle remarks about God touched off a whole battery of modern ideas. None of the social currents of the day seemed to have passed her by, though she had been immured so long in her sleepy convent at Bourges. She had that same interest and curiosity about other classes and conditions of life which animates us here in America, and the same desire to do something effective against the misery of poverty.

I had teased her a little about her academic, untried ideas, and in grave reproof she told me, one afternoon, as we stood — of all places! — on the porch of the Little Trianon at Versailles, a touching story of a family of the poorest of the Parisian poor, whom she and her mother visited and helped to get work. She did not think charity accomplished very much, and flamed at the word 'Socialism,' although she had not yet had its programme made very clear to her.

But mostly she was feminist, — an ardent disciple in that singularly uncomplicated and happy march of the Frenchwomen, already so practically emancipated, toward a definite social recognition of that liberation. The normal Frenchwoman, in all but the richer classes, is an economic asset to her country. And economic independence was a cardinal dogma in my friend's faith. She was already taking a secretarial course, in order to ensure her ability to make her living, and she looked forward quite eagerly to a career.

Marriage was in considerable disfavor; it had still the taint of the Church upon it, while the civil marriage seemed, with the only recently surrendered necessary parental consent, to mark the subjection of the younger to the older generation. These barriers were now removed, but the evil savor of the institution lingered on. My friend, like all the French intellectuals, was all for the 'union libre,' but it would have to be loyal unto death. It was all the more inspiring as an ideal, because it would be perhaps hard to obtain. Men, she was inclined to think, were usually *malhonnête*, but she might find some day a man of complete sympathy and complete loyalty. But she did not care. Life was life, freedom was freedom, and the glory of being a woman in the modern world was enough for her.

The French situation was perhaps quite as bad as it was pictured. Friendship between a girl and a young man was almost impossible. It was that they usually wished to love her. She did not mind them on the streets. The students — oh, the students! — were frightfully annoying; but perhaps one gave a *gifle* and passed rapidly on. Her parents, before she had become genuinely the captain of her soul, had tried to marry her off in the orthodox French way. She had had four proposals. Risking the clean candor of the French soul, I became curious and audacious. So she dramatized for me, without a trace of self-consciousness, a wonderful little scene of provincial manners. The stiff young Frenchman making his stilted offer, her self-possessed reluctance, her final refusal, were given in inimitable style. These incidents, which in the life of a little American *bourgeoise* would have been crises or triumphs, and, at any rate, unutterably hoarded secrets, were given with a cold frankness which showed refreshingly to what insignificance marriage was relegated in her life. She wished, she said, to *vivre sa vie* — to live her life. If marriage fitted in with her living of her life, it might take her. It should never submerge or deflect her. Countless Frenchwomen, in defiance of the strident

Anglo-Saxon belief, were able both to keep a household and to earn their own living; and why not she also? She would always be free; and her black eyes burned as they looked out so fearlessly into a world that was to be all hers, because she expected nothing from it.

About this world, she had few illusions. To its worldlinesses and glitter she showed really a superb indifference. I brutally tried to trap her into a confession that she spurned it only because it might be closed to her through lack of money or prestige. Her eloquent eyes almost slew me with vivacious denial. She despised these 'dolls' whose only business in life was to wear clothes. Her own sober black was not affectation, but only her way of showing that she was more than a *poupée*. She did not say it, but I quite appreciated, and I knew well that she knew, how charming a *poupée* she might have made.

Several of her friends were gay and worldly. She spoke of them with charming frankness, touching off, with a tone quite clean of malice, all their little worthlessnesses and futilities. Some of this world, indeed, shaded off into unimaginable *nuances*, but she was wholly aware of its significance. In the inimitable French way, she disdained to use its errors as a lever to elevate her own virtues.

III

Her blazing candor lighted up for me every part of her world. We skirted abysses, but the language helped us wonderfully through. French has worn tracks in so many fields of experience where English blunders either boorishly or sentimentally. French is made for illumination and clear expression; it has kept its purity and crispness and can express, without shamefacedness or bungling, attitudes and interpretations which the Anglo-Saxon fatuously hides.

My friend was dimly sensible of some such contrast. I think she had as much difficulty in making me out as I had in making her out. She was very curious as to how she compared with American girls. She had once met one but had found her, though not a doll, yet not *sympathique* and little understandable. I had to tell my friend how untranslatable she was. The Anglo-Saxon, I had to tell her, was apt to be either a school-child or a middle-aged person. To the first, ideas were strange and disturbing. To the second, they were a nuisance and a bore. I almost assured her that in America she would be considered a quite horrible portent. Her brimming idealism would make everybody uncomfortable. The sensual delight which she took in thinking, the way her ideas were all warmly felt and her feelings luminously expressed, would adapt her badly to a world of school-children and tired business men. I tried to go over for her the girls of her age whom I had known. How charming they were to be sure, but, even when they had ideas, how strangely inarticulate they sometimes were, and, if they were articulate, how pedantic and priggish they seemed to the world about them! And what forests of reticences and exaggerated values there were, and curious illogicalities! How jealous they were of their personalities, and what a suspicious and individualistic guard they kept over their candor and sincerities! I was very gay and perhaps a little cruel.

She listened eagerly, but I think she did not quite understand. If one were not frankly a doll, was not life a great swirl to be grappled with and clarified, and thought and felt about? And as for her personality, the more

she gave the more she had. She would take the high risks of friendship.

To cross the seas and come upon my own enthusiasms and ideals vibrating with so intense a glow seemed an amazing fortune. It was like coming upon the same design, tinted in novel and picturesque colors of a finer harmony. In this intellectual flirtation, carried on in *musée* and garden and on quay throughout that cloudless April, I began to suspect some gigantic flattery. Was her enthusiasm sincere, and her clean-cutting ideas, or had she by some subtle intuition anticipated me? Did she think, or was it to be expected of me, that I should fall in love with her? But perhaps there was a touch of the too foreign in her personality. And if I had fallen in love, I know it would not have been with herself. It would have been with the Frenchiness of her, and perhaps was. It would have been with the eternal youth of France, that she was. For she could never have been so very glowing if France had not been full of her. Her charm and appeal were far broader than herself. It took in all that rare spiritual climate where one absorbs ideas and ideals as the earth drinks in rain.

She was of that young France with its luminous understanding, its personal *verve*, its light of expression, its way of feeling its ideas and thinking its emotions, its deathless loyalty which betrays only at the clutch of some deeper loyalty. She adored her country and all its mystic values and aspirations. When she heard I was going to Germany, she actually winced with pain. She could scarcely believe it. I fell back at once to the position of a vulgar traveler, visiting even the lands of the barbarians. They were her country's enemies, and some day they would attack. France awaited the onslaught fatalistically. She did not want to be a man, but she wished that they would let women be soldiers. If the war came, however, she would enlist at once as a Red Cross nurse. She thrilled at the thought that perhaps there she could serve to the uttermost.

And the war has come, hot upon her enthusiasms. She must have been long since in the field, either at the army stations, or moving about among the hospitals of Paris, her heart full of pride and pity for the France which she loved and felt so well, and of whose deathless spirit she was, for me, at least, so glowing a symbol.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF ENGLISH IN AMERICA

BY ROBERT J. MENNER

I

In 1789, Noah Webster declared 'the pure English pronunciation in Great Britain and New England' to be 'exactly the same in both.' Ever since that time those who undertake the difficult task of preserving the purity of the English language have made statements of a similar nature. But the statements have been made even more inclusive. It has been said that the best pronunciation of America as a whole is identical with that of Great Britain. To many this seems no enlargement upon Webster's remark, because the pronunciation of New England has always been regarded, especially by New Englanders themselves, as unquestionably the best pronunciation to be found on this side of the Atlantic. At any rate, many anxious guardians of our tongue have at various periods in the last century asserted that the pronunciation of the most cultured classes was identical in England and America. Even so general a statement is difficult of refutation, because of the possibility of limiting indefinitely the number of those whom one wishes to consider 'the best speakers.'

There can be no doubt that the number of native-born Americans at the time of the Revolution whose pronunciation was exactly the same as that of Englishmen, was exceedingly small. To-day, if the number of 'best speakers' should be measured by this method, it would certainly be infinitesimal. Yet there are many people of culture who persist in the opinion that the 'pure' pronunciation of English is the same in both countries; and their assertions that it should be have become more violent and categorical with their growing conviction that it is not.

That Webster would never have agreed with this attitude is evident from the tenor of all his remarks on pronunciation. In fact, in the very book in which he expressed his opinion of the orthoëpic oneness of Old and New England, he candidly directed attention to certain words in which the usage of England and the United States in general even then differed, and he prophesied the linguistic separation of the two countries in most confident and unmistakable terms. And he did not deprecate this separation as a change whose consequences would injure and corrupt American English. On the contrary, he was an ardent advocate of our linguistic independence, and the greater part of his *Dissertations on the English Language* is taken up with arguments for maintaining an American standard, and abandoning the 'absurd imitation' of the English. Naturally, then, he prefers in most instances the American pronunciation as the more elegant or correct. American *deef*, for example, he preferred to English *def*, as the older and more analogical pronunciation. He considers the English use of *lept* as the past tense of *leap* an error which has fortunately not become prevalent in America.

We have evidence of still earlier differences from Benjamin Franklin, to

whose 'Excellency' Webster had dedicated the little volume of essays just mentioned, because of his interest in linguistic questions. About twenty years before, Franklin had published a book on spelling reform, in which he proposed a system of thoroughly phonetic spelling devised by himself. The poetical passages and letters transcribed in this system are documents of inestimable value in determining the American pronunciation of the eighteenth century. Two examples will suffice to show that Franklin's pronunciation differed somewhat from that which prevailed among his British contemporaries. In *would* and *should* he retains the sound of *l*. Marlowe and Ben Jonson bear witness to the fact that the omission of *l* in these words had already begun in England in the Elizabethan period. This pronunciation, however, did not receive recognition from the majority of the seventeenth-century orthoëpists, although it had undoubtedly been spreading rapidly in popular speech. For after 1701 *would* is considered by all English authorities a homonym of *wood*, and Franklin's pronunciation, if it still existed in England in the middle of the century, was certainly antiquated or rare, if not altogether vulgar. Another word in which Franklin's pronunciation did not agree with the majority of his transatlantic contemporaries was *get*, which he pronounced unmistakably *git*. This, again, together with *yis* and *yit*, was a common pronunciation in seventeenth-century England. But by the middle of the next century it had apparently fallen to the vulgar level to which it was later to sink in America.

In these variations in the speech of Webster and Franklin from that of the mother country the remarkable fact is not so much their existence, as the character of the differences. The American pronunciations were not vulgar innovations or indiscreet perversions of good English sounds; rather were they conservative survivals of sounds which in the meantime had undergone modification and change in England itself. In all the remarks about the pronunciation at the time, it is evident that we were lagging behind our transatlantic brethren in those changes which inevitably accompany the development of a living language.

In the first part of the last century we find outcroppings of this conservative tendency. Americans felt obliged to pronounce the *w* in *sword* for some time after Englishmen had abandoned it. In 1839, the older professors at Yale still pronounced *nature* to rhyme with *later*, a pronunciation which flourished in the time of Addison and Pope.

It is doubtless disagreeable to those who would improve American English to contemplate among the British users of our tongue any precipitancy in furthering changes which every purist would consider corruptions.

Most purifiers of our language have strangely imagined that all corruption of English must necessarily have its origin in America. They have failed to observe that the history of our treatment of the language seems to point plainly to the fact that, in the past, America often clung to the old while England was introducing the new. And this condition is not at all anomalous. The present descendants of those Norsemen who settled Iceland in the ninth and tenth centuries have left the Old Norse language comparatively unchanged, while the inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula, though unaffected by invasions or race-mixture, have so much modified this same inheritance as to split it into two distinct and mutually unintelligible languages, Norwegian and Swedish. Similarly the Irish pronunciation of English, so far from having suffered a sea-change by

its transference to the Emerald Isle, is nearer to that of the age of Elizabeth than the best pronunciation of Southern England to-day. In fact, colonists from any country whatever tend to preserve their language in a much more primitive state than those who remain at home.

II

Whether the speech of educated Americans even to-day possesses more of antiquity than that of educated Englishmen, is perhaps a more uncertain question. Several circumstances have combined in opposing a complete conservation of seventeenth-century English in this country. The territory over which the colonists spread was so extraordinarily large, that, even making the untenable assumption that they all originally spoke the same English dialect, it was naturally impossible to maintain a uniform tradition. Moreover, the lack of isolation and the continual and increasing intercourse with the mother country have prevented the speech of Americans and Englishmen from diverging very widely, particularly as there have already existed in this country persons so deluded as to waste much time and energy in the endeavor to approximate as closely as possible every innovation in the British mode of speech.

The fact that the United States has absorbed great numbers of foreigners may also have had some slight effect upon American English. But this influence is easily exaggerated, and it is unlikely that either Irish or German has caused more modification in our speech, — except in certain localities, — than has Italian or Russian. Indeed, all these circumstances have hardly been sufficient to neutralize our tendency to adhere to older forms of speech.

One can adduce almost as many particular words in proof of conservatism in England as in America. But in the more general changes which are alone worthy of citation as proof, America can be said to have a certain advantage. The dropping of the *r*, which is one of the chief characteristics of the so-called standard dialect of England, is obviously a later development than the retention of the letter in the speech of most Americans. The almost complete disappearance of the secondary accent in *difficulty* and *laboratory* is another important change to which we have not yet succumbed in any perceptible degree. At any rate we have treated our inheritance in quite as respectful and exemplary a manner as the English. To ask us to anglicize our pronunciation in order to preserve it pure and undefiled would be altogether ridiculous.

Before considering what other reasons may exist for the regulation of our pronunciation by that of cultured Englishmen, it may be well to enumerate some of the points upon which the two countries obviously differ. Several have already been mentioned. The majority of educated Englishmen certainly do not pronounce the *r* before a consonant. Just as certainly the majority of educated Americans pronounce it distinctly. Another important deviation of English from American pronunciation is the amount of stress given to the third syllable of polysyllabic words. The English say what to American ears sounds like *litrrrry*, as opposed to our distinct *literary*, *holidy* as opposed to *holiday*. It is evident that our so-called secondary accent is in many cases almost as important as the primary. In England a secondary accent in such words as *temporary* and *necessary* has practically ceased to exist. Which mode is the better is a question both unprofitable to discuss and perhaps impossible to decide. But be it remarked that if the secondary accent had first suffered this desuetude in America, the

loss would have been stigmatized as a monstrous corruption which only the linguistically unfit could perpetrate.

Again, the flat *a* in such words as *blast* and *command*, although condemned by all orthoëpists, seems to have many more adherents in this country than the English *ah*. Here, it is said, we are inferior in elegance. The contrary may be affirmed in a fourth point of difference. In England such words as *fertile* and *hostile* are pronounced with the *i* long as in *tile*. This change cannot be out of any respect for Latin quantity, which happens to be short in the one case and long in the other. It appears to be one of those 'spelling-pronunciations' which have influenced the speech of both countries to a great extent.

Besides these general differences, many particular words at once distinguish an Englishman from an American. In *trait* the English have thought it proper to keep the French pronunciation. In *schedule* the tremendous influence of Webster has made us conform to what he deemed to be consistent with its Greek origin, while the very unclassical *shedule* prevails in England. All these differences are not so important as to make Englishmen and Americans mutually unintelligible; yet they are not so negligible that they remain unnoticed and undisputed by those who long for that linguistic Utopia in which the English language shall be at once elegant and uniform.

III

Both the possibility and the desirability of attaining this state of affairs seem to be taken for granted by most orthoëpic reformers. Generally they deem it unwise or perhaps unnecessary to obliterate all distinctions at once. They content themselves with the task of suppressing our most flagrant violations of purity of speech. But they never seem disturbed by the thought that language in general, and pronunciation in particular, have never been changed in this artificial way.

When a certain sound is obsolescent, or when it has already arisen in one section of the country, it may be possible, by excessive 'school-mastering' of the young and much heroic endeavor on the part of the old, to revive it and prevent its extinction in the one case, or to hasten its spread in the other. In the pronunciation of particular words, especially, it is possible by persistent assertion of authority to effect a change. But a general innovation involving numerous words or sets of words, such as the substitution of a broad *a* for a flat one, cannot be brought about by mere voluntary endeavor. Phonetic changes have always occurred, not because of any desire on the part of speakers to effect them, but simply because of the workings of a natural law of which they were unconscious or which they were at least powerless to check. Even the failure after long years of effort to pronounce naturally and consistently *blahst* and *commahnd* has not convinced the Anglomaniacs of the uselessness of their attempts. Some, in fact, with the true spirit of martyrs, seem to imagine that the struggle is the more glorious because the object is impossible of accomplishment. We have heard of the man who votes for a presidential candidate merely because he is certain to win. But the man who would vote for a presidential candidate merely because he is certain to lose possesses a mental equipment even more peculiar.

Although people still refuse to recognize the futility of their labors, and persist in the opinion that our speech should conform to that of England, one might presume that they must have the best of reasons for asserting the desirability of accomplishing this change,

It may be well to mention that many imitators of the English are inspired only by that love of the exotic which admires everything indiscriminately from China to Peru. They imitate English pronunciation merely because it is not American. On the other hand, there appear to be people who honestly believe that they are benefiting their fellow countrymen and the language by practicing themselves and imposing upon others what they regard as the only true pronunciation of English. But even these more serious-minded mortals are strangely reluctant to advance any reasons for their position; and the arguments they do propound are generally not very convincing. It has been necessary at the outset to dispose of the belief which underlies many of the pronouncements on the subject, — the mistaken notion that existing differences in pronunciation are corruptions introduced by America. In enumerating these differences we have seen that, though comparatively few, they are not of such a nature as to be affected by individual effort. It now remains to examine what few reasons have impelled many intelligent people to attempt this impossible task.

At least two arguments can be discovered which are either definitely stated or unmistakably implied. The first may be given in the words of Richard Grant White: 'For English is the language spoken by the English people, and while the most important and most cultivated part of the English race, that which is the direct continuation of the original state, remains in England, where it was first planted and grew to maturity, it is manifestly to England that we are to go if we would find that which is emphatically and unquestionably English.'

To some people this declaration may not appear so obvious and irrefutable as it evidently did to the propounder. The statement that 'English is the language spoken by the English people,' is naturally true as a mere assertion; but as a definition it is entirely inadequate. Its use as an argument is nothing but sophistry and confusion of names. English is just as truly the language spoken by the American people. Therefore, we might say by this method of reasoning, to America we must turn for the purest English. Again, one must be extremely humble, if not altogether sycophantic, to admit unconditionally that in England is 'the most important and most cultivated part of the English race.'

The whole question, it may be remarked, is bound up with our right to independence in other linguistic matters. No one can have read Professor Lounsbury's recent articles on Americanisms without realizing the necessity of differences in vocabulary. In this respect, indeed, it is now generally recognized that a dual standard not only was inevitable, but is actually salutary. Many Americanisms have become valuable additions to the English vocabulary, and our 'joint-ownership' of the language — as Mr. Brander Matthews calls it — is, in this particular, being gradually conceded by England herself. Differences in the living language are naturally greater and more noticeable; it is perhaps for this reason that attempts to efface them utterly are still being made. None the less, they are even more inevitable, and the fact that no perceptible benefit arises from their existence, and several distinct disadvantages seem to attend it, cannot prevent their continuance.

The second reason for our adoption of the pronunciation of Southern England seems to be that Englishmen of culture are not subject to the same linguistic lapses and hideous errors which beset the speech of Americans. Two pronunciations in particular have been

repeatedly and violently condemned by Americans as American traits. The insertion of an *r* before a vowel, as in the expressions 'the lawr of the land,' 'the idear of it,' has been described as an American fault. The teachers of the New York schools have found this 'unhistoric *r*' flourishing among the rising generation; there has been frequent notice and complaint of it in the metropolitan newspapers; and the outcry has become general. But, as is often the case in matters of language, the outcry is loudest among those who are totally ignorant of the reasons for the origin and spread of this sound, and consequently most incompetent to suggest any means of eradicating it.

The first references to this rhotacism consist of attacks upon the extension of the practice in England in the early part of the last century. Its rise was contemporaneous with that of the weakening of *r* before a consonant, and though at first regarded as a vulgarism, it generally became so wide-spread that in 1891 a well-known phonetician wrote: 'As far as I can observe among educated Southerners [in England, of course], about nine tenths of the men and half of the women introduce this *r*.' The most defamatory of critics could not bring the same accusation against the United States. It may well be remarked that 'drawering' and 'I sawr it' are rarely, if ever, used by persons who do not at the same time rhyme 'morn' with 'dawn.' The phenomenon is precisely similar to that by which the *h* is inserted promiscuously in cockney English after the correct sense of it has been lost by omitting it where it rightfully belongs. Whether this intruder will remain a permanent visitor and spread to more than one section of the country, depends entirely on our ability to distinguish between *ah* and *r*, and to avoid the confusion which has followed upon its banishment from its rightful domain. And if we succeed in this in America, it will be only because the appearance of this *r* is much later, and its prevalence much less general, in this country than in England.

Even more cacophonous to some ears than this insertion of *r* is the omission of *h* in such words as *when*, *where*, and *while*. One severe critic classes *wen* along with *gal* and *bilin'*, as Americanisms having a 'distinct odor of tobacco-chewing about them.' Doubtless each one of us can think of respectable persons of both sexes who consistently omit the *h* in *when* and are nevertheless far from using the 'vile weed' as a means of maxillary exercise. Whether it be regarded as an odious vulgarism or as a natural phonetic development, it cannot properly be designated an American fault. Even in the late eighteenth century the *h* was generally silent in England. To-day the pronunciations *hwen* and *hwere* are so uncommon among educated Englishmen as to be often considered harsh or dialectal. If Englishmen are to be held up as models because of their freedom from laxity of speech, it is certainly strange that the very errors which have been ignorantly condemned as peculiarly American should happen to be those in which England herself is the worst offender.

IV

When one reads Henry James on *The Question of Our Speech*, one despairs of our American pronunciation. The novelist appears to have exhausted his vocabulary of uncomplimentary epithets (and it is a very large one) in describing it. One imagines that the American people treat the English language with as much pernicious unconcern as the English treat it with circumspection. It is therefore surprising and somewhat comforting to find in a treatise *On the Present State of English*

Pronunciation by the newly appointed poet-laureate a severe criticism of the growing slovenliness in pronunciation and the general decadence of pure speaking in England. If the influx of vast hordes of foreigners is wholly accountable for the corruption of the language in this country, it is remarkable that a condition of affairs quite as disturbing has arisen in England without their assistance. Now, it would be unwise to assert that we speak the English tongue with as much perfection as we might or ought to speak it. But the remedy surely does not lie in endeavoring to anglicize our pronunciation, because the faults as well as the merits of the two countries are different.

Still another argument might be brought forward for adopting such British pronunciations as differ from our own. If any one language should ever become universally used as a medium of intercourse, none seems more likely to attain that position than that which we possess in common. No other language has had so extraordinary a growth. From a scant five million in 1500 it has become the language of over one hundred and twenty-five million people. Unquestionably one of the greatest dangers to a further extension of English would be a lack of uniformity in the two powerful nations speaking it. But when reformers of pronunciation urge us to embrace unnatural pronunciations because they believe the present differences sufficient to develop into a hindrance to the universality of English, they forget two things. One, which they never remember, is the utter impossibility of making such revolutionary changes at will. The other is the very important fact that, after all, the greatest difference between English and American speech is not a matter of pronunciation but of intonation. It is a difference much more difficult to define, but it is nevertheless that which contributes most of all to the strangeness of the English 'accent,' as it is popularly called. Unfortunately for the seekers after linguistic unity and concord, it is almost impossible for an individual to imitate these speech-tones. No one has, as yet, made so absurd a proposal as that of forcing them upon a nation. It is unlikely that any one will. But in view of the possibility, it may be well to suggest that it would be somewhat less absurd, though more heretical, for the English to conform to our mode of speech than for the larger nation to conform to that of the smaller.

The most fervent of Anglomaniacs have scarcely demanded that we accept in every particular the pronunciations which prevail in England. On the contrary, the method of most has been so eclectic that they might be suspected of sheltering behind the bugbear of an English standard the pronunciations approved by their own caprice. If English *bean* seems to them more richly euphonious than the simple American *bin*, nothing will vindicate their position more than the declaration that the speech of England is necessarily the standard of America. The time will come when such dogmatic assertions will no longer be received with reverent submission. Of course the majority of educated Americans have never, and will never, consciously imitate the English. They have nevertheless been taught that in not doing so they are violating the purity of the language.

Perhaps there will always be people so uninformed as to desire to adopt a foreign standard of pronunciation. But those of us who prefer not to make so complete a change in our mode of speech may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we have an unquestionable right to the pronunciation natural to ourselves.

IS A PERMANENT PEACE POSSIBLE?

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

When the war began, certain writers, notably Mr. H. G. Wells, exhilarated by the romance of great events, and yet believing themselves to be lovers of peace, invented the theory that this was 'a war to end war.' Both in England and in Germany, men who have professed a horror of war, but who do not wish it thought that they oppose this war, have argued that their own country is notorious for its love of peace, of which it has given repeated proofs laying it open to the charge of weakness; but that it has been attacked by unscrupulous enemies, and must quell their ruthless pride before the world can be relieved from the dread of war. This language is not insincere, but is the result of a very superficial analysis of the events and passions which led up to the conflict. Such an analysis, if allowed to pass unchallenged, is dangerous, since it leaves untouched all the misjudgment, suspicion, and pride out of which future wars, equally devastating, may be expected to grow in the course of the years. Something more than the mere victory of one party is necessary for a secure peace, and something deeper than a belief in the enemy's wickedness is necessary if the nations are to move toward that goal. I shall attempt first an analysis of the causes of modern war, and then a discussion of means of preventing future wars between civilized states.

The present war springs from the rivalry of states. And the rivalry of states springs from certain erroneous beliefs, inspired and encouraged by pride and fear, and embodied in a political machinery intended to make the power of a state quick, effective, and terrible. If wars between civilized states are to cease, these beliefs must be seen to be mistaken, pride must take a different form, fear must become groundless, and the machinery of international relations must no longer be designed solely for rivalry.

In surveying the larger causes of the war, we may leave altogether out of account the diplomacy of the last fortnight in July. Since the conclusion of the Anglo-French *entente* in 1904 the war had been on the point of breaking out, and could have been avoided only by some radical change in the temper of nations and governments. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine had caused a profound estrangement between France and Germany. Russia and Germany became enemies through the Pan-Slavist agitation, which threatened the Austrian influence in the Balkans and even the very existence of the Austro-Hungarian State. Finally, the German determination to build a powerful navy drove England into the arms of Russia and France. Our differences with those two countries were suddenly discovered to be unimportant, and were amicably arranged without any difficulty. By a treaty whose important articles were kept secret, the French withdrew their opposition to our occupation of Egypt, and we undertook to support them in acquiring Morocco, —

a bargain which, from our own point of view, had the advantage of reviving the hostility between France and Germany at a time when there seemed a chance of its passing away. As regards Russia, our deep-rooted suspicions of its Asiatic designs were declared groundless, and we agreed to the independence of Tibet and the partition of Persia, in return for an acknowledgment of our suzerainty in Afghanistan. Both these arrangements show that, if good-will and reason presided over international affairs, an adjustment of differences might have been made at any time; as it is, nothing but fear of Germany sufficed to persuade us of the uselessness of our previous hostility to France and Russia.

No sooner had this grouping of the European powers been brought about than the Entente and the Alliance began a diplomatic game of watchful manœuvring against each other. Russia suffered a blow to her pride in the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Germany felt humiliated by having to acknowledge, though with compensation, the French occupation of Morocco. The first Balkan War was a gain to Russia; the second afforded some consolation to Austria. And so the game went on, with recurring crises and alternate diplomatic victories, first for one side, then for the other.

In all this struggle, no one on either side thought for a moment of the welfare of the smaller nations which were the pawns in the struggle. The fact that Morocco appealed to Germany for protection against French aggression was not held to put England and France in the wrong. The fact that the Persians — the intellectual aristocracy of the Moslem world — had freed themselves from the corrupt government of the Shah and were becoming liberal and parliamentary, was not regarded as any reason why their northern provinces should not be devastated by Cossacks and their southern regions occupied by the British. The fact that the Turks had for ages displayed a supremacy in cruelty and barbarism by torturing and degrading the Christians under their rule was no reason why Germany should not, like England in former times, support their tottering despotism by military and financial assistance. All considerations of humanity and liberty were subordinated to the great game: first one side threatened war, then the other; at last both threatened at once, and the patient populations, incited cynically by lies and claptrap, were driven on to the blind work of butchery.

A world where such cruel absurdities are possible is not to be put right by a mere treaty of peace. War between civilized states is both wicked and foolish, and it will not cease until either the wickedness or the folly is understood by those who direct the policy of nations. Most men do not mind being wicked, and the few who do have learned ways of persuading themselves that they are virtuous. But, except in moments of passion, men do mind being foolish. There is more hope of preventing war in future by persuading men of its folly than by urging its wickedness. To a dispassionate observation its folly is evident, but most observation is not dispassionate: unconsciously men tend to adopt the opinions which will justify them in indulging their passions. Just as a libertine, in order to excuse himself, comes to think that the women have no deep feelings, so a militant patriot comes to think that the interests of his country are vitally opposed to those of some other country, in order that he may have an opportunity to indulge pride, the desire for triumph, and the lust of dominion. What the pacifist has to contend against is a system of false beliefs,

inspired by unrecognized evil passions which are thought to be justified by the beliefs. If the beliefs are seen to be false, there is some hope that the passions may be recognized as evil. And the falsehood of the belief in the essential conflict of interests between nations is easily recognized by any candid mind.

Among men, as among all gregarious animals, there are two kinds of economic relation: coöperation and competition. There is coöperation when the activities which the one undertakes in his own interest tend to benefit the other; there is competition when they tend to injure the other. Neither coöperation nor competition need be conscious; it is not even necessary that either should be aware of the existence of the other. But in so far as they are conscious, they bring into play quite different sets of feelings. On the one side we have affection, loyalty, gratitude; on the other, fear, hatred, triumph. The emotions out of which war springs result from a combination of the two groups: they are the emotions appropriate to coöperation against a common competitor. In the modern world, where men are grouped by states, these conditions are summed up in patriotism.

Coöperation and competition have governed the lives of our ancestors since the days before they were human, and in the course of the struggle for existence our emotional nature has developed so as to respond deeply and instinctively to these ancient stimuli. There is in all men a disposition to seek out occasions for the exercise of instinctive feelings, and it is this disposition rather than any inexorable economic or physical fact, which is at the bottom of enmities between nations. The conflicts of interest are invented to afford an excuse for feelings of hostility; but as the invention is unconscious, it is supposed that the hostility is brought about by some real conflict of interest.

The cause of this absence of harmony between our instincts and our real needs is the modern development of industry and commerce. In a savage community, where each family lives by its own labor, there is no occasion for *peaceful* coöperation in any group larger than the family. But there is often occasion for *warlike* coöperation: if all the members of some other tribe can be killed, it is possible to appropriate their hunting-grounds and their pastures. In such a state of things, war is profitable to the victors, and the vanquished leave no descendants. The human race is descended from a long line of victors in war; for, although there have been just as many vanquished, they failed in early days to leave any posterity. The feelings which men now have on the subject of war and international relations are feelings which were in agreement with facts, so far as the victors were concerned, in those primitive internecine combats of savage tribes. But in the modern world our economic organization is more civilized than our emotions, and the conflicts in which we indulge do not really offer that prospect of gain which lets loose the brute within us. The brute within us refuses to face this disappointing fact, and turns upon those who bring it forward with savage accusations of unmanliness or lack of patriotism. But it remains a fact none the less.

The international character of our economic organization is due to division of labor, taking partly the form of exchange, partly the form of multiplying stages in production. Consider some quite simple example: say a loaf of bread baked in Holland from Argentine wheat grown by the help of English agricultural machinery made from

Spanish ore. Holland, Argentina, England, and Spain, all, through this loaf of bread, have an interest in each other's welfare; any misfortune to any one of the four is likely to cause some injury to the other three. And so it happens that times of good trade and times of bad trade are both world-wide. Yet in spite of the fact that when Germany is prosperous England is prosperous, and when Germany has hard times England has hard times, men persist, both in England and in Germany, in concentrating attention on the comparatively small amount of economic competition, to the exclusion of the very much greater amount of economic coöperation. It is thought that if Germany were ruined England would be enriched, and *vice versa*. Yet every tradesman knows that the ruin of his customers is an injury to him, which cannot be compensated by the ruin of his competitors. Instinct makes us want a nation to hate, and diplomatists have decided that, for the last ten years, that nation should be Germany; and since we hate Germany, we imagine her interests opposed to ours. But one moment's thought without hatred shows that the whole opposition is merely imaginary.

The diplomatic conflict is even more unreal and disproportionate to any possibility of gain than the economic conflict. Apart from the satisfaction of a somewhat childish pride, what does it matter to either France or Germany which of them owns Morocco? Neglecting the fact that France had to promise the open door in order to win Germany's acquiescence, the extreme limit of possible advantage would be the capture of the whole foreign trade of Morocco. This is a limit which cannot, in practice, be reached, since, even with the most restrictive tariff, there will be some commodities which will have to be imported from elsewhere. But even if it could be reached, it is a mere fallacy to suppose that the necessary restrictions would be advantageous to France. England, after much experience, has abandoned the attempt to impose any restrictions on foreign trade in its Crown Colonies, because they hamper the development of colonies, diminish their purchasing power, and in the long run injure English trade more than they benefit it. With every disposition to profit by injury to others, experience has taught us that our own profit is best secured by allowing equal opportunities to other nations, and that injury to others, however delightful in itself, has to be paid for by a corresponding injury to ourselves. But even if we adopt, for the sake of argument, the view that a nation owning a colony can profit by securing the whole trade of that colony to itself, what proportion is there between the gain and the cost?

In order that the French might acquire Morocco, England and France, in 1905 and again in 1911, were brought to the verge of war with Germany, causing huge increases in the French army and the English navy, embittering the relations of both with Germany, and producing a state of public feeling which made the present war possible. A solemn international conference deliberated at Algeciras, and arrived at decisions which England and France regarded as 'scraps of paper.' Finally, Germany, as the price of abandoning its claims, acquired a bit of African territory, at the expense of a similar increase of armaments, a similar exacerbation of public feeling, and an exhibition of bullying methods which prepared the whole world to view all Germany's proceedings with suspicion. And as everybody knows, the loss due to mere uncertainty, produced in industry and finance by a 'vigorous' policy, was so great that the German business

world at last compelled the government to give way. And all this turmoil was over the question whether France should have the empty right to call Morocco 'French'!

Viewed as a means of obtaining any tangible gain, a diplomatic contest such as that which was waged over Morocco is a childish absurdity. The diplomatists who conduct it, and the journalists who applaud their ridiculous activities, are ignorant men — ignorant, I mean, in all that is really important to the welfare of nations. Their only training is in the kind of skill by which a horse-dealer palms off a bad bargain upon a foolish customer, and in the knowledge of personalities which is required in all games of intrigue. But such training, though it had its importance in simpler times, grows less and less useful as the organization of society becomes more complex and as the interdependence of men in widely severed parts of the world increases. More and more the important facts are dry, statistical, impersonal; less and less are they of the sort that lends itself to expression in traditional literary form. Men's imaginations are governed to an extraordinary extent by literary tradition; the fact that the really important knowledge can be acquired only by industrious investigation makes it 'vulgar' and not such as any aristocratic diplomatist would condescend to know.

The economic absurdity of our diplomatic and military conflicts is not denied by well-informed advocates of international strife. They will admit that, in a war between civilized states, even the victor can no longer hope to gain in wealth. But they reply that such considerations are sordid, and that they, the warlike party, have nobler ideals than mere money-grubbing. This is an even more preposterous absurdity than the pretence of trading advantages to be obtained by victory. Let us admit at once that the interest which most people felt in the Moroccan question was not, except in a very small degree, an economic interest. But was it something higher than an economic interest?

The main thing involved in all such contests, and the thing that makes the average man tolerate them, is national pride. The Germans felt that France had failed to treat them with proper respect by not informing them officially of the Anglo-French agreement; the English and French felt the sending of the Panther to Agadir an act of aggression which must be resented; the Germans felt Mr. Lloyd George's high language at the Mansion House in 1911 a threat to which no great power could yield with dignity. This is the nobler stuff with which the idealists of war confront the money-grubbing economists! Compared with this schoolboy desire for cheap triumphs, money-grubbing is humane, enlightened, and noble. The man who builds up an industry confers benefits upon countless others in the course of pursuing his own advantage: he becomes rich because he is doing something of real use to the community. But the pride that wishes to humiliate, and the pride that *can* be humiliated, by yielding trivial diplomatic advantages rather than risk war, are alike childish and barbarous, springing from low ambitions, and enviously regarding one man's gain as consisting in another's loss. Diplomatic victory rests with the side most willing to risk war; so long as men feel proud of their country on account of its victories, and not on account of its contributions to civilization and the welfare of mankind, so long they will feel humiliated when their country is reasonable, and elated when it is brutal, overbearing, ready to plunge the world into the chaos of armed conflict. As against this state

of mind, the man who urges the economic loss involved, nowadays, even in successful war, is a humane advocate of sane coöperation, not a man blinded by sordid considerations to the supposed splendors of what is really the most degraded form of 'patriotism.'

The disease from which the civilized world is suffering is a complex one, derived from the failure of men's instincts to keep pace with changing material conditions. Among savages, where there is no trade and little division of labor, the only economic relation between different tribes is that of competition for the food-supply. The tribe which attacks with most cunning and ferocity exterminates the greatest number of others, and leaves the largest posterity. Disposition to ferocity and cunning is, at this stage, a biological advantage; and the instincts of civilized men are those developed during this early stage. But through the growth of commerce and manufactures it has come about that nine tenths of the interests of one civilized nation coincide with nine tenths of the interests of any other.

So long as the disposition to primitive ferocity is not excited, men are able to see their community of interest, — as, for example, most men do in America. But there remains in the background a readiness for enmity and suspicion, a capacity for all the emotions of the savage on the warpath, which can be roused by any skillful manipulator; and there remain many men who, from a brutal nature or from some underground effect of self-interest, are unable to see that friendship between nations is possible and that hostility has lost whatever *raison d'être* it once possessed. And so the old rivalries, now become an unmeaning and murderous futility, go on unchecked, and all the splendid heroism of war is wasted on a tragic absurdity.

II

The old methods have brought us to the present disaster, and new and better methods must be found. So much is agreed on all hands.

But as soon as we attempt to specify better methods, disagreement breaks out, partly from conflict of opinion concerning the facts which have brought about the present situation, partly from desire to find a heroic solution which shall once for all make war impossible by some mechanical arrangement.

The steps to be taken for securing a lasting peace fall into three categories: (1) the conditions of peace; (2) the subsequent machinery for adjusting international disputes; (3) measures for producing, throughout Europe, a more sane, well-informed, and pacific public opinion.

(1) Nine men out of ten, in all the combatant nations, consider, or at least considered when the war broke out, that the conditions of peace are the only question of importance. Nine out of ten Englishmen believe, or believed, that England, France, and Russia are essentially peace-loving countries; that they made every conceivable effort for the preservation of peace; and that the one thing necessary to secure the permanent peace of the world is that they should smash the military power of Germany and Austria. Nine out of ten Germans believe, or believed, that Germany and Austria are essentially peace-loving countries; that while they were struggling to preserve the peace, Russia, secretly encouraged by England, treacherously mobilized under cover of negotiations between the Czar and the Kaiser; and that the one thing necessary to secure the permanent peace of the world is that Germany and Austria should smash the military power of the Allies.

These opposing views are merely

melodramatic: no nation is quite black, and none is quite white, but all are of varying shades of gray. Like every one else in Europe, I think my own nation of the lightest shade of gray; but no participator in the game of Alliance and Entente which statesmen have played for the past ten years, ought to flatter itself that it is wholly unspotted. And in any case, as a solution, the complete destruction of the enemy has the defect of being impossible. England and Germany will both exist after the war; if they fought each other for five centuries, like England and France, they would still both exist. This fact is beginning to be realized on both sides, and to compel even the most bellicose to seek some way by which they can learn to endure each other's existence with equanimity. What is wanted is a change of heart, leading to a change of political methods; and victory or defeat must be considered in the light of their power of producing a change of heart.

From this point of view, it is important that no nation should make such great gains as to feel that it was worth while going to war, and that none should suffer such humiliating losses as to be impelled to revenge. The result of 1870 was the worst possible from the point of view of mankind. The Germans were encouraged in militarism by success, the French were goaded into militarism by the intolerable shame of defeat and dismemberment. Whatever happens at the peace, there should be no new Alsace-Lorraines: any transfer of territory should be such as can be recommended to neutral opinion on the ground of the wishes of the inhabitants. So far as the West is concerned, it may be reasonably hoped that this condition will be carried out; but in the East it is to be feared that none of the combatants will respect it. No one believes that any part of the Turkish Empire will be allowed any voice in deciding its fate; but it must be admitted that the Turks, throughout their history, have done as little to deserve consideration as any nation on earth.

(2) But changes of territory are the least important part of what may be hoped from the peace. In all nations every sane man and woman will desire a completely new system in international affairs. The only men who will desire to prolong the present system are statesmen, sensational journalists, and armament-makers — the men who profit by slaughter, either in credit or in cash, without running any risk of being slaughtered themselves. Since these men will control the actual Congress, they will be able to postpone the inauguration of a happier age, unless America undertakes the championship of mankind against the warring governments. All humane people in Europe would wish America to participate: if possible, they would wish the Congress to take place in the neutral atmosphere of Washington, with Mr. Wilson as its president. The governments may oppose this plan, from the wish of officials to retain power in their own hands, and of combatants to avoid having to hear the voice of reason. But public opinion is against the governments in this question, though for the moment it has difficulty in expressing itself.

New methods in international affairs are required, not in the interests of one side or the other, but in the interests of mankind, lest civilization and humanity should perish from the world. It would be disastrous if new methods were imposed by the victors upon the vanquished as part of the humiliation of defeat: they ought to be adopted by all, at the suggestion of neutrals, as an escape from the tragic entanglement which has dragged a horrified Europe, as though by the compulsion of an external fate, into a cataclysm not desired

beforehand by one man in a hundred in any of the nations involved in the struggle. In every nation, men believe they are fighting for the defense of home and country against wanton aggression; for they know that they themselves have not desired war, and they know or suspect the sins of foreign governments while they are ignorant of the sins of their own. In every nation, when this war comes to an end, men will welcome any means of avoiding the risk of another such war in the future.

Most of the friends of peace are agreed in advocating some kind of international council to take cognizance of all disputes between nations and to urge what it regards as a just solution. But it is not easy to agree either as to the powers or as to the composition of the council.

The council ought not to be composed merely of diplomatists. A diplomatist represents national prestige, and his credit among his *confrères* depends upon his skill in securing supposed advantages for his own nation. He focusses in his own person the spirit of rivalry between states, which is the chief obstacle to internationalism. The mental atmosphere in which he lives is that of the eighteenth century, with its 'Balance of Power' and other shibboleths. Classification by nations is only one way of classifying mankind, but the diplomatic machine ignores all other ways. The world of finance, the world of learning, the world of socialism — to take only three examples — are international, each of great importance in its own way, each having certain interests which cut right across the divisions of states. If each nation appointed to the council, not only a diplomatist, but also a financier, a representative of learning, and a champion of labor, there would often be cross-divisions, and the voting would not always be by nations. International interests, as opposed to merely national advantage, would have some chance of a hearing in such a council, and it might occasionally happen that the welfare of civilization would be the decisive consideration. Foreign policy has remained everywhere the exclusive domain of an aristocratic clique. What they have made of it, we see. It is time to secure a less ignorant and less prejudiced conduct of affairs by the admission of the democracy to an active administrative share.

The deliberations of the council should be public, and it should refuse to regard as binding any treaty, agreement, or understanding, of which the terms had been kept secret. By means of secrecy, an air of mystery and hocus-pocus is preserved, of which the sole use and purpose is to keep power in official hands, and to prevent the intrusion of common sense into the arcana of diplomacy. The public is hoodwinked by the assurance that secrecy is essential to national security. Hitherto, on this plea, even the most democratic countries of Europe have handed over their destinies blindfold to men who have abused their trust by policies diametrically opposed to what their followers desired. Only publicity can prevent a repetition of this crime.

In urging that men who are not professional diplomatists ought to take part in the international council, I am not intending to suggest that diplomatists, as individuals, are any worse than other men, but only that their training, their traditions, their way of life, and the fact that they represent the national interest to the exclusion of all other considerations, must tend to close their minds to an order of ideas which lies outside the scope of their official duties. Even men who are wholly estimable in private life will be governed in their political ideas by the interests which they represent. The secretary of the

Automobile Association — I speak hypothetically, since I do not know who he is — may be an ardent patriot, and anxious, as an individual, to bear his share of the expense of the navy, but he will infallibly protest when it is proposed to put a tax on petrol. The editor of the *Licensed Victualler's Gazette* may be a zealous temperance man in his private capacity, but as an editor he is bound to raise an outcry when any fresh burden is placed upon 'the trade.' So a diplomatist may, during his holidays, be an international pacifist, but in his working hours he will struggle to obtain small advantages for his country, even by threatening war if necessary. This is the inevitable effect of the interest which he represents, and can be counteracted only by men who represent interests which conflict less with those of civilization in general.

Should the powers of the council include military intervention for the enforcement of its awards? Very strong arguments may be urged on both sides.

It is assumed that, when a dispute arises, the council will at once invite the powers concerned to submit to its arbitration, and that, if one party expresses willingness to abide by its award while the other does not, it will throw whatever weight it possesses against the intractable party. It should also have the power of examining questions likely to cause disputes in the future, and of suggesting such adjustments and compromises as may seem just. But if its authority is flouted, shall it rely upon moral force alone, or shall it have power to invoke the armed support of all those neutrals which send delegates to it?

In favor of armed intervention, it may be urged that otherwise the council will be futile, and will afford no security against an aggressive military power. It will therefore not allay panics, prevent wars, or tend to diminish armaments. If, on the other hand, neutrals can be relied upon to be willing to threaten armed intervention, and if their intervention would always secure an overwhelming preponderance of force on one side, then the mere threat would be sufficient, and actual war would be prevented.

But this argument involves many doubtful hypotheses, and is perhaps inspired less by a sober review of the facts than by the wish to find a short cut to universal peace. Unless almost all the powers sincerely desire peace, an alliance among the more bellicose powers might be strong enough to flout all the others, and in that case the only result of the council would be to make the war world-wide. Also it is much to be feared that neutrals could not be trusted to intervene by force of arms in a dispute in which they had no interest beyond the desire to preserve the peace: the whole system would be in danger of breaking down just when it was most needed. The most pacific powers — notably the United States — would probably refuse altogether to enter a system entailing such vast and manifold obligations. And within each nation, the necessity of being constantly prepared to go to war would run counter to the wishes of peaceful people, although it is from such people that the scheme would have to derive its support, since its aim would be the prevention of war. For these reasons, it does not seem desirable at present that the decisions of the international council should be enforced by military intervention.

I do not think the decisions of the council would have no weight if they rested upon moral force alone. The efforts made by both sides in the present war to persuade the United States of the justice of their cause show how highly the sympathy of neutrals is

valued, when there is hardly a thought of their abandoning neutrality. And the mere existence of an impartial tribunal, to which each side could yield without loss of dignity, would in most cases suffice to prevent the diplomatic deadlock which precedes war. Public opinion, which at present has no means of hearing any unbiassed statement, would be powerfully influenced by an authoritative award, and the pacific forces in the countries concerned could bring pressure to bear on the governments to bow to the decisions of the council. If the pacific forces were strong, this pressure would probably be sufficient; if not, no system could make peace secure. For, in the last resort, peace can be preserved only if public opinion desires peace in most of the great nations.

(3) Far more important than any question of machinery is the problem of producing in all civilized nations such a horror of war that public opinion will insist upon peaceful methods of settling disputes. When this war ends, it is probable that every nation in Europe will feel such an intense weariness of the struggle that there will be little likelihood of a great war for another generation. The problem is, so to alter men's standards and outlook that, when the weariness has passed away, they shall not fall back into the old bad way, but shall escape from the nightmare into a happier world of free coöperation.

The first thing to make men realize is that modern war is an absurdity as well as a crime, and that it can no longer secure such national advantages as, for example, England secured by the Seven Years' War. After the present war, it should be easy to persuade even the most ignorant and high-placed persons of this truth.

But it is even more necessary to alter men's conceptions of 'glory' and 'patriotism.' Beginning in childhood, with the school textbooks of history, and continuing in the press and in common talk, men are taught that the essence of 'glory' is successful robbing and slaughter. The most 'glorious' nation is the one which kills the greatest numbers of foreigners and seizes the greatest extent of foreign territory. The most 'patriotic' citizen is the one who most strongly opposes any attempt at justice or mercy in his country's dealings with other countries, and who is least able to conceive of mankind as all one family, struggling painfully from a condition of universal strife toward a society where love of one's neighbor is no longer thought a crime. The division of the world into nations is a fact which must be accepted, but there is no reason to accept the narrow nationalism which envies the prosperity of others and imagines it a hindrance to our own progress. If a better and saner world is to grow out of the horror of futile carnage, men must learn to find their nation's glory in the victory of reason over brute instincts, and to feel the true patriotism which demands that our country should deserve admiration rather than extort fear. If this lesson can be taught to all, beginning with the children in the schools, we may hope for a lasting peace, and the machinery for securing it will grow out of the universal desire. So long as hate and fear and pride are praised and encouraged, war can never become an impossibility. But there is now, if men have the courage to use it, an awakening of heart and mind such as the world has never known before: men see that war is wicked and that war is foolish. If the statesmen will play their part, by showing that war is not inevitable, there is hope that our children may live in a happier world, and look back upon us with the wondering pity of a wiser age.

JOFFRE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

I DOUBT if there is in the whole world, at the present moment, a man so universally known, and at the same time so unknown, as General Joffre. Everybody repeats his name and yet almost everybody wonders what he is personally; and things have reached the stage when one imagines that everybody else knows what one is ignorant of, and feels almost ashamed to ask questions.

In his own country General Joffre is little more than a name, or at best a mysterious force, the elusiveness of which has long baffled curiosity. The papers, it is true, publish articles about him, but they are everlasting, wearisome variations on what are supposed to be the great characteristics of the general, namely: temporization and taciturnity. Since M. Georges Clemenceau compared him, months ago, to Fabius Cunctator, people have repeated the same things *ad nauseam*, without adding one detail to the description of his so-called temporizing inclination, and, above all, without asking themselves whether there are proofs that he is naturally so like the Cunctator of Roman history.

The career of General Joffre was one which could not but pass unperceived by most of his countrymen. In times of peace the soldier who is usually spoken of as socially brilliant is nearly always obscure. Many a really distinguished French general who was a young lieutenant in 1870 got pensioned off years before the present war, without ever becoming known outside the narrowest circle. The only exceptions have been colonial soldiers, men like Duchesne, Galliéni, Marchand, and d'Amade, in whom the national taste for daring and for military intelligence found a satisfaction the higher because it was rare. Now Joffre was indeed a colonial soldier, but, apart from one expedition, he was employed overseas in his capacity as an engineer; and no Frenchman since the days of Vauban has reached celebrity by raising fortifications, which even to the average officer are either perplexing or a matter of course. In the last ten years, after he had been promoted to the higher grades, and especially in the past three years, after he had become Generalissimo, his name naturally grew more familiar; but it was still known mostly to technicians. Not one Frenchman in a thousand could repeat the succession of the supreme chiefs of the army in the past fifteen years. In times of peace the Generalissimo is hardly ever before the public notice, and his work is of an even more recondite nature than that of the engineer. General Brugère, General Hagron, General de Lacroix, General Trémeau have passed in and out of office without ever finding their way from the *Annuaire de l'Armée* into the popular almanacs.

So, had it not been for the coincidence that I shall point out between the appointment of Joffre and the warlike wave created by the Agadir incident, had it not been above all for the exciting debates on the Three-Year-Service

Law and for the great reforms bearing the name of M. Millerand, Joffre, in spite of the extraordinary esteem in which he was held by experts, would have remained little more than a name, or at best a huge slow-moving figure occasionally seen at reviews.

Living thus outside the broad currents of public curiosity until the war began, and since then having raised an impassable barricade between himself and inquisitiveness, it is not surprising that Joffre should be as unknown to the interviewer as if he were a phantom, and that the psychological analysis of his character published by the newspapers should be of the flimsiest.

Yet with the exercise of some sympathetic curiosity, it is not impossible to gather from people who have enjoyed his intimacy, enough human information to understand of what flesh this bulky hero is made. I shall here attempt, not only to describe the historic rôle played by Joffre in the conduct of the war and to analyze his generalship, but also to point out the more conspicuous traits of his character.

II

Joseph-Jacques-Césaire Joffre [1] was born at Rivesaltes on January 12, 1852. Rivesaltes is a small town near Perpignan, in the department of Pyrénées-Orientales, the most southern department of France, formed at the time of the great Revolution from the province of Roussillon. The present writer once made a prolonged stay in that part of the country. He has preserved ever since imperishable recollections of the charm of its Pyrenean scenery, everywhere austere, yet elegant wherever it is not sublime; and he remembers the singular dignity of the inhabitants. They speak a Catalan dialect, and are in fact the near relatives of the Aragonese population on the other side of the Pyrenees; but their characteristics are after all those to be found in all the mountainous regions of southern France. They are intelligent; they would appear remarkably shrewd and practical if their nonchalance did not often interfere with matter-of-fact decisiveness; they can be wonderfully self-possessed in spite of their hot blood; and their courtesy delights the stranger who approaches them with proper deference.

Joffre belonged to a modest family. His father was the secretary of the *mairie* and spent his days transferring in official French on the municipal records the Catalan statements which tamo'-shantered ratepayers made over his desk. The boy Joseph was exceptionally intelligent, and it was natural that his father — a functionary with the functionary's knowledge of opportunities — should think of 'pushing' him — as the French phrase goes — up to some one of the situations which the visits of the prefect, the judges, the departmental engineer, the departmental architect, or the recruiting officers, made living realities. So Joseph went on from the elementary school at Rivesaltes to the Perpignan College, and afterwards to the Montpellier *lycée*, and before he was sixteen completed his course both in the classics and in mathematics. This was a remarkable achievement, and the greatest ambitions were permissible to the lad and his friends. He astonished nobody by declaring his intention to read for the Ecole Polytechnique. The Ecole Polytechnique is the most difficult of access of all the great French schools, not only because of the courses — mostly in higher mathematics — in its curriculum, but, above all, because of

[1] This name, which seems to have puzzled many foreigners, is only the Southern variation of Jauffre, a name derived like Jeoffrin, Jauffret, Jouffroy, etc., from Geoffroy. — The Author.

the competition. Since its foundation in 1803, it has attracted the pick of ambitious young Frenchmen, and year after year eleven or twelve hundred candidates stand for the two hundred and fifty vacancies. The roll of famous men produced by the Ecole Polytechnique can be rivalled only by that of the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

On September 21, 1869, Joseph was admitted to the Ecole Polytechnique. He was only seventeen and a half years old, and stood fourteenth on the list. With him was entered another lad from Rivesaltes, his playmate from infancy, to-day one of his fellow generals, General Roques. This man's name was long more familiar to the French public than that of Joffre himself, as the latter remained partly unknown for the reasons I stated above, while the former organized the highly popular aeronautical service of the army.

The Ecole Polytechnique is a military college, conducted on military principles, but as a rule the most distinguished of the cadets seldom join the army. It is understood that they provide the mining corps and the Ponts et Chaussées with valuable recruits. Joffre is so absolutely the soldier that it seems improbable that he should have taken advantage of his qualifications for obtaining a highly paid and much-respected post in some one of the civilian departments. But one momentous circumstance almost compelled him to make his choice a year before the usual time. In July, 1870, the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and in the course of the next month Joffre was appointed sub-lieutenant in the Engineer Corps. He was only eighteen, and as the war was of short duration he does not seem to have seen much active service. It is not impossible that this great soldier will die without having ever been really in action; and this is not the least curious paradox of modern warfare. On both sides, but especially on the German side,—which has had no experience of anything like the Tonquin, Tunis, and Moroccan expeditions, — most of the generals had never heard cannon fired in earnest until last August; and as they are brave enough not to think of exposing themselves to danger merely to show their bravery, many will never know the whiz of the bullet.

After the war, but only in due time, on September 21, 1872, Joffre received his commission as a lieutenant, and from that moment until he was made a brigadier general, — a long and tedious period of almost thirty years, — he rose obscurely and slowly from grade to grade, remaining a captain for thirteen years, mostly spent at Montpellier. He was never once before the eyes of the public. His friends say two apparently contradictory things of him: they say that he always was what one is agreed, in default of a better phrase, to call ambitious; and they also admit that, extraordinary as it may sound nowadays, he has his share of southern indolence, and only began to exert all his activities after 1897, when he was given a regiment. It is not impossible to reconcile two such statements in the case of a French soldier of the second half of the nineteenth century. With the exception of a few critical moments this was preëminently a time of peace, and even a time when public opinion had come to believe in the impossibility of a war. The so-called ambition, then, was only the natural wish of a gifted man to pass from humdrum routine to something like an opportunity to use his initiative; and the apparent indolence was the attitude of an officer superior to his employment and discharging it without any effort.

Yet, we should not forget that even in that stage of his career Joffre had the good luck to be given several important missions on which his civilian

friends did not accompany him, and which must have taxed his energy to a degree which outsiders cannot well imagine. As I said above, Joffre belonged to the Engineers. Shortly after the war of 1870, he was employed in the transformation of the outworks of Paris and Pontarlieu. Later he accompanied Admiral Courbet to the Pescadores Islands and organized the defense of Formosa; in Africa, he built the railway from Kayes to the Niger, conducted a column to Timbuctoo after the failure of Colonel Bonnier, and succeeded in reaching and occupying the mysterious city;[1] finally, he built the whole of the enormous fortifications of Diego Suarez in the island of Madagascar.

It is difficult to imagine that a march like that to Timbuctoo could be accomplished by a man who had not in him the indomitable perseverance of which we now see him give the daily proof. As to the fortifying of Diego Suarez, that was an enterprise that entailed considerable responsibility, financial as well as military, and if, as experts say, Joffre produced a masterpiece of engineering, he also showed that he was equal to the accomplishment of a work of exceptional magnitude.

On his return to France, Joffre was appointed to a professorship at the Ecole de Guerre, — the finishing school of breveted officers, — and from that date the attention of his superiors never seemed to leave him. They must have been struck, not only by his mastery of the technicalities of his specialty, but above all by the intellectual power and the invariable self-control which his quiet and direct speech betrays. At any rate, they rapidly promoted him to the higher grades, and never appointed him to any post which would have kept him out of easy reach of Paris. He had been nominated a colonel in 1897; four years later he became brigadier-general in command of the artillery at Vincennes, and in 1905 he received the command of a division. The army corps to which this division belonged has its headquarters at Rouen, but the division is quartered in Paris, and Joffre was appointed at the same time member of the Technical Engineering Commission. In 1909 the command of the Second Army Corps (headquarters at Amiens) was given him, together with the inspectorship of the military schools. A year later he became a member of the Superior War Council, and the last and great phase of his career began. A few years before he had married Madame Lozès.

The Superior War Council is the supreme organ of the military authority in France and the centre of national defense. I shall be obliged presently to enter into further details concerning its constitution and working, but the reader should know at once that it consists of only eleven members, from among whom the army commanders should be chosen in time of war. One of the members acts as vice-president, under the presidency, too often ephemeral, of the Minister of War.

The year after Joffre's nomination to the Superior Council, the Vice-President, General Trémeau, died. His succession, it had always been understood, was to devolve on General Pau (born in 1848), a remarkable officer who had stayed in the army after losing an arm in 1870, and had made a brilliant career. But when the vice-presidency was offered to him, Pau declined, and said that no man ought to be entrusted with that formidable responsibility while General Joffre was available. So it was, then, that in 1911 Joffre became the head of the French army, under a curious restriction which I shall have

[1] This expedition he narrated in his only published work, *La Colonne Joffre* (Paris, 1895), a log of Cæsarean brevity. — THE AUTHOR.

to explain. But head of the French army he was all the same, and the rest of this paper will be devoted to an examination of how he acquitted himself, first in the preparation for the present war, and second in the conduct of the war itself.

III

The work of Joffre during the past three momentous years was partly technical and unknown, but also partly visible, because it found its expression in legislative measures which were the object of debates in the chambers, and were recorded in the parliamentary proceedings. Here Joffre had the good fortune to come across a wonderful collaborator whom I must introduce at some length. This person was none other than M. Millerand, to-day Minister of War, and one of the undoubted mainstays of his country. Of all the republican politicians who made their mark in the last twenty years M. Millerand is by far the most interesting because his line of development has been perfectly straight, and because he has never yet disappointed expectation. He is a lawyer like M. Poincaré, and it is difficult to say which of the two men enjoys the greatest reputation at the law courts; nobody rivals this remarkable pair. M. Millerand passed almost insensibly from the bar into politics, because of one circumstance. During the years 1890–1902, he frequently acted as counsel for individuals or corporations prosecuted for labor offenses, and this naturally caused him to become acquainted, not only with the particular legislation he had to deal with, but with the chief representatives of the labor party. Syndicalism had not made its appearance at that time, and Socialism was the broad expression which was used to cover all labor reforms. It was, then, as a Socialist that M. Millerand was first elected a deputy and asserted himself in the Chamber. He had no rival, for Jaurès had not yet made up his mind to exchange his seat among the moderate Republicans for one on the extreme Left; and when in 1899 the political necessities incident to the Dreyfus case compelled M. Waldeck-Rousseau to take a Socialist into the cabinet, it was M. Millerand who was made the recipient of the unexpected portfolio.

M. Millerand is a man who must throughout his whole life have strained after truth and justice. His appearance is more powerful than graceful; in speech, he is strong, lucid, direct, intent on accuracy, and regardless of elegance. All his printed utterances produce the same impression. If he had lived in the times when the language, instead of being universally shipshod, was undefiled and terse, M. Millerand would have had something Demosthenic in his speeches; to-day his style seems rough and unkempt, but its indifference to minor graces is power in itself. Nobody can call M. Millerand persuasive, but, on the other hand, nobody will deny that he is wonderfully convincing.

Before his tenure of office, M. Millerand had been looked upon as a man whose business was to achieve things and produce results; but these results were those which his party, not his country at large, welcomed and applauded. The moment he became initiated in the difficulties and responsibilities of government he seemed to be another man. From a partisan he turned into a patriot; he began to judge everything from the patriotic standpoint. No trace of the politician's vulgarity has been visible in him since those days. He gave a striking proof of his preference for national interests as contrasted with the mere interests of a party at the time of the military scandals in 1904. The reader may remem-

ber that the secretary of the Masonic headquarters [1] on rue Cadet delivered to a well-known deputy in the opposition, M. Guyot de Villeneuve, documents proving that the lodges favored, and had actually organized, a vast system of *espionage* resulting in the denunciation and eventually the cold-shouldering of officers — no matter how unimpeachable professionally — who were suspected of unfriendliness to the governing party or publicly acted as professed Catholics. When these facts were exposed in the Chamber, M. Millerand, though a Free Mason himself, resolutely seceded from his brethren, branded their action as a *régime abject*, and got excommunicated by his lodge in return.

Had he not made his mark so brilliantly before this incident it is probable that his career would have been rendered difficult for him; but it was too late, and every time the Republic felt in need of really strong men, M. Millerand was one of those men. His method as Minister of Labor in 1908 was conspicuous for its novelty: it was nothing else than a resolute application of the principles of common sense! He merely discarded political interference, had issues expounded and solutions propounded to him by professional people, — in the present instance, Syndicalists, — and resolutely abided by what seemed to him immediately possible reforms. The results he obtained surprised everybody.

This was the man, then, who, in January, 1912, was appointed Minister of War, a few months after General Joffre had been promoted to the Vice-Presidency of the Superior Council.

[1] One should bear in mind that the French Masonic lodges have very little in common with those of England or America. Their object is political, and the fact that in 1876 they struck every mention of the Grand Architect out of their rituals sufficiently shows their atheistic tendency. — THE AUTHOR.

The situation of France at that date was insecure. The Agadir affair had left no sensible person in doubt that Germany was trying to pick a quarrel, and the army was yet badly in need of reforms which MM. Berteaux and Messimy had not been strong enough to put through. It will always remain to the credit of M. Poincaré — then Prime Minister, and according to the arrangement of the French constitution, much more influential than he became after his election to the presidency — that he brought together two such men as General Joffre and M. Millerand.

The new Minister of War immediately went to work in his usual manner. 'I know only one method,' he wrote in *Les Lectures pour Tous* some time after leaving office. 'The Minister of War has the responsible chiefs at his elbow; let him take their advice; any other procedure will be found to be perilous.' What he recommended in these terms M. Millerand had done himself without losing one minute, as will appear from a cursory glance at the record of his ministry. It is clear that his first contact with the 'responsible chiefs,' Joffre and his collaborators, — above all, Pau and de Castelnau, — had left a deep impression upon him. When this matter-of-fact handler of questions, this keen-sighted reader of men, spoke of the leaders of the army, his tone invariably assumed, even in the Chamber, something like a religious respect, with an undercurrent of affectionate comradeship. Evidently M. Millerand had been struck with the intelligence and the high moral value of those soldiers whom he had too often, since the Dreyfus affair, heard represented as obtuse technicians or narrow-minded partisans. There was the same expression in a speech delivered at the manœuvres of 1912 before the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Russian Generalissimo,

and General Wilson of the United States Army. The minister said little: he barely referred to 'the judgment, the tact, and the self-possession of General Joffre'; but it was with a manner which betrayed a consciousness of the inadequacy of these words and gave them an impressive freshness.

It would take too long to recapitulate, even in the briefest way, what Joffre and Millerand did during the one year of the latter's tenure of office. A volume entitled *Pour la Défense Nationale*, in which M. Millerand's speeches and circulars were collected, gives an idea of what the conjunction of two lucid intellects, assisted by will-power worthy of the name, can do in spite of the dallyings of an assembly like the French Chamber. By the end of 1912, the army, which had been left humiliated, depressed, and too often divided by the long tail of the Dreyfusist tornado, had been restored to an unprecedented popularity; politics had been banished from it by the repeal of an odious measure which since 1905 had empowered the prefects to give their opinion twice a year on the officers, and consequently on their promotion; several material reforms had been carried out; above all, there had been effected a reorganization of the supreme command. Obviously Joffre regarded this change as of paramount importance, for it was to it that he first drew M. Millerand's attention. This transformation put an end to a dangerous quality in the command, under which politics, as usual, was lurking. The Vice-President of the Superior Council of War was, it is true, by right, the Generalissimo in case of war; but beside him there was a head of the General Staff, whose business it was to remain by the Minister of War, and to assist the latter in the nomination of the personnel. This meant that in case of war a civilian minister might force men of his own choosing on the Generalissimo. M. Millerand took office on January 14, 1912; by January 20 the duties of the head of the General Staff had been made over to the Vice-President of the Superior Council. In concrete terms this meant that in case of war Joffre would have undisputed freedom, not only as to the plan which the armies should endeavor to realize, but also as to the choice of the men who were to help in this realization. The bane of our democracy, namely, divided and elusive responsibility, had been removed from the organization in which it appeared most dangerous. Nobody thought for one moment of putting this down to personal ambition on the part of Joffre. On the contrary, even the most jealous radicals felt that here was a victory of pure patriotism and common good sense over an absurd prejudice.

Everybody knew that what M. Millerand was executing with incomparable intelligence and energy was the outcome of conceptions long cherished and probably many times despaired of by the Vice-President of the Superior Council and his colleagues. These conceptions were intelligible enough and even obvious enough. But it was not so with the mysterious work carried on in the Superior Council of War itself. We heard officers constantly repeating that if war was inevitable, they would wish it to come while Joffre was at the head of the army and assisted by Pau and de Castelnau. But why this opinion should be so universal was not clear, and the attitude of many people was one of hopefulness checked by an everlasting note of interrogation.

To-day we understand better what we had so long to take for granted. The technical business of Joffre was to prepare, not one plan, but a variety of plans answering to all possible hypotheses connected with German aggression; it was also to test in every possible

manner every detail of the mobilization plan devised by General Pau and General de Castelnau. Joffre did all this in the scientific spirit of which the German staff under Moltke and Von Roon gave the first great example in 1870, but which can be not only imitated but even improved upon by intelligent and properly trained specialists. It was partly the facility with which the Generalissimo handled the enormous mass of details connected with the mobilization, the armament, and the rapid transportation of two million men, which excited the admiration of experts. After the manœuvres of 1913 — the last rehearsal before the drama of 1914 — General Maitrot, a well-known critic never inclined to flattery, published his remarks on the operation. He found fault with practically everything, and his book would have been depressing if it had not left the impression that the chief cause of the shortcomings he pointed out was the artificiality of manœuvres and the unreality of decisions given by umpires and not imposed by facts. But General Maitrot's judgment on Joffre, who was responsible for the instructions given to the generals of both parties, was striking in its brevity. 'The direction,' he wrote, 'defies criticism; the lucidity, simplicity, and completeness of its instructions are perfection.'

However, this technical superiority was only one element in the greatness of Joffre. It was fortunately associated with a moral power without which mere generalship is little and in fact hardly ever exists. When Lord Kitchener, a man who does not deal in superlatives, said in Parliament that Joffre is not only a great general but a great man, he simply recognized this rare association of two orders of superiority in the same person. M. Briand had the same impression as early as 1911, when General Trémeau died and Joffre was suggested as his successor. 'This is our man,' he said to M. Poincaré after their first meeting. M. Briand is no strategist; he only felt the personal power of the future general-in-chief.

What this power consists of can be stated only in general terms. People wrongly speak of Joffre as the great Taciturn. It is true that he cannot speak in public, and prefers silence to the ordeal of attempting what he knows he cannot do well; but all his friends are unanimous in describing him as a sociable, nay, a genial person. The many Parisians who have met him of a summer morning, merrily riding in the Bois with his step-daughters, are sure that this powerful horseman, with an open countenance and the shrewdest eyes to light it up, is no mere cold-blooded scientist. In fact, all those who have come in contact with Joffre have felt the presence of a welling source of inner conviction which may not be enthusiasm but which creates it. What is this particular faith the contagion of which nobody can resist? Nothing more than the certainty of victory, but in a degree which nobody else has attained, and with a background of judgment which cannot be mistaken for mere sanguineness. That is the conviction which Joffre communicated, not only to his military collaborators, but also to the five or six cabinets which have succeeded one another since 1911. Even the last two, consisting of Radicals who were opposed to the Three-Year-Service Law, who leaned to pacifism, and who must have been startled when the written proof was placed before them of the aggressive intentions of Germany,[1] were reassured on the eve of the formidable war by something irresistible in the voice of the Generalissimo.

A certain class of journalists will,

[1] See *Le Livre Jaune:* M. Cambon's despatches of May 6 and Nov. 22, 1913. — THE AUTHOR.

even now, occasionally harp on Joffre's anxiety to save his soldiers, and on the fact that he is, or once was, a Free Mason, and will attempt to depict him as a sort of Socialist general. But this is pure imagination. Joffre is a soldier in the old and not in the apologetic acceptation of the term; his professional ambition is entirely patriotic. In this respect there is no difference between him and his bosom friend General de Castelnau: the latter is a devout Catholic, while Joffre is at least indifferent to religion; but both are soldiers to the core.

IV

This attempt at a portrait of Joffre must include an effort to draw psychological conclusions from his conduct during the war, at least so far as the events of the war have revealed it. The *Bulletin des Armées* has published at least three considerable reports enabling us to proceed rather securely.

On the last day of July, when Germany mobilized her army and all hopes of peace made room for a strange feeling which those who experienced it will never forget, France had on her side four things about which there was little uncertainty. Joffre was a real leader. He had plans for the defense of the country. The French soldier was as full of resources as in the days of Napoleon; and an American general present at the manœuvres of 1913 had said he was the first infantry soldier in the world. Finally, the national spirit was equal to any trial, and the mobilization, coming four days after the scandal of the Caillaux affair, proved it.

But there were also strong points in favor of Germany. Having chosen her time, she must be better prepared, as the rapidity of her invasion proved. Her numerical superiority was even greater than in 1870. Her staff was probably abler than the French staff. Lastly her superiority in heavy or long-range artillery, in the number of machine-guns, and in several important items in commissariat organization, was overwhelming.

France being undoubtedly peaceful in her European attitude, Joffre had been compelled to discard all except defensive plans; and as it was certain that Germany's concentration would be more rapid than that of her opponent, the line of French defense could not even be near the frontier. It has been stated since the beginning of the war that the concentration had been planned to take place as far from the frontier as Langres to the east and the immediate vicinity of Paris to the north. This meant that Joffre took the invasion of about an eighth part of the French territory as a matter of course; but this also meant facing a possible depression of public opinion at the very outset. It was here that the wonderful self-possession of the Generalissimo appeared. He saw the resistance of the little Belgian army crushed on the Meuse. He saw the German armies flooding the greatest part of Belgium, and in little more than three weeks overflowing the French territory along a line of a hundred miles, at the terrific rate of forty to forty-five kilometers a day. He heard daily reports of the phenomenon which he knew he must fear: the *bourgeois* classes — never the people, thanks to the splendid courage of the press — gradually began to waver, then to become openly pessimistic; a few of their political representatives began to speak of peace at dishonorable cost. Yet he never betrayed the least emotion. Day after day his brief *communiqués* recorded the advance of the enemy with as much honesty as if everybody else had been as sure of victory as he was himself. All the time he and his staff bore in their minds the clear design of what was to take place on the

banks of the Marne; and finally, after five weeks, he sent to every regiment the announcement long defined in its tenor and wording, 'stand or die,' that retreat was at an end, and that the positions on which he intended to break the German advance had been reached. Reverse at that crisis would have been an almost unthinkably cruel trial, but it was victory that came, and a victory thus prepared, expected, and announced had not been recorded in the French annals since Bonaparte, laying his finger on the map, had definitely indicated the battlefield, near the banks of the Po, on which he would beat M. de Mélas.

How much energy he had expended over the preparation of this battle appeared later when it was made certain that the resignation of the Minister of War, M. Messimy, the return of M. Millerand to office, and the dismissal of some forty generals had been his work. How he had hung on the hope of victory was confessed clearly, in plain language, by the pathetic passage in his order to the troops, in which he thanked them for satisfying the longing planted in him forty-four years before, in 1870.

The battle of the Marne was known to be a victory on September 13. Since then Joffre has not lost an inch; but he seldom seems to have made much progress. Once more people — though never again giving way to the slightest doubt — have been tempted to call him the Temporizer. Day after day the *communiqué* has mentioned attacks, sometimes violent attacks, merely stating that these attacks were repulsed, and we have been more than once inclined to say in a rather superior tone that this war is monotonous. It takes the appearance, at long intervals, of the admirable reports in the *Bulletin des Armées* to make us realize with a blush on our brows that when Joffre speaks in his bald style of violent attacks, this means, as it did during the three weeks of the battle of Ypres, the most furious assaults by masses of troops invariably superior in numbers, and amounting at some critical moments to seven hundred thousand men. Then we understand what lies under the everyday language used at headquarters. Joffre, on the first day of the war, drew between us and his armies a thick veil which keeps curiosity away, but which also keeps heroism and epic grandeur in the dimness of an unperceived background; and this is not the least astonishing trait of this greatest of wars.

While holding the enemy at arm's length and wearing his force out by daily losses, sometimes enormous, the so-called Temporizer has turned time to good account. The French army now possesses the heavy artillery, the machine-guns, and the commissariat material of which it felt the want so terribly at first; it has become more conscious of its resources; and the leader knows his men better. The confirmation of the military capacity of a man like General Dubail; the passage of a man like General Foch from the command of an army corps, not only to that of an army, but to the position of substitute Generalissimo; the discovery of a man like General de Maud'hui, a plain brigadier, one of six or seven hundred, at the beginning of the war, to-day one of the six army commandants, are worth victories and surely worth a few weeks' temporizing. But let it be remembered that Joffre never gave any indications of being more than reasonably prudent, and that he appeared in his most natural attitude when he took the offensive at the battle of the Marne.

The conclusion of this estimate of Joffre's generalship must be that in the conduct of the war, as well as in its preparation, he has given proofs of un-

paralleled faith in what he regards as the truth; and that his moral energy is on a par with his military ability.

There is another side to Joffre's influence which would well deserve consideration, but which is of another order: I mean the moral effect of his action on his own country and even on the whole world. Certainly France is happier than she was before the war, notably happier than she was during the oppressive week of the Caillaux case; and she is also more respected. I appeal to the consciousness of all foreigners whose insight enables them to understand the spirit of a nation. What I should like above all to point out is that Joffre, although an exceptional Frenchman, is at the same time eminently French. Judgment and balance, ambition and energy, patience and intelligent perseverance, were certainly not characteristic of the superficial society which casual observers have often mistaken in the past fifty years for the true France; but the many Americans who, as Mr. Brander Matthews bore witness a few months ago, know through the study of the best French literature what French civilization really stands for, will not think Joffre unrepresentative.

THE RUSSIANS AND THE WAR

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

I

THE Russian peasant soldier regards the enemy as vermin that must be destroyed. He has no doubt that he is clearing away something ugly and full of evil. He is fighting something pestilential, like the cholera or the plague.

The bodies of the Germans and the Austrians lay rotting on the fields of Poland this autumn and early winter, and infecting the air with odors. It was with difficulty that the Russian soldiers could be persuaded to bury them.

'Bury these corpses,' said a general to one of his servant soldiers.

'No, your excellency,' said the latter, 'let them lie there like dogs; they are not fit to be buried in the good earth.'

When I told some soldiers of the sinking of the Emden and the capture of Von Müller, they could not understand our leniency toward the German admiral.

'Such people ought to be destroyed directly they are caught,' said one of the soldiers. 'He ought to have been executed at once.'

In this spirit, of course, the peasant soldier goes forth to any of the Czar's work; and whether it be war against Japan, or suppression of the Trans-Caucasian cutthroats in North Persia, or a pogrom of the Jews, he has much the same outlook. He is unswervingly loyal to the word of the Czar, or what is told him is the word of the Czar.

There has been no bandying of wit between German and Russian soldiers. For one thing the Germans do not understand Russian. For another, the

Russian soldiers are carefully trained not to enter into any sort of converse or familiarity with their enemies. During the time of the revolutionary outburst in Russia it was indeed rather difficult for ordinary Russian civilians to joke or talk with Russian soldiers. One could, however, offer them cigarettes.

This necessarily adds value to the peasantry as reliable fighting material.

Then the religion of the peasant helps him to be brave. The Russian army on the offensive is something like an elemental destructive force. There is no hesitation about the Russians, little giving of quarter, little seeing of white flags, no malice, no lust, not much delight in cruelty, but on the other hand no squeamishness. The blood flowing does not turn the Russian sick; the sight of the dead does not make him pale. He is striking with the sword of the Lord.

True, the principal function and purpose of war is going to kill. And therein lies not only a denial of Christianity but of the primitive Judaic law, 'Thou shalt not kill.' But the function of Russian war that has struck me most was that of going to be killed.

When, in the Altai Mountains, in the middle of the consecration service, I learned that it was Germany that had declared war upon Russia, I felt that the consecration was consecration unto death, that the strapping of the knapsack on the back was like the tying on of the cross.

The religion of Russia is the religion of death. As I wrote in my book on the Russian peasant-pilgrims journeying toward the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, 'All pilgrimages are pilgrimages to the Altar, to the place of death. Protestantism reveals itself as the religion of the mystery of life; Orthodoxy as the religion of death.' The Russians march to battle as they tramp to shrines. Death is no calamity for them. It is the thrice beautiful and thrice holy culmination of the life pilgrimage. Watch the Russian soldiers at one of the many funerals of fallen comrades. They are calm and reverent, but it is the calm and reverence that are the accompaniment of an exaltation of spirit.

When the wounded soldier is brought to the hospital and laid in his bed, his first wish is that the priest may hold the cross for him to kiss. The priest who visits every bedside every morning carries a little cross in his hand, and each poor soldier presses his lips to the centre of it and kisses it vehemently.

War to the Russian soldier is a great religious experience. 'He liveth best who is always ready to die,' says a holy proverb of the Russians. And readiness to die is the religious side of war. The Russian soldier kills his enemy without religious qualm, yet without hate. He does not feel that to shoot at a fellow man, to charge at him with a bayonet, is doing an evil thing to him. The great reality that confronts him is not that he may kill others, but that he himself may suffer terrible pain or may lose the familiar and pleasant thing called life. In order to face this, the Russian has to dive down deep in himself and find a deeper self below his ordinary self; he has to find the common spirit of man below his own ego; he has to live in communion with the fount of Life from which his own little stream of life is flowing. No relic of the war is more precious than the little loaf of holy bread which the soldier saves from his last communion before going to battle or going under fire for the first time.

The Russian soldiers go to war in very much the same spirit in which the Russian pilgrims go toward Jerusalem. Indeed many a man was just about to start for Jerusalem when the war broke out and he was summoned to

fight against the Germans. In the fields of East Prussia and of Poland he found as veritable a Jerusalem as that he sought in Palestine. It is perhaps a shorter way thither.

The priests serving in the army and in the hospitals tell wonderful stories of religious experience, of touching peasant mysticism, of holy patriotism.

A dying soldier lies on the battlefield and the visiting priest thinks him gone too far to receive the Holy Communion. So he says the *otkhodnaya*, the prayer for the departing soul. Suddenly the dying man opens his dim eyes and whispers just audibly, —

'My countrymen, my dear countrymen — No, not that — Little Father — my own one — thou hast come to save me.'

He tries to get up, crosses himself widely, — that is, from shoulder to shoulder and from brow to chest, — and repeats, 'Thou hast come to save me.'

There is a short confession, as of a child. Communion. The soldier with a great effort crosses himself once more, drops back on the wet mud of the battlefield, and slips into oblivion, with glazed eyes, set lips, but white, calm brow. The priest, bending over him, lays a cross upon him, and goes on to the next suffering or dying one on the field.

The Russian religion is the religion of suffering and death, the religion that helps you to meet suffering calmly and to be always ready to die. Many Catholics and Protestants among the Russian ranks ask the Orthodox blessing. In the moment of the ordeal they know that true religion is never divided against itself.

The war is the great wind that blows through our life so that the things that can be shaken may be shaken down and that the things that cannot be shaken may remain. Religion is never shaken down by war. But strange to say, the logicians are shaken in their logic, agnosticism is shaken, materialism is shaken, atheism is shaken, positivism is shaken. The intellectual dominance is shaken and falls; the spiritual powers are allowed to take possession of men's beings.

'Many is the time,' said a priest to me, 'that an officer has called me to his side and has said, "I am an atheist: I believe in nothing"; but I have confessed him and he has emptied his life to me — to the very dregs — and I have put him in Holy Communion and left him all melted and holy.'

II

The Cossacks are different in their religious temperament. They are the descendants of robber tribes and mercenary bands. To realize what the Cossacks have been you must read Gogol's *Tarass Bulba*, and when you have realized what they used to be you have a notion of what they are. There is much Russian blood in them, but there is also much of the Tartar and the Mongol. They have not much in common with the gentle Slav. Their conception of Christianity is very different from that which animates the moujiks.

The Cossack is always a soldier. In Cossack villages every man has to serve in the army; only sons have no privileges. It is rarely that a Cossack is rejected on medical grounds, and rarer still is his acceptance of rejection. By his passport he is a soldier. When he is farming he is said to be 'on leave.' The village is not called a village but a station, a *stanitsa*. Almost every man in the station works in trousers that have a broad military stripe. By that stripe you may tell the Cossacks and the Cossack stations in the country.

I tramped through several hundred miles of Cossack country last summer,

and I have a very bright impression of the people. They have a considerable quantity of land. The government pursues a set policy of giving the Cossacks land, space wherein to live well and multiply. The whole of Central Asia and Turkestan is preferably settled by Cossacks. The Russian government trains the men for two or three years, and when the time of training has been run through, the authorities propose to them that they settle down near the place where they have been encamped. Land will be given them free. They can bring their sweethearts and their wives. The docile Kirghiz and Chinese and other aborigines can be practically forced to build houses for them and dig out irrigation canals and plant poplars and willows. A company of Cossacks accepts the government proposal, and so a new station is marked on the map. A church is built. A horizontal bar and a wooden horse and a greasy pole are put up. A vodka shop is supplied. And that constitutes Cossack civilization. (Now the vodka shops are all closed, and there is talk of reopening them as schools.)

The talk and the songs and the life of the station are all military. The talk is of battles lately and battles long ago and the battles of the future; the songs are recruiting songs and war songs; the life is ever with the gun and on horseback.

Children ride on horseback as soon as they can walk and jump. Little boys get their elder brothers' uniforms cut down to wear: the trousers, be they ever so ragged, have still the broad colored stripe that marks the Cossacks. Siberian Cossacks have red stripes, Don Cossacks have blue stripes. Marching songs are on the children's lips, and one of the most frequent sights is that of a company of Cossacks riding up the main street of the *stanitsa*, carrying the long black pikes in their hands and singing choruses as they go. The pike is another distinction of the Cossack; it is a long black wooden lance, steel-pointed like a spear.

No woman grudges her children to the war. War is the element in which they all live, and the official manœuvres are so wild and fierce that many get killed in them, kill one another even, forgetting that they are only playing at war. The Cossacks even in remote Asia take themselves seriously as the personal bodyguards of the Czar; formerly robbers and border riders of the wildest type, they are now, thanks to tactful handling, the most loyal subjects of the Czar, and are bred — out on the Seven-Rivers-Land and the Altai Mountains, for instance — much as one might breed a type of horse, for sterling qualities. They are called Orthodox Christians, but have seldom any mystical sense of Christianity. They are baptized barbarians and are of course extraordinarily superstitious. They hand down their ikons and their battle-charms from generation to generation, and worship them almost with idolatry.

Their homes are neither comfortable nor clean, — the homes of eagles rather than of men. The women are lazier than ordinary Russian peasant women, and eat more and sleep more.

As a fair companion of the road explained to me, —

'It's the women who must be blamed for the dirt in their cottages. After dinner the women always lie down and fall asleep, and they leave all the dirty dishes on the table, and let the pigs and the chickens come in and hunt for food.'

That is true. You enter the little room that is all in all of a home, and you find fifty thousand flies buzzing over everything. Often, of an afternoon, I have entered a cottage in order to get milk and have found every one

asleep, even the dog, who but opens one eye at the noise of my step. The baby lies in the swing cradle and tosses now and then and cries a little. He would be almost naked were he not black with flies. The children keep picking flies off his body and hurting him — that is why he cries. None the less that baby will grow up to be a sturdy Cossack. And they seem none the worse for dirt and disorder, to judge from the fine young men we see: tall, agile, hawk-faced, — the rising generation no weaker than the fathers.

They are hospitable, but because of the biting flies I have found it more confortable to sleep out of doors, even in bad weather or when mosquitos are thick. They always give you full measure and running over when you buy from them. But they are altogether left behind in hospitality by their neighbors the Kirghiz or the Mongolians.

The Cossack has settled where of old the Kirghiz had his best pastures. He has harried the gentle man of the East into the bare lands and wildernesses, and over the border to China. The winter pastures that the Kirghiz has discovered for himself and marked out with stones, the Cossack has pitilessly mown for hay. Even his houses, the long village street of them, the Cossack makes the Kirghiz build, while he stands by like a *barin* or a master. The Kirghiz will work for lower wages than the Chinese; sometimes he can be persuaded to work for nothing.

'You are entering Kirghiz country now; there are no Russian villages, no Cossack stations,' said one to me. 'No matter; you can always spend the night in a Kirghiz tent and you will always get food from them, as much as you want. Don't ever pay them anything. They don't expect it. They will give you the best they have, but don't pay. You need n't. They are that sort of people: *glupovaty*, stupid-like.'

The favorite adjective applied by Russians to Cossacks is *otchainy*, which is supposed to mean 'desperate,' but certainly does not mean it in the ordinary sense of hopeless. It means past-praying-for, wild-beyond-all-hopes.

'The Siberian Cossacks, they are the wildest of all,' you will hear.

They are spoken of by ordinary Russians much as the Highlanders are spoken of by the English, and in some respects they resemble the clansmen. They are brave beyond any qualification. They are all expert horsemen and ride like the wind. Their favorite exploit is to charge the enemy lying close to their horses' sides, even under their bellies, so that it looks to the enemy as if a drove of riderless horses were plunging toward them. And when the Cossacks arrive at the object of their charge, Heaven help the poor Uhlans or ordinary European troops who happen to be in the way! The Cossacks delight in the cutting off of heads.

It was the Siberian Cossacks who turned the scale at the first battle of Warsaw; and with them, as brothers in arms, were the Caucasian cavalry. The Caucasian tribesmen are if anything more warlike than the Cossacks; they are stronger physically, always wear arms, understand life as military gallantry, have much less regard for the value of life, and are much more given to fighting in time of peace. Murder has no moral stigma in the Caucasus; the man who has killed another man is not troubled about his crime, — not upset in his mind, not obliged to return and look at the corpse, not obliged to confess at last. Indeed, many of the pleasantest and most courteous men you may meet in the mountains have several 'murders,' as we should call them, to their charge. Their success in fighting gives them more confidence and more politeness.

They are not quite so brave as the

Cossacks, being considerably more intelligent and a very calculating people. They are also not so loyal to the Czar; they consider themselves liberals. They are corruptible, and the Russian system of bribery has been much improved by them. They are more cruel than the Cossacks, less Christian. A fine body of people, however, — the handsomest men in Europe, the hardest.

War for them is also the most interesting thing in life, and conversation over the endless stoops of red wine always turns to battles. By the way, the prohibition of the sale of vodka and beer leaves the Caucasus just as drunken as before. The government had no monopoly there in the sale of spirits. Every one could sell who wanted to. Vodka, however, was never much drunk, owing to the fact that the Caucasus has its own good vintage and the natives despise the use of spirits as a sign of lower caste.

They are a poor people as money goes. It is marvelous that they retain their physique, considering the poorness of the food they eat and the quantity of wine they drink. Many villages subsist on black bread and wine. They are always hungry. They could live much better than they do. They love clothes, love rich carpets and elegant ornaments. They would put jewels on their wives, would be princes not only in title but in estate, and would hold court and go out hunting or to battle with retainers in the good old way.

III

One of the phenomena which show how popular the war is in Russia is the participation of the children in the conflict. There is scarcely a town school in Russia from which boys have not run away to war. Hundreds of girls have gone off in boys' clothes, and tried to pass themselves off as boys and enlist as volunteers; and several have got through, since the medical examination is only a negligible formality, required in one place, forgotten in another, — the Russians are so fit as a whole. So among the wounded in the battle of the Niemen was a broad-shouldered, vigorous girl from Zlato-Ust, only sixteen; nobody had dreamed that she was other than the man for whom she was passing herself off. But not only boys and girls of sixteen and seventeen, but children of eleven and twelve, have contrived to have a hand either in the fighting or in the nursing.

Whilst I was in Wilna there was a touching case. A little girl of twelve years, Marusia Charushina, turned up. She had run away from her home in Viatka, some thousand miles away, and had got on the train 'as a hare,' that is, without a ticket. The conductor had smiled on her and let her go on. At Wilna, she was a little bewildered by the traffic of the great Polish city, but she asked a passing soldier the way to a hospital; he took her to one, and she explained to him that she had come to nurse the wounded. At the hospital, a Red Cross nurse questioned her, and she gave the same answer. The nurse telegraphed to the little girl's father and asked his permission for her to remain in the hospital nursing the wounded soldiers. The father gave permission, so little Marusia was allowed to remain. A uniform was made for her, and now, as the smallest Sister of Mercy of all, she tends the soldiers and is very popular.

There was Stefan Krafchenko, a boy of ten, who said he wanted to fight the Germans and so was taken along by the indulgent soldiers. He was attached to the artillery, and handed up shells out of the shell-boxes during three battles, and came out of all unscathed and glorious and happy. Then Victor Katchalof, a boy of thirteen, had

his horse shot under him and was himself wounded in the leg during the fight against the Austrians below Lfof. Bonstantim Usof, a boy of thirteen, was wounded by shrapnel at Avgustof.

Perhaps the greatest schoolboy hero of Russia is a boy named Orlof, from Zhitomir town school. He fought in eleven battles, and was eventually decorated by the Czar with the Order of St. George. While reconnoitring he came into collision with a great force of the enemy. He lay in a trench with his fellows and fought all day. But ammunition ran very low. Orlof saved his corps by creeping out in the dark and finding his way through heaps of corpses to the main Russian force. He was under gun and artillery fire all the time, but he succeeded in getting across, and so saved his friends.

These are but random instances. The Imperial Academy of Science is collecting, and will probably edit and publish, all manner of printed and unprinted impressions of the war, — diaries, minor dispatches, or authenticated stories of deeds of derring do. When these are issued it will be seen to what an extent the children of Russia have been fighting this war. Ten years ago, war was unpopular in the playgrounds. The war with Japan did not fire the minds of the young ones, who were all agog then with the idea of revolution, so precocious are the young in Russia.

Now Russia is pulling all together, — not only school-children and students and police and soldiery, but all the various tribes and races, — Russians, Cossacks, Georgians, Finns, Poles, Jews.

IV

While I was at Petrograd, I had a pleasant talk with M. Sazonof, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and learned something of his opinion of the future of the Empire. I was very glad to see the Minister for Foreign Affairs face to face, and to come in personal contact with a man whose voice counts for so much in the councils of Russia and the Allies. He seems a hard man, yet kindly, brisk, alert, European. You would not say you were in the presence of a Russian except for the conversational vivacity of the Minister and a certain Slavonic impulsiveness which lurks only half suppressed, half masked in the eyes of this strong and determined man. He has an English manner, an English way of living, and evidently has a strong personal liking for English things and English ways. He has lived eight years in England in his time and so knows the English pretty well. He, as much as any one on either side, realizes the value of mutual friendship, — not only now, when we can coöperate with soldiers and cannon and sailors and ships, but afterwards, for the working out together of the problems of peace.

I spent an hour with him at the official residence in the Downing Street of Petrograd, a fine old crimson-walled mansion on the Dvortsovy Proyezd. I entered by a door parallel to that which leads to the Department. A lackey met me; I was put into a tiny lift, and slowly raised to a parquet-floored gallery, that led to a bright reception room warmed and illumined by an open log fire. Mme. Sazonof came forward to meet me, and with her an interesting dog, her pet *laika*, which walked behind me and caught my instep in its teeth each time I lifted my right foot.

'He is finding out about you,' said Mme. Sazonof, with a smile. 'He always makes sure of every one who comes in here. He almost frightened the Austrian Ambassador away altogether, and in the days before the war the Ambassador used to send up and have the dog taken away before he would make his appearance.'

'He knew who was the enemy,' said I.

'Yes; you see now, he quite takes to *you*.'

The dog and I were soon on friendly terms, and he sat on his tail all through luncheon and looked up into my eyes. I was advised to give him little bits, which I did.

M. Sazonof came in and we spoke together in Russian. But when we went in to luncheon, a typically English luncheon by the way, we all spoke English. The Russians spoke so well and so charmingly that you might imagine you were listening to a party of English talking in a similar circle in London.

The Minister made light of the danger of being attacked in London by the British Russophobes. What he feared in going to England was the Channel passage, no more. He thought I might have a bad time going home, might get captured by the Germans, and he thought I had better stay in Russia. I said I thought of going by Archangel, but he assured me it was closed by ice.

We talked of the Czar. 'I wonder if people abroad realize what a great thing the vodka prohibition is,' said Sazonof. 'We are sober from end to end. We look for extraordinary results when once the war is over and we have time to develop in peace.'

'It is making the Czar very popular,' said I. 'Even in our country, many of those who have felt themselves out of sympathy with Russia begin to point to the Czar as to an ideal monarch.'

'Is n't the Czar splendid?' said a young baroness who was present; and she told a story of his visiting a hospital in Poland and talking with the soldiers.

'He entered the hospital accompanied by many officials and court dignitaries, and passed with them into one of the great general rooms where lay several hundred wounded men. The chief surgeon was about to show him round when the Czar, evidently in great emotion, turned to him and the rest of the decorated officials around him, and said, "Leave me here alone." They bowed and scraped, but did not go out. "Leave me here alone with the soldiers," said the Czar again. "I wish to speak to them myself." When he had said these words the surgeon and the rest slowly and, as it were, unwillingly went out, and the Czar was left alone with his poor wounded soldiers. He talked with them for a whole hour. So he got rid of that terrible old background of official Russia and was himself. Don't you think it a beautiful picture of the Czar alone with his people?'

'The Czar has a beautiful character,' said Mme. Sazonof. 'Every one who comes into touch with him personally feels his tenderness toward his fellow men, his delicate consideration for all people with whom he has to deal.'

After luncheon we adjourned to a beautiful old room warmed and lit by a log fire burning on a large hearth. Here we had coffee, and I chatted with the Minister by the fire, while the ladies sat round a table beside one of the great windows and talked. Among other things that Sazonof said were the following: —

'I hope you English are making up your minds to have a larger army, not only now, but after the war is over. Your fleet is splendid. It is surpassing all expectations, but your army was far too weak when the war broke out, and is too weak for your imperial needs. . . .

'I think that as the years go on there will be even greater scope for Russian and British friendship than before. We have yet to know one another better, of course. There is really no room for jealousy between the two empires. . . .

'What is the feeling in your country

about the settlement? How do they look now at Constantinople? We should much prize the opinion, not only of the British government, but of the British people, for we realize that when peace is made, it will be a peace between peoples as much and even more than between governments.'

I asked about the autonomy of Poland and the position of the Jews there. I suggested that something be done to help out the Jews who wish to go to America.

'They will not go,' said he. 'They don't want to go. They had much rather settle in Russia or in Siberia.'

'Is anything likely to be done to relieve the tension caused by the Jewish problem?'

M. Sazonof thought it possible that they might be excused military service in future if they wished it. He recognized the great difficulty of dealing with the Jewish problem, but spoke enthusiastically of the coming restoration of Poland. Russia, he said, ought to have made up the quarrel with the suffering Poles long ago.

Finally we spoke of the prospect of Russo-British friendship, and of the mutual coöperation of the two great powers in Asia. He thought that with the war the old Asiatic rivalry would completely disappear. Russian civilization was a help to British civilization. The Christian churches on the north of the Himalayas were brother churches of the English on the other side.

A rather amusing thing happened to me the day after I had seen Sazonof. A secret agent took me apart and said,

'You saw Sazonof yesterday. What did you think of him? Is he a strong man?'

'Yes; a strong man, I should say, with plenty of common sense. Of course he knows where to look to take his cue.'

The agent lowered his voice and said in a hushed whisper, 'Where would you say he looked? To Baron ——?'

He mentioned a certain influential German Russian, supposed to be carrying on an intrigue in favor of peace with Germany.

'Why no,' said I, 'I meant to the Czar, of course.'

I felt like a person speaking in some novel of diplomatic life!

V

I have now just returned to London after a year in Russia, — after three months of Russia in wartime; and I am surprised at the difference in atmosphere. There is an unmistakable depression in London. Among those who have no personal stake in the war, no one fighting in the trenches, no one drilling, no one serving on special duty, there is a certain amount of apathy and pessimism. But in Russia there is no apathy. There the whole atmosphere is one of eagerness and optimism. They are full of thankfulness for the things the war has brought to Russia: national enthusiasm, national tenderness, national temperance, and moral unanimity. The war has closed the vodka shop; it has healed the age-long fratricidal strife with Poland; it has shown to the world and to themselves the simple strength and bravery of the Russian soldiers and the new sobriety and efficiency of their officers. It has in fact given a real future to Russia to think about; it has shed, as from a great lamp, light on the great road of Russian destiny. Russians have always dimly divined that they were a young nation of genius; they have held faith in themselves despite dark hours; but now they feel confirmed and certain of their destiny, of their progress from being an ill-cemented patchwork of countries to being a single body feeling in all

limbs the beat of a single heart; of their progress from quietness and vast illiteracy to being confident possessors of a strong voice in the counsels of nations; of their progress from denial and anarchism and individual obstinacy to affirmation, coöperation, and readiness to serve.

As nations go, Great Britain is like a man of forty-five, Germany like a man of thirty, but Russia like a genius who is just eighteen. It is the young man that you find in Russia: virginal, full of mystery, looking out at a world full of color and holiness and passion and sordidness.

Despite the beauty and self-sufficiency of the old life, Russia is definitely committing herself to the new. She is going to have a puritan intolerance for sin; she is beginning to manifest that passion for solid education that has marked Puritan Scotland, America, Germany. More and more people are going to take up with materialism and ethics and agnosticism. Not that Russian pilgrimaging or asceticism or religious observance can ever cease, or that the mystical outlook will be lost. But Westernism and success and national facetiousness and lightheartedness will be more clamorous.

I am a great admirer of the popular saint, Father Seraphim. He is the Russian St. Francis: he tamed the bears and the wolves and the birds of the forest of Sarof. He was so holy that bears, so far from hurting him, actually inconvenienced him a little by their officious helpfulness. But his chief claim to holiness lies in his mystical denial of life. He lived alone in the forest, wore a heavy cross on his back, and prayed a thousand days and a thousand nights, still kneeling on the same stone; he made a vow of silence and did not open his mouth to speak for twenty-five years, and when the end of the twenty-five years came, he remained silent for ten years more. Such an act of denial is called a *podvig*.

I spoke of the *podvig* this autumn to Loosha, a woman friend of mine of whom I wrote in *Changing Russia*. I was working out the essential idea of Russia's religion.

'I like to think that even now, in all this noise of the war, you have, in the background of Russia, men and women who have taken like Father Seraphim this oath of silence, who will never utter a word whether Russia wins or seems to be in danger. It is an astonishing fact that he was silent throughout the whole time of the great Napoleonic campaigns, and did not utter a word even in the culminating distress of the capture of Moscow in 1812.'

So said I to Loosha.

Loosha replied, —

'That is old-fashioned. Seraphim's greater feat and that which did indeed make him a holy man, was when at last he renounced silence, and, after thirty-five years, opened his mouth once more to converse, not oracularly, but kindly and cheerfully and wisely, with his fellow beings. I think spring is a greater victory than autumn. It is a victory over death, whereas autumn is a victory over life.'

To this, Western minds will readily give assent. It is a purely Western idea. But it is a new feeling in Russia. A few years ago, Loosha was of opinion that she herself was really dead and that the woman who spoke to me was but a shadow, a ghost, something without warmth, without heart, without hope. She was glad to have conquered life. Now she wants to conquer death and win again.

Russia the silent one, silent for twenty-five years and then silent for ten years more, is either speaking now, or is about to speak. The spirit moves mysteriously in her. She begins to know that her time is at hand.

LONDON UNDER THE SHADOW OF WAR

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I

I HAVE known London in many moods and phases, which is natural, as I have lived in London for the greater part of thirty years. But never have I known it as it is to-day under the shadow of war. Not that this is the first time in my experience that the shadow has fallen. But hitherto war has been no nearer than Asia or Africa, quite another matter from war just beyond the Channel, with the chance thrown in of the invasion England has not had to face since William the Conqueror, or to fear since Napoleon, and with an occasional warning, in the shelling of an East Coast town, of what invasion means. And, certainly, if London since my coming has never been under so near and so heavy a shadow, neither has it ever seemed to me so extraordinary and so interesting.

Before Great Britain had declared war, the fear of war held London in its grasp. I have read the boast of some Englishmen that the turmoil in Europe and their own plunge headlong into the depths could not stir them out of their natural stolidity. But they were not in London when they boasted. In London the tension could be felt; the knowledge of what such a war must involve, the unthinkable risks, the magnitude of the enterprise and its cost, weighed upon the town like the sense of doom in an old Greek tragedy; the shrinking from the catastrophe was so unmistakable that no White Paper was needed to explain how far Great Britain was from being its immediate cause. And the very season added to the effect, tightened the tension. The end of July as a rule brings to London the repose that makes it, in my opinion, the most desirable place to spend the late summer and early autumn in. But there could be no repose while this unspoken dread, this fever of waiting filled the air. The money and food panics of that long week of suspense came almost as a relief, giving everybody something to do or an excuse to do it. I know that when the bank rate began to go up by leaps and bounds, and the Stock Exchange closed its doors, and gold disappeared, and Penny Saving Funds were besieged, and rumors were everywhere of men driving from bank to bank and filling their motors mountain high with sovereigns, I passed an agitated quarter of an hour trying to decide whether or no I ought to fetch and bring home, under my arm, my own little molehill. And if I had the sense to keep my head in this crisis, I lost it when London prepared for famine as well as bankruptcy; hurrying to Jackson's, — the grocers who sell American delicacies in Piccadilly, — I invested in enough canned corn and lima beans, Virginia pickles and California olives, gumbo soup and clam chowder, to save my family from starvation for at least a fortnight. It was absurd, I confess, but I score now over my more practical friends who invested in such sensible things as macaroni, dried peas, rice, tapioca, and the cereals they never eat if they can help themselves, in such

sensible quantities that a siege might be a convenience.

It was as well in those days that London had something to laugh at sometimes, or it must have cried all the time. Even in memory I have not so much as a smile for the other chief event of that eventful week — the flight from London of French and Germans, for the front. People in many parts of the town may have known nothing of it except what they read in the newspapers; but I, who live round the corner from Charing Cross, saw of it more than I wanted, when French *chefs* and German waiters, at the first summons, dropped their work at hotels and restaurants, and Soho lost half its population and the City half its clerks. I am not given to sentiment, but the unflinching gayety of the Frenchmen gripped my throat as I passed groups of them on their way to the station; or as I saw them at the station piling into their trains at one platform while Germans crowded into theirs at the next; or as from our high windows I watched them waving their last good-bye when the train steamed out to the bridge.

It is the little things in life that often make the big things real to us, and I felt the grim tragedy the more because of the personal, the intimate, the everyday manner in which it interfered with me. First it was my French butcher who left, taking with him all immediate chance for the neat French *fricandeaus* and *filets piqués* that reconcile me to the occasional joint. Then it was the porters of my French grocer, so that the superior Italian in *pince-nez* was obliged to leave the cashier's desk and struggle up the four flights of our back stairs with bags and boxes, to his supreme wrath and my equal embarrassment. Then it was somebody from almost every shop where I deal in Soho. And worse, almost at once it was Marcel, a *chef*, who is also Augustine's husband, — in which capacity he has lived with us many years and become an indispensable member of our household. On Monday morning came his call from the French Consul; by Tuesday afternoon he had given up his excellent post in the City, his good wages, the chances of that careful education it is his ambition to give to his two small daughters, and was well on his way to Paris. Even M. Jules, who shampoos my hair, wrote me that 'the outbreak of hostilities between his country and Germany had placed him in the position to serve under the French colors'; and though he had never worn the *petit piou-piou's* red trousers and blue coat, never handled a gun, never done a day's march and was too old to begin, his capable hands, whose heaviest task had been the washing and waving of ladies' hair, could be useful in the harvest fields and vineyards of France. I had been served and waited on by heroes without knowing it.

II

But during the week of panic and flight, London was calmness itself compared to London during the week of Bank holidays given it to recover in. One Bank holiday in three months is about as much as I can stand. I seldom stir out of the house as long as it lasts. But I could not shut myself up for a week of Bank holidays; and besides, while I hated the streets in their new excitement, they fascinated me and I did not want to keep out of them. They were really astonishing: all about us, filled with the crowds I am used to, — the tradespeople and housekeepers and little clerks and shop-girls who every Sunday and holiday afternoon make the Strand look for all the world like the High Street of a country town; the respectable sightseers whom any public spectacle attracts from East and

West, North and South, to the centre of London; the degenerates who emerge from none but the police know where at any public crisis, and who, throughout the week, drifted into our corner of easy-going, open-all-day front doors, until we had to remind our housekeeper again what locks and keys and hall-boys are made for. But there were also the crowds I am not used to; for now war and not merely the fear of it had London in its grasp: everywhere officers wearing in broad daylight, without shame, the uniform that at normal times they would rather die than let the public see them in; and soldiers in khaki, and recruits in any clothes under the sun, and Red Cross ambulances, and nurses, and trains of business-like artillery, and wagons laden with field-telegraph and telephone apparatus, and armored motors, and tents, and more soldiers and horses in the parks, — all the machinery of war in a town accustomed only to the parade of war; and, sprung from the gutter, hawkers selling little flags and war-buttons and caricatures of the Kaiser. To add to the uproar and congestion and confusion, at our end of the Strand and at the top of Parliament Street, the road had been taken up for the summer mending, war not having entered into the contracts of peaceful borough councils; and busses and motors and taxis and carts were blocked for squares, and every time I went out or came home I had to push my way through the seething, gaping, bewildered crowds and cross the congested streets at the risk of my life.

And just when not an inch of room seemed left in our part of the town, the American invasion of London, now passed into history, began: Americans flying from France and Belgium and Germany and Austria; Americans with passage on German boats no longer running; Americans with passage on French and British boats turned into cruisers and transports; Americans with not a cent except on letters of credit and travelers' cheques which not a bank was open to cash; Americans with their nerves shattered and their manners lost; Americans grieved and shocked that Europe could go to war at a moment so inconvenient to them and allow mobilization to interfere with their comforts and luxuries as tourists; Americans congregating in and near American steamship offices and American bankers and American agents, for mutual support and encouragement and indignation; Americans haunting St. Martin's Churchyard, although to have discovered one special trunk in the pile of American luggage dumped there would have been about as easy as finding the proverbial needle in the haystack; Americans flying to the newly constituted American Committee at the Savoy, demanding passports over the counter, until the Haymarket and Pall Mall and Cockspur Street and the Strand were converted into a little America; until my native American became the common language of the London streets; until the steamship companies and clerks had no time for anything more than the soothing of scared schoolma'ams and the heartening of timid university professors; until Brown, Shipley and Co.'s was the scene of a daily Philadelphia reception; until I began to think that there was nobody in London except Americans and soldiers, — altogether a mad, topsy-turvy, unbelievable London.

An unbelievable London even as I saw it without crossing the threshold of our flat. For the American invasion swept on to our terrace, into our house, up in our lift. From the Haymarket and Pall Mall and Cockspur Street and the Strand, Little America adjourned to our rooms; we held a daily Philadelphia reception in rivalry to Brown, Shipley and Co. I had not heard so

much American talked in a year; I could not have seen more Americans in the same length of time had I been at home. And each came with a tale of adventure, a special grievance, a case of nerves. This one had been held up in France, this one in Germany; some had escaped with the clothes on their backs and some had not lost as much as a pin; some had commandeered special trains and some were forced to travel with the troops; some had lost their steamers and were sailing in the steerage, and some had not lost their steamers but had made up their minds they were going to; some had just arrived on steamers guarded by cruisers, and some were just going on steamers through waters strewn with mines. Most of them — fortunately not all — were convinced that the war had begun when it did simply to annoy them, and too many were not only annoyed but frightened, losing their heads, as well as their manners, to say nothing of their good solid flesh, — I am told that more than one went home several pounds lighter than he left. I am puzzled to this day to understand why my fellow country-people, who face their own wars with courage, should have been so routed by a war other people have to fight.

The daily reception which we were surprised into holding was as English as American. Apparently, after the orgy of Bank holidays nobody could get back to business again. Publishers, whom as a rule we must beg humbly beforehand for a morning interview, dropped in at eleven for no reason except that, as they were doing nothing at their office, they thought they might as well come round and do it with us. Directors of galleries whom we had not seen in a year made equally early visits with no excuse whatever save to retail the gossip of their clubs. Women, whose calls are usually ceremonies, rushed in at any hour because they were passing on their way to the numerous women's aid societies that had sprung up like mushrooms in our neighborhood. Writers came because they had no heart to write articles and books which nobody wanted. Artists appeared, recklessly squandering the best hours of daylight, because their every commission was canceled, and also because, had they had work to do, they could not have done it. Nobody could do any work, and as nobody would let us do ours, we put it up and accepted the inevitable. Other friends, who had given up their old tasks only to take on new ones, dropped in to show themselves off with the special constable's baton in their pocket or the red cross on their arm, in Yeomanry or Territorial uniform, in Despatch Bearer's or Special Intelligencer's outfit.

Another of the rare humors of these dreadful months was the spectacle of an Englishman to whom long generations of ancestors have bequeathed but few short feet of stature, pirouetting round that we might enjoy him from every point of view in his new khaki, proud as a small boy in the first cowboy suit or first Indian feathers; while Augustine — with whom he is on excellent terms, but whose prejudice is for the substantial red trousers and blue coat of France — laughed to scorn his fine braiding and belting, his jaunty spurs and cap and cane, calling them '*rien que de la fantaisie.*'

And the excitement trickled in, not only by way of the lift, but at the back stairs. Augustine, whose sixteen years in England have taught her no English, was perpetually summoning me to get the latest budget of news from every messenger and tradesman's boy, and above all from my ice-man, who would have made the fortunes of the yellow press: in a week he had sunk the German Navy and driven the German

Army out of Belgium, — 'it takes us Englishmen to do it,' — and swamped Harrod's, Whiteley's, Shoolbred's by millions of orders, and bankrupted every shop in the French quarter, and swept the country clean of flour, and run up the price of sugar and meat, and stunned me by so many amazing rumors, so much more amazing than any of the hundreds about town reaching me by the front door, — from people who knew somebody on the inside, as everybody did, — that it was a mere trifle to swallow whole the story about the phantom Russians which everybody was swallowing.

The phantom Russians grew miraculously from thousands to millions; the time of their encamping on Salisbury Plain and going into khaki was known to the day and the hour; and they turned up again only yesterday in the passes of Servia. The myth itself needed no explanation; it was itself one of many explanations of the emotional state everybody was and still is in. The English are the most emotional people in the world, but their manner of expressing their emotion varies with circumstances and always differs from other people's because it is their fond belief that they do not show it at all. In the last war the pleasant emotion of self-confidence took the form of noisy send-offs to the troops, of blustering boasts of a holiday walk into the enemy's capital and back home in time for Christmas. In this war the emotion is charged with doubt, the intensity of which can be gauged by the official silences and the surprise of the British public that British soldiers can fight, and by the consequent hysterical adulation of Tommy Atkins. I have heard usually sensible Englishmen talk of Tommy's exploits in Belgium and France with the fond, fatuous pride of a mother praising her babies; while the newspapers, during the early weeks of the war, were so preoccupied with his heroism that they forgot how tiny a space he filled in that grimly long line of trenches; and the question often heard in London, asked in tones of virtuous surprise and complacent superiority, was, 'But what are the French doing?' 'As if the handful of British soldiers in France were holding up the hordes of Germans, while the French soldiers sat snugly at their own firesides toasting their toes!' an indignant French friend said to me.

III

However, the British have never been emotional to the point of permitting their emotions to detract from their interests as a nation of shopkeepers, — which Napoleon called them with a truth that has made the name stick. When, after a week or so, it was evident that London was not starved out and was not going to be, that prices had not leaped up out of reach, that buying and selling had not stopped dead, it seemed to me that I could positively hear London's breath of relief, as the jubilant shout of 'Business as Usual' was raised, became the new popular war-cry, appeared in large letters in every shop window alongside the Call to Arms, headed every popular advertisement, and inspired endless talk of war against German commerce.

It is no wonder that many people in England began to believe that fighting the Germans meant — for the British anyway — no more than doing them out of their trade. The few with common sense knew better: knew that the English, to catch up with the Germans, must get rid of the present government-bred belief in work as a wrong and the present reliance upon government to see that they get as little of it to do as possible; that while German militarism is an evil to be crushed, German industry is an asset to be

cultivated. But common sense is not a common attribute of the Briton; I can tell — by the way, some of my tradesmen ask me if I do not think the French and Russians are very slow — how much people of their class have been convinced, by all this talk, that fighting with shot and shell is the Allies' share of the work, while the Briton's is to run off with the business the German is too busy in the field to attend to. The excuse of the laborer's wife, reproached because she did not force her husband into Kitchener's army, 'Why, the Germans ain't comin' 'ere, are they?' shows the same misunderstanding of what the war is about and what it involves, — a misunderstanding incomprehensible to me. I am sure that to the multitude the mere bravado of behaving as if business really were as usual seems a defense against the Germans no less admirable than the trenches into which the army has dug itself in France and Belgium.

Though I can feel the tension, the nerves, the fright of the classes which the English call 'Upper'; though I know how the men of these classes have all gone in one capacity or another, I find it hard to accept the fact that business is 'as usual' with the great mass of the public, when I see the long lines waiting at the pit-doors of theatres and music halls, the crowded restaurants, the overflowing tea-houses, and above all, the uninterrupted devotion to sport. I am not astonished that Americans arriving in London from France — where they had seen towns emptied of every man, regiments composed of every class and trade and profession marching to the front, Paris sad and in mourning, tragedy in every woman's face — were appalled by the contrast. Night after night while summer lasted, the Americans who sat with us on our high balcony outside the studio windows would cry out in dismay at the gayety, the apparent unconcern of the people below in the gardens, listening to the music, drinking tea at the little tables under the trees, laughing and talking, while England's allies across the Channel were being driven out of house and home, their fair land ravaged, their fair houses razed to the ground. Belgians, on the same balcony, faced by the same scene, have told me that, seeing London so unmoved and gay, they could but ask themselves in bewilderment if these things really were, — if they were sleeping now, or if the horrors they thought they had lived through in Belgium were the hideous nightmare.

One of my most vivid memories of the early days of the war must ever be of the evening of the Sunday when London heard for the first time the true story of Mons and the British defeat there, and of the flight of the British troops over the Pas de Calais into Picardy as far as Dieppe — one of the perfect evenings which, like the perfect days, followed each other in heartbreaking succession through August and September and October and well into November. The beauty and the pleasant heat had crowded the gardens at the music hour as I had not seen them crowded through the summer: the women in their gayest summer dresses; gay lights glowing round the bandstand and from the tea-house; within the big windows of the Hotel Cecil, lights flaring softly and discreetly from under their pink shades; taxi after taxi driving up to the doors of the Savage Club on the Terrace, where a man in slippers sauntered up and down, taking his little Pekinese for an evening airing; at the near windows of the Society for the Study of Germs, the student in his linen coat working with his accustomed serenity and patience; and, in the intervals when there was no music, St. Martin's bells ringing for

evening service as peacefully as the bells of a peaceful village church. Soon the moon swung high in the heavens, and I shrank from the cruelty of London taking its pleasures in the tranquil night; nobody, it seemed, could spare a thought for the British dead piled high at Mons and the British soldiers flying for their lives a few short hours away.

It is harder still to accept the supremacy of sport, an affair not of an evening but of every day that passes, — the refusal of big burly Britons to be exiled from their golf links or tennis court or football field or race-course for so trivial a duty as defense of their country, or even to be interested in the defense as much as in their play. By some Englishmen of this type the war at its outbreak was summed up as 'a jolly nuisance' that cut short their summer's golf on Continental links. If anything could have made the fall of Antwerp more bitter, it was the poster of the afternoon papers that same day announcing 'Football Results' in as big letters, and their columns devoting almost as much space to one struggle as to the other. I have seen as glaring posters of racing results when London was afloat with wild rumors of a British naval disaster. If the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, evidently there are modern Londoners who believe the Germans will be beaten on the race-course and at the cup ties and international matches of the Professional Football Association; and, curiously, while the persistence of football has at last got to be a scandal at home and is tabooed by some papers, racing flourishes unreproached and columns and pages continue to be spared to its daily record.

IV

'Business as Usual' may be shrieked from the house-top, — or the shop-window, — but though London has settled down to the fact of the war and, to this extent, has got over its attack of nerves, business, except the business of sport, is about as unusual as it can be. The Board of Trade, I do not doubt, can supply the figures and facts to prove me wrong; but my interest is in London as it looks, and as my life in it is affected, not in the London of facts and figures. The statistics I have most confidence in are provided by my personal experience; and there is not an hour of the day, nor a quarter of the hour, — there is nothing I can do, not a step I can take, — in which I am not brought face to face with the unusualness of everything. I do not exaggerate. My habits of years are interrupted, and this in the simplest, the most commonplace details of everyday life. For instance, in London as it was, when I wanted to know the hour, Big Ben told me in good loud strokes and chimes, quarter by quarter; now, Big Ben does not strike by day or by night. Of old, I could hope for, or dread, a letter every hour, from eight in the morning until nine at night; now there are but five posts in the day, — almost five too many, for they bring petitions for such innumerable funds that if I answered a tenth of them somebody would have to start a new fund for me. As things used to be, if my soul yearned to relieve itself in complaint, I had the landlord's agent safe in his office a minute away; to-day, he is drilling in a remote camp in the South of England. If I attempt now to find fault with the boys downstairs, I am reminded that Arthur, who understood my ways, is with some Territorial cavalry in France. Once, at the first sound of street-organ or street-cry, I was sure that my determined neighbor would pounce on the offender and save me the trouble; to-day even she listens without a murmur to the untrained buglers who, under the

Arches, practice their calls. If I stop my work to look out of the window by my desk, — as I have a pleasant fashion of doing at frequent intervals, — it is to see on the Embankment, not only taxis and trams, but regiments or companies or squads of the new breed of British soldiers, in khaki or tweeds or blue serge or black coats or corduroys, in military caps or cloth caps or top hats or bowlers or no hats at all, without a gun to their name, or a band or a bugle, singing, whistling, straggling in anything but time; the same soldiers who whistle, sing, and straggle down Regent Street and up Oxford Street, through Knightsbridge and Mayfair, in every section and slum and suburb of London, holding up busses and motors, blocking the way for shoppers, giving London the air of a garrison town.

But I cannot go out of the house without being held up by something just as unusual. At the top of our dingy little passage leading to the Strand, there is a crowd waiting for royalty to drive away from Charing Cross Hospital. At Trafalgar Square, between three and four in the afternoon, there is a crowd listening to the military band at the base of Nelson's Column. At Charing Cross Station, another crowd watches the arrival of wounded soldiers — strangest and saddest sight of all, except the still stranger, sadder one of the arrival of Belgian refugees who have made of London a Belgian town: *L'Indépendance Belge* and *La Métropole* sold at street corners, Belgian families advertising for each other in the London papers, French and Flemish talked everywhere, Belgian plays in the theatre, fantastic Belgian uniforms mixed with sober khaki, Belgian wounded in the hospitals, invitations to 'Our Belgian Allies' decorating the shops, elaborate Belgian bows and greetings startling Piccadilly and the Strand out of their wonted awkwardness, a Belgian invasion following the American invasion on to our terrace, into our house, up in our lift.

Everything is strange in my daily round of duties and pleasures. The *Times* now supplies me with a Sunday edition; my druggist will sell me only British-made cologne suddenly sprung upon the market: the landmarks on my most familiar routes are no longer recognizable: in Cockspur Street, the office of the Hamburg-Amerika line is transformed by the irony of things into a busy recruiting office; rows of Red Cross ambulances are drawn up in sleepy St. James's Square; there is a soldiers' shelter in Grosvenor Square; tents stand in the court of Devonshire House; there are horses tethered in Green Park, soldiers drilling in Hyde Park, trenches dug behind Westminster Cathedral; the smartest hotels and theatres, almost every taxi and bus and many private motors, are pasted with placards summoning every man to enlist for the duration of the war; a once popular *delicatessen* shop breaks out in despairing proclamations that the proprietor is a naturalized Briton, that it employs no Germans, that its best Frankfurter sausages and Hamburger caviare are manufactured in Islington; it protests so strenuously that already its biggest branch is closed, while the path of the unprotesting German about the Court or in the City is all pleasantness and peace. And the old Gambrinus, the haunt of artists, has become a *Café-Brasserie*, the Vienna Café a British and Continental Restaurant. The most fastidious art-dealers in Bond Street display in their windows Calls to Arms or portraits of Kitchener and Nelson; Baedeker's three-starred masterpieces have disappeared from national collections. The courtyard of Burlington House is a drilling ground for the elderly artists in white sweaters, who call themselves

the 'Roaring Forties' and are called by the refused the 'Back Numbers,' and who are to help defend London should the need arise. And everywhere is something different, something startling, something incredible.

If I go farther afield, I find the White City at Shepherd's Bush turned into barracks, the Alexandra Palace into a home for Belgians, the Crystal Palace into an annex to the Admiralty, and every open space, from Hampstead Heath to Clapham Common, a drilling ground — a battlefield in the popular conception. 'Is Mr. Blank in?' a friend of mine asked a clerk in an office the other day. 'Oh no, sir, he's gone out of town,' was the answer. 'When will he be back?' 'Can't say, sir; he's at the front.' 'At the front! But where?' 'Clapham Common, sir!'

If I leave the streets to go into the shops, the offices, the houses which I know best, I am as sure to run up against the unexpected. At my tailor's, when I ask timidly to have my last winter's gown cleaned and pressed, I am assured that, *really*, it would not seem 'quite nice' to be getting new gowns just now. At my bank I discover a woman typist installed for the first time. At the big Regent Street shops, if I look for the latest modes, I am shown 'comforts for the soldiers.' My way into big Oxford Street shops is blocked by people staring at war-photographs and war-bulletins in the windows. The woman who sold me flowers has given up because nobody comes to buy them; the man who sold me salads in winter can give me none for love or money, because for love or money he can get none from Belgium or France. At the theatre the women on either side of me knit steadily, as they do in the bus that takes me there. When I call to see my friends on their afternoons, baskets with big red crosses litter their halls, and in their drawing-rooms everybody is sewing shirts, — an amusement in which I decline to join out of consideration for the soldiers. Other friends whom I knew as models of domesticity I never find at all, their every minute being now spent in committee rooms or at committee meetings.

And this reminds me that more unexpected than anything in my friends' houses is the new development in ours, where the women in the offices below, who used to frighten London by fighting for themselves, now leave the fighting to the men, and in Aid or Auxiliary Corps charge themselves with the care of women and children. In fact, the longer the war goes on, the more evident it is to me that 'Business as Unusual' is the sign that should be hung everywhere in London.

V

I feel the change most keenly at night, when London has grown beautiful as it never was before, — and, I suppose, as I should hope it will never be again. It has always been very wonderful from our windows, which overlook the wide sweep of the Thames between St. Paul's and Westminster, though of late years the river had become almost too brilliant, yielding up its shadowy secrets to the new electric glare. The Embankment and the bridges were great circles and lines of light; every double-decked tram was a chariot of light, every boat a beacon of light; Big Ben showed the hours on a face of light; the walls and towers on the opposite shores advertised teas and whiskies in flashes of light. The worst offense was the tower facing us, covered, and after dark illuminated, from top to bottom, by a horribly realistic picture and as horribly vulgar letters, bad enough as an advertisement of tea, but a crime as an advertisement of the

centre of London to a hostile airman approaching from Dover or the Surrey Hills. The danger was finally realized, and at last an unlit tower, a campanile in the night, again faced us. One by one the other advertisements up and down the Thames vanished. Big Ben went out. Half the number of lights burned on the Embankment and the bridges. The double-decked trams drew their blinds and the taxis' lights grew dim. The Hotel Cecil pulled the curtains together in the rose-lit dining-room. And mystery returned to the river; once more, with the lights dwindled into vague points of gold, it flowed in dimly revealed beauty into the shadows.

There is, however, one short half hour after this darkness has fallen, when the river is lit up with a splendor I could never have imagined. From Charing Cross, from Lambeth, from Whitehall, from St. Paul's, from Cannon Street, from still farther beyond, long threads, great cones and cylinders, wide shafts, short plumes of light sweep the heavens, the water, and the town; now flooding the Thames and its shores; now bringing out in strong relief the dome of St. Paul's or the towers of Westminster; now transforming the commonplace group of hotels and clubs in Northumberland Avenue into a fantastic mediæval town; now shooting out in long parallel shining lines to the north and the east; now meeting overhead in a soft, swaying mass of fleecy golden cloud; and always searching, until I feel that they could not search so hard were there not something to search for. For their beauty will not let me forget that their message is danger. The evening they began their search, Augustine told me that, for the first time since the war began, she was frightened; and I could understand.

All the town now, from dusk to dawn, is shrouded in darkness — half the street lights out and the other half under black shades, blinds and curtains drawn everywhere, awnings let down above shop-windows, the lamps of busses and taxis and trams burning low, not an advertisement flashing light anywhere.

Although getting about after dusk has grown perilous, although it is affirmed that the darkness is more fatal than a raid of Zeppelins or Taubes, I am never in a hurry to go home, often taking the longest way for the sheer wonder of it: to see Bond Street — once on a winter afternoon the most brilliant street in London — as dim as an alley, Piccadilly Circus an island of darkness, Trafalgar Square steeped in gloom, national galleries and museums unsubstantial shadows, theatres and restaurants and hotels opening in funereal gloom, the Strand dull as a Bayswater terrace; and then, as I get nearer home, suddenly over the house-tops, stretching across street and square, the threads and cones and cylinders and shafts and plumes of light pointing north and east, meeting overhead, busy at their task of searching, giving me again the thrill of conviction that they could not search so diligently were there not something to search for, — a conviction that London shares but does not allow to interfere with its pleasures, even now that civilians are officially informed how to act when the lights no longer search in vain and the bomb falls.

London closes its public houses and goes to bed at ten; at eleven its streets are as silent and deserted as the streets of a provincial town. But this new London of dim distances and glimmering lights and old churches and buildings like pale ghosts against the sky, and mystery everywhere, and long nights of silence, has taken on a beauty so rare and fine that I almost dread the time when peace will set it alight again.

VI

I must not give the impression that London is to be enjoyed as a sort of glorified Drury Lane spectacle. Each of its shifting scenes is too eloquent of the tragedy that is its real cause and meaning; like the searchlights, each is heavy-laden with the message of danger or sorrow or horror. I may smile as I stop to look at the middle-aged artists drilling while the crowd from Piccadilly, in the dusk of the winter afternoon, drift into the courtyard to watch; but the smile ends in a sigh, for I know that art is the first luxury the world can do without, that already more than one artist is dependent on funds which he of old was the first to contribute to, and that so it is also with musicians, and actors, and writers, with the men of all professions that deal in beauty. I may smile at my tailor's deference to the 'quite nice,' but there too a sigh goes with the smile, for the idle hands in the workroom, for the skilled workers, artists too in their way, thrown upon the charity they shrink from.

It is to the business of the Centre and the West of London that the war has been most cruel. I read in the papers of busy scenes now at the docks, of busy factories turning out khaki, of busy workrooms fashioning it into uniforms, of the decrease of crime and unemployment in the East End, usually the first part of London to suffer from hard times. But the essentials of war, the essentials of commerce, the essentials of life, must be had at any price; the unessential, the superfluous, the luxury of any kind must be sacrificed, if sacrifice is called for. Of course business does continue in the West. Shops have not closed; publishers have no more empty hours to waste with us; there are picture-shows open in the galleries; tailors and dressmakers have not gone bankrupt. A brave face is turned to the public. But many a flaunting sign of 'Business as Usual,' many an impressive display of modes and models, conceals a costly idleness and want as sad as can be found from one end of London to the other. And if the West is now the first to suffer, it will be the last part of London to which relief will come. The English understand better how to contribute to funds than how to distribute them. Besides, when money is to be distributed tradition sends it flowing into the East, sure that the West is rich enough to take care of itself.

If London has settled down to the great fact of the war, London cannot forget it. Every day that haunting message of danger and sorrow and horror is brought to it with fresh poignancy. Just as I see nothing save war in the aspect of the town, so I hear nothing save war in the talk about me. And friends who came so gayly in August to show themselves to us in khaki are coming back again to show themselves limping, their arms in slings, their hands bandaged, and in their faces the story of what they have gone through. Those who came with the red cross on their arms are strangers who return only during rare hours off duty from their too busy hospitals.

Nor is it possible to be in London and not to see the Belgians a little nearer than arriving at Charing Cross and bowing in the streets. Always after this the very name of Belgium must bring back to me memories of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on autumn afternoons: the autumn gold fading from the sky, the bare branches of the trees in the great court black with starlings flying home to roost and filling the air with their chatter; and under the trees and up in the airy, spacious wards, Belgian soldiers with heads, arms, legs swathed in bandages, and no thought save for the day when they could once more take

up the fight and help drive the Germans out of their country. Other memories are of Belgian artists forgetting for one moment, as they looked out on the Thames from our studio windows, their own deserted studios, the unfinished canvases, the forgotten paints; and of Belgian professors who, had they stayed at home, would have been obliged to be civil to the Germans, and who preferred to do their work free of such obligations in the British Museum; and an occasional deputy, or minister, or correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge*, toiling for the day when Belgium will be Belgium again, if with its old towns laid low and its ancient beauty desecrated. The Belgians are and will be remembered as one of the most tragic features in the tragic spectacle of London — sad with the sadness of a people in exile.

THE SCANDINAVIAN REVIVAL AND THE WAR

BY T. LOTHROP STODDARD

I

THE recent meeting of the three Scandinavian monarchs at Malmö, the historic Swedish seaport opposite Copenhagen, has moved but slightly a world engrossed with the greatest struggle of recorded history. Nevertheless, this conference may well presage a permanent union of the Scandinavian North as significant for future history as the battles now raging in Flanders and Poland. When we recall the great part that Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, despite their remorseless internecine wars, have played in history, the possible union of these intensely virile peoples cannot be disregarded.

It has been quite the fashion to regard the Scandinavian states as belonging to that category of 'little nations' whose day is over; whose very existence, indeed, depended upon mutual jealousies of greater neighbors or sentimental consideration for a heroic past. That Scandinavia could ever develop within itself such renewed national energy as might assure its independent future, probably occurred to few persons who are unfamiliar with Scandinavia's somewhat obscure internal history.

To be sure, this is not strange. A generation ago most Scandinavians held similar opinions. Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century the prevailing note in Scandinavia's political thought was a pessimistic acceptance of national insignificance, a desire to be let alone, a tendency to seek safety in external guaranties rather than self-defense. Sweden continued stunned by the Russian conquest of Finland in 1809, Finland being considered an integral portion of the fatherland rather than a dependency. Of course the Vienna Congress had handed Sweden Norway as compensation, but this 'compensation' proved the cruelest of delusions, for the Norwegians refused to forget the age-long blood-feud with their Swedish kinsmen, and both peoples consumed their ener-

gies in chronic bickerings, culminating in the violent separation of 1905. For Denmark, also, the nineteenth century was a time of loss and sorrow. Forced to cede Norway to Sweden in 1814, she lost Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia just fifty years later. Amid those clashing imperialisms of world-empires which marked the closing decades of the last century, the lot of the Scandinavian peoples appeared at first sight to offer little save vain regrets for a dead past.

Nevertheless it was during just this period that the Scandinavian states laid the foundations for that national revival which has been one of the most extraordinary phenomena of recent years. These foundations were in the first instance economic. A century ago Scandinavia was profoundly poor. Sweden, with her cold, frost-bound soil, could never hope greatly to extend her cultivable area. Denmark, though possessed of rich farm-land, was very small and had suffered greatly from the Napoleonic wars. Norway was but a strip of barren mountains. However, all three peoples proceeded resolutely to the development of what they had, and the economic tendencies of the nineteenth century presently brought into play latent resources unknown or unutilizable before. Rapid steamship and railway transportation gave Denmark an inexhaustible market for her farm and dairy products in England and Germany. These same transportation facilities unlocked Sweden's vast mineral wealth, carrying iron ore and timber from her remote mountains to the seaboard and thence to the outer world. In Norway the steamship developed the Arctic fisheries and bore to her remotest fjords annual freights of tourists with their welcome tithes of gold. Furthermore, for Sweden and Norway, electricity presently wrought as great a miracle as had steam. The myriad torrents and waterfalls of these mountain lands became sources of wealth as well as things of beauty; and, already richly dowered with iron as they were, this 'white coal' gave Sweden and Norway the second prerequisite of modern industrial life. Soon factories sprang up everywhere, and changed Sweden from an agricultural to an industrial land, with Norway following close behind. Lastly, as befitted the sons of the Vikings, all three peoples remembered the open sea, Norway especially building up a great merchant-marine. In fine, by the beginning of the twentieth century, the poor and backward Scandinavia of former days had been transformed into one of the most prosperous regions of the earth, striding forward daily in wealth and population.

The mental and spiritual consequences of all this were as obvious as they were inevitable. The Scandinavian peoples ceased to gaze sadly backward into the past. Furthermore, as they looked upon their works, they felt a growing pride in themselves and in their type of civilization. It was their intelligence, their virile energy, which had transformed these apparently unpromising Northlands into realms of prosperity and plenty. It was their character which had made them pioneers in the solution of many vexed political and social problems. It was their genius which had produced masterpieces of literature and music. These achievements, together with a glorious past, convinced the Scandinavians that theirs was a race-soul of rare endowment, whose rich promise must be preserved and developed to the full. Accordingly, the old pessimism disappeared before a vigorous, optimistic nationalism. Littérateurs and savants no longer professed cosmopolitan doctrines or followed French and German canons: instead they became consciously, aggressively, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians. Even those who realized the

somewhat narrowing effects of such intensive development of the national consciousness asserted that neither cosmopolitanism nor the predominance of any of the great world-cultures could be tolerated if these small nations were to develop freely their peculiar individualities.

It was with such high hopes for their material and spiritual future that the Scandinavian peoples looked out over the new century. But, as they gazed, they grew troubled. While they were busied laying down the bases of national revival, the outer world had been moving fast. Huge empires had spread over the face of the earth, nearing, clashing, striking bright friction-sparks with every flash. Everywhere economic and colonial rivalries were becoming keener, race-hatreds growing deeper. Europe already suffered from that ominous *malaise* which heralded the present world-war. A hungry, predatory spirit was abroad. It was an evil day for the 'little peoples.' The Scandinavians felt their danger and scanned the horizon for latent perils.

Two dangers patently menaced the future peace of the Scandinavian peoples: Germany on the south, and Russia on the east. From the standpoint of Scandinavian unity this duality of danger was unfortunate. A single peril threatening all alike would have driven these kindred peoples forthwith together by a common instinct of self-preservation. As it was, Denmark alone felt herself menaced by the German, whom Sweden and Norway considered a possible counterpoise to Russian aggression; while this same Russia was to Denmark a potential ally against her German neighbor. For this reason the current of national revival, though psychologically identical in all three countries, had such diverse external stimuli that separate discussion becomes a necessity.

II

Modern Denmark long lived under the shadow of the Schleswig-Holstein War and its momentous consequences. Prior to that disaster Denmark cut a very respectable figure in the northern world. The amorphous mass of disunited Germany seemed impotent for aggression, and since it possessed no sea-power, the German coasts lay open before the Danish fleet. The triumph of German unity, however, left Denmark in a position of hopeless inferiority. True, the loss of Schleswig-Holstein as a whole was not keenly regretted. These provinces were overwhelmingly Germanic in blood, and all Danes realized the impossibility of keeping one million five hundred thousand Germans from union with their race-brethren. Nevertheless, in that portion of Schleswig just south of the new frontier dwelt some hundred and fifty thousand true Danes, and persistent and tactless efforts to germanize these stubborn folk kept alive Danish resentment for the unhappy past.

Moreover, besides this somewhat sentimental consideration, there were very practical grounds for dreading further German encroachment. Denmark, by her mere geographical situation, held the keys to the Baltic. In case of war with France or England, Germany might deem the prevention of a naval descent upon her long Baltic coast so vital a matter that the occupation of Copenhagen would appear a prime necessity. On the other hand, should Denmark attempt to close the Baltic straits to Western fleets, or even to preserve a strict neutrality, she might receive the cruel chastisement twice dealt her by England in the Napoleonic wars.

In view of these ominous possibilities what was Denmark to do? Opinions varied extremely and were much influenced by considerations of internal

politics. The Conservatives, heirs of the proud, aristocratic tradition, held that Denmark should arm to the limit of her strength, preferring to fall, if fall she must, in the glorious cause of duty and national honor. On the other hand the Liberals, exponents of cosmopolitan pacifist hopes and national pessimism, asserted that Denmark was too small and poor to maintain her neutrality by force. Instead, therefore, of bankrupting herself on armaments which would surely prove inadequate in the hour of trial, Denmark should devote her slender revenues to internal development.

Up to the early years of this century the pacifists seemed to be gaining ground against the adherents of armed neutrality. Both foreign and domestic events favored the pacifist contentions, at least for the moment. The opening of the Kiel Canal in 1895 distinctly diminished the German peril. Henceforth the German navy could sail freely from the Baltic to the ocean without passing Copenhagen, while Western fleets might be deterred from raids in the Baltic by the threat of German attacks upon their rear. In Denmark itself a widened franchise had admitted the proletariat to public life, and Socialist deputies with cosmopolitan theories and absorbed in social reform brought powerful aid to the pacifist idea.

However, before long there came a turn in the tide. Denmark, as we have seen, had gained enormously in wealth and prosperity. New generations who had never known the dark days of the Schleswig-Holstein War had come to the fore: generations proud of Danish culture, confident in Denmark's future. These men took up the patriotic watchword, not in the grim spirit of the old aristocrat Conservatives ready to fall in a hopeless fight for the national honor, but with the proud conviction that Denmark had grown strong and rich enough to maintain her neutral dignity in arms. Pointing with alarm to the solemn warnings then passing before their eyes, — russification of Finland, British conquest of the little Boer Republics, threatened partition of unarmed China, — the Danish patriots begged their Liberal and Socialist fellow countrymen to eschew the dangerous chimera that small defenseless states could safely exist amid hungry imperialisms and the clash of world-empires. Indeed, the whole course of recent history tended to drive this teaching home. In 1905 occurred the first of those great European crises foreshadowing the present catastrophe. During those tense months a British fleet swept defiantly into the Baltic, while a German battle-squadron answered this demonstration by paying a visit to Copenhagen. In this critical hour the spirit of young Denmark stood revealed. Old-line Liberals and Socialists, it is true, talked of non-resistance, international neutralization, or alliance with some Great Power, according to their respective personalities. Georg Brandes advised an English protectorate; others counseled a German alliance and the closing of the Baltic in time of war. But these voices were lost in the full-toned cry of patriotic exaltation, demanding the maintenance of absolute, unpledged neutrality, and unsparingly condemning all suggestions of foreign entanglements which should drag Denmark in the wake of some world-power and make her the battleground of warring empires. As Copenhagen's leading newspaper expressed it at the time of the English and German naval demonstrations, 'We shall receive both fleets courteously — and with no illusions. England has bombarded Copenhagen, Germany has dismembered our territory. We know that both things may happen again.'

The 1905 crisis passed, but the air refused to clear, and from that time on

Europe was never free from rumors of war. The Danish Liberals made grudging concessions to the cry for national defense, but the patriots' battle was not easily won. The Socialists obstinately opposed all military programmes, and even in Conservative ranks many tight-fisted peasant deputies shrank from the prospect of fresh loans and increased taxation. However, the national spirit was in no mood for half-measures. The Agadir crisis of 1911 caused a fresh outburst of patriotic feeling, and when the Danish Parliament still paltered, the country showed its temper in no uncertain fashion. A great popular subscription bought the heavy artillery refused by Parliament; a 'volunteer movement' supplemented the standing army and proved its value beside the regulars in the manœuvres of 1912. Even the 'boy scouts' trained with the idea of fitting themselves for the hour of national peril. The fatal summer of 1914 found Denmark awake and undaunted.

III

Before we discuss the events immediately preceding the recent Conference of Malmö, a brief survey of Swedish and Norwegian affairs seems necessary. Like Denmark, the northern Scandinavian states were absorbed in their local economic and political problems throughout the nineteenth century, the continuous quarrels of these ill-assorted partners giving them scant leisure for a study of external relations. Not till the year 1899 did the Russian peril loom insistently on the eastern horizon. Of course statesmen had long foreseen the latent danger of Muscovite aggression, and as far back as 1855, at the time of the Crimean War, England and France had signed a treaty pledging armed assistance to Sweden in case of Russian attack. Up to 1899, however, the Swedish people had felt no particular uneasiness on this score, for the very good reason that the Russian Empire stopped at the outskirts of St. Petersburg, the land facing Sweden across the narrow Bothnian Gulf being not strictly Russian territory at all, but the 'Grand Duchy of Finland.' At the time of the Russian invasion of 1809, the Finns had threatened war to the death rather than submit to unrelieved Muscovite domination, and Czar Alexander I had bought their surrender by the grant of full local autonomy, Finland being erected into a grand duchy of which the Russian Czars were to be grand dukes. Thus, bound to Russia only by a personal union, and possessing its own constitution, its own laws, and even its own army, Finland made a perfect 'buffer state' between the Scandinavian countries and their Russian neighbor.

After 1899, however, this condition of things was violently altered. In that year Czar Alexander III issued his famous 'military rescript' assimilating the Finnish forces to the Russian army. This flagrant breach of his ducal oath infuriated the Finns, and the stubborn land braced itself for passive resistance. But the stern autocrat was not to be turned from his purpose. Under the arbitrary rule of Governor-General Bobrikoff Finland's liberties were menaced by a ruthless russification, and the civilized world soon rang with tales of Cossack violence and brutality.

To the outer world the russification of Finland signified only the irritation of a centralizing autocracy at the proximity of an autonomous, liberty-loving people. But to Sweden and Norway it meant a threat to national life. Across that Gulf of Bothnia whose narrow waters often froze over in winter, Sweden saw rising a huge Russian intrenched camp; when her eyes turned to the far north fear became downright terror. The outer world might shrug

its shoulders at Russian 'stupidity' in turning Finland from a contented, loyal dependency into a hotbed of revolutionary despair. Sweden, however, felt that, whatever else Russian statesmen might be, they were no fools, — that they would never have taken this step unless deep ulterior motives lay behind. And just such motives were discernible on the Russo-Norwegian frontier. Norway stretches to the Arctic Circle, yet despite its high latitude the waters of the Gulf Stream keep its deep fjords always free from ice. Now the keynote of Russian policy has ever been a determination to reach a warm-water port on the open sea. For this she fought Turkey two hundred years; for this she built four thousand miles of railroad to Port Arthur and waged her terrific duel with Japan. Yet here, at her very doors, is her supreme heart's-desire — an open window on the Atlantic Ocean. Northern Norway is backed, not by Sweden, but by Russia. At one point in particular a long tongue of Russian territory reaches within eighteen miles of the Lyngen Fjord, near whose mouth lies the port of Tromsö — a splendid haven which a few heavy guns would transform into an impregnable base for Russian battle-fleets. Furthermore, dangerously near by is Sweden's border province of Norrland, containing her chief treasure, the richest iron-ore deposits in the world. Before 1899 these were largely academic questions; but now a friendly buffer state had turned into a Russian province flooded with Russian troops. Even the factor of remoteness was eliminated, for Russia at once built a strategic railroad across the dismal wastes of Northern Finland right up to the Swedish frontier.

Nevertheless, Sweden met her danger with unflinching courage. As in Denmark, growing wealth and population had begotten a confidence impossible half a century before. In 1901 began the reorganization of the Swedish army and navy, the building of a railroad to the Russian border, and the heavy fortification of Boden, the strategic key to the Swedish North. Sweden was further encouraged by the continued existence of the Anglo-French guaranty treaty of 1855. Of course France, Russia's ally since 1896, could probably not be counted on to the end; but England was at that time still anti-Russian and would certainly have fought for Scandinavian integrity.

High as was Sweden's determination, however, it was destined to be sorely tried by a whole series of discouraging events. In 1905 came the Norwegian revolution. This intensely individualistic folk best represents that local separatism, so deep in the Scandinavian nature, which has hitherto wrecked the cause of union and consumed Scandinavia's strength in internecine broils. To the Norwegians, separation from Sweden seemed far more important than future difficulties with distant Russia, now absorbed by the Japanese War and domestic revolution. Accordingly they grasped the occasion, took the plunge, and declared their independence. In Sweden, Norwegian secession was greeted, not merely with rage, but with positive horror. Intent as they had been on the Russian peril, this act seemed to Swedes nothing short of race-treason in face of the enemy. A wave of fury swept the country, and voices were actually raised for acquiescence in Russia's Norwegian designs in return for a Muscovite guarantee of Swedish integrity. This movement was strengthened by the abrogation of the Anglo-French treaty of 1855. The chief motive for this treaty had been the exclusion of Russia from an ice-free Norwegian port on the Atlantic Ocean. But now that Norway was an independent state, the pact with Sweden ceased to have any such meaning.

Accordingly, in November, 1907, England, France, Germany, and Russia signed an instrument mutually guaranteeing Norway's independence and territorial integrity, and in April, 1908, the treaty of 1855 was abrogated. However, this left Sweden with no guaranty whatever against Russia, while the whole trend of European politics made it more and more clear that she could not expect even probable help from her former guarantors. France certainly would never embroil herself with Russia over the Norrland iron mines. As to England, once Sweden's tower of strength, she was moving fast toward reconciliation with Russia. Germany now occupied England's exclusive attention, and Russia might henceforth be permitted many things which in other days would have been deemed just cause for war. In short, Sweden suddenly felt quite alone in the world.

It is not strange that this unfavorable state of affairs led to an internal crisis of acute intensity. As in Denmark, there had always been a Liberal party condemning the principle of national defense and claiming that safety lay in external guarantees or international neutralization. Hitherto the Swedish Liberals had been a minority party. But in 1909 came universal suffrage and the consequent admission of Sweden's large working-class to parliamentary life. In the great industrial centres Socialism of a very radical type had taken root. Accordingly the elections of 1911 saw the Conservatives swept from power before a Liberal-Radical coalition having a working understanding with the Socialist elements. This political overturn had a pronounced effect upon the handling of the problem of national defense. The Radicals were of course pacifists at heart, while their Socialist allies demanded nothing short of immediate and complete disarmament. The issue was soon raised in an acute form. The previous Conservative government had approved a comprehensive plan of military and naval reorganization worked out by a board of expert investigators. The new cabinet, headed by Staaff, the Radical leader, referred the matter to another board of inquiry, and even refused credits for the construction of a battleship on which preliminary work had already begun.

To the Conservatives this was an open declaration of war. At that very hour Europe, then in the throes of the Agadir crisis, seemed trembling on the edge of the abyss. That the Radical-Socialists should choose this moment for beginning Sweden's disarmament infuriated the Conservatives past endurance. They determined to fight the issue to a finish. In January, 1912, Sven Hedin, the noted explorer and the most popular man in Sweden, published his *Word of Warning*, a ringing appeal to arm against the Russian peril. The success of this little book was tremendous. A million copies were sold, and when a popular subscription was opened to raise funds for the battleship refused by Parliament, over five million dollars was raised in a short time. When we remember that Sweden's population is only five and one half million souls, the full significance of these figures becomes apparent. However, despite all these evidences of patriotic feeling, Premier Staaff still procrastinated. It was at this feverish moment that the spark was struck which fired the train of patriotic indignation. For years it had been an open secret that Sweden was flooded with Russian spies. But early in 1914 the Swedish secret service unravelled the threads of this espionage system, and caught no less a personage than the Russian Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, wife of the Duke of Södermanland, second son of Sweden's King! Exactly what was discovered we

of course do not know, but the charges must have been both well-founded and serious, for Maria Pavlovna was incontinently shipped back to Russia and divorced immediately thereafter.

The effect of this disclosure may be imagined. A wave of wrath rolled over Sweden from one end to the other. On February 6 thirty thousand peasants, representing every province, marched in solemn procession through the streets of Stockholm and petitioned the King to put the country in a proper state of defense. This demonstration was deeply significant. The Swedish 'peasants,' a particularly fine class of freehold farmers akin to the old English yeomanry, have played a prominent part in Swedish history, and have always been considered the backbone of the nation. The Socialists, it is true, countered with a pacifist parade, but the affair fell flat and merely provoked a second patriotic demonstration of the United Swedish students organized in the 'Union of Upsala,' while three hundred thousand Swedish women petitioned the King to establish universal, long-term military service and implored him not to send untrained to battle their husbands, sons, and brothers.

The crisis now reached its climax. In his reply to the students' demonstration King Gustaf promised to do his utmost to further the patriotic cause. This infuriated the Radical-Socialist deputies, who charged the King with abusing his prerogative by thus implying that he condemned the policy of his ministers. Violent scenes occurred in Parliament. Deputies denounced 'personal rule,' and in extreme Socialist quarters voices called for the Republic. Premier Staaff requested the King to explain away his words, and when King Gustaf refused, the Staaff cabinet resigned and appealed to the country.

The spring elections, however, showed that Sweden approved the principles and attitude of her King. In the new Parliament the Conservatives had a working plurality. The outbreak of the European war thus found Sweden in patriot hands. That the tide of national feeling continues to rise is shown by the fact that a network of women's rifle-clubs is spreading over the country; at this hour a large portion of Sweden's womanhood is learning the use of weapons and the rudiments of military drill.

One thing must have greatly heartened Sweden in her bold facing of present perils, — her reconciliation with Norway. Fortunately for both countries the hostility of 1905 was not of long duration. A little sober reflection showed Sweden that she and Norway must stand or fall together; that Russian annexation of Tromsö would spell the ultimate doom of her own northern provinces.

As to the Norwegians, now that their country was at last their very own they became more jealous of its integrity, while the course of European politics soon made this integrity increasingly uncertain. The instrument of 1907 was in some respects less satisfactory than the treaty of 1855. It contained no explicit obligation of foreign aid in case of violation, and it did not textually forbid indirect encroachments, such as a Russian ninety-nine-years 'lease' of Tromsö on the Port Arthur model.

What disturbed Norwegians most, however, was the feeling that they could no longer count absolutely upon England. The Persian affair made a very bad impression. England had guaranteed Persia's independence and integrity as explicitly as she had Norway's. And yet, to keep Russia in line against Germany, England now abetted the Bear in virtually wiping Persia from the list of independent nations. Suppose that some fine day Russia

should name a lease of Tromsö harbor as the price of campaigns in Germany! Might not England yield, as she had capitulated over Persia? Like Sweden, Norway began to feel alone in the world, and, since misery loves company, old feuds quickly vanished before the consciousness of common interests and race-identity. In the spring of 1914 the dead past was formally buried by Sven Hedin's journey to Christiania and Nansen's return visit to Stockholm, when, amid cheers and ovations, Swedish-Norwegian solidarity was solemnly proclaimed.

IV

And, as the Russian peril has reconciled these ancient enemies, so the European cataclysm seems to be now welding a union of all the Scandinavian peoples. Of course this has been the ideal of northern statesmen for centuries. Only last spring Sven Hedin was preaching this doctrine, though the political corollaries of his plan made it unacceptable to both Norway and Denmark. Ever since the Anglo-Russian reconciliation of 1909, Sven Hedin, like Professor Fahlbeck and many other leaders of Swedish public opinion, has openly favored a German *entente*, asserting that Germany alone prevented a Russian mastery of the Baltic which would spell Sweden's doom. Accordingly Sven Hedin has hinted plainly that his proposed Scandinavian union should be on close terms with Germany and her allies. Here, however, neither Norway nor Denmark could follow. Norway could under no circumstances gratuitously defy England. Not only would such action mean a Russian seizure of Tromsö; it would also bring English cruisers up Norway's undefended fjords, which would literally cut her to pieces.

As to Denmark, a German alliance would threaten her national identity with slow absorption into her huge southern neighbor. True, since the beginning of the present war, Denmark feels her neutrality more menaced by England than by Germany. Winston Churchill's celebrated 'rat-digging' speech clearly shows England's furious determination to get at the German fleet. A frontal attack on Germany's North Sea coast appears almost an impossibility, but Denmark dreads the day when England's volunteer millions shall be ready to take the field. Just north of the German Schleswig border lies the fine Danish harbor of Esbjerg, — an ideal base for a British land campaign against Germany's naval lifeline, the Kiel Canal. Still, the fact that England may attempt to seize Esbjerg is no reason why Denmark should make such a descent certain by forthwith throwing in her lot with Germany.

From all this tangle of interests and perils what is the lesson for the northern peoples? Obviously, the Scandinavian union apparently foreshadowed by the recent Conference of Malmö. By a mutual guarantee of their respective territories these peoples would do much to avert the perils that now menace their separate identities. All three nations at heart desire the same thing, — the maintenance of strict neutrality. None of them wishes to fish in troubled waters: Swedes and Danes alike realize that Finland and Schleswig-Holstein would be elf's gifts, sure to be lost in disastrous wars of revenge. A united Scandinavia, bent solely on neutrality, however, would be the best guaranty for the peace of the North. The close coöperation of these eleven million people, well armed, full of courage, and known for splendid fighters, should present so stern a front that neither of the coalitions now rending Europe would dare disturb Scandinavia's integrity or vital interests.

THE COST TO HUMANITY

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

I

NOT all the cost of this war will fall upon the belligerent nations. The neutrals cannot escape paying part of the price. 'If we are engaged in war,' said Sir Edward Grey on August 3, concerning Great Britain's position, 'we shall suffer but little more than we shall suffer even if we stand aside.' The warmest admirers of the Foreign Secretary will scarcely quote this sentence as evidence of his statesmanlike insight, but it deserves record nevertheless as an official recognition of a truth too often ignored, namely, that an outbreak of war inflicts severe losses even upon countries that remain at peace. It is an inevitable corollary that any great power engaging in war has a moral responsibility to other powers that is not limited by an exact observance of international conventions respecting contraband cargoes and the like; that, in fact, from enlightened nations in the twentieth century there may justly be required not only a decent respect to the opinions of mankind but a decent regard for the well-being of civilization as a whole. The conventional apology for a so-called 'righteous war' likens it to the act of a householder who defends himself by force against an armed burglar. The parallel breaks down, not only because it begs the question as to who is the householder and who is the burglar, — in war each side regards its opponent as either a burglar or in league with burglars, — but because it leaves out of account the sufferings inflicted by war upon non-combatants and neutrals. The real analogy is to a feud between two quarrelsome persons who keep up a running fire at each other from the opposite sidewalks of a crowded street.

In some instances the disturbance caused outside the war-zone has been obvious and sensational. The most conspicuous victim has been poor little Holland, suddenly overrun with multitudes of starving and homeless Belgian refugees at the very moment when her own resources are strained to the utmost by the mobilization which is regarded as a necessary measure of precaution. Of the difference the war immediately made to America there is no need to speak here at length. Perhaps the most curious illustration of the Norman Angell doctrine of the mutual dependence of nations is afforded by the hard case of distant Guatemala. Here, if anywhere, one might have thought that the developments of a European war could be watched with as much detachment as the unwinding of a cinema film. But within a few weeks the everyday routine of trade and employment in that remote country was so dislocated that the poor, maddened by hunger, were confiscating the foodstuffs of the wealthy.

For some time after the war is over, our economists will be busy calculating what it has cost the commercial and industrial life of the world. Half a column in a year-book will afford room enough for the sums in plain addition that will show the grand total of direct expendi-

ture, in men and money, by the combatant powers. This simple reckoning will need to be supplemented by calculations based on other data than official casualty lists and budget statements. But even when expert statisticians have completed their estimates of war's products and by-products, their figures will come far short of an adequate account of the toll levied by the war upon the civilization of our own and following generations.

A single instance will suggest the nature of some of the considerations that can find no place in any statistical table. In August, 1913, the 17th International Medical Congress was held in London. By common consent its most distinguished member was Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Frankfort-on-Main, and its most notable feature was his address on chemio-therapy, with special reference to his famous remedy, salvarsan, 'the discovery of which,' said the London *Times*, 'is the most conspicuous achievement of the day.' Professor Ehrlich himself gives much of the credit for that discovery to a colleague at the Frankfort Physiological Institute, Dr. Bertheim, the greatest recent authority on organic arsenic compounds, without whose researches Professor Ehrlich's success in finding such valuable remedies for the protozoan diseases would have been impossible. Dr. Bertheim was one of the first German soldiers slain in the present war.

In his address to the Congress Professor Ehrlich looked forward to further important developments of chemio-therapy in numerous diseases to which it has not yet been applied, including smallpox, scarlatina, yellow fever, and, above all, the infectious diseases caused by invisible germs. These endeavors will henceforth lack the coöperation of one of the investigators from whom most might have been expected. It is not extravagant to say that the bullet or shrapnel or bayonet that killed Bertheim killed also an unknown number of future sufferers of all nationalities, whose lives might have been saved by the discoveries he would have made if his career had not thus been prematurely cut short. In the official tables his death is counted technically as a 'loss' to Germany only. Actually it inflicted a loss no less severe upon France, upon England, upon America, and indeed upon every country that profits by the advances of scientific medicine. Was the 'military significance' of getting rid of that one soldier worth to the Allies the price that his death may ultimately cost them? In this case the fact that Bertheim had already made a reputation enables us to realize something of the loss sustained in his tragic end. But there are numerous instances in which, owing to the youth of the victim, who has not yet had time to make his mark, we are scarcely aware that any endowment of value to the world has perished with him. If the war had broken out five years earlier and Bertheim had met the same fate, the loss to medicine would have been still greater, — for there would have been no salvarsan, — while at the same time it would have been unsuspected. And even if Bertheim had been spared, the conditions that surround scientific experiments in the nations at war no longer make possible the patient, costly, and undisturbed investigation which alone can bring Ehrlich's inspiring hopes to fruitage.

When they announce the death of a veteran discoverer or inventor, the papers are accustomed to speak of it as a 'great loss' to scientific progress. Actually these terms are quite inappropriate to a bereavement of this kind. When Lord Kelvin died in his eighty-fourth year, science suffered not at all. Had he lived to be a centenarian, the record of his achievements would not

have been lengthened by a single line. The real 'loss' would have been if he had passed away sixty years earlier. In that case his biography in the press, instead of filling several columns, would not have exceeded a paragraph, and the world would never have known what it had missed by the cutting short of his career. In all the reports of the war there is nothing more pathetic than some of the brief obituary notices, published from time to time in the *British Medical Journal*, of young doctors, serving as Red Cross surgeons at the front, whom the wastefulness of war has thrown upon the scrap-heap just when long years of patient study were beginning to bear fruit. We read of one, 'Had his life been spared, there is no height in his profession to which he might not have attained'; of another, that an essay with which he won the prize at the London Hospital 'was regarded as an earnest of a steady outflow of original work in the future'; and of another, awarded the V.C. for bravery in attending the wounded under fire, that he had been investigating the problem of sleeping sickness in Africa and was hoping shortly to bring his work on it to a practical conclusion.

II

The slaughter of a possible Lister or Pasteur strikes the imagination as a particularly hideous incident of the war, but in a minor degree many other casualties reported on one side only are really losses to both, and indeed to civilization at large. The world of scholarship and art and letters is not split up into competitive and mutually exclusive territorial areas. For instance, the death, in the field, of Dr. Max Lebrecht Strack, Professor of Ancient History at the University of Kiel, is not a local or national bereavement only, but makes the republic of learning the poorer. It is not German students alone who would have profited by his further researches in Greek numismatics and the other subjects in which he had made a reputation. There will be an appalling list to be compiled presently of Germans of academic or literary distinction who have fallen in this war. Casual newspaper paragraphs that have come in one's way supply such names as those of Professor Hermann Kriegsmann, of Tübingen, a leading authority on criminal law; the jurist, Dr. Karl Kornmann, who had recently been appointed to a full chair at Leipzig; Dr. Heinrich Hermelink, Professor of Church History at Kiel; Dr. Ernst Heidrich, Professor of the History of Art at Basel; Dr. Ernst Stadler (a B.Litt. of Oxford, by the way), Professor of German Philology at Strassburg; Dr. Maximilian Reinganum, Extraordinary Professor of Physics at Freiburg; Dr. Richard von Gizycki, of the Berlin Seminar for Oriental Languages; Dr. Franz Wellmann, director of the Agricultural College at Odenkirchen; Dr. Lattermann, of the Charlottenburg School of Technology; Dr. A. Moller, head of one of the most important schools in Hamburg; Professor Fricke, head of the Hanover Forestry Academy; and Hermann Löns, a distinguished novelist and writer of folk songs.

A dispatch from Paris to a London paper of October 22 reports as a remarkable feature of the French casualty lists the scores of university professors, from all parts of France, who had laid down their lives for their country. Among men known to have fallen while fighting for France are Emile Raymond, not only Senator for the Loire, but a surgeon of distinction; Joseph Déchelette, whose three-volume *Manuel d'Archéologie préhistorique, celtique et gallo-romaine* is described as 'the only approach to a complete repertory of researches and results' on this subject;

Paul Philippe Cret, Professor of Architectural Design at the University of Pennsylvania; Charles Péguy, the leader of a new school in French poetry and criticism; Ernest Psichari, one of Péguy's most brilliant disciples among the younger men; and Alfred Druin, another writer of distinction. Another victim is Albéric Magnard, a musical composer of high rank, whose quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and pianoforte is pronounced by competent authorities to be one of the finest 'wind works' since Mozart's time. M. Magnard, who was living near Paris, barricaded himself in his house when the Germans were approaching, and shot two Uhlans before the entrance was forced. He accordingly paid the penalty imposed by the laws of war on non-combatants who take up arms against invasion.

So far, for obvious reasons, the British casualty lists afford no parallel to these tragic rolls; but the names are beginning to appear of young university men of promise who have met their death in the field.

These are only the first fruits of war's harvest from men whose intellect and training had fitted them for some conspicuous service to humanity. Many who escape alive will return either physically disabled or so shaken mentally by their terrible experiences as to be incapable of any further intellectual work of high quality. A fund of cheering recollections was promised by Mr. Lloyd George to those who responded to his appeal for recruits. Another Verestchagin, no doubt, might hope to bring back abundant treasures of memory as inspiration and material for his gruesome pictures, but life in the trenches offers no such reward to those whose allotted service to humanity is not the representation or interpretation of the morbid and disgusting. In any case, while the war lasts, the employment of scholars and artists on military tasks suspends altogether their activities in regions where they most excel. The olive and fig and vine in Jotham's parable refused to abandon their fruitful ministries even for the honor of a kingdom. To what a pass civilization has come when it must call away from their work and offer as food for powder such men as Maxim Gorky, who has taken part in several battles in Galicia; Charles Nordman, the editor of the scientific section of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, now serving in Alsace; the French poet, Paul Claudel, also in the field, whose literary merits have so transcended national boundaries that there exist in Germany 'Claudelian' societies for the study of his writings; or Professor Caspar René Gregory, a naturalized German of American birth, now shouldering a rifle on behalf of his adopted country.

An infantry officer at the front has described in a letter home the effect of the shells from the big German guns, which more than once buried whole sections of men in the earth of the parapets. 'Some of them,' he writes, 'took no harm, and we dug them out and used them again. Others died, being torn to fragments.' 'We dug them out and used them again' — that is a phrase to stick in one's mind in reflecting on the employment given by war to some of the finest spirits of our time.

We have not yet begun to realize to what an extent the academic life of Europe is suffering through the war. 'Cambridge in the past term,' says the Cambridge correspondent of the *Athenæum*, 'has been, as a university, practically non-existent.' 'Were I to state,' says the Cambridge correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, 'that, for all the value of the academic work done during this term, term might as well not have been held, I should probably evoke a storm of criticism, but I must

say that, in my opinion, I should not be far from the truth.' Similar reports come from the other British universities. Any one who takes up the new issue of the Oxford Calendar and notes how many names of undergraduates have the note A (Absent on Military Service) appended to their names will see that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's desire to secure 'the cream of the nation' for the war is being amply fulfilled. Amazing figures have been published showing the large proportion of students at Berlin and Paris now under arms. At Heidelberg several professors, unable themselves to go to the front, are taking the place of bank officials who have been called to military service—a respectable and useful function, doubtless, but not one that gives quite adequate scope to the attainments of a *gelehrte*. How scientific research everywhere has been stopped short by the war can be appreciated in some measure from an article in *Nature* of December 10, which mentioned as specific instances the suspension of the international fishery investigations, the interference with the investigation of tropical diseases in Africa, the non-publication of the usual meteorological reports, the cessation of the publication of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature, and various hindrances to seismological observations and investigations of the upper air. On the continent of Europe and in the British Isles not only colleges and schools, but museums, libraries, and learned institutions and societies of all kinds have to carry on their work as best they can, short-handed. The head of an important specialist library in the north of England mentions incidentally in a private letter that the preparation of his revised catalogue has had to be suddenly suspended owing to the summons of four of his five assistants to the colors. It is only the armament-makers and the purveyors of supplies for the troops who can count upon unimpaired activity in war-time. In the cultivation of the things of the mind, 'business as usual' is by no means a practicable maxim.

The war seems to have made a special levy upon musicians, both composers and performers. Madame Schumann-Heink has told how, during a performance in which she was taking part at Bayreuth on August 1, a military officer came and took away six of the singers and twenty-two of the orchestra, to mobilize. That interruption appears to be a type of what has happened everywhere in the European musical world. In the lists of musicians serving in the field may be found such well-known names as those of Rachmaninoff, Dohnanyi, Lehar, Fall, Muratore, and Chaliapin. 'Musicians,' says Mr. Ernest Newman in the *Musical Times*, 'may well doubt the sanity of a world in which Kreisler is in arms against Thibaud, and in which it is the business of those of us here who owe some of the finest moments of our life to the great living German composers to do all we can to prevent their pouring out any more of their genius upon us.' Any one who has ever listened to the magic of Fritz Kreisler's playing will indeed wonder at the madness that could find no better use for him than to send him into the field to sleep night after night in the wet grass, and then into the trenches to be ridden over and wounded by a Cossack lancer.

III

At no previous moment in the history of the world has civilization suffered such sore bereavement through the diversion of the highest gifts to destructive tasks. In a minor degree it is suffering further from the pressure of this horror upon the minds of men who

stay at home, deadening their powers of thought and imagination, and inhibiting the exercise of their ripest talents. One hears of artists who lament that they have almost forgotten that they once painted pictures, and of composers who since the war broke out have been unable to write a single bar. Of the deplorable effect of the war upon men of letters who try to use it as a spur to their creative genius one needs no other evidence than Sir James Barrie's pitiful play. Only a passing reference is necessary to the trail of ruin left by the war in the destruction or damage of the literary and artistic treasures that happen to lie in its path. Every war is waged by vandals, and this one not the least. Here, too, anything like a complete estimate of losses is impossible. The most serious are not always those that are most prominent in newspaper dispatches. The burning of a great library attracts general attention, but it may be that the mischief wrought thereby is mainly sentimental. In these days not even an infinitesimal fraction of the great literature of the world perishes when any single collection of books is destroyed. Nothing disappears that would have made any real difference to the welfare of civilization or the advancement of science. Photographic reproductions have made it unnecessary to preserve even some of the rarest ancient manuscripts except for their purely antiquarian interest. It is otherwise when an invader puts to the flames a commonplace private house that happens to contain the accumulated memoranda or the unpublished writings of a thinker or scholar. Yet it is a matter of chance whether depredations of this kind ever become publicly known. Early in December there died in England one of the group of Louvain professors who had accepted the hospitality of the University of Cambridge — Dr. Albert van Gehuchten, a neurologist of European reputation. It was only from an incidental sentence in a newspaper obituary that one learned that the burning of his home by German soldiers had consumed the manuscript records of the last ten years of his work.

'But however deplorable the immediate setback due to the war,' say some, 'compensation will soon be found in the inspiration this world-conflict will give to creative work in art and letters when peace is restored.' Out of the eater comes forth meat. Comforting generalizations are drawn from the masterpieces of Greek genius that followed Marathon and Salamis, and from the indisputable chronological fact that Shakespeare came after and not before the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The theory of the dependence of literary upon military activity is built upon two or three isolated coincidences, and would not survive the test of continuous history. A little reflection will start some awkward questions. If the golden age of Athens was a product of the successful resistance to Persia, why was there no golden age in Macedon also after Alexander's conquests? If, too, the genius of Shakespeare had its birth in national feats of arms, why was he so long in coming? In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries there was surely enough fighting, both abroad and at home, to supply the inspiration required for great works of literature. In comparison with the prolonged struggles of those periods, the Elizabethan conflict with Spain was a mere 'scrap.' The big wars of modern times certainly give this militarist theory no countenance. In America, for instance, the efflorescence of literary and artistic genius that should have sprung from the soil of the Civil War is by this time long overdue. The very people who are most optimistic about the results of the present war are the first to point out

that the world's intellectual debt to Germany has been rapidly diminishing since 1870. For one thing, if a war does arouse literary or artistic genius into activity, it is only, after all, the survivors who can thus be inspired by it. (This truism seems really in need of being affirmed nowadays.) What happened to the earlier Shakespeare that might have been? Quite possibly he was killed at Crécy or Towton. Even the Shakespeare that was would have had less chance of writing *Hamlet* if the struggle between sovereign and Parliament had come fifty years earlier and the more adventurous of the players at the Globe had joined a Bankside train-band. If we could read the full meaning of the casualty lists appearing daily in the papers, we might perhaps become aware that the death of Sir Philip Sidney was not the final loss sustained by English literature through fighting in Flanders.

However, the activities quickened by a war are of necessity material rather than spiritual. During the period immediately following, the most urgent problem of the nations involved is to regain their means of livelihood, and art and literature are more of a luxury than ever. As Dr. Muck puts it, what Europe will want for many years to come is not music, but houses and food. Those countries especially that have been actually ravaged by the war are suddenly thrown back to a more primitive stage in their development. It is true that in these days the process of recuperation is accelerated by the improved appliances available for rebuilding what has been destroyed, as is illustrated by the recovery of San Francisco from the disaster of 1906; but, at best, to repair the material and physical losses of a struggle on such a scale as the present must mortgage the main energies of a generation. What sustenance can a ruined and desolated country offer to its Maeterlincks and Verhaerens? Even in lands that have been exempt from invasion the general commercial and industrial dislocation will take years to adjust, and the best brains, as well as the strongest hands, will find engrossing employment in duties that are largely those of a pioneer settlement. The mutual bitterness left behind between nation and nation will be a further handicap to all kinds of intellectual progress. For a long time, to be willing to learn from a recent enemy will be a mark of deficient patriotism. 'French music,' to quote again from Mr. Ernest Newman, 'is still suffering in all sorts of ways from 1870. It is so small because it is so bent on being exclusively French. By its refusal to fertilize itself with the great German tradition it deliberately cuts itself off from permanent spiritual elements in that tradition that would give it a wider rage and a deeper humanity. The German tradition in its turn would be all the better for some cross-fertilization from modern France; but again chauvinism intervenes, and new harmonic possibilities are not developed as they might be because they are associated primarily with French music. It is just possible that each of the great nations, swollen with vanity or blindly nursing a grievance, may build round itself a wall more impassable than exists at present; and, if that happens, music will have to wait another twenty years for the new flight that we have all lately felt to be imminent.'

The same danger threatens every form of intellectual activity. The boasted cosmopolitanism of science, of art, and of letters has sustained a blow from which it will take many years to recover.

V

And what of the losses inflicted by the war upon religion? The churches

in every belligerent country are congratulating themselves upon the sudden increase of their congregations and upon the greater responsiveness to emotional appeals. The pressure of anxiety and bereavement has impelled many hitherto thoughtless persons to seek the comfort and support of services of worship and intercession, just as a tornado in Texas will drive a holiday crowd to the shelter of a cyclone cellar. An account of a similar phenomenon may be read in the first chapter of Isaiah. It gave little encouragement to the prophet, and to-day it is a shallow optimism that builds upon such superficial evidence the hope of a permanent religious uplifting. 'History,' writes Principal George Adam Smith in his comment on this passage, 'has many remarkable instances of peoples betaking themselves in the hour of calamity to the energetic discharge of the public rites of religion. But such a resort is seldom, if ever, a real moral conversion. It is merely physical nervousness, apprehension for life, clutching at the one thing within reach that feels solid, which it abandons as soon as panic has passed.' Dean Henson, of Durham, has reason for his forecast that it is the interests not of religion but of superstition that will gain by the present war, and that the tremendous conflict in which his own country is now engaged will strengthen every retrograde and sterilizing influence within the British churches. Fifteen years ago the 'black week' of the Boer War gave a similar stimulus to worship in all parts of Great Britain. But the future historian of religion in England will not note that week as a landmark in any upward spiritual advance. He is more likely to observe that, even by the time the next war broke out, the English churches had not yet recovered the moral influence they forfeited by their condonation and approval of the war against the South African republics. Whatever flaws may be found in the general argument of Bernard Shaw's pamphlet, his damning indictment of the Christian churches is unanswerable, and there is ground for the fear that the scathing page in which he comments on the ethical collapse of organized religion will be only an anticipation of the final verdict of history. 'Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?'

Less than five years ago, delegates from practically all the Protestant missionary societies in the world assembled at Edinburgh to take counsel how they might combine to use the unparalleled opportunities presented to them in the mission field. This war has shattered the hopes of united action inspired by that unique assembly. Some of the most distinguished members of that conference are signatories to the manifesto of evangelical leaders justifying the action of Germany; the names of others no less prominent are appended to the British reply. To-day there are hundreds of members of the Student Christian Movement to be found in the trenches, some in German uniform, some in British or French. Methodist local preachers are in arms against Bible Society colporteurs. Of the three secretaries of the Y.M.C.A. at Geneva, one is fighting under German colors, one under French, and the third has been called up by the Swiss mobilization order. It is little wonder that Dan Crawford is postponing his return to 'the long grass' until he can hit upon some means of explaining to the African natives why the white men are killing one another when they do not intend to eat one another. In India and China, British and German missionaries have been working for several decades in perfect harmony, coöperating in deeds of mercy and lending one an-

other a hand in times of difficulty and stress. Suddenly the peoples of Asia see these men transformed from friends to enemies on account of a quarrel that has arisen thousands of miles away.

One of the most poignant contributions to the literature of the war is a letter that appeared recently in the London *Challenge*, a new Church of England paper, over the signature, 'An Indian Christian.' He writes as one who desires India to remain within the British Empire and who wishes success to Britain in the present war. But he is deeply concerned as to the effect of it all upon Christian missions in Asia. The difficulty of finance, in his opinion, 'is a very small problem compared with the enormous burden of proof that, in the eyes of the enlightened spiritual Hindu, this war will throw upon European missionaries who come to us hereafter to preach the Gospel of Love.' He is painfully impressed by his observation of the English churches since the war broke out. His criticisms, which are given in some detail, are summed up in his expression of regret that when the State is engaged in an enterprise which at the best is of but doubtful Christian sanction, the Church should find its vocation as the State's advocate rather than as its conscience. He concludes his letter by telling of the 'crushing disappointment' of a sermon to which he listened in St. Paul's near the beginning of the war — a sermon which ended by quoting from a poem which spoke of the 'joyful' sound of the 'rolling drum' and other war delights of old pagan time. 'As I walked home that night, amid the glaring lights and the many khaki uniforms, threading my way through that great throng that seemed continually to pour out of the cathedral, my thoughts went back for a moment across the seas, to my village home in India, far from the military camps and the Legislative Council, — pagan, heathen, animistic, call it what you will, — but where they love their neighbors, and, if they hate, they hate with a bad conscience; and I felt that there, at least, in the wide world to-day, Christ could still walk as He walked in Galilee.'

It has been said that we need not trouble ourselves about the effect of the war upon missions: God will look after them. No doubt He will. He fulfills Himself in many ways. And it may be that this war will open a new era in the story of missionary progress. At the Edinburgh conference there was a 'feeling in the air' that we were approaching a time when two important new developments might be expected — when the native Christian churches of Asia would assert their complete independence of the churches of the West, combining in each country into a national church free from denominational distinctions; when, also, Oriental thought, working upon the material provided for it by the Christian revelation, would make a contribution of its own to the rectifying of the traditional Christian theology and Christian ethics. These tendencies will naturally be stimulated if the war should be long drawn out, and, by exhausting the resources of the belligerent nations, should alter the balance of power between the continents, giving Asia the position that has hitherto been held by Europe. But even if this cataclysm, like some other works of the Devil, should turn out in the long run for the furtherance of the gospel, the losses of the intervening period will not be any the less grievous, nor will the ultimate result diminish the shame that the impulse to the new developments should have come not from the faithfulness of the churches of the West but from their apostasy.

There has been much discussion as to whether war is murder. This much

is being proved beyond dispute, that, at any rate, it is an approximation to suicide. Well may Romain Rolland call this 'a sacrilegious conflict which shows a maddened Europe ascending its funeral pyre, and, like Hercules, destroying itself with its own hands.' Each nation justifies its own share in the present struggle on the ground that it is virtually waging a war of self-preservation. If all this is the outcome of a war of self-preservation, one would like to know what form a war of self-destruction would take. 'Your king and country need you' is the patriotic appeal, and those who respond are immediately thrust by king and country as fuel into a burning furnace. As Dr. David Starr Jordan has been showing so cogently, nothing is a greater delusion than the notion that war generates virility. On the contrary, it destroys the best, the bravest, and the most healthy human stock. As long as it lasts, it makes every other interest yield to its imperious demands. Learning, art, literature, science, commerce, civilization, humanity, count as nothing if they conflict with 'military necessities.' And then, when peace returns, it is always a crippled nation, — in this case, one might indeed say, a crippled civilization, — bereaved of men as well as of treasure, that has to apply itself to the appalling tasks of reconstruction. When the lean kine have devoured the well-favored and fat kine, the end of their feast leaves them even leaner and poorer than they were at the beginning.

A COMMENTARY ON HERR DELBRÜCK

BY AGNES REPPLIER

To the Editor of the Atlantic.

Sir: —

Professor Delbrück's paper, 'Germany's Answer,' should be of value to American readers as embodying those ideals made familiar to us by Professor Treitschke and General von Bernhardi, — ideals which soft-spoken Germans have endeavored to persuade us are without influence in Berlin. It should also be of interest to American readers as illustrating on a large scale the difference between a statement and a fact. It is a series of assumptions proffered as though they were proved. We are asked to base our judgment, not on what has occurred, — which we know; but on what might have occurred, — of which we know nothing; not on things done, — which are called evidence; but on things surmised, — which have no legal or logical existence.

Professor Delbrück is *not* soft-spoken. Let me hasten to do him that justice. He says distinctly that Austria cannot 'tolerate the existence of the Greater Servian idea either within its borders or on its frontiers'; that 'it was inconceivable that Austria should content herself with the punishment of the assassins and their accomplices, even on the largest scale'; and that 'the only acceptable redress for the murder of the

Archducal pair was to put an end once and for all to the Greater Servian aspirations,' to demand terms which would place Servia under Austria's 'permanent control.'

This is plain speaking. We may or we may not agree with it. We may or we may not think that three millions of people should be robbed of their national life because a shameful murder was committed at Serajevo, with the possible — but unproved — connivance of Servian officials. Things which are 'inconceivable' to Professor Delbrück are perfectly conceivable to his readers. The amazing — and amusing — statement made by this amazing — and at times amusing — German is that Austria's ultimatum (the most bullying document of recorded history) was born of 'dire extremity,' and was sent in the interests of peace. 'Studied politeness,' he affirms, would have fed Servia's swollen pride, and might have beguiled the Czar into threats from which he 'could not draw back.' After which powerful and conclusive argument, the writer adds serenely, 'We have seen that if Austria had made her demands less sharp, sooner or later the war would have broken out just the same.'

'We' — the readers — have seen nothing of the kind. We have heard, but we have not seen. We have read, but we do not of necessity believe. Professor Delbrück tells us that England refused in this great crisis to act 'as honor dictated,' that she 'suppressed all regard for the common welfare of European civilization.' He assures us that Russia represents 'the most pernicious despotism that the world knows.' But when Germany accuses other nations of despotism and dishonor, we are forcibly reminded of that famous passage in *The Fortunes of Nigel* (unknown, we fear, to Berlin professors), where 'Baby Charles' lays down the guilt of dissimulation, and 'Steenie' lectures on the turpitude of incontinence. Russia *is* despotic. We used to call her cruel. But Germany's campaign in Belgium has forever altered our standards of despotism and cruelty. Before its blackness the Slavic sins grow pale. It is a blot which can never be effaced from the scutcheon of the civilized world. It has made the very name of civilization ring like a mockery in our ears.

In defense of this campaign Professor Delbrück marshals his most inconclusive arguments. In defense of this campaign, Germany will be kept busy arguing until the end of time. Only a good cause can sustain itself without props. Why tell us that the conduct of the German Emperor, the Chancellor, the General Staff, 'all very sagacious personages,' 'cannot be logically explained unless they were sure, not only that England would join the ranks of our enemies under any circumstances, but that the united Allies would themselves afterward make their way through Belgium'? Is this considered to be evidence? Can we prove an assertion by offering it as an explanation for somebody's conduct? A robs B. A's behaviour cannot be 'logically explained' unless he were sure that C meant to rob him. Therefore C is to blame.

The plain truth remains that England did not violate Belgium's neutrality, and Germany did; that France did not march her armies across Belgium's frontier, and Germany did; that France promised to respect the treaty she had signed, and Germany refused to give such a promise. How can we argue on the basis of what might have happened, instead of what has happened? The one, like paternity, is a matter of conjecture; the other, like maternity, is a matter of fact. And when Professor Delbrück asks us proudly, can we credit his 'sagacious personages' with a

blunder, we answer humbly and truthfully that we can.

As for the naïve regret that Germany found it impossible to secure both the moral advantages which would have been hers had she kept her plighted word, and the material advantages which accrued to her from breaking it, this is expressed with Teutonic simplicity.

So, too, is the confident assurance that Belgium violated her own neutrality, which has now become the rallying cry of German apologists. Because a little nation, weak but not blind, entertained reasonable misgivings, and planned, to the best of her ability, to defend herself, should these misgivings prove well-founded, she is now accused of being the original aggressor in the quarrel, of muddying the water when the wolf came down to drink. Why, asks Professor Delbrück triumphantly, had Belgium built her forts on the German, and not on the French border? 'Is a country lying between two unfriendly neighbors, and taking military precautions against the one of them, and not against the other, in reality neutral?'

'Two unfriendly neighbors!' It is candid in Professor Delbrück to admit Germany's unfriendliness; but he has no warrant in assigning the same attitude to France. Belgium saw the German strategic railway, with its admirable equipment, built to her frontier. Had she neglected to fortify that frontier, she would have been criminally improvident. When an armed housebreaker plants a ladder against our front wall, we do not run and barricade the back windows.

The final paragraph of 'Germany's Answer' invites a final word of comment. 'We, in Germany,' says Professor Delbrück, 'have the firm conviction that it is not for our own independence alone that we are fighting in this war, but for the preservation of the culture and freedom of all peoples.'

This is more than the world asks at the Kaiser's hand. Most nations prefer to look after their own culture and freedom in the fashion which suits them best. And if the present condition of Belgium, starvéd, outraged, broken on the wheel, is a sample of the culture and freedom which are Germany's gift, we Americans pray Heaven to preserve us in ignorance and slavery.

AGNES REPPLIER.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE TENDENCY TO TESTIFY

PEOPLE and periods sometimes think strange things about themselves. I am constantly astounded by the contrast between my view of my friend and his view of himself. Tact is the bridge that spans the chasm between a man's opinion of himself and his neighbor's opinion of him. In truth each opinion suffers from the lie of the label. There is nothing so volatile as human personality, yet it has a passion for ranging itself in bottles on a shelf, each with its little gummy ticket. If the peril of the pigeon-hole is great for the individual, it is even greater for a whole period, which is but the aggregate of personalities, each of them only a breath, a vapor, the shaping of a cloud.

One of the largest, loudest labels with which we placard the present age is its irreligion. Because we don't build cathedrals? But let any one of us look about into the hearts of say twenty of his immediate friends: are there no churches building there? As for me, I am quite dinned by their hammers, and often, when I want to steal into some one's soul, for a little quiet communion, I am incommoded by the obtrusive scaffolding. No religion? Never so many religions, and from that very fact, never so genuine. Obviously, if you make a religion yourself, it's your business to believe it. There is an analogy between clothes and creeds: you wear with a different air those your father has bought for you and those you have earned for yourself.

I do not find people indifferent to religion, I find them profoundly responsible for it; my friends stand each at the door of a temple exacting tribute, although there is not one who would not be horrified by the blatancy of the metaphor. They do not call themselves religious, but they do call to me to come in. The trouble perhaps is with my listening ear. I was born with it, and without my will, or knowledge, it has become an inconveniently obvious appendage. It takes a great deal of time to have a listening ear. It has heard so many creeds of late that I must perforce counter-label this irreligious age devout. I am not inventing the list, and I do not believe the variety among my acquaintance exceptional, — Neo-Hellenic, Neo-Hebrew, Catholic, Christian Scientist, Episcopal, high, hot, and holy, Episcopal, low, hot, and holy, Swedenborgian, Baptist, Presbyterian, and, latest, a sect that scorns a name, but that I would call Destinarian. Miss Sinclair is of this communion, for, in *The Three Brontës*, does she not call upon Destiny to account for every mystery of those three strange lives? The religion of the Destinarian consists in not having one, yet not one of my friends pronounces so reverently the name of deity as my friend of this no-faith murmurs the word, Destiny. 'It is ordained,' she says of some circumstance, and says it with awe, the humility before omniscience with which the Hebrew prophets spoke his name Jah.

There they stand, my twenty men and women, beckoning me to the doors of their temples; and yes, of course, I go in; it saves argument. I go into each and each friend is so busy pointing out the architecture that no one ever notices when I slip out, out into the open. When one stops to think of it, it

is curiously old-fashioned and orthodox, the open, whether it is sea or sun. The planets are conspicuously conservative, but the morning stars still sing together.

Now, not one of my friends here listed is that good old-fashioned work of God, a shouting Methodist, and yet, in effect, there is not one of them who is not exactly this. As a child, I attended camp-meetings, I heard people testify. The tendency to testify is older than camp-meetings, and it will outlast them. To-day, though long grown-up, I find my friends still shouting their experiences, I find myself still the shy and wondering congregation. As in the word 'camp-meeting' there is military reminiscence, so the 'professor' is lineal descendant of *miles gloriosus*, his survivor in the church militant. A puzzling number of people still like to exhibit their scars; a larger number like to exhibit the particular philosophic armor by which they — by implication — win in the battle of life still ever merrily waging. But he who shows a scar deserves another, and no sword ever equally fitted two hands.

It is the implication that I resent in all testifying, — super-sensitive doubtless. I do not want to be converted. I grow shy and secret when I suspect my friend of wanting to remodel me to the pattern of his creed. The most perilous thing in friendship is to let a friend know that we want to reform him. The very essence of friendship is in the lines,

> Take me as you find me, quick,
> If you find me good!

and in a recent dedication to one who was 'Guide, philosopher, *but* friend.' In all testifying, there is an implied 'Copy me,' which our own skittish *ego* resents. We all incorporate in ourselves our friends' virtues, but only those of which they are most unconscious; whereas people are always conscious of their battles; they always want to talk about them; and yet how many different ways there are of winning the same battle. If I admire your bravery, I may copy the creed that created it, but you need not hold up that creed for my inspection, for it is you yourself who are under my inspection. You are your sole argument, you need no testifying.

I have been much talked to of late, and much talked at. I have seen the fanatic spark in eyes that would have been aghast to know its presence there. Once upon a time there was only one church, and excommunication from that was a simple and straightforward matter; it can hardly be an irreligious age when one can feel, in listening to the testimony from the score of temples one's friends have built, that one is in danger of being excommunicated from all twenty. But better excommunication than that, entering and accepting, I, too, might feel called upon to testify.

I, too, *could* testify, — I, a mere sun-worshiper. I could point out the vaulted sky of my private chapel, most ancient and most orthodox. I could repeat for you the liturgies the wind has made, much the same that it chanted for Moses on Sinai; for are any of your creeds so new, my friends? I could point out to you altar-lights genial and tolerant, the taper-flames of stars. There was once One long ago who went to the mountain for prayer, for there is nothing new about the temple of out-of-doors; but if I, its worshiper, do not carry forth some peace from its great silence, some joy from its godly mirth, then would not even any infinite temple shrink to the size of words, if I should testify?

A LAMENT FOR HISTORY

This, they say, is the age of science, of reason, of intellect. The unforgivable sin to-day is to be unscholarly. Therefore our 'young barbarians' are brought up in intellectual schools and

taught by scholarly methods until no doubt they are all being moulded into little Gibbons, Spencers, and — I had almost said Macaulays. Never! They are not even allowed to read him; he is far too inaccurate. We can thank a merciful Providence that most of us will have vanished from our easy chairs, our fireside corners, and that our Scott, Dickens, and Macaulay will be closed to us forever, before this scholarly generation will have mastered the earth. Now, however, we watch them from the ingle-nook as with perfect concentration they learn their morning's lessons, and the sentiment that stirs us is not envy, it is pity. How much they miss!

Do you remember the school histories? And have you seen a recent one? The contrast is enough to make the warmest blood run cold. The romance of history has all been investigated, the searchlight of science has been turned upon it, it is all 'wede away.'

There was a little Irish girl once, who was learning about the Battle of the Boyne. She was asked if the Irish had been completely subdued. Her dark eyes flashing, she sprang from her seat and cried, —

'The brave Hamilton, when brought before the King and asked if the Irish would fight again, replied, —

'"Upon my honor, I believe they will!"'

That was fifty years ago, and the teacher of that time controlled her mirth with difficulty. The teacher of to-day would not be moved to mirth; she would just quietly faint at the shock of such enthusiasm. But the children of to-day have never heard of the brave Hamilton and his spirited reply; it is doubtful if they even meet the Battle of the Boyne; their minds are certainly not burdened with the famous 'Change leaders, and we'll fight the battle over again.'

Many of my generation were introduced to United States history by a little canary-colored book that fairly bristled with romance. Who that studied it can ever forget the Pilgrim Fathers and their landing on a 'stern and rock-bound coast'? Or Pocahontas flinging herself upon John Smith? Or the storming of Quebec, with Wolfe floating up the river quoting, —

'The pomp of heraldry, the boast of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave,' —

and saying he would rather have written that than won all his victories? The next day he was dead on the plains of Abraham. Or the blood-curdling tale of Hannah Dustin? Or the terrors of King Philip? And with the Revolution came the 'wonderful ride of Paul Revere,' the bell that broke its heart proclaiming Independence, the thrilling tale of Lydia Darrach. A little later the pirates of Tripoli were described in all their awfulness, to be followed by Francis Key watching the 'star-spangled banner' by the light of 'bombs bursting in air' of the attack on Baltimore. Then came Barbara Frietchie of the 'old gray head' and dauntless valor, the 'Yankee cheese-box on a raft,' 'Sheridan twenty miles away,' while the description of Lee at Appomattox left us all with wet eyes, only to be dried by the rage inspired in us by Booth's 'Sic semper tyrannis.' To be sure, even the incurable romanticist of this canary-colored volume could not do much with the politics and labor troubles that follow. The Ku-Klux-Klan was omitted as being probably too spooky for our childish imaginations, but the station at Washington was thoroughly blood-stained by Garfield's wounds; the theory being no doubt that, blood being natural, we could assimilate it with only a healthful amount of horror.

Where are they all, that stirring band? You will look in vain for them in the pages of the 'latest and best history of the United States for young people.' Pocahontas, Hannah Dustin, Barbara Frietchie, Lydia Darrach, even in this day of Feminists, are with the 'snows of yester-year'; the Pilgrim Fathers are there, of course, together with Wolfe, Paul Revere, the Monitor, Sheridan, Lee, Booth, and Garfield, but 'Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.' The Pilgrims say never a word of the 'rock-bound shore,' Wolfe is a 'young English general' intent on strategy and quite above poetry, Paul Revere is a 'Boston Patriot,' the Monitor is described from the point of view of naval architecture without any Kipling touch, Sheridan is barely mentioned, Lee surrenders without a qualm, Booth shoots Lincoln without the help of oratory, and Garfield is shot without the addition of a single gory detail. Worst of all, we are told with care how the bell was cracked ringing for the death of a half-forgotten Chief Justice.

'O tempora! O mores!' These modern children explain to you the development of a nation; they can point out to you the reasons for democracy, the influence of the French Revolution on modern thought, the merits of Labor *vs.* Capital; but their eyes never flash, their voices never change; it is science they relate to you, not history.

A teacher, who recently found a pupil of hers in tears over the bombarding of Fort Sumter as described by the latest historian, was divided in her mind as to whether she was dealing with overwrought nerves (yes, they have them even in school nowadays), or an imagination that suggested Carlyle or Poe, which in the last analysis comes to the same thing.

Once, in my wanderings through the recesses of the College Library, I came upon a stout volume labeled *Cinderella*, from the annals of the Philological Society. It seemed an odd society to be dealing with fairy tales, but as the book looked fat and promising and as I have an incurable love for fairies under any guise, I opened it. What greeted my horrified eyes? There, in little paragraphs, with every interesting detail left out, was the story of Cinderella, first as the Finns tell it, then as the Swedes tell it, then as the Norwegians, the Danes, and so on through all the people of Europe. There was never a word about her golden hair, or the radiancy of the Fairy Godmother, or the sparkle of the glass slipper, or the unspeakable characters of the haughty sisters, or the marvels of the ball, or the beauty of the Prince. It was the bare bones of the fairy tale picked clean, and a woman had done it. I think of this terrible book when I see the children learning history. The eagle glance, the ringing voice, the essenced hair, the curled plume, the doublet and hose, all are gone; only the ghastly skeleton remains.

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NATIONAL EFFICIENCY BEST DEVELOPED UNDER FREE GOVERNMENTS

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

I

THE causes of this fearful war are often discussed as if they were to be sought in the month before the war actually broke out. We hear men talking as if the exchange of telegrams and notes between the monarchs just before the war could supply an intelligent understanding of the causes of the outbreak. We hear the conversations between the various chancelleries of Europe in July spoken of as if the real cause of the war was to be found in them, or indeed, in the sequence of the orders given for mobilization. I have even read articles in which the cause of the war was found in the assassination of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne.

Now, to my mind, all these so-called causes are merely superficial events, which might more properly be called the occasions than the causes of the war. To my thinking, the causes of the war are very deep-seated, and have to be traced back through long years, and, indeed, through generations of men. They are states of mind rather than events. They have their sources in racial feelings and to some extent in religious differences; in the ambitions of princes; in long-cherished aspirations and ambitions of peoples; in continuously developed policies of governments; and deeper still in great popular emotions. If such are the real causes of the war, we need to consider carefully the historical development of these aspirations, ambitions, and emotions, which have had a national scope.

This war has brought out very strongly the sentiment of nationality, — a sentiment the origins and conditions of which are peculiarly difficult to appreciate and understand. Many people think that a common language is necessary to the development of the sentiment of nationality; but how many instances there are in the world in which many languages are used in the territory ascribed to a nation. At this moment there is no country which nourishes a stronger spirit of nationality than little Switzerland, the model republic of the world. Now, in that small territory four languages are used, each by thousands of people; and in the legislative assembly, if a member does not speak at the rostrum in French or in German, an interpreter is placed beside the orator who keeps along with him, so that the two voices are going on at the same time. Belgium is a strong

nationality as regards sentiment, but at least two quite different languages are spoken in that country. In the vast territory of China many dialects exist, so different that the people of one section may not understand the people of any other.

One almost wishes that a common language could be spoken of as a source or necessary condition of a strong sentiment of nationality; but there are too many cases in the world where a strong national feeling prevails, and yet there is no common language. We Americans have been in the habit of thinking that the use of the English language all over our immense territory has contributed to our sense of national unity and well-being; and, indeed, it probably has. Nevertheless, that test of nationality will not hold in the modern world.

The national sentiment in Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia is to-day intense, and so far as we can see, it is equally intense in all these countries. Apparently little distinction can be drawn between national sentiment in an immobile empire like Russia, under an autocratic government like that of Germany, in a sober, experienced, constitutional monarchy like that of England, or in a new republic like France. We do not find the cause or source of this intense popular sentiment in the form of government to which the people are accustomed. And yet one cannot imagine any satisfactory settlement of this terrible world-conflict, which will not take more account than any settlement of a European war has ever done before, of this emotion or sentiment of nationality.

The experience of Europe during the last sixty years has been peculiar in one respect, — it has been a period in which peoples who possess a common language or a common sentiment of nationality, and are derived from similar racial stocks, have succeeded in getting together in larger entities. That has been emphatically the case with Germany and with Italy; and until the Second Balkan War the well-wishers for Europe hoped that it was going to be the case in the whole Balkan region; but that second war disappointed all such hopes.

What tremendous changes have been wrought in Europe since the close of the Thirty Years' War! That war ended in the recognition and establishment of a large number of separate, independent, small states and principalities. When this present war ends, we may reasonably expect that it will result in the development of some new large states in Europe, federations perhaps, and some new small states, but also in a greater security for the smaller states over against the larger.

Several European nations have been infected at various times — England first, since the decline of Spain — with a false and dangerous conception of the state as an imperial being, independent of ordinary ethical considerations, entitled to the unquestioning obedience and service of its subjects, aiming at the development of strong types of men and women without much regard to the freedom or happiness of the individual, and claiming dominion over neighbors, oceans, or remote possessions in other parts of the world. British imperialism had sound commercial and industrial objects, and was qualified by much domestic freedom, and the policy of free trade. Being an island, Great Britain tried to rule the seas, in order that her indispensable supplies of food and raw materials might never be cut off. Her Continental imitators have not had her domestic freedom, her affiliated free commonwealths, her free trade, or her strong reason for possessing mastery of the oceans; but they have had, and

some of them still have, the imperialistic fever in its hottest form.

If, then, we must look for the causes of this unprecedented convulsion in these deep-rooted popular aspirations and ambitions, what shall we say about the slow but steady growth of these sentiments in Germany? There are those who ascribe this war to the German Emperor or cabinet, or to some particular German teachers and authors, or to the growth of a strong, united military caste in Germany. All these influences doubtless contributed in some measure to the outbreak; but the real cause of the successive military aggressions on the part of Germany since 1864 lies in the gradual prevalence throughout that nation, and particularly in its educated classes, of an exaggerated estimate of the bodily and spiritual merits of the German people, and of a firm belief that the national greatness and the progress of characteristic German civilization were to be attained through the development of the most tremendous national force that could possibly be contrived and brought into being, and through the gratification of the intense German desire for domination in Europe, and eventually in the world.

The government of Germany is the most autocratic in Europe. It has always been so in Prussia; and since German unification in 1871 that description applies to the whole of Germany. One of the most extraordinary phenomena in connection with this ferocious war is the unanimous opinion among German scholars, historians, statesmen, and diplomats, and indeed throughout the educated classes, that — as was lately said to me in a letter from a German friend — 'We Germans are just as free as you Americans are.' They really believe that. This unanimous opinion is a complete demonstration of the effect of the autocratic government which has long existed in Germany on the spirit and temper of the German people as a whole. They do not know what political and social liberty is. They have no conception of such liberty as we enjoy. They know nothing at all about the liberty that England has won through Parliamentary government, through party government. Their complete ignorance on that subject is the explanation of the fatal mistake that the German government made in going to war last summer before they knew what England was going to do, or could do. The German government thoroughly believed that in the existing condition of party government in England, with the Ulster disturbance unsettled, and with the trades-union difficulties on hand, England not only would not go to war, but could not. One could not have a better illustration of the complete ignorance of the German people as to what political and social liberty really is. The German diplomats misinformed their government about the state of Great Britain and Ireland, and of France, in spite of their ample system of resident informers, because neither they nor their informers understood the political action of a free people. And at this moment, the German government is being misinformed in the same manner about the state of American public opinion. To the German mind political liberty means public incapacity and weakness — particularly in war.

In the earlier steps of the war, Germany met with a series of surprises, because the German government and the military caste in Germany did not understand what comparatively free peoples value, what their ideals are, and what they are capable of undertaking and enduring in defense of their ideals. For instance, the German doctrine about the justifiableness of violating a contract or a treaty on grounds of mili-

tary necessity was universally accepted in Germany as right. Germans do not know how free peoples regard the sanctity of contract, not only for business purposes, but for political purposes, to say nothing of honorable obligation. Nothing could be more frank than the original explanation which the German Chancellor gave of the breaking of the treaties concerning the neutrality of Belgium; but his frankness is evidence that he did not understand in the least the freeman's idea of the sanctity of contract — the foundation of all public law and usage in a free country. In a country despotically or autocratically ruled, there is no such condition of public opinion.

More and more, as time goes on, this war develops into a conflict between free institutions and autocratic institutions. Of course, the position of Russia as an ally of France and England somewhat shrouds or complicates this fact; because the Russian people is by inheritance and in some respects by nature a people which submits to despotic government. Her exceptional position as an ally of two free countries is due to a long-nourished indignation against Austria-Hungary and Germany for presenting obstacles year after year and generation after generation to the gratification of Russian ambition for aggrandizement in the Balkan countries and the Near East. That ambition and some stirrings toward liberty may have put Russia in its exceptional position by the side of two free countries.

II

If, now, we take it for granted that the question between free and autocratic institutions in Europe, the question of more public liberty, the question of civilization developing under the forms of free government rather than under the forms of autocratic government, is the real issue this war is to decide, it becomes a very interesting study for all the freer peoples how German efficiency is going to turn out in competition with such efficiency as the freer nations develop. The military result of the war is going to turn on the comparative efficiency of the military and naval forces of the opposing parties, and on the efficiency with which the economic resources of the several nations are used. Numbers are so enormous on each side that the result will not be determined so much by mere numbers, as by the efficiency of the armed forces of the combatants, and of their industrial and financial forces.

German efficiency has been an object of great admiration, not only in this country, but in England, France, and Russia, for twenty-five or thirty years. We have all admired it in the recent commercial and industrial development of Germany — not the less remarkable because it started about sixty years ago from a low level. We have admired it, too, in the efficiency of her military and naval development. It is an extraordinary phenomenon in the history of the nineteenth century — this wonderful efficiency; but German efficiency is of a peculiar type. It is an efficiency in administration — in business administration, in municipal government strikingly, and in all the national government bureaus. It is an efficiency which takes hold of every child in Germany at birth, and follows every youth and every man and woman through life until death. It is that very efficiency which has prevented the last two generations of Germans from knowing anything about liberty. It is in the highest degree an autocratic efficiency in all walks of German life, including education and the relations between the sexes. The whole course of elementary and secondary education for every

German boy or girl is determined by the government, and there is no election by the pupil included, no choice by the child, except in its later stages the choice between a technical school and a gymnasium; and even that choice is often made, not by the child, but for him.

A significant illustration of the German regard for strength and force, and contempt for weakness and gentleness, is to be found in the low estimate they place on the social and intellectual influence of women. A German woman at her best is a successful housewife and diligent attendant on husband and children; she is seldom the intellectual and spiritual comrade of her husband and the inspirer of her grown-up children, as a woman is in the freer countries of Europe and in America. The contrast between the status of the German woman and that of the American woman is strong indeed. The German woman of to-day has grown up and lived in an atmosphere of compulsion and discipline which no American woman has had to endure for two centuries past.

The Germans are fond of mentioning their 'academic freedom,' the freedom of their learned men; but that is much exaggerated in German descriptions of their university life. The German universities are chiefly supported and ruled by the government; and there are no free endowed institutions to compete with them. The whole world is deeply indebted in unnumbered ways to the German universities of the last hundred years; but for any vital teaching of civil and religious liberty one must go back to individual German teachers and preachers of an earlier time. The entrance to every learned and scientific profession in Germany, and to the highly trained military and naval caste, is strictly guarded and controlled by the government.

German efficiency, however, is a very real and formidable thing in all the competitions of the civilized world; so that the most interesting question to be studied as to the probable outcome of the European War is this — is Germany with its autocracy more efficient or less efficient than France and England with their liberties? The German way of procuring industrial and commercial efficiency is to make each individual man, in the first place, a man well trained for the exact service he is to render, and then to keep him under a severe discipline which will result in his doing every time exactly what he has been trained to do. He may also be induced in some measure to a perfect subordination by a bonus, prize, or honorary reward. That is the German method of efficiency all the way through industrial life — giving instruction and training enough to produce the amount of skill needed for the daily task, then enforcing that subjection of the worker which results in thorough coördination and coöperation in the complex process of production. The efficiency of their military system is obtained in like manner — by thorough training which leads to the instinctive coöperation of the individual with a mass of comrades, and to an absolute obedience unto death.

Now, what have the freer nations to say about their chance in industrial and military competition with the German autocratic system? They say in speech and action, 'We believe a man or a nation will develop greater mental capacity and moral force with freedom than without it. Our philosophy of life teaches that doctrine; our history illustrates it; our practice and experience prove it.'

To-day seven nations conspicuously illustrate the worth of liberty in national development: Great Britain and her affiliated commonwealths, France,

Belgium, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and the United States, and, in addition, the Scandinavian group of peoples. Italy struggled long under various oppressors. She won at last unity and freedom, because during the centuries she brought forth such independent spirits as Dante, Savonarola, Leonardo, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Cavour, and Garibaldi. The Dutch were pioneers in the long fight for liberty. Since Elizabeth's adventurers ran about the oceans, Cromwell marshaled his Independents, and Milton taught civil and religious liberty and freedom for the press, English political, industrial, and religious life has been instinct with liberty. The French political philosophers of the eighteenth century set forth eloquently the Rights of Man; and the French Revolution strove boldly, although ignorantly, to win those rights, and, in spite of its violences and crudities, spread through the world the potent conceptions of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The mutual jealousy of their neighbors has permitted Belgium and Switzerland to prosper in comparative freedom. The Pilgrim Fathers planted on American soil the seeds of the best English and Dutch liberties; and from those seeds there came, in three centuries, a solid growth of liberty under law, — the widest liberty, political, industrial, and social, that the world has ever known, conceived by free spirits, embodied in legislation, and cherished in the hearts of a multitudinous people. The Scandinavian peoples have suffered much from more powerful neighbors, but have never lost the adventurous spirit of the Norsemen, or failed to exercise that right of private judgment which was the best teaching of the Protestant Reformation, or ceased to manifest the sturdy, independent spirit of their race. The Scandinavian emigrants to America make admirable citizens of the American Republic without any change of disposition or character.

The efficiency of all these nations is based on a high degree of personal initiative and of political and industrial freedom, — not on the subjection or implicit obedience of the individual, but on the energy and goodwill in work which result from individual freedom, ambition, and initiative.

III

If this doctrine is well founded, the remarkable increase of industrial and commercial efficiency during the past hundred and fifty years should have proceeded from the freer nations, and not from the nations governed autocratically. It is an interesting inquiry, therefore, whether this wonderfully increased efficiency has proceeded from Russia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey, or from England, France, Italy, Holland, Scandinavia, and the United States. A brief review of the sources of the important discoveries and inventions, which have made the industries of the civilized world vastly more effective since 1830 than they ever were before, will convince any impartial person that the means of improvement have come from the free countries, and not from the countries that are despotically governed.

Going back to the late years of the eighteenth century, we find that propulsion by steam on land and water was first made commercially successful by Englishmen and Americans; and that English and French chemists made the fundamental discoveries in chemical theory. In the early part of the nineteenth century, the development of the factory system with steam-driven machinery was an English achievement, and later an American. As we come further on in the nineteenth century, we find that it was Americans who

developed the telegraph and telephone as industrial implements, and thereby changed in large measure the habits of industrial, commercial, and financial life, and in many respects of domestic and family life also. It was an Italian who invented and introduced in practice wireless telegraphy, — a delightful instance of the transmission of a genius for physics in the same nation through centuries. It was Americans who invented and made commercially practical the electric light and the wide diffusion of mechanical power by electricity. The explosive engine was developed as an industrial agent in France; and the gasoline motor and the automobile have been French, English, and American developments. The aeroplane heavier than air was invented by Professor Langley, when Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and was developed for practical use by two other Americans — the brothers Wright. The cotton gin, on which the whole cotton textile industry is founded, was the invention of an American, as were also the sewing machine, the typewriter, and all sorts of shoe-machinery. So was the job printing-press with the type held, not on a horizontal plane, but at any convenient angle with the paper to be printed — an invention out of which came the rotary press, which is to-day an indispensable instrument for the quick and wide circulation of news. It was America that built the first monitor and the first submarine; and it was England that built the first dreadnought.

Turning to a totally different field of discovery, anæsthesia was an American invention; and its wide usefulness was first demonstrated in an American hospital. Asepsis, a discovery of equal value, was introduced by Lister, a British subject. Another Englishman invented and brought into use inoculation against typhoid fever. It was American surgeons and members of the Army Medical Corps, temporarily serving in Cuba, who showed the world how to prevent the spread of yellow fever.

The immense world-wide rubber industry is based on the invention of the American Goodyear, who discovered that the mixture of sulphur and rubber produced an elastic, waterproof material, capable of innumerable useful applications for which pure rubber was not fit.

The great inventions in business organization have, of course, proceeded from the freer countries, and not from those despotically governed, — such, for example, as the organization of the ocean liners running to all parts of the world, which is in the main an English invention. The organization of the great business of taking petroleum out of the earth, piping the oil over great distances, distilling and refining it, and distributing it in tank steamers, tank wagons, and cans all over the earth, was an American invention. The conception of the huge and complex organization of the United States Steel Corporation, and the putting of that conception into practice, is another American achievement of great significance. The invention of the corporation with limited liability, which has led to an immense development of industrial and commercial productiveness, is English and American; and this management of industries by corporations set up in free governments has, in turn, become a great reinforcement of free institutions.

Obviously, we are not tracing here the results of blind chance, or of any sort of coincidence or accident. We are recognizing the legitimate fruits of liberty. It is, of course, true that Germany has adopted, adapted, and used with great skill all the inventions that have been mentioned, and especially in organizing and using her army and

navy. She has also used them all in the remarkable development of her industries during the past fifty years; but she invented and brought into use none of them; nor did Russia, Austria, or Turkey. Most of the inventions mentioned are indispensable to the carrying on of the present war in Europe; and many of them were indispensable to the preparations for that war, carried on through long years before; but all of them, except the distinctly naval inventions, were made for peaceful uses — to promote the industrial productiveness and the well-being of the human race.

It is an interesting observation that universal education, to the lower grades of which all children are compelled, seems to have but slight effect on the kind of national efficiency here considered. For one hundred years past, systematic education for the whole people has been better planned and carried on in Germany than it has been in any of the freer countries. Large portions of the Italian population have had no access to schools until lately. England had nothing that could be called a system of popular education until 1870–71; France began to put universal education in force under the present Republic; and to this day millions of American children have but scant access to elementary education, and none at all to secondary. The plain fact is that the German system of education and government has not had freedom enough in it; and that the free peoples, among whom there exists a large amount of social and industrial mobility, are the peoples who have produced all the great applied-science inventions of the last century and this.

The facts of the case are unquestionable. The explanation of them is, — that under free governments, and in communities which have a fair amount of social mobility, the rare men are surer to come forward into vigorous action, — the men who are competent, not only to invent or imagine the thing or the method that is next wanted, but to put their inventions into practical form, and to make them useful in the actual industries of their nations and the world. Among a free people the remarkable human specimen is more likely to get his most complete and powerful development than among a people subject to autocratic government.

We may reasonably believe, therefore, that there is a power in free institutions which leads straight to efficiency in the industries of the country, and, in the long run and after many experiments and failures, to the efficient management of its governmental concerns, and that this efficiency can be brought to a higher condition in a republic or a constitutional monarchy than in any despotic or autocratic government.

There is another field of human activity, — the development of great pioneers in thinking and imagining, — in which the Germans are accustomed to claim the leadership; but that claim is without warrant. In the first place, German literature and philosophy are, like German industrial development, comparatively young. That they should become preëminent so soon is not to be expected. In the next place, the German race has not yet developed leaders of thought in literature, philosophy, poetry, and statesmanship who can bear comparison with the supreme personages in England, France, and Italy. Germany has produced no men who can be placed beside Dante, Michael Angelo, and Cavour in Italy; Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Faraday, and Darwin in England, or Pasteur in France. And as to America, it seems to a native American profane to mention Bismarck and the present Ger-

man Emperor in the same breath with Washington and Lincoln.

IV

The present war in Europe is going to put to a supreme military test this theory concerning the surest sources of national efficiency. The war ought to demonstrate in the end that German efficiency in war is not so great as that of England and France, if we include in the definition of military efficiency the management of the supporting industries, and skill in summoning and applying financial resources, as well as the management of the troops in actual fighting. The war should demonstrate that a volunteer soldier is, on the whole, more effective than a conscript, because he has more personal initiative, more power of independent action, and more sense of individual responsibility. The first year of the war ought to prove that large and effective armies can be put into the field after a training of only a few months, if the volunteer recruits come from occupations which call for intelligence and coöperative goodwill, and are inspired by ethical motives which strongly appeal to them as individuals. The war ought also to prove that the freer a people are, and the more accustomed to the exercise of self-controlled liberty, the more warmly and resolutely they will respond to calls on their courage, endurance, and love of country.

The only issue of the war that can possibly be satisfactory to the freer nations of Europe, or to Americans, is an issue which will further in Europe the cause of essential freedom — the freedom which can be developed under any constitutional form of government, but cannot be developed under an autocratic form. Therefore, we look forward with hope to a diminution in Europe of the autocratic forms and an increase of the constitutional forms, as well as to better security for both large and small states against sudden invasion. This better security implies a federal council of a few powerful states, the reduction of national armaments, and the creation of a federal force competent to impose peace.

A precious lesson of the war will be this:—

Toward every kind of national efficiency discipline is good, and coöperation is good; but for the highest efficiency both should be consented to in liberty.

A PERSONAL REFLECTION ON THE COST OF LIVING

BY MARGARET STICKNEY KENDALL

I

THE ever-mounting cost of living is to-day a cause of almost universal evil apprehension. Is it not possible that evil apprehension may be the cause of the high cost of living? The suggestion merits an inquiry. For apprehension may be sanely treated and wisely turned to good.

As I consider human life, both within and without myself, I find that I can trace most of its happenings which are to be regretted to just the spirit which is ruling man in our own times. And I realize, from books and conversation, that my experience is a very ordinary one, my conclusion one which the majority of thinking men and women reach before they die. I have myself wasted and ruined opportunities, I have left undone the things which I ought to have done and done the things which I ought not to have done, less from my passion or from my desire than because I tried to see too far ahead, and did or left undone things which prevented easy and natural solution of the problems which for a more trustful nature would never have arisen at all. I have spent what I had, less in enjoyment, licensed or unlicensed, than in the fear of losing it, and in precautions lest it should be lost. It is my nature so to do. As I watch other men it seems to me that human nature invariably causes men, as they grow older, to fear that which may come, and to take steps in order to avert it. And the steps taken from this fear are almost always wrong. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom'; but it seems to me that every other fear incites man to unworthy action or inaction; and, in the end, brings on him what he fears.

This question has interested me superlatively in connection with the teaching of Christ, which emphasizes above all else the necessity for faith on the part of men. We think of Christ as urging men to love, but his demand for love is, I think, made but seldom in comparison with his demand for faith. And while I believe that faith in Christ must inevitably lead to wisely loving words and deeds (and I say this with full recollection of St. Paul to the Corinthians), it seems to me that love — 'charity' — *without* faith leads to the most intense unhappiness of which mankind is capable. Deeply as I have feared things which might come upon myself, I have feared with a greater terror that which might come upon others. Bitterly as I regret what I have done and left undone in order to avert anticipated evil from myself, I regret far more bitterly my interference in the lives of others. And yet the things I did for them were done in love, and a desire to serve, in a solicitude selfless except for pride in its supposed efficiency; only they were not done in either faith or understanding. And I consider these two qualities essential for a wise direction of love's ways.

I have spent eighteen years in practical experiments as to the actual working out of Christ's directions for human life on earth. It is not, of course, prop-

erly a subject for experiment; for the result promised to the faithful is not to be obtained by the investigator. But though no miracle is wrought by the experimental spirit, it is yet possible, in that spirit, to learn why promised miracles do not occur. And it was this which I desired to discover.

I had the sort of faith in Christ which could impel me to investigate his claims. I believed in his own understanding of ultimate truth. He seemed to me the greatest intellect the world had ever seen, and spoke with an authority which I found nowhere else in history. He declared, apparently without misgiving, that if a man did certain things certain results would follow. When he himself had done these things, his action had been followed by the anticipated results. And he declared that any man who willed to do God's will should know of the doctrine, whether it were of God or whether he spoke of himself. The truth of this assertion I desired to prove.

For it appeared to me that understanding — intellectual and practical grasp of the actual situation — was what men of the present day denied to Christ. Directions which, if hard to follow, were yet quite clear in meaning, they calmly set aside as impracticable — and for no reason that could be considered to have enduring weight. An excellent and spiritually minded clergyman told me, for example, when I asked him about a life which should take no thought for what one was to eat or drink, or wherewithal one should be clothed, that while it might have been possible to live in that way in Palestine and centuries ago, it was not possible in a cold climate, and under the conditions of modern life. He did not say, but I inferred, that since it was not possible to do this, a modern Christian was not called upon to do it.

Now to my mind, it is useless to accept as master in the art of life, or in any other art, any one whose directions for bringing that art to perfection we consider it 'impracticable' to follow. It *seems* more difficult, undoubtedly, to take no anxious thought for the morrow where life is complicated than where it is simple; but surely the principle involved is one which does not change. In mansion or in cottage the problem is the same — whether or not man may intrust his own future to God, leaving himself at liberty to care for better things. Christ declared that his Gospel was to save the world throughout the ages. There were no geographical and temporal exceptions. Surely it could not be that it had failed to 'work' because men had 'progressed' to using furnace heat and modern plumbing! I read Christ's sayings. I noted the fact that no man seemed to think it 'right' to follow them, when they involved questions of economics. And it seemed to me probable that the reason why it was considered impracticable to follow Christ's direction fully was because men did not *believe* it to be practicable and therefore did not try to do it — that the difficulty in the way of perfect realization was merely lack of faith.

I know, now, that my judgment on this point was an erroneous one. It was an outside and an ignorant point of view. To-day I know that it requires far more than the belief that what Christ said was true to enable any man to keep his saying; and that innumerable men and women try to keep it and to a great extent succeed where I must ignominiously fail. They succeed because they do, in simple kindliness, the simple human things. I fail because I aim at an ideal which for its realization demands qualities which I have not, and leave undone that to which I am equal. But nevertheless, to me the value of endeavoring to do any-

thing springs from the conviction that the thing one tries to do is both possible and 'right'; and I found that I could not follow any part of Christ's instruction with conviction of its worth, unless I could believe that it would be possible and 'right' to follow it unto the end. Therefore I tried to do the things he said, in order to find out why men, to-day, considered it impracticable to do so. I failed in my attempts personally to keep the counsel of perfection, but I obtained the knowledge that I sought. It is a knowledge which now places me in intellectual opposition to the whole understanding on which modern institutions rest. For I believe, after my eighteen years of experimenting, that it is both possible and 'right' to live like the lilies of the field and the birds of the air; to sell all that one has and give to the poor, winning an unseen treasure; to lend without expecting a return; to allow all that one has to go from one unprotesting — I believe this to be possible and right to do, but I know that I, personally, cannot do it, partly because I am lazy, selfish, and heartless, but I think even more because I am weak and apprehensive, and because life-long habits of thought and action, now become instinctive, prevent my living by the truth I recognize.

The morality to which I am opposed is indorsed by people who, I know well, are infinitely better personally than I am myself; they are stronger, kinder, and less self-indulgent. But they do not believe it possible literally to obey these extreme teachings of the Master (in a cold climate, and under conditions of modern life); and what is more important, they think it would be 'wrong' to do so if they could. They think it would be wrong because they assume that it is necessary, therefore 'right,' for every man to put aside material wealth to meet his own future necessities of bodily existence — to feed and clothe his body and its human fruit, while living, and to bury it when dead. The spirit of apprehension of one's own future need, which my own experience teaches me to regard as fatal to true and generous living in the present, they take to be a spirit of good counsel, which it is wise and right to heed. It is in the hope of changing their ideas upon this point that I am writing now. For it is their ideas upon this point which are remoulding life to-day and which, in my opinion, are giving rise to the high cost of living, prohibitive of freedom, joy, and peace.

II

It is difficult to attack the spirit to which I refer, without being misunderstood. I do not for one moment advise a butterfly existence, which shall ignore the material necessities of human life. I think it is at man's own peril that he leaves any portion of the earth unhusbanded, its resources undeveloped. But men may husband and develop their material from wholly different motives, out of a wholly different spirit, and with a wholly different effect on themselves and life. One man may plough, and sow, and reap his harvest because he sees the land and knows its possibilities, and that it holds food for the people in its bosom. Clearly the seed ought to be sown and reaped, and being there, it is his place to do these things. Therefore he sows and reaps and gathers into barns. A second man may do these things because he knows the people will want food, and thinks that if he himself possesses it and they do not, they will do what he wishes so that they may eat and live. A third may do it thinking that if he does not he himself will hereafter be in want and misery, and that to avoid this he must put aside sufficient for the wants which he anticipates. Each of these men

shows foresight, and acts wisely according to his lights. But only the first man is animated by what I consider faith in life, and only he works in the spirit and the joy of God. And it seems to me that he alone will use his product in a large-hearted way, for the encouragement of life upon the earth.

The second man has faith in material things, and in the power he will gain by holding them. If he use his power well and wisely he may be very useful. I have no quarrel with him, or with what he thinks, though it seems to me that his trust must sometimes fail him, since it is placed in something which cannot endure. But it is the spirit of the third man of which I wish to speak, because it is a spirit I have known and suffered from in my own life. It is utterly ignoble, and leads to unworthy conduct. And it is this spirit which the understanding of the western world indorses; by which it almost forces man to live; and to which it is sacrificing the precious heritage of an heroic past.

The man who works and stores his product in the belief that, if he does not do so, he himself will be in want and misery, works in an apprehension which is not, indeed, too great for him to bear so long as he is sure that he can meet its claims, so long as he feels confident that he can lay up, in the summer, a sufficiency to meet his winter's needs. If he feels sure of this his frame of mind while he is doing so is not unhappy. I cannot say so much for him as he grows old, as every summer he becomes more aware that his strength fails to raise sufficient food to keep him in the comforts which are now more necessary to his age than they were to his youth. The natural way to meet this inevitable development of the situation is through his children, who naturally assume the care of his declining years. If he has none, his old age must bring terror with it. But long before his strength declines he is confronted with a moral situation which no one can escape who is not living on a desert island. What shall he say to his needy neighbors who have laid up nothing to meet their winter's need, who for one reason or another are already in the want and misery to escape which he has, himself, sowed, reaped, and gathered into barns?

He will undoubtedly reflect that he deprives himself of what he gives away. By some means or other it must be made good, if he bestows it on another's need. He may be full of kindliness, he may look with an eye of pity on the old man who has not been able to provide for his old age, on the widow who has no one to supply her wants, on the orphans who cannot live without assistance. But if he has no knowledge of a source whence his own foreseen need may be in its turn filled, — his foreseen need, to feed which he has labored all his summer, — he almost certainly will say to those who ask his aid that he cannot, himself, afford to help them; that if he does he will become a beggar in his turn. The first few he may try to aid; but soon he will begin to consider that there are very many needy people; that if they find him willing to supply their wants, they will one and all come down on him for food; and that in one day he will join their ranks, a beggar among beggars, unable to take part in the world's work. He will refuse to give what he has because, to his mental outlook, it seems to be of no use among so many. And then, if his own lack of generosity makes him feel uncomfortable, I think that almost certainly he will (being a clever and hard-working and successful man) begin to create a moral situation for his own comfort and self-justification, and for what he calls the moral good of all those people he has failed to help. He will point out how very bad it certainly would be if the

improvident could feel that all their wants would be supplied out of the fruits of other people's industry; how nobody would work at all, and all the world would perish in its idleness and foolish trust. 'He who will not work shall not eat'; therefore no one 'ought' to *give* him anything. Find him work if you can. That will preserve his self-respect and keep a wholesome fear of idleness alive in the community.

Now he who says this has no understanding of any spirit higher than his own. He does not know that men will always work, because it is their nature to work that they may be like God. Men enjoy work, creative and regenerative work especially, more than they enjoy anything else — unless they work in the fear of what will happen to them if they do not do it.

True is it that men must sow and reap if they would live on earth. But they would infinitely rather sow their seed and watch it come to glory than live in idleness. They prove this by the flower gardens which they will cultivate for no useful end, but just that they may see the beauty of the flowers. And they prove something deeper yet by the temples which they raise, not for the preservation of their crops, but that the Spirit of the Lord may have some place where it may dwell on earth. There is no danger that men will ever pass their time in idleness simply because they have ceased to fear that they will starve unless they toil. So we dispose of the self-justification of the man who keeps back what he has from needy persons, saying that it is for their moral good to suffer as the result of their improvidence, when his real reason for not giving is fear of what may happen to himself if he should do so.

I am not saying that it is not distinctly for man's moral good that he should suffer as the result of an improvidence either spiritual or physical. He must inevitably suffer until he learns to make a truly wise provision for his future, to do unceasingly the things which are to make the future beautiful as well as safe. I am attacking merely the position of the individual man who, knowing there are things which he himself might give or do to help his neighbor in distress, refuses to give or do these things on the ground that it is 'right' for the improvident to suffer, as the fit punishment of idleness, ignorance, and sin. If he can be sure that this is his reason for not helping them, well and good. Some men may possibly be sure enough of their own merit to feel quite confident that God intended them to keep the wealth that they have, while others starve. But in Christian thought the presumption has been from the first that if a man saw a neighbor in distress he was to look upon himself as the provided agent for the extension of God's mercy. No Christian thought will justify his failure to extend it on the score that he has at heart the sufferer's moral good.

To do us justice, I think the modern world has fathomed and discredited the hypocrisy of this position, which was so well received not very long ago. We realize that we refuse to give because we are afraid that we ourselves will suffer if we do so. But in the realization we have lost self-respect and power of calm continuance in our old ways. We cannot respect ourselves while we perceive that every day we let our neighbors suffer for fear that if we help them we shall suffer too. Naked and ashamed we look on our own inhumanity and cry for any light on what we ought to do, in a world where the life of those who have can apparently be preserved only by hanging on to their possessions in spite of the dire need of those around them. And it is not lack of self-respect alone from which we suffer. We suffer from the terror which is

seizing us for our own life and the life of every one we care for. How soon shall we and they sink down a little lower in the struggling mass of human beings upon the ruin of whose physical and mental powers the social order rests? How can we possibly earn enough money to-day to make ourselves secure against to-morrow? Happy is the man who has no children to inherit life in such a world as this, and no old superstition to keep him from removing his own inefficiency by self-destruction, and lightening his fellows of the burden of supporting him in his old age. Wretched that we are, who or what can deliver us from the body of this death?

III

It was to men who felt as we are feeling now that Christ declared the way of personal salvation which Christian thought supported up to a few years ago, and which it does not advocate to-day. He told them to give and it would be given unto them; to lend, hoping for no return, and find themselves repaid by God; to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, tend the sick, and pardon sinners. And he said that as they did these things for others needing help, they would themselves be cared for in their turn by other men, who would act toward them in their own time of need, as they themselves were called upon to act to-day toward their fellows. Christ told men not to keep the things they had as a defense against anticipated evils, but to use them every moment for the relief of misery and evil that they saw around them. They were to let their sun shine on the just and on the unjust equally, to give and to forgive, not questioning who was 'deserving' and who was not a worthy object of their care. The moral situation was one with which man was not called upon to deal. Judgment belonged to God; man's part was just to do to others as he would have those others do to him, to personify on earth the mercy of the God in whom he trusted his own sins might find forgiveness.

Christ was enabled to proclaim this way of salvation from the spiritual death which threatens every man, because he had conceived a God able as well as willing to support the man who would obey and trust Him. Christ's church no longer advocates it because it has lost faith in the existence of this God. And the proof of what I say lies in the fact that clergymen believe, as you and I believe, that it is 'necessary' for every man to keep back part of what he has to meet his own future material need. The church can show no way and make no promise of salvation. Instead of that the clergy tremble in the night with the same terror of the future which we feel ourselves, and vestries are exerting all their efforts to get together *now* a sum of money upon the interest of which their praise of God may be supported in the years to come.

Christ set the *individual* at liberty to use all that he seemed to have in human service, without the slightest reservation for his own future need. The understanding of to-day makes it imperative, makes it man's 'duty' to himself, his family, his fellow citizens, that he should be provided with 'visible means of support,' not only for the present but for future time. The man who cannot show these means is viewed with an intense suspicion as being a menace to the whole community. If he have children and a wife, who is to look after them in case he dies? And if he have no children, who is to take care of him when he grows old, and pay his funeral expenses? To-day the widow whom Christ praised would be condemned for casting into the treasury of the poor 'all the living that she had.' Such charity would merely signify to

the onlookers that she herself was now to be supported by her fellow men.

Just where we lost faith in the God of Moses and the prophets, the God who cared for fatherless and widows, who never had forsaken righteous men or let their seed beg bread, I do not know. I only know I never yet have met any one who believed in Him sufficiently to advocate complete relinquishment of a material provision for the future. One and all, we are clinging hard to what we have, because we do not see how we can live without it. And as it is called from us by the daily cost of living, we feel the terror clutching at our hearts. Whereas if we all did our best to use and spend everything that we had in the development of the world's possibilities, in the nourishment of life, and in the saving of all that is perishing for want of care, we should find that our wealth increased beyond our utmost power to employ it.

That is supposing *every one* should do this. What are the chances for the man who starts to do it in a world where no one else is doing it, where everything is coming to be 'organized' on the assumption that provision for the future is the one thing a man must not neglect? Will the God of Christ support him in his folly if he despises the warnings of life-insurance agents, and spends his money to save other people's lives instead of spending his own life in saving money?

My answer is that the God of Christ will support him just so long as he himself can do without misgiving what Christ told him to do. And this answer I make from personal experience. No man can walk on water under the weight of his own fear of drowning. The moment that he hesitates to render human service because he is afraid it will involve him in material disaster, that moment he has lost his faith in God, and the treasure of God's kingdom is no longer his to draw upon. And any man will hesitate, and therefore fail, as long as he cares more for his own ease and comfort than for the ease and comfort of his fellow men.

IV

So it has been with me. When I first had my vision of life's possibilities I was quite confident that I could just walk out into the world and mend its wrongs. I meant to feed the hungry and to tend the sick, to bind up all the broken hearts and tell the sinners that their errors were forgiven and that they might go in peace. I thought how all the world would bless me, and how I should restore to it the secret of salvation it had lost. And for a little while I acted in the exaltation of this great idea, and what I did succeeded just sufficiently to confirm me in my faith that what Christ said was true. But very soon I found I did not want to feed the hungry enough to go and find them, and that I positively hated tending sickness and disease. So long as my own heart was comfortable and happy I felt that other people's sorrows were something that I had better keep away from; and as to telling sinners that they were forgiven, I should have had to change my whole habit of mind, which led me constantly to criticize the lives of other people, to point out where they were in error and how their troubles came from their own mistakes. I could not show the world how God intended men to live because I was not good enough to do it. The way of life was not for me to walk in, my light could not illumine any path for other men. There was no reason to suppose God would work miracles with loaves and fishes to gratify my own desire to shine, even if this desire were strongly mixed with honest longing to find the true salvation He had promised to man-

kind. Seeing myself for what I really was, I lost my confidence that God was on my side, and would support my actions.

And having lost this confidence, I again became involved in the common struggle for existence, from which I had found respite for a moment, through my belief that I was chosen to dispense a divine charity to other men. I was no longer living positively, doing with joy a thing I knew God meant to have me do, but found myself involved in sordid effort not to spend so much money as it seemed postively necessary to spend. I tried to live as cheaply as I could, thinking I should have more to give away; but the effort to live cheaply absorbed my energy to the exclusion of all better interest. And then I asked myself *why* life — just simple, wholesome life — cost so much money to support. And I discovered that I had to pay, not only for the selfishness and laziness of myself and others, but for the great belief which we all held in common, that every man must lay up money enough for his own future needs. Each article I used, each thing I did, involved the services of other men, who, every one of them, thought that he must make sufficient profit on his work today to keep him in his coming time of economic uselessness. I could not possibly command enough to pay them for their services on such an understanding and have anything left over to give away. I could not even exercise an ordinary hospitality, because it took so much to pay the bills. And I myself had not outgrown the notion that 'duty' called on us to put aside material for our own needs. How on earth could I lead the charitable life which I had come to think essential for my soul's salvation? What had I got that I could give my fellow men?

For when I questioned them to learn what they required of me, I found they wanted help and reassurance, not for the present, but for future time. They were all 'self-respecting' men and women, and what they asked was not for charity, but for a 'job' that would enable them to make enough to live on, *and* to put a little by. Unless I could provide them with that job, a job enabling them to *save some money*, their misery was past my power to help, and keeping them alive another day meant only that I should prolong it. It existed partly in their own imagination of the position they would occupy without material means wherewith they might defray the cost of their existence; but this could not be treated as a mere delusion which destroyed their joy and peace without a cause. It was an imagination justified by the facts of life, as these appear to-day, because they lived in a community where they had to pay for daily bread, just as I paid myself, the price of all the fear involved in its production. They lived in a community where, if they had no money, they might easily be allowed to suffer, even unto death — not because there was not enough of all that they needed to supply their needs, but simply because every other man believed it was his 'duty' to keep back from their immediate necessity part of the wealth which he himself controlled, to feed and clothe himself in the lean years to come. How could I help these people, when I myself was wondering if I could not get along without a servant, because her board and wages were beyond the sum on which I felt that we 'ought' to live? Was I not acting on the same principle that they acted on themselves?

There was just one thing that I might have given them for their salvation — a knowledge of the truth which my experiments convinced me was a truth that 'worked' for any man who could believe and act upon it in a discerning

faith. I might have said, 'Give, and it will be given unto you. Lend, and God will repay your trust. Your fear of what may come upon you creates the very situation that, in its turn augments the deadly fear. You will not want so long as you can be content freely to serve the wants of other men, without anticipation of your own. The world is full of jobs. What are you waiting for? Go out and do the things that should be done, without this sordid bargaining for pay from men, and your own need will be supplied by God, from day to day.' I knew that these things which I might have said were true. I could not say them with sufficient force for any one's conviction, because I evidently did not live by them myself.

No one can advocate the life of trust who does not live it, unless he chooses to expose, to his own shame, the reasons why he does not do, himself, the thing he advocates. It is absurd to sit in a warm house, clothed with abundant garments, eating the best food that we think we can afford, secure of our own job and what it brings us, and tell those poorer than ourselves to trust in the Lord and do good. So long as we ourselves are evidently holding back from the distress of other men anything that we have that would relieve them, *because we are afraid lest we ourselves should suffer bodily discomfort from its loss*, we have no faith which will support us in the hour of trial, and surely none which can convince our neighbors of the truth of our belief. I live the life to which I was born and am accustomed. And I am, by nature, so distrustful and so mean that I cannot use the things I have with generosity and freedom, either for myself or others.

I believe in the Truth which my own life has proved to me, more firmly than in any fact of physical existence. It is a Truth which would have made me free if I had had the courage and the character to act upon it. All around me I see people who do act upon it, who do, from instinct or from principle, the simple, kindly things, and are, in consequence, more or less unconscious of the aspect of the world which I am trying, for a purpose of my own, to emphasize. Because they do not think about themselves with apprehension, because they have warm hearts and ready sympathy, they do not come into the state of mind which I am able to expose because it has been so thoroughly my own. The good that they have done protects them from the fear of being wronged; and being kind themselves, they do not dream that others can be unkind. But I have seldom done the simple kindnesses, partly because I am not naturally kind, partly from laziness and selfishness, partly because I really thought that I could not afford to do them — though I imagine, now, that I used this thought chiefly to justify myself for what I failed to do.

There was one other, and, I think, more worthy reason, why doing simple kindnesses did not appear to me to be worth while. They did not seem to me really to help the trouble, any more than applications of cold cream would help a cancer. Such applications might make the man who put on the cold cream feel happier and less futile, but the disease would continue just the same. I was not even sure that it was well to have the ease of conscience which these personal ministrations were able to produce. I wanted to find out the *reason* for the trouble, the cause of the disease. I spent my thought and energy in doing things which I had any ground for thinking would teach me what was really wrong and what really right; and for that reason I undertook to do the things that Jesus told us to do, believing that thus I could learn whether his doctrine were of God or of himself. Being what I was, I failed.

And then I sought a consolation for my failure in what seemed to me the wonderful idea that, since human nature was the same in each man that it was in all, I might, by understanding my own failure, understand in epitome the failure of the world — might know, as God knew, what was meant by human sin.

V

What I am writing now is nothing more than the result of self-analysis, pursued in the belief that if I could endure it to the very end I should obtain the knowledge that I sought. To me it seems entirely satisfactory, both as explaining all the suffering and as offering a solution of the problem which the modern world presents. I thought that I was fairly typical of its condition — having been brought up in the old traditions of generosity and honor, without having been told of any way in which these old traditions could find an adequate support for the nobility they asked of men. I thought that through this analysis of my own mind, and actual (not pretended) motives, I should uncover the real Truth behind the world's defense of its great faithlessness, and consequent dishonor. The old traditions rested on some ground of common thought, which somehow seemed to have undergone a change. What was it that men *used to think* which made it possible for them to do, quite simply, the things nobility required? What was it we believed today which let us stand excused in our own eyes for failure to act nobly, and look on the demand of Christ as one we could not be expected to fulfill?

My self-analysis revealed the change of understanding which perplexed me. Men *used to think* that each man's chief concern was the salvation of his soul. By some sublimely sentimental thinkers this had been stigmatized as selfish preoccupation. We were almost ashamed to be preoccupied in such a way. Men *used to think* they saved their souls by freely giving what they had to give, and serving faithfully wherever they could serve. Many of us have not discarded this idea to-day, but we have limited both our giving and our service by what we think, *ourselves*, is economically possible for us to give and do. Men *used to think* free giving and free service had a divine support, — that God would really give to those who gave to others, — and this belief enabled them to disregard or overcome their natural solicitude about the future. We have lost our belief in this divine support, so that we are without defense against our apprehension. Men brought up in the old ideas dared not deny a human claim upon their charity, lest they should be denying God Himself. The background of their thought was filled with divine possibilities, which robbed them of excuse for inhumanity. The poor man at their door was the Son of Man disguised, and in supplying any want of his they had no fear of bringing want on their own households. The men of our own time dare not neglect to take out life insurance for the protection of their families. And when this step is taken, they dare not fail to pay the premium, no matter who may call upon their charity. The generation which has been persuaded that it is selfish for a man to be concerned for the salvation of his soul, has been, at the same time, persuaded that it is his 'duty' to concern himself about what he shall eat and drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed, in time to come. And every one is doing it.

It is impressed on every man to-day, from very birth, that he must put aside as much as possible of what he has, so as to live, in evil days to come, upon the money which the men who want it then will pay him for the use of what he can

reserve in face of present need. Following Christ, for any one who has accepted this idea, involves a ceaseless calculation as to just how much will be required for this inspiring purpose. Until that needful sum has been safely 'invested' he cannot feel that he is really justified in helping any one at all. He helps because he cannot stand the sight of misery, — most of us get away from that as soon as we can move to better neighborhoods, — or because he is persuaded that it is cheaper to give to Fresh-Air funds and trade schools in the present than to support hospitals and prisons later on. As the appeals for charity affectingly remark: 'A boy at large costs less than one in jail.'

A world composed of individuals conducting life upon this understanding must necessarily develop and display just the phenomena we deprecate in modern life. Where these phenomena are less apparent we shall find people who refuse to act upon this understanding. The world is in the condition which I know well in my own consciousness — it does not dare use and enjoy the things that God has given it to-day, for fear lest it be destitute to-morrow. And in its fear it lets life perish for the lack of food. It is bad enough when a man ruins merely his own life and joy from such unworthy thought, for it means that he has no faith in the continuance toward himself of the love and mercy which have hitherto sustained him. But it is infinitely worse when he allows his neighbor to suffer and to die, simply because he thinks that he himself cannot afford to help him. The moment he does this he is himself an active agent of the evil which destroys him — he is helping to make other men believe the lie that ruins his own life. He becomes one of those who make our world a place where men are dying in the midst of plenty, simply because no other man believes that he himself can freely give the money, strength, and time required to save them.

We go to-day, not to the priests of God but to the agents of insurance companies, to learn what we should do. And we do this because the agent is quite certain what we ought to do, and has the way marked out for us to walk in — a way which he says will preserve our self-respect, and save our wives and children from the hardships we anticipate. The priest can tell us a great many things, and some of them are very pitiful, and some are very pretty. But he cannot tell us we must not believe what the insurance agent says, because he thinks, himself, that it is true. So, in the absence of alternative, every one gives what he himself can save into the hands of men he does not trust, that they may 'make,' by using it, money enough for him to live on in a future wherein he fears that life will cost him even more than it seems to cost to-day. He gives them all he can keep back, in face of present need — and what they do with it the devil only knows, till the poor fools who let them have it start a commission of inquiry to learn where it has gone.

The alternative for which we long exists to-day, just as it always has existed. It is as possible to live without a sordid care in a cold climate as it was in Palestine. But it is only possible to him who can content himself to live, as a child lives, for one day at a time, doing that day what comes to him to do as well as he is qualified to do it, and trusting that the next day will bring forth new work, as well as wages, for itself. This is a mental attitude. It may be that of a rich man as well as of a poor one. But it cannot be the attitude of any man who thinks that he himself will stand excused, in sight of God, for keeping back from the relief of human suffering around him the things that he himself might give or do

to help it, merely that he himself may live upon the profits of such reservations in the years to come. The Babel of industrial development is towering high to-day on the assumption, utterly unwarranted by either reason or experience, that it is *necessary*, therefore 'right,' for every man to do this very thing. All our well-meant endeavors to reform it are undertaken in the same idea. And this is why I say I am in intellectual and moral opposition to the understanding on which modern institutions rest.

I have committed or omitted many acts from willfulnesss or laziness, from vanity or passion. But my repentance for those sins has not the bitterness of my repentance for the things I did or did not do in the belief to which the world is sacrificing now the fairest of its possibilities. I want to save it from self-condemnation — from such a hell as I have made of my own consciousness.

Free, fearless, and abundant living is the result of free and fearless and abundant labor. We shall have both when we convince the individual, as Christ convinced him centuries ago, that it is necessary, and *possible*, and therefore 'right,' for him freely to give, in human service, all that he seems to have, trusting to God for the provision of his own necessities. And he can be convinced of this only by men who live in the large-mindedness of gods themselves — who act, under all circumstances, as if it were the Truth. I have not found myself at all able to do this. It requires a full development of Christian virtues which I possess in very scanty measure. If I could do the thing I advocate, I should not need to write about it. But none the less, I know it is the Truth I advocate — the Truth to which the life of Christ is witness, and which, when men believe *and act upon it*, is bound to make them free.

"1915?"

BY AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT

I

Carefully locking the door behind him, Clark left his house at the usual time that morning. He went down the hill toward the stopping place of the line of electric cars that ran from the suburb where he lived to the city. It had been a hurried and disquieting night, after the stunning and unbelievable news. Then had come the gathering of friends and neighbors, and wives and daughters had been sent away, protesting, in various automobiles toward the state capital.

He had slept scarcely at all, but that was now no matter, for even if he was a little shaky, he was going to his office, to-day and every other day, to carry on the work of his publicity agency. His partners and staff must be on hand, too. There was to be no giving way to panic and hysteria, and the normal business life of the city must not suffer.

At the foot of the hill he found Carter and Higgins, lawyer and merchant, his

neighbors and 'social,' as well as 'business,' friends. On the broad, double-tracked road leading cityward was no sign of any electric car.

'We have waited ten minutes,' said Carter. 'I don't believe they are running.'

'I don't see any reason for this,' grumbled Higgins.

'Nor do I,' added Clark. 'It is just the sort of thing that will foster hysteria. I suppose it is up to us to walk.'

He turned briskly, and the others followed him. Almost at once they began to meet men and women, mostly of the lower classes, heavily laden with shapeless bundles and bulging suit-cases, hastening from the city. Interspersed were carts loaded with furniture, on which were perched children and old people. Here and there an automobile threaded its way through the crowd with impatient, retching noises. The faces of all were pale and frightened.

Against this flood, at intervals, a few men struggled.

'Look at them,' cried Clark. 'There is, of course, absolutely no need of this exodus. It is just the thing to start a bad panic and throw the whole community into confusion.'

'I expect to do business to-day anyway,' said the merchant. 'I am doubtful about giving any more credit, but I telephoned to open the store.'

They stopped a man who carried a heavy bundle on his back. 'Are any stores open?'

He shook his head vaguely; then — 'Turn back, you fellers,' he cried suddenly. 'There are a hundred thousand of them. They are burning houses and shooting people.'

They passed on.

'I, for one, don't believe it,' Clark said; but the hearts of all three had quickened a little.

Nearer the city, the crowd was thicker.

'I don't see any more autos,' remarked the lawyer.

'Those who are rich enough to own them have too much sense to run away,' Clark answered; and then continued, 'These people have no right to clutter up the whole sidewalk. They ought to realize that some one is going in the opposite direction. The world is n't coming to an end.'

The streaming throng, now pressing closer about them, consisted mostly of recent immigrants, moving with a spontaneous fear that Clark, Carter, and Higgins did not understand; for the apprehension that lurked in their own hearts was slightly stimulating and related only to their business. All three were actively considering ways and means by which to weather the crisis and its results, while breasting the moving mass of men and women with the unconscious skill of city men.

In the poorer quarters at the outskirts of the city, which they had reached, some houses were already closed, with drawn blinds, and from others the inmates were still hurrying, loaded with bundles of their household goods.

'Just what one expects of Greeks and dagoes,' said Clark, elbowing his way viciously.

In front of him the crowd had all at once become much thicker, and along both curbs, at a little distance ahead, were rows of automobiles.

A rectangular group of inconspicuous figures dressed in a uniform of neutral color were standing motionless across the middle of the street. For a moment Clark seemed to feel an icy finger stealing through his hair.

'Look!' he whispered, 'there they are! They must be stopping automobiles.'

The crowd had thinned away to give the group of soldiers a wide berth, and the three men found themselves almost alone as they approached, resolutely, but with beating hearts.

An erect officer, tightly buttoned, stepped up to them.

'Where do you go?' he said with a strong foreign accent.

"I am going to my office to look after my business,' said Clark shortly; 'so are these others.'

'Then you may pass,' the officer replied, and continued, pointing to a sign tacked to a near-by trolley-wire pole, 'but read that, and remember for the next time.'

In heavy, black letters was the word

ATTENTION!

and under it paragraphs in finer print. They glanced at it, — Clark in his excitement scarcely comprehending its purport, — then hurried onward into the heart of the city.

'It is to be expected, I suppose,' remarked the lawyer nervously; 'they have to take stringent measures.'

Down the narrowed way between the automobiles, which lined both curbs, a file of pedestrians and wagons, closely packed, was moving slowly.

They forced a pathway for themselves through the equally dense mass on the sidewalk. Clark's mind, teased into desperation by the inert throng, reached forward anxiously to his office. Come what might, he would keep his contracts and make others keep theirs. Every man of business must carry on his business, as in any other time, for in business was the greatness of his country. He must bring off the 'deals' he was planning, and then he could buy a motor-car in the spring, spend the summer at that hotel on the shore, do all the ambitious things he dreamed of.

The flood that they were stemming brought him at last to a stop. In front of them, headed as they, was a big man in a fur coat buffeting his way with two suit-cases.

Carter, recognizing a friend, hailed him.

'They have taken my car!' was the frantic answer. 'I was going out to our summer place. Is n't it horrible? — Do you think I shall ever get it back?'

'They probably intend to pay you,' replied the lawyer.

'I don't believe it. I wish I did.'

'Well, that sign they put up says this is merely a temporary occupation for strategic purposes, and that everything is to be paid for,' said the lawyer without conviction. 'Did you read it?'

'I did, but I don't believe any of it. I tried first to get out by rail early this morning, but all service is suspended. They have seized all passenger and freight cars — they won't pay for them.'

A low rumbling in the distance brought a sudden terrified silence. Those in the street began pressing back upon the sidewalk, and the crowd became rough and pushing.

Along the road came files of horsemen, all in their neutral color, riding in perfect line, and after them, with a heavy roar, rolled a long train of guns and gun carriages on which sat swaying soldiers.

The mass on the sidewalk moved back and forth. Clark felt it crushing him, and in an eddy was swept away from the others. With a final row of horsemen the passing regiment came to an end, and when the crowd flooded back into the street, he seized the opportunity offered by the loosening of pressure upon him, and pushed rapidly on.

At a news-stand where he regularly bought a morning paper he stopped.

'Have you got a *Crier?*' he asked the boy who was idly standing near.

'No papers to-day.'

This was a blow indeed, for newspapers were essential to much of his work.

'How long is it going to last?' he said to the boy.

'Don't ask me.'

'Got any yesterday's papers?'

'All sold out.'

Clark went on his way empty-handed. This could not continue, he told himself; there would be papers in a day or two; and though the text might be censored, the advertisements of course would not be.

In the business centre it was unexpectedly quiet. Only here and there were shops open, and in many of these an anxious salesman stood in the doorway, prepared to close at a moment's notice. As on a Sunday, there were none of the innumerable wagons and drays of trade, whose rattle and rumble comforts the business man's deep-lying love of movement and commerce.

Clark's heart sank at the strange hush; his own fellow countrymen in their silent and complete abandonment of their daily labor seemed to be deserting him. Then he had a sudden idea: new fields for his work were perhaps open to him. There must be a way to reach the commissary of the invaders or the taste of the individual soldiers. He must procure the services of some one who spoke their language!

Here and there were knots of them, well armed and quiet, with officers, tightly uniformed, strutting proudly. Their numerous presence, that seemed so idle, was to keep his city in order! It was perhaps necessary from their point of view, but it was annoying that they had to flaunt themselves in doing it. Policing of this sort was not needed, if people kept their heads. Panic, he told himself, was often largely psychological. The business men of the city and these newcomers must somehow be brought together in an effort to keep matters normal until the latter withdrew, — he seemed to remember that in their proclamation they had made a promise so to do. The next one he came to he must read with more care.

In the square in front of City Hall a vast number of soldiers were massed in regular lines. Around the outskirts slowly moved a silent, loitering, sullen crowd.

Clark, in passing, examined the massed men. In their uniforms they looked all of the same size, a well-set-up, muscular lot, with foreign faces — veterans all. They were standing in close ranks, at attention, and their subservience to command made them seem to him sheepish and slightly absurd. 'This is not *their* doing,' said he, congratulating himself profoundly that he lived in a democratic land, where the people ruled and were not subject to a despot.

Something was evidently going on at City Hall. He hoped with all his heart that the mayor and aldermen were aware that they must bend every effort to preserve normal commercial life. If he only had a chance, he could make clear what was essential.

Seeing a copy of the proclamation, he stopped with several others to read it carefully.

In explicit terms it stated that the seizure of the city was a strategic necessity; that there was no intention to occupy it permanently if no resistance was offered, but that strict measures were required if any citizens in any way opposed or hindered military measures; that in such an event the city would be treated as conquered territory and all guilty persons would be punished with death; that the city officials were being held as hostages and would pay the penalty if there were outbreaks or sniping; that for all supplies taken by the garrisoning force prompt payment would be made in cash (or redeemable notes), but that all demands for any commodity must receive instantaneous compliance; that all citizens must remember that they were now subject to military rule and must at once obey implicitly any order or requirement of any soldier; that respect must be paid

all soldiers, and, accordingly, civilians must salute officers; and, further, if in doubt as to whether a soldier were an officer, the civilian must still salute; and that if all these regulations were obeyed, great benefits would result from the kindly feelings and other advantages of the occupying force.

Clark turned away suddenly. This was going very far, he thought, although he had to admit that they were in a ticklish position, those fellows.

As he was leaving the proclamation, it was all at once as if a hand squeezed his heart. He was angry. What right had they to make such demands upon peaceful citizens? He quickened his steps.

II

In the great building that housed his offices there was none of the usual morning rush of workers. Only one elevator was running, and the middle-aged 'boy' in charge could not tell where the other boys were. They had not come in, he stated, but he had seen no reason why he should not turn up.

'That is right,' cried Clark, 'business must go on as usual.'

'Yes, sir,' said the boy.

At his office he found that only his youngest partner, Harry Miller, formerly an employee, had arrived. The absence of bookkeeper and stenographers was perhaps explained by the fact that they were women; but Smith, his immediate junior, and the other men ought to have come.

'Where is Smith?' he asked Miller crossly.

Miller shook his head. 'Had n't we better close up shop for a few days?'

Clark had been expecting some such proposal and was ready. 'No! not at all. I did n't expect that, Miller. We must stick to the ship, and incidentally we will be an example to the panic-stricken fools who have shut down and tried to run away. We will be accustomed to this occupation in a day or two. Now, there are three hundred thousand persons in this city earning their daily bread, who face ruin if they stop work. We will perform our part. I am going to tell our large customers that we are doing business. I have several ideas. We have a busy day ahead. — I hope to God that the telephone is working.'

'Have you read the proclamation?' asked Miller.

'Yes, I have,' Clark replied; 'you noticed that they urged us to keep on with our regular occupations.' He had spoken partly to reassure himself, for in his heart was an aching fear for his business, which was just beginning to seem a little gold mine of profit.

'Miller,' he said earnestly, 'you and I must keep things going here. There is psychology in the present moment. If we do big things now, the future will take care of itself. First of all, we need a man who speaks their language. Can't you drum up one of your college friends? Those fellows must do buying — so why not go after their trade?'

Under Miller's eyes his face flushed slightly.

'Take it from me!' he continued vehemently. 'Now find some such man. I am going after our customers — if I can get them — and tell them what we plan to do.'

The younger man turned and walked away slowly

'Miller,' called Clark, 'this is no time for sentiment.'

'I am not sentimental. I was just thinking what's the use.'

Clark sat down at his desk and lifted the receiver of his telephone to his ear. Almost at once came a staccato voice, 'What number?' and he felt like crying aloud with relief.

He interviewed such of his customers as he could reach, telling eagerly his

plans. He found demoralization and dread of business loss, but the fearful minds of his 'people' were susceptible to his suggestions. He felt that he was making progress. The telephone was a wonderful thing. If only his stenographer were here!

He gave to Central the number of the house in an outlying town where she lived, and was told that suburban and long-distance services had been discontinued.

They were isolating the city! He had a moment of quick rage. It was with effort that his thoughts returned to his work, and while he was telephoning, he organized mentally a representative delegation to present the needs of the business world to the general in charge. It was an idea which might help him. He rather flattered himself that he had great executive ability, once granted opportunity.

Miller, returning later in the morning, came to Clark's desk, and said rather sullenly, —

'I think I have found the man you want — for a time at least. The schools are closed, so I hunted up one of the teachers of foreign languages. He is coming in this afternoon.'

'Good!' cried Clark, and in turn told what he had been accomplishing.

Miller did not brighten as usual.

'Are you with me, Miller, in all this?'

'Yes — I am with you, but I can't get over the disgrace.'

'Disgrace? There is no disgrace in attending to business.'

'No — I suppose not, but there is disgrace in letting these fellows walk all over us.'

'Is Clark, Smith & Co. responsible for that? If any one, the government at Washington is to blame. What happened was this: we were not prepared to keep the invaders out and they knew it; this city makes a convenient base; they saw their chance and seized it; we are not at war with them; and it was necessity, from their point of view, I suppose. But all this gets you and me nowhere. As business men, we have a civic duty to perform in keeping things going right here at home.'

Miller did not answer for a moment, for he was too recently an employee to argue with his senior partner.

'I am with you, Clark,' he said.

The other clapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed, 'That's the talk. Now to work!' — But in his heart was an unexpected and troubling sense of shame.

Shortly afterwards the advertising manager of a large retail grocery called upon them in response to a suggestion of Clark's as to inserting an announcement in the newspapers in the language of the invaders; and after a conference, Clark went out for lunch and to make the rounds of the newspaper offices to ascertain what might be done there.

III

The street still wore the Sunday morning aspect of sombre desertion, now more ominous, and the few others who were abroad were moving hurriedly, close to the walls of buildings.

Stimulated and excited by the changed conditions, Clark walked along boldly toward the lunch counter, where perched on a high stool he often ate his noontime sandwich and drank a cup of coffee. Advertised as 'Never Closed,' it was shut and lifeless now. That might be because the help were mostly women, he told himself, and sought a down-town hotel. In the restaurant were few diners, except at a centre table where a group of men were talking eagerly in a foreign language. They were in uniform, and Clark felt a slight tightening across his scalp.

There were no bills of fare on the table by the window where he sat.

'Where is the menu, Sam?' he asked of the old negro who came at last to take his order.

'None were printed, sir. We did n't expect many gentlemen, and we are short-handed, but I guess we can serve you with something, sir.' A few dishes were named.

Clark was giving his order, when one of the officers called loudly to the old man, who hurried away instantly. The waiter was detained interminably.

'Damned rudeness!' said Clark to himself. 'If they want to keep in our good graces, this is n't the way to go about it.' And then it came to him suddenly that they did not care at all for the good graces either of himself or his fellow citizens.

His anger grew steadily. He was hungry. He wanted to expostulate, but was aware that he did not dare. One of the officers glanced over at him and laughed. The waiter, after being released and called back several times, at last started toward Clark to finish taking the order, but one of them bellowed at him and he turned and fled to the kitchen.

Clark sat in silence, endeavoring to be calm. Such insults had to be endured, he told himself, for he had a big task to perform. Still too angry not to rage at something, he transferred his wrath to the government of his country for not saving its citizens from this disgrace.

At last he was served, but not until the officers had finished. He ate hurriedly to make up time needlessly wasted, and feeling a little calmer, set out again toward the office of the *Crier*.

At a cross street leading up from the water-front, he found a straggling crowd on the sidewalk, in front of which were marching a long file of men, eight abreast, all in their neutrally colored uniforms. The precision of the lines was so perfect that they looked like lead soldiers turned out of a common mould.

Blocked from crossing the street, Clark felt his irritation returning with renewed force. He was not going to be stopped from attending to his business. Mastering a sudden sinking of the heart, he elbowed his way to the front of the crowd of bystanders, watched his chance, and made a dash between two ranks.

Foreign voices shouted around him, he was seized, prodded with something sharp, and hustled back to the spot whence he had come, while an angry man stood shaking him and yelling in his ear words he did not understand. His hat was knocked off, his hand was thrust up to his face and down in a forced salute, he was prodded again, and then he was left trembling and weak on the edge of the sidewalk.

A sullen murmur passed through the crowd around him, and he was steadied by a friendly hand. Though not frightened, he was badly shaken, and it was slowly that self-possession returned to him; but with it came anger, deeper and stronger.

'Best not to try that again,' said a voice in his ear. 'There is no telling what they will do. You got off easy.'

At last the regiment passed and, with the others, he crossed the street a little unsteadily, still feeling pain in the places where he had been prodded.

Outside the *Crier's* office was a file of soldiers standing with grounded arms, and a sentry at the door barred the way in. Clark explained why he had come, but the man shook his head, not understanding, and motioned him to stand aside and wait with several others. After a long time an officer appeared with an editor, and one by one those waiting were summoned, but only a few were admitted. When Clark's turn came, the editor said to him, 'Mr. Clark, I believe. I am afraid that I must ask your errand.'

'I want to arrange about some advertising. Some of my regular customers may want to place ads with you in those fellows' language. It will help you, and me, too, in this crisis.'

The editor explained to the officer, who listened dubiously but at last nodded absently, and Clark was allowed to enter the building. He found his way to the desk of Green, the advertising editor, who received him dejectedly and told him, leaning over the desk and speaking low, that the paper was practically in the charge of the invaders now and that they had suppressed the issue of that morning but had given orders that the issue of the next day must appear as usual, containing matter largely of their own. Everything else would have to be passed by a censor. Clark's idea, however, seemed to him a practicable one. He hazarded a guess that an advertisement, addressed to the invaders in their own language, of things they were accustomed to have at home, not only would be good business but would pass the censor as well. They discussed details.

Clark found himself quite unexpectedly weary. Surprise at the news of the invaders' coming, that had spread on the magical swift feet of rumor during the evening and night before, the long hours of anxiety, the busy morning, and above all the shock of rough handling, had transported him into a strange realm of fatigue where other men moved before his eyes like mechanical, grimacing figures. With great effort he braced himself to think and act, deciding that he had need of a drink of something strong on his way to the office of the *Courier*.

'There are only two or three of us who can speak their language,' Green was saying; 'we are much tied up consequently. Still, if you get your stuff around at the usual time we can print it, I think.'

Clark rose. 'Business must go on—' he began wearily; but had not the energy to continue.

Once more in the street, he looked up at the sky. Overhead was the familiar, smoke-tinged blue, but in the motionless façades of the buildings, in the many curtained shops, in the emptiness of the streets, and in the furtive silence of the few passers was something chilling and sinister. Before the big guns of the invaders' battleships in the harbor below, what houses of cards were all these apparently substantial structures! He knew that, in many of the trades which they housed, the margin of profit — gained with infinite care and worry — was figured so closely that without the usual pressure of daily business one would follow another in a widening circle of disaster, no less ruinous than destruction by bombardment. Against this moral ruin he must fight with other sane-minded men, and he, an intermediary between business and the public in his occupation, was above all able to act effectively. He must not let languor overcome him.

At that moment he saw a group of officers approaching and remembered the proclamation. He was supposed to salute! In an ecstasy of angry, silent swearing at these men, his plans were at once forgotten. He crossed the street to avoid them.

There was no guard at the offices of the *Courier*, but instead, a blackboard with the words: 'CLOSED. The *Courier* has been ordered to suspend publication.'

At the near-by office of the *Patriot* (the great evening paper that begot prejudices and then fed them with garbled news) he found a placard: 'Publication resumed in a few days.' The advertising manager, who was at his office, notwithstanding, told Clark that all the papers except the *Crier* had been suspended by order of the general in

charge, but that the *Patriot* was moving heaven and earth to be allowed to continue publication, and, therefore, advertising matter would be accepted conditionally. A campaign to keep business going was to be started as soon as publication was resumed.

Clark kindled for a moment. 'Count on me to help in that,' he said; 'I have been talking it up all day. It is our only hope' — But suddenly his enthusiasm drained away. Not admitting that he was weary, he told himself that those *Patriot* fellows were a yellow crowd, and were not the sort with whom he cared to ally himself.

IV

Returning to his office, he found Miller and the schoolmaster there. They had made a few drafts for proposed advertisements, but these had been cast aside unfinished.

'I have got in touch with the newspaper situation,' Clark began. 'The *Crier* will be out to-morrow, and I have practically arranged to run two quarter-page ads for the rest of the week. That is a beginning. I hope you have something ready, Miller; if so, I'll call up and arrange definitely about it.'

Miller showed the sketches.

'We must make these more striking,' said Clark. 'Let us take the first word of their proclamation and run it in full block letters, translated, all the way across the top.'

He bent over the plans, but it was several minutes before he could force his mind to comprehend them fully.

'This is the strangest situation that ever was!' said Miller suddenly and irrelevantly. 'Here is the city fallen into the hands of these fellows, with only half a dozen shots fired from an antiquated fort down the harbor and not a man killed on the ships. It makes my blood boil. Thirty men fell at the fort.'

'Thirty men killed!' cried Clark, a wave of red flashing before his eyes. 'How did you learn that?'

'I went around to the Lodge, where I thought some of the men might drop in with news. There are all kinds of rumors abroad. The militia are called out all over the state, but round here nothing will happen, of course. They have seized the armory — marched right to it at once. Early this morning they commandeered every freight and passenger car in the yards, and ten thousand men at least are on their way inland now. They are trying to suppress it, but I was told for a fact that the Governor got out the militia at midnight and marched them all south to Bellport. Some of the local men are going there if they can get through. I'd go if I were in the militia.'

Clark, listening eagerly, felt a swell of pride at the Governor, forgetting that just before the last election he had called him and his party crooks.

'I wonder what militia can do,' he said meditatively.

'They can at least protest.'

'They will stick to it like men. We can be sure of that anyway.'

He had a mental vision of the militia — many were his friends — harried by the superior number and equipment of the invaders, but fighting and dying without a murmur. It was more than he could bear, and for refuge he turned again to the plans.

'This discussion is getting us nowhere. We must turn to on this job. The duty of us civilians here is to attend to business,' he said; but the thought of business seemed at that moment somehow a base desertion. He flushed first with shame and then with sudden anger.

'I suppose it is,' Miller was saying. 'It is all we can do anyway. How helpless we are!'

Clark was quite motionless — but

idleness helped no one. He turned to their work, and his mind wandered. The unusual silence of the street beneath the high window of the office made him listen constantly, breaking the thread of plans and schemes. Through his mind they ran, as memories of a day's work run through an overtaxed brain at night, with endless repetitions leading nowhere; and continually he reverted to the ruinous, insulting blow dealt his city and country from a peaceful sky.

Yet under all his thoughts lay anger, impotent, helpless, and wearying. He wanted to slink away somewhere, until conditions were changed by forces outside himself into something within the grasp of his mind. He was actually becoming sympathetic with those who had dropped everything! He concentrated his attention with determination, and the draft was at last finished. The teacher left, to return on the morrow, and Miller and Clark were left alone.

It had begun to grow dark. The whole city was very still. In the cessation of the friendly activity, which usually wrapped so closely the busy days of the two men, was something terrible.

'This is awful,' murmured Miller.

'I wonder if they have met the militia yet.'

'What can militia do?'

'Nothing but hold them back for a while, and be killed doing it! These are trained veterans. We have no regulars within a thousand miles. Oh, have we got to lie down under it, Miller?'

'We have been cowards all these years, not getting ready for this!'

'Not a bit of it. We were too busy. But see here — you and I must not be morbid. I am going over to the *Crier* office with this stuff. Then I shall come back, and spend the night in town somewhere. I think that this evening I shall hunt up some of our big customers and talk things over.'

'I'll stay here and wait for you.'

Once more in the street Clark felt very lonely, helpless, and isolated. He was a mere dot in the great city of his fellow countrymen, but was it not his duty, nevertheless, to live and work as usual and do his best to preserve the delicate adjustment of business life?

He made his way through the now deserted streets to the office of the newspaper. The wandering throng of curious idlers had found little to interest them in this part of the city, but outside the office of the *Crier* there was still a knot of them watching a group of sentries and the bulletin board, on which was now written: 'The *Crier* will appear as usual to-morrow.'

Green was at his desk and the proposed advertisement was submitted to him and approved.

'I have to show this to the captain in charge,' he said to Clark, 'before we can print it. Come with me. He has the president's room. They have got together a lot of stuff for to-morrow's issue. There was a great row, but the president finally induced them to sign all their articles, "Printed by order." '

At the president's desk sat a young officer, with a quick, intelligent face, who spoke excellent English. He looked through the advertisement hastily, signed it with a flourish, then gave a keen glance at Clark.

'Good,' he said; 'we do not wish to hinder any more than is quite necessary the business of your city. We shall be most friendly, until provoked — then we shall strike and strike hard. But do not be afraid of us. Tell your men of business that we are glad to help them to keep their shops open. This advertisement is a right step. It may lead to friendly and profitable relations in future. I, therefore, approve it. That is all.'

'Little rat,' whispered Clark to himself, 'I would like to strangle you!'

The officer had ceased to regard him, and he turned and left the room and the building, too angry to speak to Green.

'You will have to keep cool,' he continued to himself, 'if you wish to get along with these fellows.'

V

Twilight was nearer now. At rare intervals a window or door glowed wanly, and, except for these, the street was filled with a diffused and rather ghostly light reflected from the flaming sky overhead. He had often hurried home to his wife in this evening glow. It used to mean affection and peacefulness, dinner, and a few idle hours with newspaper or novel of adventure; but now his city was overrun with alien people; there was no peace anywhere, and no place was any longer his own privacy. The buildings about him seemed deserted and pitiful.

'You'll have to keep cool,' he told himself again, and then laughed grimly; for anger, instead of lessening, had grown into something greater than himself, in which he could exult.

He made his way to his office by back streets, where the buildings towered over him, unlighted and enormous. There were no stragglers here.

All at once he saw approaching him two men who spoke loudly together in foreign voices. Something on their uniforms glittered for a moment. A wave of terror swept over him, but he continued steadily on his way with eyes to the front. The two men, abreast, were leaving no room to pass. He set his teeth and walked straight ahead, looking beyond them.

'*Civilians must salute officers, and if in doubt*—'

Suddenly a face with wide, bright eyes was close to his own, and his body had struck another body.

Two voices bellowed. He felt a hot, vinous breath. 'Salute!' came a cry in his ear, and a hand leaped at his wrist to force it.

Hard and gloriously his fist came against something that crunched, and the face in front of him sank suddenly away.

As in a flash of light he remembered a trick of school days. With the sole of his boot he kicked sideways viciously at the ankle of the other officer, felt him fall, and then turned and ran.

Hearing behind him a furious shouting and uproar, he fled along the street, swung through the revolving door of an office building, raced along the entry and out again upon another street, and then through another building, across an alley, and out upon a third street. He knew his way unerringly.

His heart was pounding madly now, and he was laughing through his panting breath.

'I am good for two of them when I get going,' he repeated over and over.

He knew that the officers could not find him.

At last he reached his rooms, where he found Miller at the window looking out. It was dark now except for a fiery, saffron band in the west.

He sank into a chair, suddenly weary. His heart drummed frantically. Exultation seemed to be fading; he was a very weak and little thing after all.

There was a long silence.

'Clark,' said Miller, 'in spite of all this shame, I never loved my country more.'

The older man collected himself slowly, resolutely, and mastered betraying weakness.

'Harry,' he answered firmly, 'I am going to Bellport to-night if I have to walk all the way. Come with me. They need us there.'

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

II. CHILDREN AND PLAY

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

THE visitor who sees our neighborhood for the first time at the hour when school is dismissed, reacts with joy or dismay to the sight, not paralleled in any part of the world, of thousands of little ones on a single city block.

Out they pour, the little hyphenated Americans, more conscious of their patriotism than perhaps any other large group of children that could be found in our land; unaware that to some of us they carry on their shoulders our hopes of a finer, more democratic America, when the worthy things they bring to us shall be recognized, and the good in their old-world traditions and culture shall be mingled with the best that lies within our new-world ideals. Only through knowledge is one fortified to resist the onslaught of arguments of the superficial observer who, dismayed by the sight, is conscious only of 'hordes' and 'danger to America' in these little children.

They are irresistible. They open up wide vistas of the many lands from which they come. The multitude passes: swinging walk, lagging step; smiling, serious — just little children, forever appealing, and these, perhaps, more than others stir the emotions. 'Crime, ignorance, dirt, anarchy!' Not theirs the fault if any of these be true, although sometimes perfectly good children are spoiled, as Jacob Riis, that buoyant lover of them, has said. As a nation we must rise or fall as we serve or fail these future citizens.

Their appeal suggests that social exclusions and prejudices separate far more effectively than distance and differing language. They bring a hope that a better relationship — even the great brotherhood — is not impossible, and that through love and understanding we shall come to know the shame of prejudice.

Instinctively the sympathetic observer feels the possibilities of the young life that passes before the settlement doors, and sincerity demands that something shall be known of the conditions, economic, political, religious, or, perchance, of the mere spirit of venture that brought them here. How often have the conventionally educated been driven to the library to obtain that historic perspective of the people who are in our midst, without which they cannot be understood! What fascinating excursions have been made into folklore in the effort to comprehend some strange custom unexpectedly encountered!

When the anxious friends of the dying Italian brought a chicken to be killed over him, the tenement-house bed became the sacrificial altar of long ago; and when the old, rabbinical-looking grandfather took hairs from the head of the sick child, a bit of his fingernail, and a garment that had been close to

his body, and cast them into the river while he devoutly prayed that the little life might be spared, he declared his faith in the purification of running water.

It is necessary to spend a summer in our neighborhood to realize fully the conditions under which many thousands of children are reared. One night during my first month on the East Side, sleepless because of the heat, I leaned out of the window and looked down on Rivington Street. Life was in full course there. Some of the pushcart vendors still sold their wares. Sitting on the curb directly under my window, with her feet in the gutter, was a woman, drooping from exhaustion, a baby at her breast. The fire-escapes, considered the most desirable sleeping-places, were crowded with the youngest and the oldest; children were asleep on the sidewalks, on the steps of the houses, and in the empty pushcarts; some of the more venturesome men and women with mattress or pillow staggered toward the river-front or the parks. I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock in the morning!

Many times since that summer of 1893 have I seen similar sights, and always I have been impressed with the kindness and patience, sometimes the fortitude, of our neighbors, and I have marveled that out of conditions distressing and nerve-destroying as these, so many children have emerged into fine manhood and womanhood, and often, because of their early experiences, have become intelligent factors in promoting measures to guard the next generation against conditions which they know to be destructive.

Before I lived in the midst of this dense child-population, and while I was still in the hospital, I had been touched by glimpses of the life revealed in the games played in the children's ward. Up to that time my knowledge of little ones had been limited to those to whom the people in fairy tales were real, and whose games and stories reflected the protective care of their elders. My own earliest recollections of play had been of story-telling, of housekeeping with all the things in miniature that grown-ups use, and of awed admiration of the big brother who graciously permitted us to witness hair-raising performances in the barn, to which we paid admittance in pins. The children in the hospital ward who were able to be about, usually on crutches or with arms in slings, played 'Ambulance' and the 'Gerry Society.' The latter game dramatized their conception of the famous Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children as an ogre that would catch them. The ambulance game was of a child, or a man at work, injured and carried away to the hospital.

Many years' familiarity with the children's attempts to play in the streets has not made me indifferent to its pathos, which is not the less real because the children themselves are unconscious of it. In the midst of the pushcart market, with its noise, confusion, and jostling, the checker or crokinole board is precariously perched on the top of a hydrant, constantly knocked over by the crowd and patiently replaced by the little children. One tearful small boy described his morning when he said he had done nothing but play, but first the 'cop' had snatched his dice, then his 'cat' (a piece of wood sharpened at both ends), and nobody wanted him to chalk on the sidewalk, and he had been arrested for throwing a ball.

A man since risen to distinction in educational circles, whose childhood was passed in our neighborhood, told me how he and his companions had once taken a dressmaker's lay figure. They had no money to spend on the theatre and no place to play in but a cellar. They had admired the gaudy

posters of a melodrama in which the hero rescues the lady and carries her over a chasm. Having no lady in their cast, they borrowed the dressmaker's lay figure — without permission. Fortunately, and accidentally, they escaped detection. It is not difficult to see how the entire course of this boy's career might have been altered if arrest had followed, with its consequent humiliation and degradation. At least, looking back upon it, the young man sees how the incident might have deflected his life.

The instruction in folk-dancing which the children now receive in the public schools and recreation centres has done much to develop a wholesome and delightful form of exercise, and has given picturesqueness to the dancing in the streets. But yesterday I found myself pausing on East Houston Street to watch a group of children assemble at the sound of a familiar dance from a hurdy-gurdy, and looking up I met the sympathetic smile of a teamster who also had stopped. The children, absorbed in their dance, were quite unconscious that congested traffic had halted and that busy people had taken a moment from their engrossing problems to be refreshed by the sight of their youth and grace. For that brief instant even the cry of 'War Extra' was unheeded.

II

Touching as are the little children deprived of opportunity for wholesome play, a deeper compassion stirred our hearts when we began to realize the critically tender age at which many of them share the experiences, anxieties, and tragedies of the adult. I cannot efface from my memory the picture of a little eight-year-old girl whom I once found standing on a chair to reach a washtub, trying with her tiny hands to cleanse some bed-linen which would have been a task for an older person. Every few minutes the child got down from her chair to peer into the next room where her mother and the newborn baby lay, all her little mind intent upon giving relief and comfort. She had been alone with her mother when the baby was born and terror was on her face.

I think the memory never left her, but it may be only that her presence called up, even after the lapse of years, a vision of the anxious little face inevitably contrasted in my mind with the picture of irresponsible childhood.

At about the same time we made the acquaintance of the K—— family, through nursing one of the children. The mother was a large-framed, phlegmatic, seemingly emotionless type, although she did show appreciation of our liking for her children. The father was only occasionally mentioned. We assumed that he was away seeking work, a common explanation then of the absence of the men of the families. One afternoon I stopped at their house to make arrangements for the children's trip to the country. Early the next morning, awakened by a pounding on the door, I opened it to find little Esther beside herself with excitement, repeating over and over, 'My mother she die! My mother she die!' Following fast, it was not possible to keep pace with her. When, breathless, I entered their rooms it was to see the mother's body hanging from a doorway. She had been brooding over a summons to testify in court that morning against her husband, who had been arrested for bigamy, and this was her answer to the court and to the other woman.

The frightened little children were scattered among different institutions. From one of these Esther was sent West to a home that was found for her. Possibly she was so young that the terrible picture faded from her mind. At least

there was no mention of it in the first letter which she wrote, announcing that her new home was a farm and that they had 'six cows, eighty chickens, eleven pigs, and a *nephew*.' The nephew Esther eventually married.

In the first party of children that we sent to the country were three little girls, daughters of a skilled cobbler. The mother, a complaining, exacting invalid, spent a large proportion of her husband's earnings for patent medicines. Annie, not quite twelve, was the household drudge, and the coming of the settlement nurse lifted only part of her burden. The new friends, determined to get at least two weeks of carefree childhood for the little girls, procured an invitation for them, through a Fresh-Air agency, from a farmer in the western part of the state. It was necessary to secure the mother's admission to a hospital during the time the children would be absent from home — not an easy task, as she was not what is termed a 'hospital case.' When we met the children at the railroad station on their return, their joyousness and bubbling spirits attracted the attention of the onlookers; but as Annie neared home its responsibilities fell like a heavy cloud upon her, and before we reached the tenement she was silent. Her quick eye discerned the absence of the brick which had kept the front hall door open, and in a second she had darted into the yard and replaced it. Before we left, with sleeves rolled up she was beginning to wash the pile of dishes that had accumulated in her absence. Gone was the gayety. The little drudge had resumed her place. Later, when the child swore falsely to her age, and the notary public, upon whose certificate employment papers could at that time be obtained, affixed his signature to her perjury, the position she secured as cash girl in the basement of a department store was, to her, emancipation from hateful labor and an opportunity for fellowship with children.

III

Recalling early days, I am constantly reminded of the sympathy and comprehension of those friends who, though not stimulated as my comrade and I were by constant reminders of the children's needs, from the beginning promoted and often anticipated our efforts to provide innocent recreation. We had not thought of the possibility of giving pleasure to large groups of children in picnics and day parties, when a friend, a few days after our arrival in the neighborhood, asked us to celebrate his sister's birthday by giving 'fun' to some of our new acquaintances. I yet remember the thrill I felt when I realized that this gift was not for shoes or practical necessities, but for 'just what children anywhere would like.'

Two memories of this first party stand out sharply: the songs the children sang, — 'She's More to be Pitied than Censured,' and 'Judge, Forgive Him, 'Tis His First Offence,' — painfully revealing a precocious knowledge, and their ecstasy at the sight of a wonderful dogwood tree. Now, when the settlement children go on day parties, they have another repertory, and the music they learn in the public schools reflects the finer thought for the child.

During the two years that Miss Brewster and I lived in the Jefferson Street house we frequently made up impromptu parties to visit the distant parks, usually on Sunday afternoons when we were likely to be free. After a while it was not difficult to secure comradeship for the children from men and women of our acquaintance, and the parties were multiplied. In the winter, rumors of 'a fine hill all covered with snow' on Riverside Drive would be a

stimulus to secure a sled or improvise a toboggan, and we found that, given opportunity and encouragement, the city tenement boys threw themselves readily into venturesome sport.

Happily some of the early prejudice against ball-playing on Sunday has vanished. We were perplexed in those days to explain to the lads why, when they saw the ferries and trains convey golfers suitably attired and expensively equipped for a day's sport, their own games should outrage respectable citizens and cause them to be constantly 'chased' by the police. The saloons could be entered, as everybody knew, and I remember a father, defending his eight-year-old son from an accusation of theft, instancing as proof of the child's trustworthiness that 'all the Christians on Jackson Street sent him for their beer on Sundays.'

In our search for a place where the boys might play undisturbed, one of the settlement residents, a never-failing friend of the young people, invoked the federal government itself, and secured for them an unused field on Governor's Island.

Now, in the summer-time, many of the organized activities of the settlement are removed from the neighborhood. Early in the season the 'hikers' begin their walks with club leaders. I felt a glow of happiness one Sunday morning when I stood on the steps of our house and watched six different groups of boys set off for the country, with ball and bat and sandwiches, each group led by a young man who had himself been a member of our early parties and had been first introduced to trees and open spaces and the more active forms of healthful play by his settlement friends.

The woeful lack of imagination displayed in building a city without recognizing the need of its citizens for recreation through play, music, and art, has been borne in upon us many times. New Yorkers need to be reminded that the Metropolitan Museum of Art was effectually closed to a large proportion of the citizens until, on May 31, 1891, it opened its doors on Sundays. It is interesting to recall that of the 80,000 signatures to the petition for this privilege, 50,000 were of residents of the lower East Side and were presented by the 'Working People's Petition Committee.' The report of the Museum trustees following the Sunday opening, notes that after a little disorder and confusion at the start, the experiment proved a success; that the attendance was 'respectable, law-abiding, and intelligent,' and that 'the laboring classes are well represented.' They were also obliged to report, however, that the Sunday opening had 'offended some of the Museum's best friends and supporters,' and that it had 'resulted in the loss of a bequest of $50,000.'

IV

When we left the tenement house we were fortunate to find for sale, on a street that still bore evidences of its bygone social glory, a house which readily lent itself to the restorer's touch. Tradition says that many of these fine old East Side houses were built by cabinetmakers who came over from England during the War of 1812 and remained here as citizens. The generous purchaser allowed us freedom to repair, restore, and alter, as our taste directed. Attractive as we found the house, we were even more excited over the possibilities of the little back yard. Our first organized effort for the neighborhood was to convert this yard and one belonging to an adjacent school, with, later, the yard of a third house rented by one of our residents, into a miniature but very complete playground. There was so little precedent to guide us that our re-

sourcefulness was stimulated, and we succeeded in achieving what the distinguished Bostonian who is President of the National Playground Association has called the 'Bunker Hill' of playgrounds.

Along the borders we planted bright-colored flowers — which were not disturbed by the children. An old wistaria vine on a trellis covered nearly a third of the playground, and two ailanthus trees, usually regarded with contempt by tree lovers, were highly cherished by those who otherwise would have lived a treeless life. Window-boxes jutted from the rear windows of the two houses controlled by the settlement, and in one corner, shaded by a striped awning, we put the big sand-pile. Joy-giving 'scups' (the local name for swings) were erected, and some suitable gymnastic apparatus, parallel bars and overhead ladder, placed. Baby hammocks were swung, their occupants tenderly cared for by little mothers and little fathers. Manual training was provided by a picturesque sailor from Sailor's Snug Harbor who, at a stretching frame, taught the making of hammocks.

In the morning under the pergola an informal kindergarten was conducted, and in the afternoon attendants directed play and taught the use of gymnastic apparatus. Later in the day the mothers and older children came, and a little hurdy-gurdy occasionally marked the rhythm of the dance. So interested in the playground were the household and their visitors, that at odd moments an enthusiast would rush in from other duties and give the hurdy-gurdy an extra turn, to supplement the entertainment. At night the baby hammocks and chairs were stored away and Japanese lanterns illuminated the playground, which then welcomed the young people who, after their day's work, took pleasure in each other's society and in singing familiar songs.

On Saturday afternoons the playground was used almost exclusively by fathers and mothers, but it was a pretty sight at all times, and the value placed upon it by those who used it was far in excess of our own estimate. It was something more than amusement that moved us when a young couple, who had been invited to one of the evening parties, stood at the back door of the settlement house and gazed admiringly at the little pleasure place. Gowned in white, we awaited our guests, and as I rose from the bench under the pergola to cross the yard and give them welcome, the young printer said with enthusiasm, 'This must be like the scenes of country life in English novels.'

It was a heaven of delight to the children, and ingenuity was displayed by those who sought admittance. The children soon learned that 'little mothers' and their charges had precedence, and there was rivalry as to who should hold the family baby. When (as rarely happened) there was none in the family, a baby was borrowed. Six-year olds, clasping babies of stature almost equal to their own, would stand outside, hoping to attract attention to their special claims. Once, when the playground was filled to capacity, and the sidewalk in front of the house was thronged, the Olympian at the gate endeavored to make it clear that no more could enter. One persistent small girl stood stolidly and when reminded of the condition said, 'Yes, teacher, but can't I get in? I ain't got no mother.'

There was much illness, unemployment, and consequent suffering the next winter. One day, when I visited a school in the neighborhood, the principal asked the pupils if they knew me. She doubtless anticipated some reference to the material services which the settlement had rendered, but the answer to her question was a glad chorus of, 'Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, she's our scupping

teacher.' 'Teacher' was a generic term for the residents, and nothing that the settlement had contributed to the life of the neighborhood impressed the children as the playground had. It is worth reminding those who are associated with young people that the power to influence is given to those who play with, rather than to those who only teach them. Our children on the East Side are not peculiar in this respect. To this day I receive letters from men and women who try to recall themselves to my memory by saying that they once played in our back yard.

An organized propaganda for outdoor gymnasia and playgrounds crystallized in 1898 in the formation of the Outdoor Recreation League, in which the settlement participated. The tireless President of the League eventually succeeded in obtaining the use of a large space in our neighborhood, originally purchased by the city, during a brief reform administration, for a park. Some very undesirable tenement houses had been destroyed, and when a Tammany administration returned to power a hot summer was allowed to pass with nothing done to accomplish the original purpose. Unsightly holes, once cellars, remained to fill with stagnant water, amputated sewer- and gas-pipes were exposed, and among these the children played mimic battles of the Spanish-American War, then in progress.

The accident that the Commissioner of Health, a semi-invalid, felt gratitude to a trained nurse who had cared for him, gave me an opportunity to approach him on the subject. He promised (and he kept his promise) to use his influence to get an appropriation on the score of the menace to the health of the city. The appropriation was sufficient to fill in the space and surround it with a fence, and the Outdoor Recreation League was able to demonstrate the value of playgrounds. In 1902 the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of a reform administration, at its first meeting, appropriated money for the equipment and maintenance of Seward Park, as it was named, — the first municipal playground in New York City. So much interest had been aroused in this phase of city government that two city officials left the board meeting while it was in progress to telephone to the settlement that the appropriation had been passed.

Many friends of the children combined to urge the use of the public schools as recreation centres, and in the summer of 1898 the first schools were opened for that purpose. Those of us who had practical experience helped to start these by acting as volunteer inspectors. The settlement then felt justified in devoting less effort to its own playground, and deflected some of the energies it required to meet other pressing needs.

V

The dramatic instinct is very strong in the Jewish child, and musical gifts are not uncommon. With encouragement, a high degree of talent is often developed. Perhaps the most impressive evidence of this has been given in the cycle of Hebrew ritual festivals in which gifted club leaders have worked out a poetical interpretation of the ceremonies cherished by the Henry Street neighborhood. The value of these is not limited to the educational effect on the children. They interpret anew to the community the rich inheritance of our neighbors, and the parents of those who participate give touching evidence of their appreciation. When a beautiful pageant based on the incident of Miriam and her maidens was in rehearsal, an intractable small boy was dismissed from the cast. In the evening his father, a printer, called and expressed the hope that if his son's be-

havior was not unforgivable we would take him back. He wished that the boy might carry through life the memory of having had a part in something as beautiful as this festival. After a performance given before an audience of neighbors and people from other parts of the city, a woman who had suffered bitterly in her Russian home blocked for a moment the outgoing crowd at the door while she stopped to say how beautiful she thought it, adding with deep feeling, 'I thank most for showing respect to our religion.' [1]

It is a delight to give the children stories from the Bible and the old mythologies, fairy tales, and lives of heroes, and we mark as epochal Maude Adams's inspiration to invite our children and others not likely to have the opportunity, to see *Peter Pan*. She has given joy to thousands, but it is doubtful if she can measure, as we do, the influence of 'the everlasting boy.' Through him romance has touched these children, and not a few of the letters spontaneously written to Peter Pan from tenement homes, have seemed to us not unworthy of Barrie himself. Protest against leaving the big familiar farmhouse at one of our country places, when an overflow of visitors necessitated a division of the little ones at night, was immediately withdrawn when the children were told that the annex, perched on high ground, was a 'Wendy House.'

The need of care for convalescents was early recognized, and the settlement's first country house was for them. It was opened in 1899, the generous gift of a young woman, a member of the early group that gathered at Henry Street. We soon felt, however, that it was essential that children and young people as well as invalids should have knowledge of life other than that of the crowded tenement and factory; and from the time of the establishment of our first kindergarten we longed to have the children know the reality of the things they sang about, the birds and animals which so often formed the subject of their games. A little girl in one of the parties taken to see *Peter Pan* turned to her beloved club leader when the crocodile appeared and asked timidly if it was a *field-mouse!* A recent lesson had been about that 'animal.' It seems almost incredible that the description, probably supplemented by a picture, should not have made a more definite impression upon the child's mind; but I am inclined to think that little children can form no accurate conception of unknown objects from pictures or description. A neighborhood teacher took her class to the menagerie in Central Park just after a lesson on the cow and its 'gifts' — milk, cream, butter. She hoped that the young buffalo's resemblance to the cow might suggest itself to the children who, of course, had never seen a cow. In answer to her question an eager little boy gave testimony to the impression the lesson had made on his mind when he answered, 'Yes, ma'am. I know it. It's a *butterfly*.'

We value the 'day parties,' for incidental education as well as for the pleasure they afford. Each year as spring approaches a census is taken of the surrounding blocks, that the new arrivals may be included in the excursions. The most treasured invitations for these parties come from friends whose country estates are near enough to offer hospitality, and to whose gardens and stables the children are taken. The larger parties, composed of women and

[1] Our beautiful Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, opened in February, 1915, is the result of years of experience in the settlement's dramatic clubs and festival classes. We believe that this well-appointed theatre will fulfill the expectations of those who built it by becoming a community theatre in the full meaning of that term. — THE AUTHOR.

children, usually go to the seashore in chartered cars, and these excursions, purely recreative, compete, and not unsuccessfully, with the clambakes and outings of the old-time political leaders.

The beautiful country places presented to the settlement for vacation purposes, and the comparative readiness with which money for equipment and maintenance of non-paying guests has been given, indicates the favor with which this development of neighborhood work is regarded. Opportunities for confidence and mutual understanding, not always possible in the formal relationships of clubs and classes, are afforded by the intimacy of country-house parties. The possibility of giving direction at critical periods of character-formation, particularly during adolescence, and of discovering clues to deep-lying causes of disturbance, makes the country life a valuable extension of the organized social work of the settlement. 'Riverholm,' overhanging the Hudson; 'Camp Henry,' on a beautiful lake; the 'House in the Woods,' 'Echo Hill Farm,' and a commodious week-end house in New Jersey, lent by friends during the summer months, give us the means whereby some of the plans we cherish may be carried out.

It would be inconsistent with settlement theories if these country places did not express refinement and beauty, — the beauty that belongs to simplicity, — not only in the buildings, but also in the service and housekeeping. It has seemed to us, therefore, worth the additional expenditure of effort to have small, distinct household units wherever practicable. People who live in crowded homes, walk on crowded streets, ride on crowded cars, and as children attend crowded classrooms, must inevitably acquire distorted views of life; and the settlement is reluctant to add to these the experience of crowded country life. Valuable training in housekeeping is possible in a household even of from fifteen to twenty-five persons, — a small unit according to New York standards, — and tactful direction can often be given toward acquiring those manners generally recognized as 'good.' Many of the children who come to us know only foreign customs and foreign table-manners; and the extreme difficulty of maintaining orderly home life in the tenement makes it important to supplement the home-training or to supply what it can never give. Indeed, we recognize in this desire to protect our children from being marked as peculiar or alien because of non-essential differences, the same reason that urges the careful mother to insist on 'manners,' that her children may not be discredited when they mingle with the fastidious.

The ideal of limitation as to numbers cannot always be carried out, and naturally it does not apply to the camp, where a freer and less conventional life attracts and satisfies boys and young men.

The older members of the settlement, who are earning money, use the camp and country places as clubs, paying for the privilege and conforming to the regulations which they have had a share in establishing. At the time of writing, one of the men of the neighborhood has brought from a group of his associates an offer to erect a building to increase the accommodations at the camp, the privileges of which they appreciate for their sons. They are in hearty agreement with the democratic principle that all settlement members must meet on the same terms, and they make this offer in order that the membership of their sons may not be secured at the risk of taking the place of poorer boys.

Those who have promoted the various Fresh-Air agencies throughout the country may not realize that physical benefit is not all that has been secured.

We are persuaded that opportunity to know life away from the city is the explanation of the increasing number of city boys who elect training in agriculture and forestry. Formerly when careers were discussed, the future held no happiness unless it promised a profession — law or medicine.

If I appear to lay too much stress upon the importance of play and recreation, it may be well to point out that it is one way of recognizing the dignity of the child. The study of juvenile delinquency shows how often the young offender's presence in the courts may be traced to a play-impulse for which there was no safe outlet.

Perhaps nothing more definitely indicates the changed attitude toward children and play than the fact that last summer (1914) the police officers of the precinct called to enlist our coöperation in carrying out the orders of the city administration that during certain hours of the day traffic was to be shut off from designated streets, that the children might play there. The visit brought to mind years of painstaking effort to secure the toleration of harmless play, and the hope we had dared to express, despite incredulity on the part of the police, that some day the children might come to regard them as guardians and protectors, rather than as a fear-inspiring and hated force. One captain of the precinct, at least, had proved the practicability of our theory, and when he was transferred we lost a valuable co-worker. The Governor of New York, campaigning for reelection in the fall of this year (1914), advocated that public schools should be surrounded by playgrounds at 'no matter what cost.'

Tremendous impetus has been given to the playground movement throughout the entire country by individuals and societies organized for the purpose. Wise men and women have expounded the social philosophy of play and recreation, pointing out that these may afford wholesome expression for energies which might otherwise be diverted into channels disastrous to peace and happiness; that clean sport and stimulating competition can replace the gang feud and even modify racial antagonisms. The most satisfactory evidence of this conviction is, of course, the recognition of the child's right to play, as an integral part of his claim upon the state.

(*To be continued.*)

HYMN TO BEAUTY

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THERE is a tyrannous lord and taskmaster
Whom men call Beauty. To be born his slave
Is to be sleepless and a wanderer
Always by day and night, and not to have
The promise of much quiet in the grave.

The colors of the world are in a plot
To snatch my spirit from me through the eyes;
They dance before me in a weedy knot
Of woodland broideries.
They lean to catch me from the woven skies,
Woo me in light, and half
Tempt with the sea's immeasurable laugh.
Beauty is too much with me: I would live
A free man, not a fugitive,
Be for an interval
The hourglass of the hours of sun and shower,
And for one hour
Feel with the drowsy oxen in the stall
Nothing at all.

Only, it may not be;
For the avenging Beauty follows me,
And whips me from my sloth
And goads me on to some new adoration.
I cannot walk through any city street
Where labor hardly elbows by starvation,

But I must meet
The inhuman Beauty both
In subtly wasted cheeks and in the spilth
Of the enriching gutter's plague-green filth.

Beauty is poured
Out of the vats of darkness; Beauty runs
Through leakages of suns,
And scatters in the splinters of the seas.
This naked wall is high enough to hoard
Legions of beauty in its crevices,
Enough for the immortal soul to endure;
And the immortal sky is not more pure,
Nor God
More empty of defect, than this brown clod.

O infinite
And endless spirit of the world's disguise,
Spirit of lies,
Beauty, the very light
Wherein we see, the sight
We see by, and the thing we seem to see,
Either give me
Humility to be indeed content
With that which thou hast lent,
And grace to take it simply as my right,
Or power not less divine
Than thine,
That I may make a world and call it mine.

REVERIE OF A SPORTSMAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I SET out one morning in late August, with some potted-grouse sandwiches in one pocket and a magazine in the other, for a tramp toward Causdon. I had not been in that particular part of the moor since I used to go snipe-shooting there as a boy — my first introduction, by the way, to sport. It was a very lovely day, almost too hot; and I never saw the carpet of the moor more exquisite, — heather, fern, the silvery-white cotton grass, dark peat turves, and green bog-moss, all more than customarily clear in hue under a very blue sky. I walked till two o'clock, then sat down in a little scoop of valley by a thread of stream, taking rise from an awkward-looking bog at the top. It was wonderfully lovely. A heron rose below me, and flapped away; and while I was eating my potted grouse I heard the harsh cheep of a snipe, and caught sight of the twisting bird vanishing against the line of sky above the bog. 'That must have been one of the bogs we used to shoot,' I thought; and having finished my snack of lunch, I rolled myself a cigarette, opened the magazine, and idly turned its pages. I had no serious intention of reading — the calm and silence were too seductive; but my attention became riveted by an exciting story of some man-eating lions, and I read on till I had followed the adventure to the death of the two ferocious brutes, and found my cigarette actually burning my fingers. Crushing it out against the dampish roots of the heather, I lay back with my eyes fixed on the sky, thinking of nothing.

Suddenly I became conscious that between me and the sky a leash of snipe high up were flighting and twisting, and gradually coming lower; I appeared indeed to have a sort of attraction for them. They would dash toward each other, seem to exchange ideas, and rush away again, like flies that waltz together for hours in the centre of a room. As they came lower and lower over me, I could almost swear I heard them whisper to each other with their long bills; till presently I absolutely caught what they were saying: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Amazed at such an extraordinary violation of all the laws of Nature, I was about to rub my eyes and ears, when I distinctly heard the 'Go-back, go-back' of an old cock grouse, and on turning my head cautiously, saw him perched on a heathery knob within twenty yards of where I lay. Now, I knew very well that all efforts to introduce grouse on Dartmoor have been quite unsuccessful, since for some reason connected with the quality of the heather, the nature of the soil, or the over-mild dampness of the air, this king of game birds most unfortunately refuses to become domiciled there; so that I could hardly credit my senses. But suddenly I heard him also: 'Look at him! Go back! The ferocious brute! Go back!' He seemed to speak to something just below; and there, sure enough, was the first hare I had ever seen out on the full of the moor. I have always thought a hare a jolly beast, and not infrequently felt sorry

when I rolled one over; it has a way of crying like a child if not killed outright. I confess, then, that in hearing it, too, whisper, 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' I experienced the sensation that comes over one when one has not been quite fairly treated. But just at that moment, with a warm stirring of the air, there pitched within six yards of me a magnificent old black-cock, — the very spit of that splendid fellow I shot last season at Balnagie, whose tail my wife now wears in her hat. He was accompanied by four gray hens, who, settling in a semi-circle, began at once, 'Look at him! Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' At that moment I say with candor that I regretted the many times that I have spared gray hens, with the sportsmanlike desire to encourage their breed.

For several bewildered minutes after that, I could not turn my eyes without seeing some bird or other alight close by me: more and more grouse, and black game, pheasants, partridges, — not only the excellent English bird, but the very sporting Hungarian variety, — and that unsatisfactory red-legged Frenchman which runs any distance rather than get up and give you a decent shot at him. There were woodcock too, those twisting delights of the sportsman's heart, whose tiny wing-feather trophies have always given me a distinct sensation of achievement when pinned in the side of my shooting-cap; wood-pigeons too, very shy and difficult, owing to the thickness of their breast-feathers, and, after all, only coming under the heading of 'sundry'; wild duck, with their snaky dark heads, that I have shot chiefly in Canada, lurking among rushes in twilight at flighting time, — a delightful sport, exciting as the darkness grows; excellent eating too, with red pepper and sliced oranges in oil! Certain other sundries kept coming also: landrails, a plump, delicious little bird; green and golden plover; even one of those queer little creatures, moorhens, that always amuse one by their quick, quiet movements, plaintive note, and quaint curiosity, though not really, of course, fit to shoot, with their niggling flight and fishy flavor! Ptarmigan too, a bird I admire very much, but have only once or twice succeeded in bringing down, shy and scarce as it is in Scotland. And, side by side, the alpha and omega of the birds to be shot in these islands, a capercailzie and a quail. I well remember shooting the latter in a turnip-field in Lincolnshire — scrap of a bird, the only one I ever saw in England. Apart from the pleasurable sensation at its rarity, I recollect feeling that it was almost a mercy to put the little thing out of its loneliness. It ate very well. There, too, was that loon or Northern diver that I shot with a rifle off Denman Island, as it swam about fifty yards from the shore. A handsome bird; I still have the mat it made. One bird only seemed to refuse to alight, remaining up there in the sky, and uttering continually that trilling cry which makes it perhaps the most spiritual of all birds that can be eaten, — I mean, of course, the curlew. I don't think I ever shot one. They fly, as a rule, very high, and seem to have a more than natural distrust of the human being. This curlew — ah! and a Blue Rock (I have always despised pigeon-shooting) — were the only two winged creatures that one can shoot for sport in this country, that did not come and sit round me.

There must have been, I should say, as many hundreds altogether as I have shot in my time — a tremendous number. There they sat in a sort of ring, moving their beaks from side to side, just as I have seen penguins doing on the films that explorers bring back from the Antarctic; and all the time

repeating to each other those amazing words: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Then, to my increased astonishment, I saw behind the circles of the birds a number of other animals besides the hare. At least five kinds of deer — the red, the fallow, the roe, the common deer, whose name I've forgotten, that one finds in Vancouver Island, and the South African springbok, that swarm in from the Karoo at certain seasons, among which I had that happy week once in Namaqualand, shooting them from horseback after a gallop to cut them off — very good eating as camp fare goes, and making nice rugs if you sew their skins together. There, too, was the hyena I missed, probably not altogether; but he got off, to my chagrin — queer-looking brute! Rabbits of course had come — hundreds and hundreds of them. Though, like everybody else, I've done such a lot of it, I can't honestly say I've ever cared much for shooting rabbits, though the effect is neat enough when you get them just right, and they turn head over heels — and anyway, the prolific little brutes have to be kept down. There, too, actually was my wild ostrich — the one I galloped so hard after, letting off my Winchester at half a mile, only to see him vanish over the horizon. Next him was that bear whose lair I came across at the Nanaimo Lakes. How I did lurk about to get that fellow! And, by Jove! close to him, two cougars. I never got a shot at them, never even saw one of the brutes all the time I was camping in Vancouver Island, where they lie flat along the branches over your head, waiting to get a chance at deer, sheep, dog, pig, or anything handy. But they had come now sure enough, glaring at me with their greenish cats' eyes — powerful-looking creatures! And next them sat a little meerkat — not much larger than a weasel — without its head! Ah yes! — that trial shot, as we trekked out from Rous's farm, and I wanted to try the little new rifle I had borrowed. It was sitting over its hole fully seventy yards from the wagon, quite unconscious of danger. I just took aim and pulled; and there it was, without its head, fallen across its hole. I remember well how pleased our 'boys' were. And I too! Not a bad little rifle, that!

Outside the ring of beasts I could see foxes moving, not mixing with the stationary creatures, as if afraid of suggesting that I had shot them, instead of being present at their deaths in the proper fashion. One, quite a cub, kept limping round on three legs — the one, no doubt, whose pad was given me, out cubbing, as a boy. I put that wretched pad in my hat-box, and forgot it, so that I was compelled to throw the whole stinking show away. There were quite a lot of grown foxes; it certainly showed delicacy on their part, not sitting down with the others. There was really a tremendous crowd of creatures altogether by this time! I should think every beast and bird I ever shot or even had a chance of killing, must have been there, and all whispering, 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Animal lover, as every true sportsman is, those words hurt me. If there is one thing on which we sportsmen pride ourselves, and legitimately, it is a humane feeling toward all furred and feathered creatures — and as every one knows, we are foremost in all efforts to diminish their unnecessary sufferings.

The corroboree about me which they were obviously holding became, as I grew used to their manner of talking, increasingly audible. But it was the quail's words that I first distinguished.

'He certainly ate me,' it said; 'said I was good, too!'

'I do not believe' — this was the first hare speaking — 'that he shot me for

that reason; he did shoot me, and I was jugged, but he would n't touch me. And the same day he shot eleven brace of partridges, did n't he?' Twenty-two partridges assented. 'And he only ate two of you, all told — that proves it.'

The hare's words had given me relief; for I somehow disliked intensely the gluttonous notion conveyed by the quail that I shot merely in order to devour the result. Any one with the faintest instincts of a sportsman will bear me out in this.

When the hare had spoken there was a murmur all round. I could not at first make out its significance, till I heard one of the cougars say, 'We kill only when we want to eat'; and the bear, who, I noticed, was a lady, added, 'No bear kills anything she cannot devour'; and, quite clear, I caught the quacking words of a wild duck: 'We eat every worm we kill.' Then again from the whole throng came that shivering whisper: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

In spite of their numbers, they seemed afraid of me, seemed actually to hold me in a kind of horror — me, an animal lover, without a gun! I felt it bitterly. 'How is it,' I thought, 'that not one of them seems to have an inkling of what it means to be a sportsman, not one of them seems to comprehend the instinct which makes one love sport just for the — ' I was going to add 'the skill and — er — danger of it,' when the hare spoke again.

'Foxes,' it said, 'kill for the love of killing. Man is a kind of fox.' A violent dissent at once rose from the foxes, till one of them, who seemed the eldest, said, 'We do kill as much as we can, but we should always carry them off and eat them ourselves, if man gave us time — the ferocious brutes!' You cannot expect much of foxes, but it certainly struck me as unfair the way he thus put his wanton destructiveness off on man, especially when he must have known how carefully we preserve him, in the best interests of sport. A pheasant ejaculated shrilly, 'He killed sixty of us one day to his own gun, and went off that same evening without eating even a wing!' And again came that shivering whisper: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' It was too absurd! As if they could not realize that a sportsman shoots almost entirely for the mouths of others. But, after all, one must remember that altruism is a purely human attribute. 'They get a big price for us!' said a woodcock, 'especially if they shoot us early. I fetched several shillings.' Really, the ignorance of these birds! The modern sportsman knows nothing of what happens after he has shot them. All that is left to the butler and the keeper. Beaters, of course, and cartridges must be paid for, to say nothing of the sin of waste. 'I would not think them so much worse than foxes,' said a rabbit, 'if they did n't often hurt you, so that you take hours dying. I was seven hours dying in great agony, and one of my brothers was twelve. Were n't you, brother?' A second rabbit nodded. 'But perhaps they're better than gins,' he said. 'Remember mother!' 'Ah!' a partridge muttered, 'foxes at all events do bite your head off clean. But men often break your wing, or your leg, and leave you!' And again that shivering whisper rose: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

By this time the whole thing was so getting on my nerves that if I could have risen I should have rushed at them; but a weight as of lead seemed to bind me to the ground, and all I could do was to thank God that they did not seem to know of my condition, for, though there were no man-eaters among them, I could not tell what they might do if they realized that I was helpless, the sentiments of chivalry and

generosity being confined to man, as we know.

'Yes,' said the capercailzie slowly, 'I am a shy bird, and was often shot at before this one got me; and though I'm strong, my size is so against me that I always took a pellet or two away with me; and what can you do then? Those ferocious brutes take the shot out of their faces and hands when they shoot each other by mistake, as we see from a distance; but we have no chance to do that.' A snipe said shrilly, 'What I object to is that he did n't eat me till he'd had too much already. I came in on toast at the fifth course; it was n't dignified.'

'Ferocious brute, killing everything he sees.'

I felt my blood fairly boil, and longed to cry out, 'You beasts! You know that we don't kill everything we see! We leave that to cads, and cockneys, and Italians.' But just as I had no power of movement, so I seemed to have no power of speech. And suddenly a little voice, high up over me, piped down, 'He's right there; they never shoot us larks.' I have always loved the lark; how grateful I felt to that little creature — till it added, 'They do worse; they take and shut us up in little traps of wire till we pine away! Ferocious brutes!' In all my life I think I never was more disappointed! The second cougar spoke: 'He once passed within spring of me. What do you say, friends; shall we go for him?' And the shivering answer came from all: 'Go for him! Ferocious brute! Oh, go for him!' And I heard the sound of hundreds of soft wings and pads ruffling and shuffling. And, knowing that I had no power to move an inch, I shut my eyes. Lying there motionless, as a beetle that shams dead, I felt them creeping, creeping, till all round me and over me was the sound of nostrils sniffing; and every second I expected to feel the nip of teeth and beaks in the fleshy parts of me. But nothing came, and with an effort I reopened my eyes. There they were, hideously close, with an expression on their faces that I could not read: a sort of wry look, every nose and beak turned a little to one side. And suddenly I heard the old fox saying, 'It's impossible, with a smell like that; we could never eat him!' From every one of them came a sort of sniff or sneeze as of disgust, and as they began to back away I distinctly heard the hyena mutter, 'He's not wholesome — not wholesome — the ferocious brute!'

The utter relief of that moment was entirely swamped by my indignation that these impudent birds and beasts should presume to think that I, a British sportsman, would not be good to eat. Then that beastly hyena added, 'If we killed him and buried him for a few days, he might be tolerable.'

An old cock grouse called out at once, 'Go back! Let us hang him! *We* are always well hung. They like us a little decayed — ferocious brutes! Go back!' Once more I felt, from the stir and shuffle, that my fate hung in the balance; and once more I shut my eyes, lest they might be tempted to begin on them. Then, to my infinite relief, I heard the cougar — have we not always been told that they were the friends of man? — mutter, 'Pah! No! It's clear we could never eat him fresh, and what we do not eat at once, we do not touch!'

All the birds cried out in chorus, 'No! That is crow's work.' And I felt that I was saved again. Then, to my horror, that infernal loon shrieked, 'Shall we not kill him and have him stuffed — specimen of Ferocious Brute! Or fix his skin on a tree, and look at it — as he did with me!'

For a full minute I could feel the currents of opinion swaying over me, at this infamous proposal; then that old blackcock, the one whose tail is in my

wife's hat, said sharply, 'Specimen! He's not good enough!' And, once more, for all my indignation at that gratuitous insult, I breathed freely.

'Come!' said the lady bear quietly: 'Let us dribble on him a little; and go. The ferocious brute is not worth more!' And, during what seemed to me an eternity, one by one they came up, deposited on me a little saliva, looking into my eyes the while with a sort of horror and contempt, then vanished on the moor. The last to come up was the little meerkat without its head. It stood there, and, since it could neither look at me nor drop saliva, said, 'God forgive you, ferocious brute! I was very happy!' And it too withdrew. And from all around, out of invisible presences in the air and the heather, came once more the shivering whisper, 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

I sat up. There was a trilling sound in my ears. Above me in the blue a curlew was passing, uttering its cry. Yes! Thank heaven! — I had been asleep! My nightmare had been caused by the potted grouse, and the pressure of the Review, which had lain, face downwards, on my chest, open at the page where I had been reading about the man-eating lions, and the death of those ferocious brutes. It shows what tricks of disproportion little things will play with the mind when it is not under reasonable control.

And, to get the unwholesome taste out of my mouth, I at once jumped up, and started for home at a round pace.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

III. THE ADVENTURE OF DANYUL AND HIS MOTHER

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

In Camp on the Grevonne,
Sept. 6, 1914.

My dear Friend, —

I have neglected you for almost a week, but when you read this letter and learn why, I feel sure you will forgive me.

To begin with, we bade Mrs. Mortimer good-bye, and started out to find better fishing than the pretty little stream we were on afforded us. Our way lay up Green River and we were getting nearer our final camp-ground all the time, but we were in no hurry to begin hunting, so we were just loitering along. There were a great many little lakes along the valley, and thousands of duck. Mr. Stewart was driving, but as he wanted to shoot ducks, I took the lines and drove along. There is so much that is beautiful, and I was trying so hard to see it all, that I took the wrong road; but none of us noticed it at first, and then we did n't think it worth while to turn back.

The road we were on had lain along the foothills, but when I first thought I had missed the right road we were

coming down into a grassy valley. Mr. Stewart came across a marshy stretch of meadow and climbed up on the wagon. The ground was more level, and on every side were marshes and pools; the willows grew higher here so that we could n't see far ahead. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was behind, and she called out, 'Say, I believe we are off the road.' Elizabeth said she had noticed a road winding off on our right; so we agreed that I must have taken the wrong one, but as we could n't turn in the willows, we had to go on. Soon we reached higher, drier ground and passed through a yellow grove of quaking asp.

A man came along with an axe on his shoulder, and Mr. Stewart asked him about the road. 'Yes,' he said, 'you are off the main road, but on a better. You 'll cross the same stream you were going to camp on, right at my ranch. It is just a little way across here and it 's almost sundown, so I will show you the way.'

He strode along ahead. We drove through an avenue of great dark pines and across a log bridge that spanned a noisy, brawling stream. The man opened a set of bars and we drove into a big clean corral. Comfortable sheds and stables lined one side, and big stacks of hay were conveniently placed. He began to help unharness the teams, saying that they might just as well run in his meadow, as he was through haying; then the horses would be safe while we fished. He insisted on our stopping in his cabin, which we found to be a comfortable two-room affair with a veranda the whole length. The *biggest* pines overshadowed the house; just behind it was a garden, in which some late vegetables were still growing. The air was rather frosty and some worried hens were trying hard to cover some chirping half-feathered chicks.

It was such a homey place that we felt welcome and perfectly comfortable at once. The inside of the house will not be hard to describe. It was clean as could be, but with a typical bachelor's cleanliness: there was no dirt, but a great deal of disorder. Across the head of the iron bed was hung a miscellany of socks, neckties, and suspenders. A discouraging assortment of boots, shoes, and leggings protruded from beneath the bed. Some calendars ornamented the wall, and upon a table stood a smoky lamp and some tobacco and a smelly pipe. On a rack over the door lay a rifle.

Pretty soon our host came bustling in and exclaimed, 'The kitchen is more pleasant than this room and there 's a fire there, too.' Then, catching sight of his lamp, he picked it up hurriedly and said, 'Jest as shore as I leave anything undone, that shore somebody comes and sees how slouchy I am. Come on into the kitchen where you can warm, and I 'll clean this lamp. One of the cows was sick this morning; I hurried over things so as to doctor her, and I forgot the lamp. I smoke and the lamp smokes to keep me company.'

The kitchen would have delighted the heart of any one. Two great windows, one in the east and one in the south, gave plenty of sunlight. A shining new range and a fine assortment of vessels — which were not all yet in their place — were in one corner. There was a slow ticking clock up on a high shelf; near the door stood a home-made washstand with a tin basin, and above it hung a long narrow mirror. On the back of the door was a towel-rack. The floor was made of white pine and was spotlessly clean. In the centre of the room stood the table, with a cover of red oilcloth. Some chairs were placed about the table, but he quickly hauled them out for us. He opened his storeroom and told us to 'dish in dirty-face,' and help ourselves to anything we wanted, because we were to be his

'somebody come' for that night; then he hurried out to help with the teams again. He was so friendly and so likeable that we did n't feel a bit backward about 'dishin' in,' and it was not long before we had a smoking supper on the table.

While we were at supper he said, 'I wonder, now, if any of you women can make aprons and bonnets. I don't mean them dinky little things like they make now, but rale wearin' things like they used to make.'

I was afraid of another advertisement romance and did n't reply, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'Indade we can, none better.'

Then he answered, 'I want a blue chambray bonnet and a bunch of aprons made for my mother. She is on the way here from Pennsylvania. I ain't seen her for fifteen years. I left home longer'n that ago, but I remember everything, — just how everything looked, — and I'd like to have things inside the house as nearly like home as I can, anyway.'

I did n't know how long we could stop there, so I still made no promises, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy could easily answer every question for a dozen women.

'Have you the cloth?' she asked.

Yes, he said; he had had it for a long time, but he had not had it sewn because he had not been sure mother *could* come.

'What's your name?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

He hesitated a moment, then said, 'Daniel Holt.'

I wondered why he hesitated, but forgot all about it when Clyde said we would stop there for a few days, if we wanted to help Mr. Holt. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's mind was already made up. Elizabeth said she would be glad to help, and I was not long in deciding when Daniel said, 'I'll take it as a rale friendly favor if you women could help, because mother ain't had what could rightly be called a home since I left home. She's crippled, too, and I want to do all I can. I know she'd just like to have some aprons and a sunbonnet.'

His eyes had such a pathetic, appealing look that I was ashamed, and we at once began planning our work. Daniel helped with the dishes and as soon as they were done brought out his cloth. He had a heap of it, — a bolt of checked gingham, enough blue chambray for half a dozen bonnets, and a great many remnants which he said he had bought from peddlers from time to time. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy selected what she said we would begin on, and dampened it so as to shrink it by morning. We then spread our beds and made ready for an early start next day.

Next morning we ate breakfast by the light of the lamp that smoked for the sake of companionship, and then started to cut out our work. Daniel and Mr. Stewart went fishing, and we packed their lunch so as to have them out of the way all day. I undertook the making of the bonnet, because I knew how, and because I can remember the kind my mother wore; I reckoned Daniel's mother would have worn about the same style. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth can both cross-stitch, so they went out to Daniel's granary and ripped up some grain-bags, in order to get the thread with which they were sewed, to work one apron in cross-stitch.

But when we were ready to sew we were dismayed, for there was no machine. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, was of the opinion that *some one* in the country must have a sewing machine, so she saddled a horse and went out, she said, to 'beat the brush.'

She was hardly out of sight before a man rode up and said there had been a telephone message saying that Mrs.

Holt had arrived in Rock Springs, and was on her way as far as Newfork in an automobile. That threw Elizabeth and myself into a panic. We posted the messenger off on a hunt for Daniel. Elizabeth soon got over her flurry and went at her cross-stitching. I hardly knew what to do, but acting from force of habit, I reckon, I began cleaning. A powerfully good way to reason out things sometimes is to work; and just then I had to work. I began on the storeroom, which was well lighted and which was also used as a pantry. As soon as I began straightening up I began to wonder where the mother would sleep. By arranging things in the storeroom a little differently, I was able to make room for a bed and a trunk. I decided on putting Daniel there; so then I began work in earnest. Elizabeth laid down her work and helped me. We tacked white cheesecloth over the wall, and although the floor was clean, we scrubbed it to freshen it. We polished the window until it sparkled. We were right in the middle of our work when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came, and Daniel with her.

They were all excitement, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is a real general and soon marshaled her forces. Daniel had to go to Newfork after his mother; that would take three days. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy pointed out to him the need of a few pieces of furniture; so he took a wagon and team, which he got a neighbor to drive, while he took another team and a buggy for his mother. Newfork is a day's drive beyond Pinedale, and the necessary furniture could be had in Pinedale; so the neighbor went along and brought back a new bed, a rocker, and some rugs. But of course he had to stay overnight. I was for keeping right on house-cleaning; but as Mrs. O'-Shaughnessy had arranged for us all to come and sew that afternoon at a nearby house, we took our sewing and clambered into the buckboard and set out.

We found Mrs. Bonham a pleasant little woman whose husband had earned her pretty new machine by chewing tobacco. I reckon you think that is a mighty funny method of earning anything, but some tobacco has tags which are redeemable, and the machine was one of the premiums. Mrs. Bonham just beamed with pride as she rolled out her machine. 'I never had a machine before,' she explained. 'I just went to the neighbors' when I had to sew. So of course I wanted a machine awfully bad. So Frank jest chawed and chawed, and I saved every tag till we got enough, and last year we got the machine. Frank is chawin' out a clock now; but that won't take him so long as the machine did.'

Well, the 'chawed-out' machine did splendidly, and we turned out some good work that afternoon. I completed the blue bonnet which was to be used as 'best,' and made a 'splint' bonnet. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth did well on their aprons. We took turn about at the machine and not a minute was wasted. Mrs. Bonham showed us some crochet lace which she said she hoped to sell; and right at once Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's fertile mind began to hatch plans. She would make Mrs. Holt a 'Sunday apron,' she said, and she bought the lace to trim it with. I thought Mrs. Holt must be an old-fashioned lady who liked pillow-shams. Mrs. Bonham had a pretty pair she was willing to sell. On one was worked, 'Good Morning'; on the other, 'Good Night'; it was done with red cotton. The shams had a dainty edge of home-made lace. Elizabeth would not be outdone; she purchased a star quilt pieced in red and white. At sundown we went home. We were all tired, but as soon as supper was over we went to work again. We took down the bed and set it up in Dan's new quarters, and we

made such headway on what had been his bedroom that we knew we could finish in a little while next day.

The next morning, as soon as we had breakfasted, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth went back to sew, taking with them a lot of white cheesecloth for lining for the bedroom we were preparing for Mrs. Holt. Mr. Stewart had had fine luck fishing, but he said he felt plumb left out with so much bustling about and he not helping. He is very handy with a saw and hammer, and he contrived what we called a 'chist of drawers,' for Daniel's room. The 'chist' had only one drawer; into that we put all the gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, and suspenders, and on the shelves below we put his shoes and boots. Then I made a blue curtain for the 'chist' and one for the window, and the room looked plumb nice, I can tell you. I liked the 'chist' so well that I asked Mr. Stewart to make something of the kind for Mrs. Holt's room. He said there would n't be time, but he went to work on it.

Promptly at noon Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth came with the lining for the room. We worked like beavers, and had the room sweet and ready by mid-afternoon, when the man came from Pinedale with the new furniture. In just a little while we had the room in perfect order: the bed nicely made with soft, new blankets for sheets; the pretty star quilt on, and the nice, clean pillows protected by the shams. They could buy no rugs, but a weaver of rag carpets in Pinedale had some pieces of carpet which Daniel sent back to us. They were really better and greatly more in keeping. We were very proud of the pretty white and red room when we were through. Only the kitchen was left, but we decided we could clean that early next day; so we sat down to sew and to plan the next day's dinner. We could hear Mr. Stewart out in the barn hammering and sawing on the 'chist.'

While we were debating whether to have fried chicken or trout for dinner, two little girls, both on one horse, rode up. They entered shyly, and after carefully explaining to us that they had heard that a wagon-load of women were buying everything they could see, had run Mr. Holt off, and were living in his house, they told us they had come to sell us some blueing. When they got two dollars' worth sold, the blueing company would send them a big doll; so, please, would we buy a lot?

We did n't think we could use any blueing, but we hated to disappoint the little things. We talked along and presently they told us of their mother's flowers. Daniel had told us his mother *always* had a red flower in her kitchen window. When the little girls assured us their mother had a red geranium in bloom, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy set out to get it; and about dark she returned with a beautiful plant just beginning to bloom. We were all as happy as children; we had all worked very hard, too. Mr. Stewart said we deserved no sympathy because we cleaned a perfectly clean house; but, anyway, we felt much better for having gone over it.

The 'chist' was finished early next morning. It would have looked better, perhaps, if it had had a little paint, but as we had no paint and were short of time, we persuaded ourselves it looked beautiful with only its clean, pretty curtain. We did n't make many changes in the kitchen. All we did was to take down the mirror and turn it lengthways above the mantel-shelf over the fireplace. We put the new rocker in the bright, sunny corner, where it would be easier for dim old eyes to see to read or sew. We set the geranium on the broad clean sill of the window, and I think you would have agreed with us that it was a cozy, cheerful home to come to

after fifteen years of lonely homelessness. We could n't get the dinner question settled, so we 'dished in dirty-face'; each cooked what she thought best. Like Samantha Ann Allen, we had 'everything good and plenty of it.'

Elizabeth took a real interest and worked well. She is the *dearest* girl and would be a precious daughter to some mother. She has not yet told us anything about herself. All we know is, she taught school somewhere in the East. She was a little surprised at the way we took possession of a stranger's home, but she enjoyed it as much as we. 'It is so nice to be doing something for some one again, something real homey and family-like,' she remarked as she laid the table for dinner.

We had dinner almost ready when we heard the wheels crossing the mossy log bridge. We raced to let down the bars. Beside Daniel sat a dear dumpy little woman, her head very much bundled up with a lot of old black veils. Daniel drove through the corral, into the yard, and right up to the door. He helped her out *so* gently. She kept admonishing him, 'Careful, Danyul, careful.' He handed out her crutch and helped her into the kitchen, where she sank, panting, into the rocker. 'It is my leg,' she explained; 'it has been that way ever since Danyul was a baby.' Then she pleaded, 'Careful, careful,' to Elizabeth, who was tenderly unwrapping her. 'I would n't have anything happen to this brown alapacky for anything; it is my very best, and I've had it ever since before I went to the pore farm; but I wanted to look nice for Danyul, comin' to his home for the first time an' all.'

We had the happiest dinner party I ever remember. It would be powerfully hard for me to say which was happier, 'Danyul' or his mother. They just beamed upon each other. She was proud of her boy and his pleasant home. 'Danyul says he's got a little red heifer for me and he's got ten cows of his own. Now ain't that fine? It is a pity we can't have a few apple trees,—a little orchard. We'd live like kings, we would that.' We explained to her how we got our fruit by parcel post, and Danyul said he would order his winter supply of apples at once.

As soon as dinner was over, Danyul had to mend a fence so as to keep his cattle in their own pasture. Mr. Stewart went to help and we women were left alone. We improved the time well. Mrs. Holt would not lie down and rest, as we tried to persuade her to, but hobbled about, admiring everything. She was delighted with the big, clean cellar and its orderly bins, in which Danyul was beginning to store his vegetables. She was as pleased as a child with her room, and almost wept when we told her which were 'welcoming presents' from us. She was particularly delighted with her red flower, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy will be happy for days remembering it was she who gave it. I shall be happy longer than that remembering how tickled she was with her bonnets.

She wanted to wipe the dishes, so she and I did up the dishes while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth put some finishing stitches in on their aprons. She sat on the highest seat we could find, and as she deftly handled the dishes she told us this: 'I should think you would wonder why Danyul ain't got me out of the porehouse before now. I've been there more'n ten years, but Danyul did n't know it until a month ago. Charlotte Nash wrote him. Neither Danyul nor me are any master-hand at writin', and I did n't want him to know anyhow. When Danyul got into trouble, I signed over the little farm his pa left us, to pay the lawyer person to defend him. Danyul had enough trouble, so he went to the penitentiary without finding out I was homeless. I should

think you would be put out to know Danyul has been to the pen, but he has. He always said to me that he never done what he was accused of, so I am not going to tell you what it was. Danyul was always a good boy, honest and good to me and a hard worker. I ain't got no call to doubt him when he says he's innocent.

'Well, I fought his case the best I could, but he got ten years. Then the lawyer person claimed the home an' all, so I went out to work, but bein' crippled I found it hard. When Danyul had been gone four years I had saved enough to buy my brown alapacky and go to see him. He looked pale and sad, — afraid even to speak to his own mother. I went back to work as broke up as Danyul, and that winter I come down with such a long spell of sickness that they sent me to the pore farm. I always wrote to Danyul on his birthday and I could n't bear to let him know where I was.

'Soon's his time was out, he come here; he could n't bear the scorn that he'd get at home, so he come out to this big, free West, and took the chance it offers. Once he wrote and asked me if I would like to live West. He said if I did, after he got a start I must sell out and come to him. Bless his heart, all that time I was going to my meals just when I was told to and eatin' just what I was helped to, going to bed and getting up at some one else's word! Oh, it was bitter, but I did n't want Danyul to taste it; so, when I did n't come, he thought I did n't want to give up the old home, and did n't say no more about it. Charlotte was on the pore farm too, until her cousin died and she got left a home and enough to live on. Sometimes she would come out to the farm and take me back with her for a little visit. She was good that way. I never would tell her about Danyul; but this summer I was helpin' her dry apples and somehow she jist coaxed the secret out. She wrote to Danyul, and he wrote to me, and here I am. Danyul and me are so happy that we are goin' to send a ticket back to the farm for Maggie Harper. She ain't got no home and will be glad to help me and get a rale home.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth debated what more was needed to make the kitchen a bit more homey. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said a red cushion for the rocker, and Elizabeth said a white cat to lie on the hearth. Mrs. Holt said, 'Yes, I *do* need 'em both, — only it must be an old stray tabby cat. This house is going to be the shelter of the homeless.'

Well, I can't tell you any more about the Holts because we left next morning. Danyul came across the bridge to bid us good-bye. He said he could never thank us enough, but it is we who should be and are thankful. We got a little glow of happiness from their great blaze. We are all so glad to know that everything is secure and bright for the Holts in the future.

That stop is the cause of my missing two letters to you, but this letter is as long as half a dozen letters should be. You know I never could get along with few words. I'll try to do better next time. But I can't imagine how I shall get the letters mailed. We are miles and miles and miles away in the mountains; it is two days' ride to a small office, so maybe I will not get letters to you as often as I planned.

Sincerely yours,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

II. COLLECTING AT HOME

I

In the March *Atlantic* I wrote of the amenities of book-collecting in London, of my adventures in the shops of Bond Street and Piccadilly, of Holborn and the Strand, — almost as though this paradise of the book-collector were his only happy hunting ground. But all the good hunting is not found in London: New York has a number of attractive shops, Philadelphia at least two, while there are several in Chicago and in unexpected places in the West.

Where in all the world will you find so free a buyer, always ready to take a chance to turn a volume at a profit, as George D. Smith? He holds the record for having paid the highest price ever paid for a book at auction: fifty thousand dollars, for a copy of the *Gutenberg Bible* purchased for Mr. Henry E. Huntington at the Hoe sale; and not only did he pay the highest price, he also bought the largest number of fine books disposed of at that sale.

I have heard his rivals complain that he is not a bookseller in the proper sense of the word, — that he buys without discretion and without exact knowledge. Such criticism, I take it, is only the natural result of jealousy. George Smith has sold more fine books than perhaps any two of his rivals.

There is no affectation of dignity or of knowledge about him, and it is well that there is not. No one knows all there is to know about books; a man might know much more than he — such men there are — and yet lack the qualities which have enabled him to secure and retain the confidence and commissions of his patrons. He is practically the main support of the auction rooms in this country, and I have frequently seen him leave a sale at which he had purchased every important book that came up. He had knowledge and confidence enough for that, and I cannot see why his frankness and lack of affectation should be counted against him. It takes all kinds of men to make a world, and George is several kinds in himself. As I write, the newspapers tell us he is in London attending the auctions there and buying the best, against all comers.

Twenty-five years ago, in London, early in my book-collecting days, I came across a bundle of dusty volumes in an old book shop in the Strand — the shop and that part of the Strand have long since disappeared — and bought the lot for, as I remember, two guineas. Subsequently, upon going through the contents carefully, I found that I had acquired what appeared to be quite a valuable little parcel. There were the following: —

Tales from Shakespeare: Baldwin and Cradock, Fifth Edition, 1831.

Lamb's Prose Works: 3 volumes, Moxon, 1836.

The Letters of Charles Lamb: 2 volumes, Moxon, 1837; with the inscription, 'To J. P. Collier, Esq. from his friend H. C. Robinson.'
Talfourd's Final Memorials of Charles Lamb: 2 volumes, Moxon, 1848.

By the way, the last was Wordsworth's copy, with his signature on the title-page of each volume; and I observed for the first time that the book was dedicated to him. Loosely inserted in several of the volumes were newspaper clippings, a number of pages of manuscript in John Payne Collier's handwriting, a part of a letter from Mary Lamb addressed to Jane Collier, his mother, and in several of the volumes were notes in Collier's handwriting referring to matters in the text: as where, against a reference to Lamb's essay on 'Roast Pig,' Collier says, in pencil, 'My mother sent the pig to Lamb.' Again, where Talfourd, referring to an evening with Lamb, says, 'We mounted to the top story and were soon seated beside a cheerful fire: hot water and its better adjuncts were soon before us,' Collier writes, 'Both Lamb and Talfourd died of the "Better Adjuncts." '

There was a large number of such pencil notes. The pages of manuscript in Collier's heavy and, as he calls it, 'infirm' hand begin: —

'In relation to C. Lamb and Southey, Mr. Cosens possesses as interesting a MS. as I know. It is bound as a small quarto, but the writing of Lamb, and chiefly by Southey is post 8vo. They seem to have been contributions to an "Annual Anthology" published by Cottle of Bristol.

'The MS. begins with an "Advertisement" in the handwriting of Southey, and it is followed immediately by a poem in Lamb's handwriting headed "Elegy on a Quid of Tobacco" in ten stanzas rhiming alternately thus: —

'It lay before me on the close grazed grass,
Beside my path, an old tobacco quid:
And shall I by the mute adviser pass
Without one serious thought? now Heaven forbid!'

The next day, Collier copied more of the poem, for on another sheet he remarks, 'As my hand is steadier to-day I have copied the remaining stanzas.'

On still another sheet, referring to the Cosens MS., Collier writes: —

'The whole consists of about sixty leaves chiefly in the handwriting of Southey and it contains . . . productions by Lamb, one a sort of jeu d'esprit called "The Rhedycinian Barbers" on the hair-dressing of twelve young men of Christ Church College, and the other headed, "Dirge for Him Who Shall Deserve It."' This 'has no signature but the whole is in Lamb's young clear hand, and it shows very plainly that he partook not only of the poetical but of the political feeling of the time.

'The signatures are various, Erthuryo, Ryalto, Walter, and so forth, and at the end are four Love Elegies and a serious poem by Charles Lamb, entitled, "Living without God in the World."

'How many of these were printed elsewhere, or in Cottle's "Anthology," I do not know. I would willingly copy more did not my hand fail me.

J. P. C.'

Twenty years later, in New York one day, George Smith asked me if I would care to buy an interesting volume of Southey MSS., and to my great surprise handed me the identical little quarto which Collier had many years before found so interesting that he had made excerpts from it. It might not have made such instant appeal to my recollection of my purchase in London had it not been for an inserted note, almost identical with the one on the loose slip in my Lamb volume, obviously in Collier's 'infirm' hand, repeat-

ing briefly what he had said on the loose sheets in my volumes at home.

Mr. Cosens, the former owner of the manuscripts, had added a note: 'In 1798 or 1799 Charles Lamb contributed to the "Annual Anthology" which a Mr. Cottle, a bookseller of Bristol, published jointly with Coleridge and Southey.

'This manuscript is partly in the handwriting of Southey and was formerly the property of Cottle of Bristol.'

Upon investigation I ascertained that the little volume of manuscript verse had passed from Mr. Cosens's possession into that of Augustin Daly, at whose sale it had been catalogued as a Southey MS., with small reference to its Lamb interest. Although the price was high the temptation to buy was too strong to be resisted; so after many years the small quarto of original poems by Lamb, Southey, and others, and Collier's description of it, stand side by side in my library. For me the three little poems by Lamb outweigh in interest and value all others. They were labeled 'Southey Manuscripts, a long time since the property of a Mr. Cottle of Bristol.'

II

The most scholarly bookseller in this country to-day is Dr. Rosenbach, —'Rosy' as we who know him well call him. It was not his original intention to deal in rare books, but to become a professor of English, a calling for which few have a finer appreciation; but mere scholars abound. He must have felt that we collectors needed some one to guide our tastes and deplete our bank accounts. In both he is unequaled.

His spacious second-floor room in Walnut Street is filled with the rarest volumes. 'Ask and it shall be given you' — with a bill at the end of the month. It is a delightful place in which to spend a rainy morning, and you are certain to depart a wiser if a poorer man. I once spent some hours with the doctor in company with my friend Tinker, — not the great Tinker who plays ball for a bank president's wage, but the less famous Professor of English at Yale. We had been looking at Shakespeare folios and quartos, and Spenser's and Herrick's and Milton's priceless volumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when, looking out of the window, 'Rosy' remarked, 'There goes John G. Johnson.' 'Oh!' said my friend, 'I thought you were going to say John Dryden. It would not have surprised me in the least.'

Don't expect ever to 'discover' anything at Rosenbach's, except how ignorant you are. 'Rosy' does all the discovering himself, as when he, a few years ago, found in a volume of old pamphlets a copy of the first edition of Dr. Johnson's famous 'Prologue Spoken at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane.' It will be remembered that this Prologue contains several of the Doctor's most famous lines: criticisms of the stage, as true to-day as when they were uttered; as where he says, —

'The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give.
For we that live to please, must please to live.'

It has also the line in which, speaking of Shakespeare, he says, 'And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.' Garrick having criticized this line, Johnson remarked, 'Sir, Garrick is a prosaical rogue. The next time I write I will make both Time and Space pant.'

The discovery by Dr. Rosenbach of this Prologue shows that the days of romance in book-hunting are not over. It is not to be found in the British Museum. So far as we know, it is the only copy in existence. 'Rosy' has declined to sell it, although tempting offers have been made, for he is a book-lover as well as a bookseller.

That he is a rare judge of human na-

ture, too, is evidenced by a little card over his desk on which is printed the text, —

'It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way then he boasteth.' — PROVERBS XX. 14.

That is exactly what I did when I secured from him my *Robinson Crusoe*, the first edition in two volumes, with the third which may not be Defoe's. It lacks one 'point' perhaps: the word 'apply,' the last word on page 1 of the preface, is correctly spelled, not spelled 'apyly' as in some copies I have seen. The matter, I believe, is not clear. The type may have been correctly set at first and have become corrupted in process of printing, or a few copies may have been so printed before the error, being noted, was corrected. After page 304, of Volume 1, the paper is of thinner and poorer quality than in the pages preceding it. The three volumes are clean, the binding contemporary calf, the folding maps immaculate, and the first two volumes were once the property of 'Mr. William Congreve.' Altogether it is a book of which this collector 'boasteth.'

For some unexplained reason I have never been able to buy as many books from Walter Hill of Chicago as I should like. He is one of the most amiable and reliable men in the business. His catalogues issued from time to time are delightful. He once put me under an obligation which I have not yet repaid and which I want to record.

Several years ago I met him in the streets of Philadelphia and said to him, 'Hello! what are you doing here? Are you buying or selling?' 'Both,' said he; 'I bought some nice books only a few minutes ago at Sessler's.' 'Don't tell me,' I cried, 'that *Oliver Twist*, that presentation copy to Macready, was among them.' 'It was,' said he; 'why, did you want it?' 'Want it!' said I; 'I have just been waiting for my bank account to recover from a capital operation to buy it.' 'All right,' said he, 'I'll turn it over at just what I paid for it, and you can send me your check when you are ready.' I was mean enough to accept his offer, and the book is to-day worth at least twice what I paid.

Yet, come to think of it, several nice volumes, 'collated and perfect,' came from him. There is my *Vicar*, not the first edition, with the misprints in volume 2, page 159, paged 165; and page 95, 'Waekcfield' for 'Wakefield,' — that came from North, — but the one with Rowlandson plates. And *Evelina, embellished with engravings*, and wretchedly printed on vile paper; and *She Stoops*, with all the errors just as they should be, — a printer's carnival; and I have no doubt there are many more.

Sessler has some unexpectedly fine things from time to time. He goes abroad every year with his pocket full of money and comes back with a lot of things that quickly empty ours. Dickens is one of his specialties, and from him I have secured at least five of the ten presentation Dickenses I boast of. A few years ago quite a number came on the market at prices which to-day seem very low. In my last book-hunting experience in London I saw only one presentation Dickens; but as the price was about three times what I had accustomed myself to pay Sessler, I let it pass.

Sessler studies his customer's weaknesses — that's where his strength lies. When I came back from Europe a few weeks ago, I discovered that he had bought for me, in my absence, at the Lambert sale, one item which he knew I could not resist. It was a little pen-and-ink drawing by Thackeray, the first sketch, afterwards more fully elaborated, illustrating *Vanity Fair*, where at the end of the first chapter the immortal Becky, driving away from Miss Pinkerton's school, throws Dr. John-

son's 'Dixonary' out of the window of the carriage as it drives off.

Luther Livingston,[1] who enjoys the love and respect of all book-collectors, has graduated from the bookshop to the library. For many years in charge of the rare-book department of Dodd, Mead & Company, and subsequently a partner of Robert Dodd, he has recently been appointed custodian of the choice collection of books formed by the late Harry Elkins Widener and bequeathed by the latter's mother to Harvard. A more admirable selection could not have been made. A scholar and a gentleman, he brings to his new position just the qualities needed for a post of such distinction.

James F. Drake, in New York, specializes in association books and in first editions of nineteenth-century authors. His stock I have frequently laid under contribution. My Surtees and many other colored-plate books came from him, and first editions innumerable of authors now becoming 'collected.'

I know of no bibliography of George Moore, but my set is, I think, complete. Many are presentation copies. My *Literature at Nurse*, a pamphlet attacking the censorship of the novel established by Mudie, which was published at three pence, and now commands thirty dollars, is inscribed to Willie Wilde; while *Pagan Poems* was a suitable gift to 'Oscar Wilde with the author's compliments.'

There is no halt in the constantly advancing value of first editions of Oscar Wilde. That interest in the man still continues is evidenced by the steady stream of books about him. Ransome's *Oscar Wilde*, immediately suppressed, *Oscar Wilde Three Times Tried*, and *The First Stone*, privately printed by the 'Unspeakable Scot,' already difficult to procure, are among the latest.

[1] Mr. Livingston died on Christmas eve, 1914. — The Editors.

For books of the moment, published in small editions which almost immediately become scarce, Drake's shop in Forty-second Street is headquarters; and as my club in New York is near by, I find myself frequently dropping in for a book and a bit of gossip.

III

I take little or no interest in bindings; I want the book as originally published, in boards, uncut, in old sheep or in cloth, and as clean and fair as may be.

I am not without a sense for color, and the backs of books bound in various colored leathers, suitably gilt, placed with some eye for arrangement on the shelves, are to me as beautiful and suggestive as any picture, yet, as one cannot have everything, I yield the beauty and fragrance of leather for the fascination of the 'original state as issued.'

Nor am I unmindful how invariably in binding a book, in trimming, be it ever so little, and gilding its edges, one lops off no small part of its value. This fact should be pointed out to all young collectors. They should learn to leave their books alone, and if they must patronize a binder, have slip or pull cases made. They serve every purpose. The book will be protected if it is falling apart and unpresentable, and one's craving for color and gilt will be satisfied. As Eckel says in his *Bibliography of Dickens*, 'The tendency of the modern collector has steadily moved toward books in their original state, — books as they were when created, — and it is doubtful if there will be much deviation from this taste in the future.'

Only the very immature book-buyer will deprive himself of the pleasure of 'collecting,' and buy a complete set of some author he much esteems, in first editions, assembled and bound without care or thought other than to produce

a piece of merchandise and sell it for as much as it will fetch. The rich and ignorant buyer should be made to confine his attention to the purchase of 'subscription' books. These are produced in quantity especially for his benefit, and he should leave our books alone. The present combination of many rich men and relatively few fine books is slowly working my ruin; I know it is. We live in a law-full age, an age in which it seems to be every one's idea to pass laws. I would have a law for the protection of old books, and our legislators in Washington might do much worse than consider this suggestion.

One other form of book the collector should be warned against, the extra-illustrated volume. The extra illustration of a favorite author is a tedious and expensive method of wasting money, and mutilating other books the while. I confess to having a few, but I have bought them at a very small part of what they cost to produce and I do not encourage their production.

I know something of the art of inlaying prints. I had a distinguished and venerable teacher, the late Ferdinand J. Dreer of Philadelphia, who formed a priceless collection of autographs which at his death he bequeathed to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Mr. Dreer was a collector of the old school. He was a friend of John Allan, one of the earliest book-collectors in this country, whose 'Memorial' was published by the Bradford Club in 1864. Mr. Dreer spent the leisure of years and a small fortune in inlaying plates and pages of text of such books as he fancied. I remember well as a lad being allowed to pore over his sumptuous extra-illustrated books, filled with autograph letters, portraits, and views, for hours at a time. Little did I think that these volumes, the object of such loving care, would be sold at auction.

Many years after his death the family decided to dispose of a portion of his library. Stan. Henkels conducted the sale. When the well-known volumes came up I was all in a tremble. It seemed hardly possible that any of the famous Dreer books were to come within my grasp; but alas! fashions change, as I have said before. A *History of the Bank of North America*, our oldest national bank, which enjoys the unique distinction of not calling itself a national bank, went, not to an officer or director of that sound old Philadelphia institution, but to George D. Smith of New York for a song — in a high key, but a song nevertheless.

An *Oration in Carpenter's Hall* in Philadelphia brought close to a thousand dollars; but in addition to the rare portraits and views there were fifty-seven autograph letters in it. Sold separately they would have brought several times as much. Smith was the buyer. Then there came a *History of Christ Church*, full of most interesting material, as 'old Christ Church' is the most beautiful and interesting colonial church in America. Where was the rector, where were the wardens and the vestry thereof? No sign of them. Smith was the buyer.

The books were going and for almost nothing, in every case to 'Smith.' At last came the *Memoirs of Nicholas Biddle*, of the famous old Bank of the United States. Hear! ye Biddles, if any Biddles there be. There are, in plenty, but not here. Smith, having bought all the rest, when he saw me bidding, stopped; the hammer fell, and I was the owner of the most interesting volume in the whole Dreer collection — the volume I had so often coveted as a boy, with the letters and portraits of Penn, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and so forth, in all twenty-eight of them, and mine for ten dollars apiece, — book, portraits, and binding

thrown in. It is painful to witness the slaughter of another's possessions; it makes one wonder — But that is not what we collect books for.

In the last analysis pretty much everything, including poetry, is merchandise, and every important book sooner or later turns up in the auction rooms. The dozen or fifty men present represent the book-buyers of the world — you are buying against them. When you sell a book at auction the whole world is your market. This refers, of course, only to important sales. At other times books are frequently disposed of at much less than their real value. These sales it pays the book-collector to attend, personally if he can, or better still, to entrust his bid to the auctioneer or to some representative in whom he has confidence. Most profitable of all for the buyer are the sales where furniture, pictures, and rugs are disposed of, with, finally, a few books knocked down by one who knows nothing of their value.

Many are the volumes in my library which have been picked up on such occasions for a very few dollars, which are worth infinitely more than I paid for them. I have in mind my copy of the first edition of Boswell's *Corsica*, in fine old calf, with the inscription 'To the Right Honourable, The Earl Marischal of Scotland, as a mark of sincere regard and affection, from the Author, James Boswell.' This stands me only a few dollars. In London I should have been asked, and would have paid, twenty pounds for it.

Some men haunt the auction rooms all the time. I do not. I have a living to make and I am not quick in making it; moreover the spirit of competition invariably leads me astray, and I never come away without finding myself the owner of at least one book, usually a large one, which should properly be entitled, 'What Will He Do with It?'

IV

No book-collector should be without a book-plate, and a book-plate once inserted in a volume should never be removed. When the plate is that of a good collector it constitutes an indorsement, and adds a certain interest and value to the volume.

I was once going through the collection of a friend, and observing the absence of a book-plate, I asked him why it was. He replied, 'The selection of a book-plate is such a serious matter.' It is; and I should never have been able to get one to suit me entirely had not my good friend, Osgood of Princeton, come to my rescue.

He was working in my library some years ago on an exquisite appreciation of Johnson, when, noticing on my writing table a pen-and-ink sketch, he asked, 'What's this?' I replied with a sigh that it was a suggestion for a book-plate which I had just received from London. I had described in a letter exactly what I wanted — an association plate strictly in eighteenth-century style. Fleet Street was to be indicated, with Temple Bar in the background. It was to be plain and dignified in treatment. What came was indeed a sketch of Fleet Street and very much more. There were scrolls and flourishes, eggs and darts and *fleurs-de-lis* — a little of everything. In a word it was impossible. 'Let me see what I can do,' said Osgood.

When I returned home that evening there was waiting for me an exquisite pencil sketch, every detail faultless: Fleet Street with its tavern signs, in the background Temple Bar with Johnson and Goldsmith, the latter pointing to it and remarking slyly, '*Forsitan et nomen nostrum miscebitur istis.*' I was delighted, as I had reason to be. In due course, after discussions as to the selection of a suitable motto, we finally

agreed on a line out of Boswell: 'Sir, the biographical part of literature is what I love most'; and the sketch went off to Sidney Smith of Boston, the distinguished book-plate engraver.

I have a fondness for college professors. I must have inherited it from a rich old uncle from whom I unluckily inherited nothing else, who had a similar weakness for preachers. Let a man, however stupid, once get a license to wear his collar backwards, and the door was flung wide and the table spread. I have often thought what an ecstasy of delight he would have been thrown into had he met a churchman whose rank permitted him to wear his entire ecclesiastical panoply backwards.

My weakness for scholars is just such a whimsy. As a rule they are not so indulgent to collectors as they should be. They write books that we buy and read — when we can. My lifelong friend, Felix Schelling (in England he would be Sir Felix), is more lenient than most. My copy of his *Elizabethan Drama*, which has made him famous among students, is uncut and I am afraid to some extent unopened. Frankly, it is too scholarly to read with enjoyment. Indeed I sometimes think that it was my protest that led him to adopt the easier and smoother style apparent in his later books, *English Literature during the Lifetime of Shakespeare* and *The English Lyric*. Be this as it may, he has shown that he can use the scholarly and the familiar style with equal facility, and when he chooses he can turn a compliment like one of his own sixteenth-century courtiers.

I had always doubted that famous book-index story, 'Mill, J.S., "On Liberty"; Ditto, "On the Floss,"' until one day my friend Tinker sent me a dedication copy of his *Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney* in which I read — and knew that he was poking fun at me for my bookish weakness — this: —

'This copy is a genuine specimen of the first edition, uncut and unopened, signed and certified by the editor.

Chauncey Brewster Tinker.

No copy is now known to exist of the suppressed first state of the first edition — that in which instead of the present entry in the index, under Pope, Alexander, page 111, occurred the words, "Pope Alexander 111."' How much more valuable this copy would have been if this blunder — 'point,' the judicious would call it — had not been corrected until the second edition.

The work of my office was interrupted one summer morning several years ago by the receipt of a cable from London, apparently in code, which, I was advised, would not translate. Upon its being submitted to me I found that it did not require translating, but I was not surprised that it was somewhat bewildering to others. It read, '*Johnson Piazza Dictionary Pounds Forty Hut.*' To me it was perfectly clear that Mrs. Thrale Piozzi's copy of Johnson's Dictionary in two volumes folio was to be had from my friend Hutt for forty pounds. I dispatched the money and in due course received the volumes. Inserted in one of them was a long holograph letter to the Thrales giving them some excellent advice on the management of their affairs. 'I think it very probably in your power to lay up eight thousand pounds a year for every year to come, increasing all the time, what needs not be increased, the splendour of all external appearance, and surely such a state is not to be put in yearly hazard for the pleasure of keeping the house full, or the ambition of outbrewing Whitbread. Stop now and you are safe — stop a few years and you may go safely on thereafter, if to go on shall seem worth the while.'

Johnson's letters like his talks are compact with wisdom, and many of them are as easy as the proverbial old

shoe. Fancy Sam Johnson, the great lexicographer, writing to Mrs. Thrale and telling her to come home and take care of him and, as he says, to

'Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.'

I own thirty or forty Johnson letters, including the one in which he describes what she called his 'menagerie' — dependents too old, too poor, or too peevish to find asylum elsewhere. He writes, 'We have tolerable concord at home, but no love. Williams hates everybody. Levet hates Desmoulines, and does not love Williams. Desmoulines hates them both. Poll loves none of them.'

But I must be careful. I had firmly resolved not to say anything in this paper which would lead any one to suspect that I am Johnson-mad, but I admit that such is the case. I am never without a copy of Boswell. What edition? Any edition. I have them all — the first in boards uncut for my personal satisfaction; an extra-illustrated copy of the same for display; Birkbeck Hill's for reference, and the cheap, old Bohn copy which I thirty years ago first read, because I know it by heart. Yes, I can truly say with Leslie Stephen, 'My enjoyment of books began and will end with Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.'

WOMAN'S SPHERE

BY S. H. KEMPER

'WILBUR, dear,' said Aunt Susan, 'Rosa is very busy with the washing this morning, and if you will go down into the garden and gather this basket full of peas and then shell them for her to cook for dinner, I will —' Aunt Susan paused to reflect a moment and then continued, 'I will give you a new ball for a birthday present.'

Aunt Susan smiled kindly at the flashing look of intense joy that Wilbur lifted to her face as he seized the basket she was holding out to him.

'I — I'd just love to have it!' he exclaimed. He was quite overcome with emotion and tore away toward the garden at top speed.

Wilbur's mother was ill, and Wilbur had been sent to visit Aunt Susan in order that the house might be quiet. Aunt Susan was really Wilbur's father's aunt. She was grandma's sister, and she was very old. Grandma was not old. Her hair was white, but it went in nice squiggles around her face, and she wore big hats with plumes and shiny, rustly dresses and high-heeled shoes. And when she kissed you she clasped you in a powerful embrace against her chest. Grandma was not old. But Aunt Susan, with her smooth gray hair and her wrinkled face and spectacles, her plain black dress and little shawl, and her funny cloth shoes, seemed to Wilbur a being inconceivably stricken of eld. You felt intensely sorry for her for being so old. You were so sorry that you felt it inside of you; it was almost as if your stomach ached. And she was always kind and gentle. You felt that it would be a grievous thing to hurt her feelings or trouble her in any way.

Wilbur's birthday came on Thursday and this was only Monday. A long time to wait. Wilbur needed a ball very badly. He had made friends with a number of boys here in Aunt Susan's town, and the baseball season was at its height. Wilbur's friends owned several perfectly worthy bats and two or three gloves, but there was a serious lack of balls.

That afternoon, joining the boys on the vacant lot where they played, Wilbur informed them with great satisfaction of Aunt Susan's promise.

'My aunt is going to give me a new ball on my birthday,' he said to them.

They were more than pleased with the news. Wilbur found himself the centre of flattering interest. He told them that he guessed it would be a regular league ball.

Wilbur exerted himself earnestly to be helpful to Aunt Susan and Rosa all day on Tuesday and Wednesday. He felt that he could not do enough for Aunt Susan, and also that it would be well to remind her of her promise by constant acts of courtesy and service, for it was a long time before Thursday. But it did not seem possible that any one could really forget an affair so important and so agreeable as the purchase of a ball. Wilbur knew where Aunt Susan would get the ball: at Reiter's store, of course. Reiter kept a store where books and magazines and athletic goods were sold. He kept all the standard things; the ball would be of a good make, Wilbur was sure.

Aunt Susan did not often go down town. Except when busy about her housekeeping, she was likely to spend the time rocking in her old-fashioned rocker on the front porch with a work-basket beside her, occupying herself with needlework or knitting. She knitted a great deal. There were many bright-colored wools in her work-basket.

On Wednesday afternoon Wilbur's heart gave an excited jump when he saw Aunt Susan coming downstairs tying her little bonnet over her gray hair. Her black silk shopping-bag hung on her arm. Wilbur did not doubt that she was going down town with an eye single to Reiter's store. He assumed an unconscious air, just as one did when mother went shopping before Christmas. He watched Aunt Susan out of sight and afterward hung about the front yard till he saw her returning. He ran to open the gate for her and took her parasol and bag, looking up at her with bright, trustful eyes. The bag seemed quite full of small parcels as he carried it for Aunt Susan.

Wilbur fell asleep that night wondering whether Aunt Susan would put the ball on the breakfast table next morning, where he would see it when he entered the dining-room. Perhaps she would bring it after he was asleep, and place it on the chair beside his bed, or perhaps on the old-fashioned bureau. There were many happy possibilities.

When the window opposite his bed began to grow bright with the pink and gold of sunrise, Wilbur woke and sat up, looking first at the chair, then at the bureau. No, it was not in the room. It would be in the dining-room, then. When he went downstairs he was surprised to find that Aunt Susan had not yet left her room. In the kitchen Rosa was only beginning her preparations for breakfast. Wilbur spent a long time, a restless but happy hour, waiting, idling about the dewy garden and the front yard, feeding the chickens and playing with the cat.

At last Rosa rang the bell and Wilbur went into the house. Aunt Susan, seated at the breakfast table, greeted him affectionately.

'Many happy returns, dear!' she said, holding out her hand. She drew him to her and kissed his cheek. Now,

surely — But the ball was not on the table beside his plate. He could not see it anywhere in the room.

The breakfasts at Aunt Susan's were always good. There would be fried chicken and waffles or muffins and squashy corn bread. Indeed all mealtimes at Aunt Susan's would have been periods of unmixed joy if Aunt Susan had not felt obliged to keep up a steady conversation. Aunt Susan made small talk laboriously. It distracted your mind. She had a strange delusion that one was avidly interested in one's schoolbooks. She constantly dwelt upon the subject of school. It made things difficult, for school was over now and all its rigors happily forgotten. This morning, what with Aunt Susan's talk and his excitement, Wilbur could hardly eat anything.

Breakfast was over. Aunt Susan and Rosa were in the pantry consulting on housekeeping matters. Wilbur sat down in a rocking-chair on the front porch and waited. He waited and waited, rocking violently. And then at last he heard Aunt Susan calling him.

He was out of his chair and in the hall like a flash.

'Yes'm,' he answered. 'Yes'm? What is it, Aunt Susan?'

Aunt Susan was coming down the stairs.

'Here is the ball I promised you, dear,' she said. She placed in his outstretched hand —

Wilbur had visualized it so vividly, he imagined the desired thing with such intensity, that it was as if a strange transformation had taken place before his eyes. He was holding, not the hard, heavy, white ball he had seemed actually to see, with its miraculously perfect stitching and the trim lettering of the name upon it; a curious, soft thing lay in his hand, a home-made ball constructed of wools. There seemed to be millions of short strands of bright-colored wools all held together in the centre by some means and sticking out in every direction. Their smoothly clipped ends formed the surface of the ball.

It was the kind of thing you would give a baby in a go-cart.

Wilbur stood and gazed at it. The kind of thing you would give a baby in a go-cart! Then he looked up at Aunt Susan, and suddenly the sense of his great disappointment was lost in that immense, aching pity for her. She was so old, and she had made it herself, thinking it would please him.

'It's — it's awful pretty!' Wilbur stammered. He felt inexpressibly sorry for Aunt Susan. How could any one be so utterly without comprehension!

Aunt Susan patted his cheek.

'You have been a good boy,' she said. 'I hope you will enjoy playing at ball with your little friends.'

Wilbur went cold. The other fellows! He foresaw well enough their attitude toward his misfortune. To them it would seem a subject for unsparing derision. The kind of thing you would give a baby in a go-cart! And he had said, 'I guess it will be a regular league ball.'

Aunt Susan went away upon her housekeeping activities, and Wilbur, after standing for a while turning the woolly ball in his hands, went upstairs to his room. He hid the ball under the neatly folded garments in the upper drawer of the bureau. It was a relief to get it out of sight. He had a heavy, sickish feeling in his chest. The more he thought over his trouble the greater it seemed. A great dread of having the other boys know about it possessed him. He felt that he could not possibly bear the ignominy.

The morning dragged itself heavily away. Wilbur remained indoors. He could not go out for fear the other fellows might see him. He winced painfully at the thought of meeting them.

Rosa baked a fine cake for him, decorating it tastefully with nine pink candles, but Wilbur regarded it wanly.

At dinner Aunt Susan noticed his lack of appetite and fussed over him anxiously, dismaying his soul with dark hints of doses of medicine.

'I don't feel a bit sick, Aunt Susan,' he protested, 'honest, I don't.'

He felt almost desperate. He was heavy-hearted with his disappointment, oppressed with the fear of discovery; and now he must be harried and pursued with threats of medicine.

It was a miserable afternoon. Wilbur undertook to write a letter to his mother. Usually Aunt Susan was obliged to urge him to this duty, but to-day it offered an excuse to remain indoors and Wilbur seized it gladly. Writing a letter was a business that took time and effort. After a while, as Wilbur sat in the attitude of composition, with his legs wrapped around the legs of his chair and his shoulders hunched over the table, Aunt Susan's anxious eye detected the fact that he was not writing but was absently chewing his pencil.

'Wilbur, dear,' Aunt Susan said, 'you are staying in the house too much. Put your letter away now and run out of doors. I think you need the fresh air. You can finish your letter to-morrow.'

'Oh, I would rather finish it now, please,' Wilbur said; 'you know poppa is coming to see us this evening, and if I get it done I can give it to him to take to mamma.'

He hastily stuck out his tongue, and breathing heavily, began to write.

Throughout the afternoon Wilbur contrived by one excuse or another to remain in the house. After the early tea Aunt Susan sat down in one of the porch rockers with her knitting and Wilbur sedately took another. With great effort he sustained the conversation which Aunt Susan considered necessary. Presently, with a throb of alarm, Wilbur saw Henry, the boy who lived next door, climbing the fence dividing the two yards. With fascinated dread Wilbur watched him approach. He stood still at the foot of the porch steps.

'Hello,' he said in his deep and husky voice.

'Hello,' Wilbur replied coldly.

'Good evening, Henry,' said Aunt Susan; 'sit down and make us a visit. How is your father? How is your mother? When is your married sister coming home for a visit?' And so on.

Henry sat down on the steps, answering Aunt Susan with weary civility. Wilbur rocked and rocked with nervous violence. Sitting in a chair like a grown person, he felt a certain aloofness from Henry on the steps. It was a poor enough security, but he clung to it. And then suddenly Aunt Susan was saying, —

'Wilbur, get the ball I gave you and play a game of ball with Henry.'

The moment of discovery had come. And Wilbur found himself wondering dully what Aunt Susan's idea of a ball game could be like. His mind seemed to fumble stiffly with the unimportant thought. He rose heavily. Henry had snapped up briskly from his place on the steps as Aunt Susan spoke.

'That's right!' he said. 'Let's get out there in the road and warm up.'

Wilbur turned to enter the house.

'I'll go with you,' Henry said.

They ascended the stairs, Wilbur lagging on every step and Henry breasting forward like a homeward-bound horse. They crossed the little upstairs hall and stood at the door of Wilbur's room. The woolly ball lay on the bureau, its many colors garish in the sunset. Wilbur had left it in the drawer, but Rosa had been in the room putting away his freshly ironed clothes, and had taken it out and placed it on top of the bureau for all the world to see.

Wilbur shut his eyes and waited for a bitter outcry from Henry. There was, however, a moment of silence, and then Henry demanded impatiently, —

'Well, where is it at?'

Wilbur opened his eyes and regarded Henry stupidly. Henry then did not even recognize the strange, bright object on the bureau as a ball. Probably he took it for a pincushion. The shock of the unexpected reprieve made Wilbur feel faint and confused.

'It's here — it's right in this room,' he stammered.

'In the bruy-yo?' Henry asked, pointing toward the old-fashioned bureau.

'I — I left it in the top drawer of the bruy-yo.'

Henry went and opened the drawers one by one and rummaged in them.

'It ain't here!' he exclaimed; 'I bet somebody's stolen it from you! The colored girl! I bet she's stolen it!'

'Aw, she would n't steal! She's nice!' Wilbur exclaimed; but even as he spoke, he saw his mistake. Henry had made the descent to a course of deceit, of hideous disloyalty to a dear friend, fearfully easy! Wilbur descended. 'Maybe,' he faltered, 'maybe she needed a ball awfully and just had to take it! Maybe she needed it awfully!'

'Well, ain't you going to try to get it back from her?'

'Oh, no!' Wilbur cried in horror. 'I won't say a word about it. It would hurt her feelings. She's nice — '

'Well, I bet if it was my ball and anybody stole it I would raise an awful row!'

'I won't say anything about it,' Wilbur repeated. 'It would hurt her feelings. And I guess you better go home now, Henry. Maybe your mother is wondering where you are.'

Wilbur adopted the formula with which other boys' mothers were wont to put him on the social inclined plane. He felt a desperate need to be rid of Henry. Henry departed without resentment.

A little later Wilbur's father came. It was a comfort to have poppa there. Wilbur's tired spirit leaned against his big, quiet strength. In the dusk Aunt Susan and poppa sat on the porch and talked. Wilbur stood beside poppa's chair. It was peaceful and cool in the late evening. Wilbur liked to hear the noise the katydids made in the trees. It went on, over and over and over —

Suddenly, as if recollecting something he had forgotten, poppa put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out — It was the ball of Wilbur's dreams. Poppa, still talking to Aunt Susan, was holding it out to him. He saw it in all its utterly desirable excellence, its natty charms, hard and heavy and smooth and gleaming white. Wilbur's small brown fingers curved themselves feebly upon its taut sides. He did not speak, but his long-lashed eyes, brooding upon the perfection within his grasp, lifted for a moment to his father's face a deep look of such intensity that poppa was startled.

'It's your birthday, old chap,' he said, putting his arm around Wilbur. 'I thought you might like a new ball.'

He felt Wilbur trembling slightly and wondered whether, in spite of the little fellow's seemingly perfect health, he could be an over-strung and nervous child.

'Now you have two balls,' Aunt Susan said fatuously, rocking herself in her old rocker.

'Yes'm,' said Wilbur. From the security of his immense felicity he smiled at her kindly, very kindly, very indulgently, for how could she understand?

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

BROADLY speaking, the novels of the past autumn and winter are fewer in number than usual, and weaker in interest. They lack something of their wonted depth of color and intensity of flavor. With certain exceptions, at least one of which is extraordinarily significant, they are washed-out.

The reader asks himself why this is. It has no immediate relation to the great affairs that occupy the world-stage, for these books were in the publishers' hands before Europe went to war. Is it a matter, then, of contrast? Are they few compared to war extras, or pale beside the actualities of strife? This might be. What novelist can compete in dramatic interest with the World Builder dealing before our eyes with peoples and continents as a child deals with lead soldiers and puzzle-maps?

Nevertheless, on soberly comparing the publishers' lists of this season with previous lists, and the quality of most of the season's performances in fiction with previous achievements by the same authors, we shall see that the diminution in quantity and quality is a matter neither of contrast nor of imagination. It is both real and measurable.

Those more sensitive than we, more skilled in interpreting the auspices, might perhaps have apprehended the approach of new and great phenomena destined to shake all forms of art as they shook other, weightier human activities. Certainly, both art and life have shown strange, hysteric symptoms in the last few years. The art of painting, we know, took a spectacular plunge down a blind alley. 'No Thoroughfare' was written in huge letters over the road of the Cubists and Futurists, whom already we speak of as in the past!

It is easy to say now that quite three fifths of the International Exhibition of two years ago was, shriekingly, the kind of creation that precedes *débâcle*. A hundred years hence it will be one of the commonplaces of criticism that art went mad in the dozen years preceding 1914. Some sapient critic will affirm: 'The sensitiveness of the art-worker to the motion of those subtler ethers charged with waves of thought, feeling, and perhaps prescience, was never more vividly exhibited than in the plight of Continental art for some years preceding the Great War. In it, as in a mirror, the increasing discord of Europe was reflected. The demonstration that discord makes for hideousness was complete. Certain cliques of painters affirmed that it was their affair to penetrate to the core of things painted and represent their souls; certain others claimed it their sole duty to transcribe in pigments the mental impression received from the visible objects dealt with. Among the former there were a scant two or three artists, truly great, who could indeed paint and model the souls of things, but the work of those who strove to render their own mental impressions only, was hysteria made visible. Such few survivals of the work of Picasso, Picabia, and their like, as exist, carry the effect of disintegration so far that it produces an actual nausea in the beholder. It is as if he saw solid matter refusing to cohere in accepted shapes, dizzily falling apart into its elements. The final suggestion involved is inevitably that of corruption and decay. Disintegration connotes these

states as its ultimate. If the literature of that period shows itself in somewhat better case, it perhaps owes that fact to the dependence of authors on publisher. Whatever their other failings, the successful publishers of that age were not hysteric!'

We, who are nearer that literature, know that a few writers used futurist methods. Noteworthy also has been a violent ebullition of the flesh in fiction. The present critic confesses with regret to having minimized deliberately a perception that the main current of fiction a year ago ran turbid as the Mississippi in flood. 'It is temporary, it is coincidence, that so very many *Titans* and *Salamanders* come together,' one said to one's self. 'It is an accident not to be considered, a phenomenon unjust to dwell upon.' And behold! It was, instead, the brown boiling-up that the spring gives before it runs scantily and perhaps ceases. Such things are signs of some disaster at the hidden source of springs. Marked as always by the violent, the *outré*, the utterly unreasonable and unspiritual, the end of an era was upon us and we knew it not. One wonders that, seeing what we saw, we saw no more.

When worlds are rocking, the consequent gyrations of art may seem of tertiary importance, yet are not really so. For if we ask ourselves what, then, *is* art, that its connection with the world of events is so intimate, sensitive, and apparently prescient, we come at once to the core of things; we open so great a question that it can be dealt with here only most humbly and hastily, by guesses and intimations.

Let us examine what some recognized authorities have lately said about art's obvious decline. George Moore, when asked two years ago his opinion of modern painting as an investment, affirmed vehemently that there was money in it, because 'in fifty years' time there will be no more art in Europe.' His explanation ran thus: 'Art is an intellectual formula. We get the formula on one condition, and that is segregation. . . . Art is essentially nationality. . . . It is now impossible to distinguish between the art of one country and that of another. Without segregation every one imitates another. . . . The question is, can we get a new formula?' And to this he answers, No.

Victor Auburtin in *Die Kunst Stirbt* attacks the question from the Teutonic viewpoint. The German formula for life, which he accepts tacitly as that of the whole modern world, is, he finds, death to art. The gospel of utility, efficiency, comfort, leaves no room for mystery, splendor, passion; no room for illusion and *naïveté*. These things furnish the soil for art, and they have been improved out of existence. So, we have done with art. He suggests sadly that perhaps we can very well do without it. Good sewerage is necessary; good poetry is not. It may even be, he thinks, that art is some raving fever that has to be cured. At all events there is no place for it in that improved economic future which modern *Kultur* must bring to pass.

Thus England and Germany. As to America, Ralph Adams Cram, himself a great creator in the building art, looks forward hopefully. In *The Ministry of Art* he announces again and again that 'we approach one of those great movements of readjustment when much that has been, finishes, and much that was not, comes into being'; but he divines the approaching epoch as nobler than the last, as 'again synthetic, creative, centripetal.' Precisely because he himself is a creator, he knows what art's self is. Concerning this matter the artist is usually inarticulate, while the more loquacious are less qualified to speak. Mr. Cram expresses the essential revelation in many ways, but most

clearly, perhaps, in saying that art is 'the only adequate expression in time and space of spiritual things.'

This may be said more concretely than Mr. Cram has chosen to do. Art is what the artist sees, hears, apprehends, when he steps aside into that Timeless World that all creators know. The actual things they bring back from it, — lyrics; sonatas; pictures; tales; little miracles of color, craft, design; structures of marble, brick, wood, fit to stand as houses of worship or shelters for human love, even as roofs for our great material activities, — all these things are scattered thoughts of the One. The creative art-worker gives them material form, putting them into shapes our ears can hear, our eyes see. To do this successfully, it must be done simply and directly, because — it was said in China long ago — 'in the domain of the One there may not be managing.'

Thus and not otherwise is art what Mr. Cram calls it, 'the voicing of the Over-Soul,' 'the record and the revelation of man's spiritual adventures,' 'the handmaid and exponent of religion.' The word religion has here no conventional meaning. It covers all our relations to the One.

Well, this is very simple if you once admit the possibility, so vivid an actuality to every art-worker, of passing into the Timeless World. It explains, too, both Mr. Cram's fine optimism and the pessimism of European critics.

The plain man also makes his journeys into the Timeless Country, bringing back — in the shape of moral impulse, ideals, right resolution — those perceptions of something beyond ourselves and more beautiful than we, which the art-worker receives as concrete beauty in varied shapes. It is, all of it, stuff of the Over-Soul. In older and more reverent words, it is the very graciousness of God.

Thus, art is the steam-gauge on the boiler of life. It marks the force of the spiritual pressure within. The amount of real relationship with the sustaining spirit beneath the show of things may, or may not, correspond with the more formal expressions of religion at any given time.

In periods and lands where this relationship, which is the real religion, fails, art may seem moribund. The critic who is not spiritually minded (and with all his perception George Moore is certainly not that) can thus imagine no future for art. The man living, as Auburtin, in a country whose thought is strongly rationalistic, a country moreover which has made Nietzsche its prophet, is bound to feel that art is swiftly dying, once for all. No other conception is possible in such an atmosphere.

No outsider should speak with authority concerning the interrelation of rationalism and militarism in Germany. Neither can any outsider say whether Nietzsche only gave voice to a philosophy native to autocratic Prussia, or whether he shaped the thought of the more militant section of united Germany. Nor can any outsider determine at this time what spirit actually preponderates in the German people — the practical and Christian spirit which we have all seen so often and loved so well in individual Germans, — mostly, however, in the women! — or the death-to-the-weaker spirit which Nietzsche so stridently proclaimed. But what one may surely affirm is that Germany, more wholly and devotedly than other nations, lives in and by and for ideas. Therefore wrong and vicious ideas do more damage there than elsewhere. They 'take' with tremendous virulence, if at all. They poison more people, and poison them more violently. Perhaps the true *furor Teutonicus* is the delirium caused by wrong thinking.

Rationalism unbalanced by reason-

ableness is sheer madness. The advantage of not committing one's self irrevocably to ideas is that thus one escapes the damnation of acting without reserve upon the wrong idea.

What has all this to do with current fiction? It leads straight to a consideration of *The Encounter*,[1] by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, a novel which incarnates the religion of Nietzsche and that of Christ, as well as the creed of the hedonist, and shows them fighting their battle out on the virgin field of a young girl's heart and brain. This most penetrating and unusual book is the author's finest achievement. One hardly sees how she can again equal, not to say outdo, such work as this. It shows distinction, subtlety, inevitableness, an absolute mastery of the tools of her art, a crystalline delineation of difficult, amorphous character. But deeper than its truth to actual life lies its truth to the underlying spirit of things. It is one of those rare works that emerge unbroken and unmarred, a perfect whole, from the Timeless World. And with all this it has that mysterious timeliness which seems too significant to be mere coincidence, since it records the utter rout of Nietzsche's philosophy of 'the world for the strong' before that nobler conception which the Christian world is slowly stumbling toward through long and bitter paths. And this demonstration comes at the precise moment when the whole earth is wondering if that philosophy is to replace, for an æon or two, the ideal of the Golden Rule.

Nietzsche's self is made protagonist here in his person and habit as he lived. Ludwig Wehlitz frankly embodies the writer's impression of that 'piteous and splendid' figure. The contest of the story takes place between Persis Fennamy, a young American girl of beauty and great intelligence but unstirred, perhaps unstirrable, heart, and three vividly individualized Germans, each a philosopher after his fashion. Wehlitz's philosophy, of course, is Nietzsche's own, quite wonderfully interpreted; Graf von Lüdenstein is hedonist and materialist; Conrad Sachs, ugly, crippled, poor, despised, believes that the highest strength desires and chooses goodness. 'If only strength is good, it is still more true that only goodness is strong.' To him, the breath of the spirit is the world's great reality. Each of these men loves the girl after his nature. The swift interplay between their emotion and her dawning consciousness takes strange and dramatic forms, too complicated to rehearse. But even the casual reader need not fear the book's philosophy, for it is concreted and made absolutely definite in personalities. The story, as a story, is as rapid and absorbing as it is subtle, but one despairs of setting it forth fully, just as one despairs of any adequate account of the marvelous Mrs. Fennamy, perhaps its most trenchant personality.

Probably no one with the instinct for character ever read Nietzsche without feeling that he did protest too much. The vehement champion of force is never strong. The delineation of the man himself as it is here,— acute, exalted, puerile, egotistic, ignoble, impotent, half-mad with visions that go far, yet not quite far enough,— accords unforgettably with the impression that his work imparts. Here was a brave coward whom the universe drove mad with fear. No prophet, this, for nations to build upon.

Wehlitz hates too much to be capable of love. He cannot woo, for philosophers may not sing the Song of Songs; yet had Persis loved him first, it might have freed him and have let him be the lover she so blindly but so righteously demanded. Von Lüdenstein

[1] *The Encounter*. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

asked merely to be allowed to teach her the intoxication of the flesh. In the end it emerges clear that only Sachs, standing aside in complete renunciation, has registered himself upon the girl's soul. The thought of him is as necessary, as reviving, to her as his presence is to the furious and shattered Wehlitz. He only can bring peace. His is the strength of the selfless, and they all live in his strength. 'O Galiléen, tu as vaincu,' might well be written on the final page.

This is an inadequate account of an inimitable achievement. I confess that to me the book seems entirely perfect as art, philosophy, religion. No one who cares for either should let it pass unread.

A group of belated novels about modern woman might have seemed vital, even exciting, a year ago. But now — what are feminists, anyhow? Was there once a lecturer named — what is it? — Pankhurst? Did anybody but George Washington ever own a hatchet? The whole hectic aspect of woman-agitation has disappeared by magic, as hysterical seizures disappear when the house takes fire. But its literary traces still remain.

Delia Blanchflower [1] is Mrs. Humphry Ward's account of some phases of the English militant movement. It is sane, comprehensive, and forcible. Generalizing quite frankly from the particular cases here presented, one may say that frantic militancy seems to arise from some repression or divagation of the sex-instinct. Mrs. Ward's militants are women embittered by events in their individual lives rather than martyrs to a holy cause. In them the natural attraction of woman to man is turned to an insane and bitter hate. Like all forms of hate, it leads direct to some form of hell. There is no escaping this. Even though you admit fully the injustice of the English law toward women, the fury of militancy remains as before, a malign and evil mood, most destructive to those who develop it. The only unconvincing thing in *Delia Blanchflower* is the love story. It reads as if the author continued to believe in love stories with her head, but had lost interest in them with her heart.

Her Wings [2] just flutters the edge of the problem tentatively, since the heroine, solemnly dedicated to useful celibacy by her mother, is so obviously designed by Nature for other ends that her struggle against manifest destiny can have but one end. *Faces in the Dawn* [3] is a pleasing and poetic account of a German pastor's browbeaten wife (*she* had reasons for rebellion, if you like!) who was given new ideals by Gudrun, the baron's daughter. Gudrun returns from Colorado engaged to a good American who knows how women should be treated. Between them all, they almost made Pastor Adam Samuels see that men might be 'as brave, noble, and happy a company where the wives were considered intellectually and spiritually their equals, as in countries where they were sentimentally idealized but actually regarded as inferiors.' The objection to this excellent story as propaganda is that no Pastor Adam will read it.

If Esperanza, Pastor Adam's wife, is the woman of yesterday, Bambi is a chortling, joyous specimen of the girl of day-after-to-morrow.[4] Bambi's historian is bright, vivacious, and obviously so young as to be unhampered by any real knowledge of people, so she artlessly

[1] *Delia Blanchflower.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

[2] *Her Wings.* By Frances Newton Symmes Allen. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[3] *Faces in the Dawn.* By Herman Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[4] *Bambi.* By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

presents, in a series of motion pictures, her idea of a really fine girl. Bambi, aged nineteen, relentlessly marries Mr. Jarvis Jocelyn, would-be dramatist, because she sees in him the makings of a success and wishes a hand in the work. She has to catch him when he is so stupefied with creative writing that he does n't know what he is doing — otherwise he would refuse to be married; but little does Bambi care for that! She keeps him in a room in her father's house, working at his drama. Presumably father pays the bills while Bambi earns enough money by story-writing to send Jarvis to New York to market the play. She gets him the job of dramatizing her own anonymous novel, makes him fall in love with the unknown author, and reveals the secret only on the highly successful 'first night.' In brief, she drags him about by one arm, head bobbing in the dust, as a child drags a Teddy-bear. And these are the dearest dreams of the Newest Girl! Her doctrine would seem to be this: it is Man's turn to be a toy; let him take his medicine!

Even the cowed and shrinking Esperanza is a more pleasing spectacle than Bambi. If you are down-trodden and submissive, you are at least saved from the disgrace of flagrant egotism. But there are two or three women in the new novels who approximate a happier state than either. I admit a violent attachment for Hilda Maneley, the little lady of *The Nightingale*.[1] She is so deliciously unreasonable, such a happiness-giver, so humanly gay and comforting! We all know some one she reminds us of: some woman who, without achievements or talent save the highly developed talent of taking an interest in other people, succeeds in warming a corner of the world for us whenever our thoughts turn that way. Hilda's personality is heart-filling, and it really 'gets across.' One humbly submits to militant ladies the opinion that here is Woman-at-her-Best.

Little Eve Edgarton is a rebellious mite who has been dragged from sea to sea ever since she was born.[2] Said her mother who died, 'Any foolish woman can keep house, but the woman who travels with your father has got to be able to keep the whole wide world for him. It's nations that you'll have to put to bed. And suns and moons and stars that you have to keep scoured and bright. But with the whole green earth for your carpet and shining heaven for your roof-tree and God for your landlord, now would n't you be a fool if you were n't quite satisfied?' 'But all the same,' said little Eve, '*I'd rather have a house!*' It is refreshing to meet such a perfectly normal young person, even if she does make a fuss about it.

Little Eve would be twice as effective were she italicized only half as much! But, with whatever abatement, she is a much more useful and desirable citizen than *To-day's Daughter*, as depicted by Mrs. Bacon.[3] The author gives us a number of searching, acute studies of modern American women. She asks, in effect, what Nature demands of them, and shows how they meet that demand. In particular she inquires, how does unnecessary money-making effort, outside the home, work out with reference to the home itself? She distinguishes clearly between the woman who must work in the world and the woman who insists upon her right to do so, with respectful consideration for the undoubted genius and for the woman who is willing to earn if she can do it under her own roof. The author carefully avoids all moral judgments, all viewpoints

[1] *The Nightingale.* By Ellenor Stoothoff. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[2] *Little Eve Edgarton.* By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Co.

[3] *To-Day's Daughter.* By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

save those of Nature when Nature is keeping her sharp eyes on the race. Says Mrs. Fitch to Mrs. Fettauer, when the latter proposes to throw over husband and children in order that she may go on with her career of organizing prison-reform, 'Wrong? Who said anything about wrong? Or right? When I see a woman throwing away a string of pearls for a string of buttons, do I call her wrong? I call her blind, that's all!'

The tenacity with which Mrs. Bacon adheres to the evolutionary and utilitarian standpoint serves only to bring out more vividly the fact that Nature as interpreted to-day and Duty as interpreted yesterday are identical and make the same demands on women. She might have pushed her logic a little further and mentioned that To-day's Daughter, if she persists in such woodenness and rigidity as Lucia Stanchon displays through her married life, has inevitably decreed her own extermination. Nature, who, as Lucia's wise father points out, irrevocably decrees that men must first of all be brave and honest, and women kind and chaste, has not yet put it into the hearts of men to desire mates as hard as cigar-store Indians. There is one strong similarity between the highly cultivated group of New York women drawn by Mrs. Bacon and the joint heroines of *Perch of the Devil*,[1] Mrs. Atherton's equally expert if less agreeable delineation of two women of Butte. Both groups have this quality of steeliness, which apparently results from extensive self-consideration unmitigated by much regard for any one else. Ida Compton and Mrs. Mark Blake are thoroughly up-to-date in their limitless individualism; the latter is the finer-fibred, with an inherited taste for the things of the mind, but in the contest between them the commoner woman is victor. She purposes at least to keep her hold on her own husband, and in this, being on Nature's side, she wins. Other than this blind instinct, neither of the two women has a principle to bless herself with. If Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Bacon are right, modern woman is deteriorating with spectacular rapidity, whether in Montana or Manhattan. The pictures they present are undeniably terrifying.

For a totally different effect, one may turn to *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*.[2] This heroine is born in the gutter and reared in the reform school, but by virtue of something within herself speaking with an authority to which she always yields obedience, she pursues her own path uncorrupted by the dark experiences through which she passes. Jennie Cushing is wonderful, but alas! she is not typical. Her exceptional selflessness offers no argument for woman in general, though it confirms the doctrine of Conrad Sachs that 'only goodness is strong.'

Does any one still care for the nineteenth century, with its restraints, its elegancies, its exquisite, painstaking art, its careful superstructures on foundations of solidity? Here are three books whose authors had popular success in the eighties. *Diane and her Friends*,[3] by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is a volume of adorable short stories. Recalling his early work across the years, one finds here no loss of grace or deftness, but only an added definition and clarity. In the old days he was at times too vague. The quality which gave him good audience then was poignancy. He had the power to express 'the sense of tears in things,' and it

[1] *Perch of the Devil*. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[2] *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[3] *Diane and Her Friends*. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

remains wholly undiminished. No one writes short stories like these nowadays, — each one like a carved gem. Evidently art was not dead when Mr. Hardy learned to write. — The action of *Gideon's Band*,[1] by George W. Cable, takes place on a Mississippi River steamboat in 1852, during a trip from New Orleans to St. Louis. Cholera breaks out, invading the cabins from the lower deck; two brothers, who are worse than hot-headed, attempt to develop a feud, but most of the evil consequences of the trying situation are met and averted by two young people, boy and girl, one in each camp of the opposed factions. The situations are dramatic and unusual, and they put in play before us the life of a vanished time. The book, indeed, suggests dramatization more strongly than do many novels of which successful plays have already been made. — Perhaps Charles Egbert Craddock is the only living follower of Scott. At all events, she reproduces closely some of his merits while avoding most of his defects. *The Story of Duciehurst* [2] is an absorbing tale, which deals with a stranded steamer, river-pirates, hidden treasure, usurped estates, a broken levee, and an engulfed plantation. Plenty of elements of interest here, and they are built into a carefully composed whole in which the development of personality is kept the strongest point. Each chapter advances the whole plot in a definite and enduring way. The construction is a pleasure to reflect upon, and if the language is a little too dignified for to-day, so much the better for the reader. The book is as interesting as any of the shockers, and it is not jerry-built.

A comparatively new writer, A. S. M. Hutchinson, goes back to Dickens for his inspiration. *The Clean Heart* [3] is the story of a self-centred novelist, temporarily unbalanced, who wins to health first, then sanity, and finally selflessness, through tramping the by-ways of England with a hard-drinking vagabond, Puddlebox, who might have been lifted bodily from Dickens. I am not denying that there may be virtue enough in open air and the English landscape to make a gentleman and a philanthropist of a Puddlebox, and he is as certain of popularity as Mr. Locke's Beloved Vagabond, a somewhat similar character, who is developed with fewer direct assaults upon the reader's emotions. Locke's performance is the more artful of the two, and the less ethical. It remains to be seen which readers want most.

Breathless books on a high level are *The Clarion* [4] and *The Charmed Life of Miss Austin*.[5] The former is a capital story, moving with the speed of an express train and doing all that the advertisements claim for it in the way of exposing newspaper venality in connection with the patent-medicine trade. But it does more than this, or Literature could not smile at Mr. Adams so amiably as she now has grounds for doing. Dr. Surtaine, his quack, who begins life as a wandering faker and evolves into a multi-millionaire with an enormous and beneficently run dope-factory, is an unusually human and lovable creation. The hero, his son, who wars with him, the heroine, and everybody else in the book are feeble indeed compared to this genial, sincere old scoundrel, who is no novelist's dummy, but a life-sized human creature with all the tragic inconsistencies and comic imperfections that make human beings the endlessly ab-

[1] *Gideon's Band.* By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *The Story of Duciehurst.* By Charles Egbert Craddock. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[3] *The Clean Heart.* By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

[4] *The Clarion.* By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston & New New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[5] *The Charmed Life of Miss Austin.* By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Co.

sorbing creatures that they are. *The Charmed Life of Miss Austin*, with its Oriental background, like carved lacquer, against which stand out the naïve outlines of a nice girl from the United States, is distinctly clever. It is a very bad book for girl-travelers in the Orient to read: it gives the impression that, no matter how self-willed they may be in their adventure-seeking, Providence in the shape of a Man from Home will surely intervene. There could be no more fatal delusion for a nice girl on the China Coast. But the stories are good stories, for Mr. Merwin knows what components go to the making of a good story. His recipe is almost infallible.

The only ingredient one could wish added to them is the sincerity one feels in the work of Lincoln Colcord, that other student of the China Coast. *The Game of Life and Death* [1] is one of the best short stories of recent years. Though no other in the volume to which it gives title is of such dramatic intensity, all are absorbing with that reality found only in the work of a man who sees through the vivid appearances of things to their final reality.

Follow a few books that are simply agreeable reading. Snaith's new novel, *Anne Feversham*,[2] is a pleasant presentation of a quite possible Will Shakespeare taking a benign interest in young love at great personal risk. This author, never twice the same, is never negligible. *The Street of the Seven Stars* [3] is the good old story of a poor young music-student abroad, retold for this generation by Mrs. Rinehart. It will probably be as deservedly popular as was *The First Violin* some forty years ago — for romance is not yet dead. *Personality Plus* [4] details the preliminary business experiences of Jock McChesney, son of Emma McChesney, that dauntless and sparkling traveling-woman. Jock is not so good a man as his mother, but one is always interested in the sons of old friends. *Phyllis* [5] is a gay little story of a Northern girl in a Southern town, and *The Hon. Percival* [6] details the amusing encounter of the conventional Englishman with a Montana damsel. Both books have the essential joyousness that seems to come from the nearer South. The stories of Mrs. Bosher, Miss Daviess, and Alice Hegan Rice are what one may call sweet-dispositioned books. Like certain bubbling Southern girls, they are 'nice to have around.'

It would not matter that H. G. Wells is the most incorrigibly wrong-headed novelist we have, if he were not also incorrigibly interesting. As things are, his wrong-headedness adds to his interest. It grows exciting to see him take shot after shot at life and human nature, without ever hitting the bull's-eye. He can punctuate a pattern all around it with neatness and dispatch, but the gold itself he never scores. It is hard to explain why a man with such a rich mentality never by any chance penetrates to the core of things. Of course, he is urban — and Truth lives out of town; also, he relies on his reason, and Truth values instinct more. Still, would n't you think that sometimes by accident he might stumble upon an eternal verity? As a matter of fact, in *Mr. Polly* and again in *Marriage* he came close to it. His newest novel, *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*,[7] is a book of divers

[1] *The Game of Life and Death.* By Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[2] *Anne Feversham.* By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[3] *The Street of the Seven Stars.* By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[4] *Personality Plus.* By Edna Ferber. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[5] *Phyllis.* By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: The Century Co.

[6] *The Hon. Percival.* By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

[7] *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman.* By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

delights. The first hundred pages or so are phrased with such felicity and subtlety that there are half a dozen distinct pleasures on each page. When the author gets fully into the swing of his story, he forgets to polish every separate sentence so brilliantly, and the elated response of one's brain-cells to his adjectives is noticeably less frequent. Had he kept it up at the same pace, I fear one might have forgotten to be critical, even about the eternal verities! Critics also have their price.

Another pleasure is the careful, full-length portrait of Ellen, Lady Harman, who is preëminently the kind of woman worth this trouble. Wells has never elsewhere drawn a woman so painstakingly and accurately. In this respect, also, the book marks a great advance. The reader's disappointment inheres, as usual, in the underlying satiric foundation of a pleasing superstructure. Those who know their Wells will recall that Stratton, hero of *The Passionate Friends*, devotes his life to 'the destruction of jealousy, and the forms and shelters and instruments of jealousy, both in my own self and in the thoughts and laws and usages of the world.' *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* may best be described as a bit of Stratton's special pleading. Its sole purpose is to show masculine jealousy as supremely brutal, and supremely ridiculous.

Sir Isaac Harman, a rich baker, marries at forty a beautiful, reasonable, and intelligent young girl whose life he makes a burden by interference, domineering, and jealousy. He will not let her be, in the least degree, an 'autonomous' individual. For some years she accepts this quietly, but as her character develops she begins to want, not freedom from any duty or responsibility, but merely a little pocket-money, a few friends, and the right to think a bit occasionally. She finally obtains these simple requirements by getting a month in jail for militant window-breaking. Sir Isaac, dying, makes her fortune dependent upon her refusal to marry again. This she has no disposition to do. Nothing she has seen of marriage has yet shown it a desirable estate. So she refuses Mr. Brumley, a harmless novelist who has been her friend, admirer, even adviser, for some difficult years, asking him to remain exactly what he has been to her, and no more. He finds this hard, promises it at first, then raves and rages jealously against Sir Isaac, finally bursting into loud boo-hoos and running from her wildly to hide his sobs. The book ends on this blatantly comic note, which jars like the blare of penny whistles at carnival-time. There never was a hero more banged about, maligned, jeered at, than Mr. Brumley! It is positively low to create a character and treat it thus. There are certain decencies due from creator to created which Wells observes not at all.

What the author wants you to understand is that Mr. Brumley's unaffected, blubbering jealousy of the dead husband and his desire to touch once only his lady's lips, are as outrageous manifestations of jealousy in their way as Sir Isaac's domineering in a more masculine and brutal way. What the reader says to the author is, 'Kind sir, I fear you are Reason's Fool! No strong passion, not even this apparently most unlovely one, but plays its great rôle in the shaping of man's soul, and is a basal element in all that civilization holds dearest. And if you want light as to what jealousy really is, pray read *Pierre Vinton!*[1] The author is as clever, as felicitous as yourself — and he goes to the heart of things, as you refuse to do.'

Pierre Vinton is, indeed, a quite wonderful book. So expert is it, so full of

[1] *Pierre Vinton.* By EDWARD C. VENABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

charm as well as insight, that it is hard to believe it the first book of a new writer. One would say there are not more than four American authors capable of such work. Vinton, who tells his story in the first person, is a 'superfluous husband' whose wife has given him a 'refined divorce' because she is tired of him. He is not at all tired of her, but supposes it the part of a gentleman to let her follow her will. To her he is 'an emptied tea-cup on the Tray of Things.' We see him philosophizing unsteadily upon his plight, moving from friend to friend, listening to condolence and counsel, with a spirit seeking but unconvinced. In the course of time he is told suddenly that his wife contemplates remarriage. He falls into the hands of horror at the words. In a delirium of primordial emotion he conceives the world as the kennel of a raving pack 'driven wild with appetites whose causes, purposes, even satisfactions, they are ignorant of.' Standing on a New York street corner in the night, he visualizes the world as a 'vast plain in a dim light, with the black, uncouth shapes rising and falling.' Despair of life grips him. 'In such chaos, what hope was there save in the sharpest tooth?' — The delirium and the vision presently pass. He touches the stones of a building, listens to footfalls. The perceptions of reality come back. Broadway is real; his vision, delirium. But it has not always been so. Once his vision was the reality and Broadway less than a dim vision in the brain of brutes! The one has evolved from the other, and jealousy has been the strongest factor in that evolution. For the moment, Broadway looked to him like Paradise!

He feels that he must account to himself for the horror that fell on him at the thought of this marriage. He cannot get rid of that obsession of emotion by calling it jealousy and throwing it aside. Jealousy is only a name; it explains nothing. As he walks on up the street, in the light of his own previous behavior he acquits himself of the fury of balked appetite. This feeling was, somehow, quite different, of a higher nature, of a vastly greater power. Slowly insight comes. In this emotion 'I had somehow become an instrument of that Law which stretched from Broadway to the beasts and incalculably further. I was in my horror an infinitesimal means to its vast mysterious purpose.'

This is the part of the book one prayerfully desires Wells to read. It is written with the unquestionable authority of real experience, real insight. There is no mistaking that note. Mr. Brumley's emotions are pale indeed beside those of Pierre Vinton's crucial hour, while Brumley's creator, compared with Vinton's, stands convicted of bungling insufficiency when he puts fingers on the soul of man. Where there is no vision the people perish. Why could not the gods, who gave Wells so many gifts, have given him just one more?

Pierre Vinton's story closes in a lighter vein than this account would indicate. His other discovery — that if love, and love only, validates marriage, divorce cannot invalidate it so long as love is left on either side — is cheerfully recommended to advanced propagandists in this field. Who says A must say B. No one seems ever to have thought of this before, but its logic is inescapable.

FIREWORKS

BY AMY LOWELL

You hate me and I hate you,
And we are so polite, we two!

But whenever I see you I burst apart
And scatter the sky with my blazing heart.
It spits and sparkles in stars and balls,
Buds into roses, and flares and falls.

Scarlet buttons, and pale green disks,
Silver spirals and asterisks,
Shoot and tremble in a mist
Peppered with mauve and amethyst.

I shine in the windows and light up the trees,
And all because I hate you, if you please.

And when you meet me, you rend asunder
And go up in a flaming wonder
Of saffron cubes, and crimson moons,
And wheels all amaranths and maroons.

Golden lozenges and spades,
Arrows of malachites and jades,
Patens of copper, azure sheaves.
As you mount you flash in the glossy leaves.

Such fireworks as we make, we two!
Because you hate me and I hate you.

VULCAN

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

TEN years ago, the low dunes, a desert of yellow sand and beach-grass, stretched unbroken from the foot of Lake Michigan south to the headwaters of the Kankakee. Since the early days when the good Father Marquette was paddled slowly around the curving beach line to die finally on the Michigan shore, they have remained — a desert of soft colors in the summer, a sleet-swept tract in winter. A few miles north, on the western edge of the lake, a vast city, in a single century, was born and thrust its towers high against the horizon. Then, suddenly, came an instant transformation. Other cities, filled with the men of every nation, flattened the dunes into level streets. Along the lake shore strange structures of steel, reeking with smoke and blackness, streaked the sky with a cloud by day and a glare of furnaces by night. From a hundred meshing tracks the clamor of locomotives rose above the murmur of the city's streets. Steel, Vulcan, had usurped the wastes of sand and wiry beach-grass. Progress and industry stained the blue Indiana sky with the smoke of a thousand chimneys.

The long concrete slip slashed the beach lines. Beyond its mouth the lake, a brilliant ultramarine, pounded in before the north wind; but inside, the quiet water was tawny with riled sand and the stain of iron. Against the nearest dock an ore steamer rested its long, low body beneath the shadow of a steel trestle that reached out, far above it. With sudden motion a grab-bucket swung down on slender cables from the trestle and disappeared in the waist of the ship. In an instant it lifted on tightened cables, heavy with ore, and swung ashore with grinding vibration of wheels and electric motors. to drop its contents on the ore pile that ran parallel with the dock. Like a mountain range the vermilion peaks of ore piled up above me, from the mouth of the harbor far inland, so high that behind them only the tops of the tallest furnaces appeared against the sky. From the scarred hills of northern Minnesota, down the length of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, other steamers were bringing fresh food for the hungry furnaces. The reverberation of the mills rose sharp above the even cadence of the surf.

Like strange Martian creatures the blast furnaces squatted beyond the ore piles. Ample-waisted, they flanked it, and between their huge structures the long row of 'stoves,' high as modest skyscrapers, lifted their slender domes in even line. Beyond, a vast pile of coal reared black against white heaps of broken limestone.

Inside the steel structure which inclosed the furnace a score of blackened, half-naked men were moulding huge troughs of sand to receive the surplus iron which would pour forth when later they 'cast the furnace.' Hot, and enormous in girth, the furnace filled the building. Inside, under forced draught, and at a temperature of 3500 degrees, layers of coke, limestone, and iron ore were undergoing their vital transformation. By the heat of the consuming coke the iron was filtering down in

liquid flood, purified and refined by the flux of melted limestone.

From beneath the furnace a squat locomotive dragged a string of curious cars across a desolate field to the steel mills. On low trucks the ladles, like inverted cones, carried the liquid metal, — so hot that four hours might elapse before it solidified.

In the twilight of a long corrugated building the brick ovens of the open hearths stretched away into almost indefinable distance. Heat, fresh consuming heat, choked the air. And from chinks in the hearths a white light of indescribable intensity pierced my eyeballs.

The trainload of molten metal had arrived before us. Already a big-lipped ladle had been dragged by an electric engine into the gloom of the building, and up to the hearth-mouth.

The doors of the hearth were thrown suddenly open. A blinding whiteness streaked with saffron, and heat almost beyond endurance, made me draw back behind a column. A workman thrust a pair of deep-blue glasses in my hand. Slowly the great ladle bent forward. From its spout a trickle of fluid iron poured faster and faster until the white cascade, at full flood, seethed into the hearth-bath. A shower of sparks, strange flowery pyrotechnics, shot high into the gloom. Through the blue glass I peered into the hearth. Like an infernal lake it swirled and eddied, a whirlpool of incandescent flame. Leaping tongues of pink and lavender danced in the blue darkness. Shielding their goggled faces from the heat, the workmen cast lumps of rich ore into the hearth-mouth, — black silhouettes of men against the blue glare of an uncanny firelight.

Behind the long row of open hearths huge cranes rumbled back and forth on their tracks beneath the roof, the operators, concealed somewhere on their rivet-studded frames, directing the swinging cables that lifted and carried weights inconceivable. High in the dark vault a great crane swung over us.

'They're going to tap a heat,' shouted the assistant superintendent in my ear, his words sounding faint and fragmentary above the steady roar that filled the building.

On the floor below, an electric motor trundled an empty ladle into place beneath the rear of one of the hearths.

Then from the hearth, with a mad daze of brilliancy, fifty-six tons of molten steel began to disgorge itself. Once more I put on the blue glasses. Against the deep purple gloom of the building the stream of metal shot forward and bent in the soft curve of running water. Like pale moonbeams the sunlight rays from glassless windows pierced the darkness, and sharp across them leaped the avalanche of steel, a flood of brilliant pink and blue that showered the room with a constellation of falling stars.

For a brief minute I took off the glasses. In the terrible glare of light all background disappeared. Gone were the dark shapes of the toilers beneath; gone the uncanny moonlight. Yellow, tawny, brilliant as the contact of an electric arc, the swirling metal scorched my vision. A halo of flame seemed to envelop the ladle.

It was full. Through the glass, again, it boiled soapy and seething, the crest of its wave-tossed surface crimson and blue. Slowly from the crane above, two great hooks, like bent fingers, caught the handles on its sides, lifted it, and with a hail of sparks and a glare of heat against our faces, swung it far above us. Then, with grinding reverberation, it moved past, far down the long gallery, to be poured into ingots in the waiting moulds.

In the 'blooming mill' there was the continuous rumble of mighty thunder. Cherry red against the darkness, the incandescent ingots of steel shot back

and forth between giant fingers that pressed and worked them at every passing; for like dough that must be kneaded to acquire a certain consistency, steel must be worked to obtain those qualities which its ultimate purpose will demand.

Into a great plank a hundred feet long the solid ingot flattened resistlessly between the stroking rollers. Then, finished, it shot abruptly beneath a knife that snipped it lightly into even bars of manageable weight.

In the structural mill the billets of steel, still malleable with glowing heat, rumbled noisily back and forth on the metal floor, propelled invisibly by countless whirling rollers that shot them with incredible speed and certainty of direction. As I looked down the length of the gloomy building, the glare of the moving bars of metal contrasted so sharply with the black floor that they alone were visible, like strange illuminated bodies that floated and swam on a sea of inky water. Through devious channels they navigated, palpably changing, narrowing, lengthening, until at last, in the far end of the building, the finished angle-bar or I-beam was deposited, a perfect thing, of cooling lead-gray steel.

And still more buildings; parallel with each other; equally vast; filled with darkness and tumult, the shifting shapes of giant roof-hung cranes, and the red glow of heated metal. Like paste from a tube, a thin rope of white-hot steel emerged from a shapeless machine that crouched squat on the iron floor, and with a breath of heat disappeared in the breast of another monster that trembled with the reverberation of a hundred hammers. And faster than the hand of my watch could count the seconds, a hail of railroad spikes, still glowing, leaped finished from its thundering womb. Bolts, spikes, nuts, and rivets, madly, with the tumult of clashing steel, poured finished from the vitals of the uncouth machines.

Plates of steel for the flanks of ships which will some day transport the wares of a trading world. Rails and spikes to carry high over mountain passes the flitting trains that make distant cities one. Bolt, rivet, and girder for the towering building. Steel, steel for its multifold destinies, here it is born in heat and labor. Steel for an age of steel.

In the twilight of the late summer afternoon the world seemed strangely quiet and at peace. Sharp and black against the yellow sky the roofs and stacks of the mills rose like the sky-line of a ruined city; and in an occasional opening the blue lake gleamed with the brilliant light of sapphire. In the gathering darkness electric lights began to glimmer. Flares of dull-red gas-flame burst out like volcanoes and suddenly were gone.

Loud and metallic a hurdy-gurdy lifted the rippling cadence of a Neapolitan air in a distant street. Beyond the mill-yard gates the saloon windows shone gayly and arc lights trembled into life. Day was over.

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT

A FURTHER CONSIDERATION

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

In a previous essay, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December last, I showed at length how this war, like all European wars, was caused by the working of a false theory of the state on the minds and passions of rulers, statesmen, journalists, and other leaders of opinion. In the pages that follow it is my object to discuss in some detail the kind of settlement which will be needed at the peace, if such wars are not to recur again and again. But since men's ideas as to the kind of peace that is desirable are affected by their conception of the causes of the war, I must begin by protesting against the view, industriously disseminated by the English, and, no doubt, by the French and Russian press, that the only cause of the war was the wickedness of Germany. For this view clearly is much too simple and superficial; and it leads to a wrong conception of the remedy. Let us then briefly examine it.

'Germany,' we say, 'made the war.' Germany? But what is Germany? The German people? The peasants? The factory laborers? The millions of Social Democrats? They made the war? Is it likely? Ten days before the war broke out they, like the people everywhere, were working, resting, eating, sleeping, dreaming of nothing less than of war. War came upon them like a thunderclap. The German people are as peaceable as every other. Their soldiers complain of it. We are fond of quoting General Bernhardi, but we never quote the passage in which he explains why he wrote his book. He wrote it, he tells us, to counteract 'the aspirations for peace which seem to dominate our age and threaten to poison the soul of the German people.' Now that the war has come, the German people are fighting; but they are fighting, as they believe, to protect their hearths and homes against the wanton aggression of Russia, France, and, above all, England. Like all the other peoples, they are fighting what they believe to be a defensive war. That is the tragic irony of it. Whoever made the war, it was not any of the peoples.

'Then, it was the German government.' Yes, or else it was the Russian, or else it was both. In any case, it was a very few men. The peace of Europe was in the hands of some score of individuals. They could make war, and the hundreds of millions who were to fight and to suffer could not stop it. That is the really extraordinary fact. That is what is worth dwelling on. How could it happen? Why are the nations passive clay in the hands of their governments?

First, because they do not know one another. They speak different languages, live different kinds of lives, have different manners and customs.

They do not hate one another, but neither do they understand or trust one another. They do not feel that they belong together. Left to themselves, they would never, it is true, want to fight one another. They do not even think of one another; they are occupied with their own lives. But, since they do not know foreigners as they know one another, they can easily be made to believe that foreigners are their enemies. They do not think of them as real individual men and women. They think of them as a great solid mass, and attribute to this mass any qualities suggestion may put into their heads. So, at the moment, the ordinary Englishman believes that 'the Germans' are treacherous, brutal, bloodthirsty, cruel, while the Germans believe that 'the English' are cowardly, hypocritical, and degenerate. They believe these things because they are told to believe them, by the people who want to make bad blood. And they believe them the more readily because they are at war.

The fact, then, that to every nation every other is 'foreign,' makes the peoples of Europe the prey of those who want to make wars. We see in Germany who these people have been. They have been professors, like Treitschke, militarists like Bernhardi, journalists like Harden. And in England, they have been a Maxse, a Northcliffe, a Cramb. The same kind of people are and have been at work in all countries for the same end. For years past they have been setting the Germans at the English and the English at the Germans. The German literature against England we have drawn from its obscurity since the war began. But what about the English literature against Germany? Here is a specimen from one of our most prominent and intellectual journals: —

'If Germany were extinguished tomorrow, the day after to-morrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for two hundred and fifty million pounds of yearly commerce?' [1]

Policy, playing on ignorance, — that is the origin of wars. But why the policy? What is it aiming at? That, too, we must make clear.

We accuse Germany of making an unprovoked attack upon France and Russia, and we are indignant. But we forget that, if Germany so acted, she was acting in accordance with the principles and practice dominant throughout Europe for centuries past. Our English national hero, Lord Roberts, warned us that she would act just so. But he added that she would be quite right and that we ought to do the same. When the Germans began to build their fleet there were plenty of Englishmen who urged us to pick a quarrel with her at once and destroy her before she grew too strong. There is nothing peculiarly monstrous or unique about the conduct we impute to Germany. It is the conduct fostered by the European system which England, too, supports. That system is one of armed states always expecting to be attacked, and therefore always ready to anticipate attack. We are engaged merely in one act of a long and tragic drama. Let us look for a moment at the whole set of facts from which this war proceeded.

In 1870 there was war between Germany and France, — a war of mutual jealousy and fear, with no good cause behind it and no good end before. In that war Germany was victorious. She took from France two of her provinces and left her burning for revenge. Germany had made a permanent enemy

[1] This passage is referred to in Prince von Bülow's book, *Imperial Germany* (p. 99, English translation), as illustrating English feeling against Germany. — THE AUTHOR.

on the west. On her east lay Russia. Between Russia and Germany there was no cause of quarrel. They had coöperated to crush Napoleon, and since then had commonly acted in sympathy. There was no talk, during all those years, of Russian barbarism, or of the inevitable conflict between Teuton and Slav. That idea was the effect, not the cause, of the hostility between the two nations. The cause was the alliance of Germany with Austria in her quarrel with Russia. Russia and Austria were contending for the mastery of the Balkan peninsula. Greed of territory and power was the ultimate source of their dispute, — supported, on the part of Russia, by the sentiment of race. And this quarrel in the east was presently knit up with the quarrel in the west. To strengthen herself against Germany, France allied herself with Russia. Henceforth a war in the east would make a war in the west. Italy had already joined Germany and Austria.

But England was not yet involved. What brought her in was the building of the German fleet. We regarded it as a menace. Perhaps it was. At any rate we thought so. And to secure ourselves we joined hands with France and Russia. The Triple Entente faced the Triple Alliance in arms. The materials for the explosion were there. It was merely a question who should first drop the match. Our discussions as to who that was are not as important as we think. This year, we believe it was Germany. But if it had not been Germany this year, it might have been Russia next. And some other year it might have been France or England. The war came out of the European system, the system of states armed against one another, and dominated by mutual suspicion and fear. While that system continues, war will continue. If we want to stop war, we must alter that.

II

At the origin, then, of this war, there was no good cause at all. It was one of the many wars for power and position. Englishmen, it is true, have been strongly moved by the invasion of Belgium, and I throw no doubt on the genuineness of their feeling. But it was not the invasion of Belgium that made the war, although that was a contributory cause of the English intervention. The origin of the war was ambition and fear. But the origin is not the same as the purpose. The purpose is what we choose to make it. What then is our purpose, now we are at war? This question has been little discussed, and there is little willingness in Europe to discuss it, while the issue of the war hangs in the balance. But it is already clear that it will divide the nation. We are united in pursuing the war. We shall not be united in ending it.

On one point, no doubt, the peoples of the allied nations are agreed. The Germans must evacuate Belgium and indemnify her, so far as it can be done, for the martyrdom inflicted on her by one of the greatest crimes of history. That, at least, if the Allies win. But what more? There are two ways of answering that question, and much of future history will depend on which is adopted.

The one answer accepts frankly the traditional system. It assumes that the states of Europe must always be enemies and always settle their differences by war. That being so, the only end it can conceive for any war is the weakening of the vanquished and the aggrandizement of the victors. It is thus that all former wars have been ended, and thus that they have always prepared new wars. The view I am considering accepts this consequence. It means to 'crush Germany' in order to strengthen England. Quite openly it

sneers at the profession that this is 'a war to end war,' the profession that the best of our youths carry in their hearts to battle. Quite openly it justifies the militarism against which we have announced to the world that we are fighting. It approves militarism. All that it disapproves is the militarism of Germany. It wants to make us too a military power, prepared by compulsory military service for that 'next war' which it proposes to make 'inevitable' by the peace. This view, already frankly expressed by the *Morning Post*, will, no doubt, when the moment is thought to have come, be urged also by the *Times* and its group of associated newspapers. It will be supported by educated people, and will appeal to the passions of the uneducated, and will probably be urged by some members of the government. Let us then consider it.

We are to 'crush Germany'; or, as a progressive newspaper phrases it, we are to drive her, 'at no matter what cost to ourselves in lives and money, into unconditional surrender.' [1] That is, we are to carry on the war (if we can) far beyond the point at which the Germans have abandoned Belgium; beyond the point, even, at which they have abandoned Alsace-Lorraine and Posen. The Allies, as it is sometimes explained, are to 'dictate terms at Berlin,' whatever terms and however reasonable may be offered before they get there. A war which is destroying men as they have never been destroyed before, from which at the best the nations will emerge permanently degraded in their stock, poorer in physique, duller in intelligence, weaker in will than they went in, this war is to be protracted until the whole manhood of Europe is decimated, in order — in order to what? Let us ask in detail.

In order, we are told, that the Germans may 'feel they are beaten.' And then? They will be good in future? They will admit they were wrong? They will lick the hand that chastised them? Who believes it? The more completely they are beaten, the more obstinately they will be set on recovery. When France was beaten to the dust in 1870, did she repent for having provoked the war? On the contrary, she gathered up her forces for revenge. And Germany will do the same.

'But we shall prevent her!' How? By partitioning her? By disarming her? By changing the form of her government? All those things were tried by Napoleon, and none of them can achieve their purpose. A nation does not consist in its territory, or its armaments, or its government. It consists in the tradition, the character, and the spirit of its people. While Germany wants to be one, while she wants to be strong, while she wants to be monarchic, nobody and nothing can prevent her. A nation has never been crushed by anything short of annihilation. Look at Ireland! Look at Italy! Look at the Balkan States! You may weaken Germany, yes; you may cripple her for a time, as she, if she were victorious, could weaken or cripple us. What of it? She will rise from humiliation more determined than ever to assert herself. We can no more crush her than she can crush us. It is certain, then, that if we can succeed in 'crushing' Germany, and if we do nothing else, we are preparing war for the future, not peace.

It may be easier for us to realize this point if we remember that there are Germans, too, who expect and desire to get peace out of this war, and that they too hope to do it by 'crushing' their enemies. Thus, for example, the *Frankfürter Zeitung* writes: —

'One cannot count upon any other way of carrying out the idea of peace except by "force." By that, of course,

[1] *New Statesman*, Dec. 19, 1914.

we do not refer to the evil generally connected with the word, but to something which has been expressed in various ways during the last few months: we wish to have as the result of this war a state in which the countries which have now attacked us shall for all time be unable to repeat their attack. Germany, peaceful, as its allies, has with them been entrusted with the historical mission of dictating a permanent peace to Europe. We are fighting primarily for existence, but still more for this — that there may be rest in Europe from vain, ambitious madmen and brigands, and that they may be shown, like all others, the fit and natural sphere to which they belong. They must be deprived once and for all of the desire to attack us; till then, not a word of peace! Then, and then only, can the law of peace, protected by forces which are strong and just, be established.'

This is the German version of the same idea that is sometimes put forward on behalf of the Allies. Peace, say we, by crushing Germany, since she is the only disturber of the peace. Peace, say the Germans, by crushing the Allies, since they are the only disturbers of the peace. But how does this view of the Germans look to us? Does it look like peace? Do we imagine ourselves lying down forever, beaten, humbled, and repentant, under the contemptuous protection of an armed Germany? Just as we feel about the German idea, so, we may be sure, do they feel about ours. That route does not and cannot lead to peace. Nothing can, except a radical change in the ideas and policy of the nations of Europe, and an expression of that change in a definite political organization.

III

Those, then, who really desire a settlement that will secure peace in the future, must abandon the idea of 'crushing' Germany. Let us turn, now, to the other view of our purpose in this war.

We are fighting, say our best spirits, for freedom, and against domination. What do these terms mean? By domination we mean the imposition of rule by force, upon unwilling subjects. In the relation of man to man the simplest form of domination is slavery. In that of state to state its form is empire.[1] It is one of the great contending powers in the tragedy of history. It is real; and also it has been championed as an ideal. Macchiavelli is its philosopher, Carlyle its prophet, Treitschke its historian. Rome stood for it in the ancient world, Spain in America, England in Ireland. And Germany stands for it now in Belgium. By freedom, on the other hand, we mean the power and right of individuals and of nations to live their own lives and unfold their own capacities. This does not imply that they should do simply what they like, but that the restrictions they admit should be self-chosen and self-approved, with a view to the equal freedom of others. The formula is so familiar as to be tedious. But its meaning is infinite and profound. We have hardly yet begun to spell its first letters. It inspires the whole movement of democracy and all the wars of liberation. It is the other great protagonist of history; and of the history of the last century it is the very nerve. For that reason, it cannot be truly claimed as the principle of this or that nation. It has been contending in them all at death grips with its enemy. The angels of light and darkness do not preside over different nations. They contend in each for victory.

Nevertheless there is truth in the

[1] I use this term in the sense of a system in which one state or nation imposes its power by force on other states or nations. — THE AUTHOR.

idea that modern Germany stands for domination, and modern France and England for freedom. The unification of Germany in an empire obscured, if it did not ruin, the German spirit of liberty. The governing and articulate classes became arrogant and aggressive. The mass of the people became passively acquiescent. They were content to formulate freedom instead of struggling for it. They became the harmless pedants of democracy. Meanwhile the government pursued the ordinary course of empire. Wherever they ruled over people of alien race and ideals, they set themselves by force to convert them into their own likeness. In Poland, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Schleswig, they imposed on the unwilling natives their language, their education, and their 'culture.' In Poland they have been endeavoring for years to expropriate the Poles and substitute a German population. 'No consideration for the Polish people,' writes Prince von Bülow, 'must hinder us from doing all we can to maintain and strengthen the German nationality in the former Polish domains.' And he adds with unconscious irony, 'In our policy with regard to the schools we are really fighting for Polish nationality, which *we wish to incorporate in German intellectual life*.'

This is the traditional policy of empire. The English pursued this policy in Ireland with even greater vigor and ruthlessness throughout the eighteenth century. And it is, perhaps, only the happy accident that we are an island power that has prevented us from being, to this day, the champions of domination. But history has helped us, and we have learned from history. It is a chance, but a very significant chance, that made the outbreak of this war coincide with our final abandonment of the policy of coercion in Ireland. The British system now, so far as men of white race are concerned, is one not of empire but of free communities. And the spirit that has brought about this change will proceed, if we escape reaction, to inspire our policy in the great dependencies of men of alien race. Abroad, as at home, the English have been learning the lesson of freedom. And there is good hope, if we are true to our tradition, that our victory may contribute to the extension of freedom in Europe. In France, too, the long fight between antagonistic ideals has been inclining toward freedom. She too will join with us, we may believe, to confirm the liberty for which, throughout a century, she has been shedding her blood in civil strife.

While, then, it is unhistorical and unjust to pretend that Germany, as such, stands for domination, and the western powers for freedom, yet we may say with truth that a victory of the western powers, so far as their influence can reach, should make for freedom, while a victory of Germany will make for domination. That is the ideal cause, rising above our mere need of self-defense, that may inspire us in our efforts for victory. But if it be that which we carry in our hearts, — and the young among us, I believe, do carry it, — how must we endeavor, when the time comes for peace, to translate it into acts?

Mr. Asquith has given us the formula in words which I have quoted once in the *Atlantic*, but shall repeat again, — for they cannot be too often repeated. Never, perhaps, has a responsible statesman had the courage and the wisdom to look so far and so generously ahead.

'I should like, if I might for a moment, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow countrymen to the end which in this war we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said, "The great-

est triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has yet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to me to be now, at this moment, as good a definition as we can have of our European policy. The idea of public right, — what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means first and foremost the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of states, and of the future moulding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities — each with a corporate consciousness of its own.

'Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States, — they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbors, — more powerful in strength as in wealth, — exactly as good a title to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not or will not be realized either to-day or to-morrow. If and when this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship.'

Let us comment a little on this noble utterance and show how the ideas it voices hang all together. Those ideas are nationality, law, and peace. Let us remind ourselves of their meaning and connection.

Nationality is a Janus, facing both ways. So far as it stands for the right of a people to govern itself, it stands for freedom. So far as it stands for the ambition to govern other people, or to destroy them, or to shape them into an alien world, it stands for domination. Throughout history it has stood for both. Athens had no sooner beaten back the Persian attempt at domination, than she set out, herself, to dominate the Greek world. Rome won freedom at home to destroy it abroad. Free Holland, free England, set forth to conquer a world. Italy, liberated, falls upon Tripoli. The Balkan nations unite to expel the domination of the Turk, and divide to impose domination on one another. Finally, the German nationality is no sooner established in security than it threatens that of every other people. Nationality, then, is respectable only when it is on its defense. When it is waging wars of liberation it is sacred. When it is waging wars of domination it is accursed. It is therefore an ideal only when it is associated with law and peace. And it is only in that association that the allies can desire to foster and secure it. They should seek on the one hand to deliver the nations that are suffering oppression, and on the other to prevent them in future from becoming oppressors themselves.

To achieve this the new rectification of frontiers will not suffice. Nothing can achieve it but toleration carried through with faith and courage in every state. Poland may be freed from Russian and German and Austrian domination; but that, of itself, will not free Polish Jews from domination by Poles. The Serbs may be freed from Hungary, but that, of itself, will not free the Turks or Greeks or Bulgars who

may still be included in a greater Servia. It is impossible to make territorial boundaries correspond accurately with nationality. A change of heart is therefore as necessary as a change of frontiers and allegiance. Still, since changes of frontiers will and shall be made, the Allies, if they stand for the ideal of freedom, must see that such changes are made with a view only to the desires and the well-being of the peoples to be transferred, and not with a view to the aggrandizement of the victors. Every German colony that the English or French may take for the sake of their own power, will be a proof that they have abandoned the ideal of freedom. The English, through their Prime Minister, have said that they seek no territory. Let them prove it to the world, or stand self-convicted of hypocrisy.

The settlement of Europe, in such a way as to deliver nationalities from oppression, so far as that can be done by political arrangements, and so far as territory comes up for readjustment, will itself make for the other great purposes of the war, the substitution of law for force, and therefore, and in consequence, the maintenance of peace. The only wars between civilized nations that are justifiable are wars of defense. But there can be no defense without offense. Let the nations, having acquired the right to govern themselves, do so in peace without aggressive ambition. That must be the rule for the new Europe. But it too implies a change of heart. It implies the abandonment of the base and crude ambition that hitherto has dominated states, and the substitution of a noble ideal of free and progressive personality.

States hitherto have measured their worth in terms of population, territory, and power. That estimate leads them inevitably to war. For while they are governed by it they must always desire to expand at the cost of one another. Every war in Europe since the wars of religion may be traced to this cause. And even the wars so-called of religion were largely wars for power. The wars of nationality in the nineteenth century were reactions against this false ideal. Yet the nations that reacted have not discovered or pursued a truer one. There can be no peace, not even genuine desire for peace, until men realize that the greatness of a people depends upon the quality of life of the individual citizens. A city like Athens or Florence is worth all the empires that have ever been. A state of a few thousands among whom should be found a Socrates, a Michelangelo, a Goethe, outweighs beyond all calculation one whose gross insignificant millions shall be dragooned by the drill sergeant and sophisticated by the university professor.

The nobility of a people lies not in its capacity for war, but in its capacity for peace. It is indeed only because the nations are incapable of the one that they plunge so readily into the other. If they had the power of living they would neither endure to kill, nor desire to die. The task of war is to destroy life; the task of peace is to create it; to organize labor so that it shall not incapacitate men for leisure; to establish justice as a foundation for personality; to unfold in men the capacity for noble joy and profound sorrow; to liberate them for the passion of love, the perception of beauty, the contemplation of truth. Of all these things war is the enemy. All men of profound experience have known this, — not the teachers of religion only, but the prophets of secular life. Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Shelley, preach peace no less than Jesus Christ or Francis of Assisi or George Fox. For peace is not a negative ideal; it is the condition of all positive ones. In war man seeks escape from life in blind intoxication. In peace he discovers and fulfills life by impassioned reason.

It is because our peace is so bad that we fall into war. But every war makes our peace worse. If men had given to the creation of life a tithe of the devotion they have offered again and again to its destruction, they would have made of this world so glorious a place that they would not need to take refuge from it in the shambles. It is our false ideals that make for war. And it is the feebleness of our intelligence and the pettiness of our passions that permit such ideals to master us. We seek collective power because we are incapable of individual greatness. We seek extension of territory because we cannot utilize the territory we have. We seek to be many because none of us is able to be properly one. Once more we are witnessing whither that course must lead us. Once more we are witnessing the vast and vile futility of war. Once more we shall recover reeling from the horrible intoxication in which we have taken refuge, to look with dismay on our bloody hands, and the bloody work they have achieved. Once more we shall have a chance of learning the lesson. Shall we learn it? I cannot tell.

But I hope. I hope because of the young. And to them I now turn. To you, young men, it has been given by a tragic fate to see with your eyes and hear with your ears what war really is. Old men made it, but you must wage it, — with what courage, with what generosity, with what sacrifice, I well know. If you return from this ordeal, remember what it has been. Do not listen to the shouts of victory; do not snuff the incense of applause. But keep your inner vision fixed on the facts you have faced. You have seen battleships, bayonets, and guns, and you know them for what they are, forms of evil thought. Think other thoughts, love other loves, youth of England and of the world! You have been through hell and purgatory. Climb now the rocky stair that leads to the sacred mount. The guide of tradition leaves you here. Guide now yourselves and us! Believe in the future, for none but you can. Believe in what is called the impossible, for it waits the help of your hands to show itself to be the inevitable. Of it and of all our hopes, the old, the disillusioned, the gross, the practitioners of the world are the foes. Be you the friends! Take up the thought and give it shape in act! You can and you alone. It is for that you have suffered. It is for that you have gained vision. And in your ears for your inspiration rings the great sentence of the poet —

> 'Liḃero, dritto, sano e lo tuo arbitrio,
> E fallo fôra non fare a suo senno,
> Per ch'io te sopra te corono e mitrio.' [1]

[1] 'Free, right, and sane is thy will, and it will be base not to act at its bidding. Wherefore I crown and mitre thee lord over thyself.'

GERMANY'S TERMS

BY HANS DELBRÜCK

To the Editor of The Atlantic.

Sir: —

You ask me what would be, at least according to my own personal opinion, the terms of peace by which Germany would wish to terminate this war. It is not of much use to try to consider this question with any seriousness before the result of the war has become more or less definitely determined, — before we know if Germany is to be victorious and how decisive this victory is to be. As affairs now stand,[1] it is probably apparent, even to the foreigner, that Germany and Austria will be victorious. But nevertheless in France, Russia, and England one has not given up hope of victory, and one hopes there for some sudden turn of events, — for instance, support in the field by a Japanese army. At any rate, it is impossible at present to make any conjecture as to the extent of the German and Austrian victory, assuming of course that the victory remains with them. Many believe that Russia will entirely disintegrate: that the peasants, the laborers, the oppressed peoples who alone constitute a third of all the inhabitants of the Russian Empire, will start a revolution. Others believe that England will be crippled by a revolt of the subjugated three hundred and fifty millions in India. Inasmuch as Germany is not threatened by the slightest inner danger, she could, in case of such a turn of affairs abroad, push her victory quite far. In such a case it would be particularly opportune to free Poland and to create an independent Polish kingdom; Germany desires under no conditions aggrandizement through additions of Polish territory. But, as has been said, all such possibilities are dependent on military success, and it is useless to speculate about them until the victory is assured.

In the same way are to be excluded speculations as to what Germany and Austria — who live in the feeling that they have been attacked and are waging a war of self-defense — may think it necessary to demand from a military standpoint in the interests of the nation's future defense.

Of course such foreigners as labor under the conviction that Germany was the aggressor in this war, put the question quite differently. If Germany be the aggressor, one asks, then to what end? What did Germany expect to gain by an aggressive war? For a German this question does not exist, because every German, from the humblest day-laborer to the Kaiser, knows that we desired nothing but peace and that we were wantonly attacked by Russian Pan-Slavism, by the French *revanche*, and England's assumption that Britannia rules the waves. Now that this attack has taken place and we, in spite of greatly inferior numbers, — only one hundred and fifty millions, including Austria and Turkey, against seven hundred and eighty-two millions of the Allies, — odds of more than five to one against us, — expect to be, perhaps

[1] This paper was mailed to the *Atlantic* on January 6 last. — The Editors.

already are, victorious, the question as we put it can only be one thing: How are we to prevent the recurrence of plots that assassinate our kings and make war on us when we demand retribution? However, that which will be demanded in this direction will be of a military nature, and depends entirely on the ultimate outcome of the war. Perhaps such measures for national safety will not be necessary at all; perhaps they will be very important indeed. An exposition of my own personal opinions on this point is of little value. However, aside from the military necessities of Germany, I may say something concerning the national need of Germany. In this case I can but refer to an article which I published in 1912 in my monthly, the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. The ideas which I expounded then I still consider right to-day. They contain the aim which an intelligent German policy must follow; only at that time I thought that it would be possible to reach these aims gradually and in peace; that the German strength and importance was sufficient to bring conviction to England, Russia, and France that they had no right to divide up the world among them, — Egypt, Sudan, Transvaal, Tunis, Madagascar, Morocco, Persia, Manchuria, Mongolia, — without asking Germany or allowing Germany to participate. Now we have learned that mere preparation for war was not sufficient; we have been obliged to demonstrate our national equality with the older world-powers by gigantic battles. Notwithstanding, the aim remains the same, only with the difference that that which we hoped to attain gradually, through exchange or compensation, will now be made a term of peace, and, I hope, even further extended. In this sense I beg you to read and understand the following article.

The political situation at the time this article was written was this. The great crises which had threatened the world's peace in 1911 had been passed. France had attained Germany's consent to the protectorate over Morocco and had compensated Germany for this with some pieces of the Congo. In Germany few were pleased with the abandonment of Morocco, and the compensation seemed to many much too meagre; and people were irritated against England, who had supported France and had been, as it was expressed, 'more French than the French themselves.' After the war-danger was past, the diplomats on both sides exerted themselves to clear away the explosives. Especially in England the idea arose of reaching a broad-gauge understanding with Germany concerning colonial questions; whereupon Lord Haldane appeared personally in Berlin to this end. Many in Germany believe to-day that all these negotiations, which dragged along from the summer of 1912 well into the year 1914, were carried on by England only in order to deceive and cradle Germany in a feeling of security. I myself do not believe this. I believe that until the last there were two factions in the British government, one of which has urged war against Germany for a long time, but the other, just as we have ourselves, has taken much trouble to compensate the strains of conflicting interests by peaceful means. The war party in England gained the upper hand only in July, 1914, because the Russian Pan-Slavists' Servian friends had violently ignited the conflagration by the murder at Serajevo. Be this as it may, throughout all the clash of conflicting interests, prior to this war, we in Germany, and I personally, firmly believed that peace could be maintained; and two years ago, in this belief, I wrote the following, which I reprint.

In their most recently uttered remarks on Anglo-German relations and on the purport of the journey of Lord Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, British ministers have offered suggestions that the present breach, so painfully felt on either side, should be bridged by means of a systematic limitation of spheres of influence, and of existing and future possessions. These suggestions can be understood only as implying that a rearrangement of existing colonial possessions is under consideration, and that those territories also must be considered which, at the present moment, are neither English nor German. There is at present, however, nothing to show what particular portions of the world's surface the British diplomatists have in their minds. Is it believed in London that the troubles in China will not tend to a consolidation or rejuvenation of the Chinese Empire, but rather that they will, or at least *may*, lead to a partition in which we are to share? Or is it in Africa, where it is to be assumed that a bargain has long been struck, in readiness for the moment when the Portuguese will no longer be able to remain masters of their vast possessions? I know nothing about such matters; but when they are in the air, it seems to me seasonable that German public opinion should seek to be clearly informed as to the goal for which we are aiming. We need not trouble ourselves with petty matters. For such no minister would make so special a journey to what might almost be described as the enemy's capital. But while I acclaim it with the utmost satisfaction, and hope that the negotiations thus commenced may attain their object of closing the breach once again between Germany and England, there must also be something great and important in the work which is being done and which must be carried through. I do not propose to draw up a programme, but merely to open a discussion on the various possibilities which may present themselves in the event of any real settlement being reached.

The point of view from which colonial policy tends primarily to be regarded is the commercial: markets, crops, investment of capital, the profits of undeveloped natural wealth. An appreciable number of German people must have the opportunity offered them of gaining a livelihood in the colonies, while their well-being will influence for good the wealth of the whole nation, and indirectly benefit the mass of the people by the provision of markets and work. This is all very true, but the essence of colonial policy is not thereby exhausted, and even the most important point of all is not touched, since all these purely commercial advantages can be enjoyed in the colonies of foreign nations, so long as these maintain the principle of 'the open door.' Instead, therefore, of seeking to acquire colonies of our own, we might make it the object of our policy to secure the maintenance of the open door in colonies all the world over. Many a colonial politician has reckoned up the outlay on colonies to be far greater than the gain to be drawn from them; in which case we could do nothing better than to leave to other nations the burden of opening up and administering colonies, while we ourselves merely make use of them for purposes of trade and commerce. I will not pause here to repeat the old statement that such a calculation has many flaws; the all-important point is that colonial policy must be dictated, not merely by *commercial* but rather by *national* interests.

Toward the end of the year 1893, the English historian, Hartpole Lecky, gave a lecture on the subject of 'England and her Colonies,' which appeared to us of such importance that we pub-

lished a translation of it, by I. Imelmann, in the number of this journal, [*Preussische Jahrbücher*] dated February, 1894. Lecky pointed out that in England the Free Trade school, represented by such distinguished leaders as Cobden and Mill, had taught that the cost of the colonies in pounds, shillings, and pence, was far more than they brought in, and that England could hardly do better than to get rid of all her colonies, as quickly as possible, in all parts of the world, whether in India, Australia, Africa, or Canada. But the sound good sense of the English people, despite the fact that they had accepted the principles of the Free Trade school, did not for one moment permit them to be led astray by such false doctrines; and not only did they insist upon maintaining the place of the mother country at the head of fifty-six more or less self-governing dominions, but, as we all know, she expanded still further at the cost of mighty wars. Why? Lecky described the size and splendor of the British World Empire, the expansion which English ways, speech, character, principle, have gained all the world over by means of British colonial policy, and closed his lecture with these great words: —

'What the future position of these islands may be in the commonwealth of nations, no mortal man can predict. As history only too clearly tells us, nations have their periods of decadence and their times of growth. Conditions of world-power have become displaced, other rules and influences — very different to those which made England what she is — have come to the front, and clouds, neither few nor light, appear on the horizon. Whatever fate may befall these islands, this we may at least prophesy, that no upheaval of mortal affairs can destroy the influence on the future of the English language or of the British race. Whatever misfortunes, whatever disturbances, Fate may have in store for us, they cannot rob England of the fame of having created this mighty Empire.

'Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.'

What has concerned and concerns England, concerns us too. The aim of our colonial policy is not merely the extension of German trade and commerce over the world, because trade and commerce are only the means for the extension and the strengthening of the German nation. That trade follows the flag is not always right, says Lecky; but the heart always follows the flag.

The colonies we have up to now possessed give us only a very small prospect of ever aiming at such a goal; their commercial value is not very high, and their value as a national asset is even lower. The first proviso for a colony which aspires to be an assistance to Germany, is the absolute supremacy in it of the German language. The German colonies are, as a rule, no more than mere inclosures, set in the midst of the huge compact mass of British possessions. Whoever, therefore, speaks German is in Africa in much the same position as one who in Europe speaks Danish or Magyar, and a German, even often in our own colonies, finds himself obliged to learn English. This state of things constitutes a certain danger for our nation. The language exerts an influence upon modes of thought, customs, and requirements. The most successful form of colonization is the peasant colony, which provides so compact a little nation that such dangers are not forthcoming, and the colony itself feels as though it were a fragment of the mother country. We cannot count upon such a peasant colonization, for the simple reason that we no longer possess any peasant surplus. The whole tale of our oversea emigration has long since

fallen to twenty or thirty thousand per annum, while we annually employ in Germany upwards of a million of foreign workmen — Russians, Poles, Ruthenians, Italians, and Scandinavians. Germany is no emigratory land, but rather a country to which others immigrate. The peasants and agricultural laborers who might colonize, are most urgently required at home, and we cannot permit them to go oversea. Those who should fill our colonies and stamp their impression upon them, are the higher classes, — the thousands of the upper and middle class whom our educational system produces, and for whom we in the fatherland have no satisfactory employment. Men about thirty years of age, who are in the flower of their manhood and have acquired all the necessary knowledge and skill for the fulfillment of a great sphere of utility, sit about idle or are only casually employed in Germany, and wait for a position paying a small salary. These we should send abroad as engineers, merchants, planters, doctors, overseers, officers, and officials, in order that they might rule the great masses of the lower peoples, as the English do the natives of India. It is, however, not enough to distribute these men of a higher class just here and there in a few large or small districts, since a really permanent and secure national gain is the result only of the acquirement of a large, self-contained territory, which the different districts help to expand, while they themselves are by it protected and held together. A really large, self-contained territory, uniformly administered, acquires a certain political consistence; the uniform customs-district creates ties and interests which not only promote prosperity, but which are not easily destroyed. Cities with a large white population and their parochial concerns need a very vast *Hinterland*. But such a colonial empire will be capable of closely attaching itself to the mother country, when at least certain portions of the territory are so constituted that not merely a fluctuating, but a firmly founded, German race can control the aboriginal inhabitants and continue there to flourish.

On such a broad, territorial foundation it ought to be possible to develop a sentiment among the German planters and business men of the upper class, which might well be described as a German-African national pride. Mere colonial *enclaves* can never produce anything of this kind; they may possess or develop a greater or a lesser commercial value, but never a *national* future. For this a really vast and self-contained territory is required. For this reason among others I was always opposed to the acquirement of a new German *enclave* in Southern Morocco, and preferred the expansion of the Cameroons to that of the Congo.

A territory must now be searched for which not only will afford space for the colonization and activities of our disposable manhood, but which itself contains room enough for a permanently established German race to maintain itself by its own powers.

There are in Africa two great spheres in regard to which it is still doubtful whether they have been actually disposed of or not: these are the Portuguese possessions already mentioned, and the Belgian Congo. Opinions differ greatly whether these two small states are capable of making their positions good, and I do not venture to offer any views on the matter. In England men regard the Belgian Congo with a very hostile glance, asserting that the Belgians govern after methods which are not in accordance with European custom, and in defiance of the rules of humanity, and that it should be the duty of civilized nations to put an end to what is no less than a dis-

grace. Further, England has not yet recognized the transfer to the Belgian State of the Congo Territory from the private property of King Leopold II as politically binding, and would probably be ready enough actively to intervene as soon as we and France came to an understanding in the matter.

A European conference has already, by a resolution, come to the opinion that the rule of Belgium in Central Africa may one day cease, and that in the event of any change the right of purchase has been ceded to France. But none the less, intervention in the form of anything like division of territory would be a ticklish matter. It seems true enough that the Belgians deserve blame for many evil doings, but intervention or dispossession on the ground of such charges would in theory be hazardous, and in practice difficult to carry through. Certainly under no circumstances could we take the initiative in such a matter. But were a crisis actually to arise without any seeking of ours, here we would find one of those territories to which Englishmen would probably be ready to relegate us, France waiving her right of purchase.

Rather different from the case of the Belgian Congo State is that of the Portuguese possessions. Here, unquestionably, the Portuguese have neither the commercial nor the mental energy to develop the territories remaining to them from the days of their greatness, as the international commerce of today requires. Here are natural resources lying fallow, as to which one is morally justified in demanding that they should be developed for the good of the world in general; and although force must not be employed in this case, it is by no means improbable that the Portuguese Republic might be ready to resign her sovereign rights for an adequate monetary equivalent. The Anglo-German agreement presumably provides that, in the event of any division, the East African territories, Mozambique and Lorenzo Marques, shall fall to England; the West African, Angola with the estuary of the Congo and Kabinda, to us.

The claim might now perhaps be put forward that, should England and Russia divide Persia between them, and thus extend their dominions, the balance might be redressed by England's relinquishing any future claim on Portuguese East Africa in our favor, so that we may then extend our own East Africa. But I raise the point only to set it aside. Certainly the disturbances in Persia seem to offer us certain compensatory rights, but, as it is, our East African possessions are already so inconveniently placed in regard to the English, that it would be hopeless to demand any expansion in this direction. The ground plan of any agreement in Africa must be Mozambique and Lorenzo Marques with Delagoa Bay to England, Angola with Kabinda to us; at the most the English might give us Zanzibar.

Let us take it that this case may shortly present itself, or even both cases: that the Portuguese possessions as well as the Congo State come to be divided. We have then the possibility of a self-contained German colonial empire, — that is, if we succeed also in acquiring the remainder of the French Congo lying between the Cameroons and the mouth of the Congo.

We are justified in accepting this rearrangement as a fairly certain element in our views of the future. The boundary, as defined in the recently ratified Congo Agreement, is so absurd that even the diplomatists who arranged it look upon it as no more than a provisional one. Public opinion in Germany, disgusted with the result of the whole diplomatic campaign, detected here a mistake; I myself saw from the outset

an advantage. It is impossible to get all one wants at once. By the creation of the present Congo boundary, the need for its revision at an early date was also created, that is, future acquirement by Germany of the whole of the French Congo.

This French Congo is certainly not of any particular value; it is even distasteful to the German people by reason of the recent agitation. But the geographical union would be of such importance that we ought to strive to bring it about. What have we to offer the French for it? In the negotiations of the year before last there was some incidental talk of exchanging for it our colony of Togoland. Public opinion was greatly opposed to this, but when it is considered how extraordinarily low is the national value of a colony which, although commercially flourishing, cannot, being an *enclave*, expand any further, one cannot altogether refuse all idea of such an exchange. The French Congo, possibly including also the right of purchase of the Belgian Congo, might be had for concessions in regard to our remaining rights in Morocco and for Togoland.

But even were the Congo State to continue to exist as such, a very vast, as well as a compact German-African empire would be won by the amalgamation of the Cameroons, the French Congo, Angola, and Southwest Africa. Such an empire would possess the advantage of not being too far distant from Germany; while in the Upper Cameroons and in Southern Angola there are places not only where German merchants, agents, planters, and officials actually live, but where a German race can establish itself in the soil. Here there is a good climate and sufficient water for intensive agriculture; the introduction of enough capital and industry would permit its development into a white man's colony, which would very soon connect itself southwards with our present 'South-West' and its intensive husbandry, and in the north with the tropical plantation colonies and the aboriginal agricultural methods under European control. This empire would become very much larger and more compact with the addition of the Belgian Congo — with the exception of the southeasterly portion, Katanga, to which England would probably lay claim. By the acquirement of these territories our East and West African possessions would be linked together; we should rule from ocean to ocean and govern a huge Central-African empire.

What prospect have we of any such development, even if no more than a gradual one? Although by acquiring Mozambique, Lorenzo Marques, Delagoa Bay, and Katanga, England would obtain a very large and advantageous extension of her dominions, while there is also the prospect of similar expansion in Persia, still our position from sea to sea would be for England so uncomfortable an innovation, that she would probably rather renounce all her own advantages than work with us for such an end. It cannot be doubted that, since the fear of almost certain war during last summer, England is honestly ready to accord us a large and good place in the sun; but her own one great object is the establishment of a communication from Egypt to the Cape. Will she be inclined herself to strangle this plan in order to assist us to found a German dominion right across Africa? This, at any rate from my point of view, would be the strongest proof imaginable that England recognized us as having equal colonial rights with herself.

Do the English perhaps imagine that we might be inclined to sell them Samoa? It is of no great practical value to us, but it is to England. Or are they thinking of an exchange in Africa itself?

But the one thing that chiefly stands in the way of their plans for the future, is our German East Africa.

We have already raised the consideration that Togoland might have to be given up in order that our western possessions might be geographically rounded off; but supposing Germany were to retain Togoland and relinquish East Africa in its place? England still possesses many places in West Africa which would admirably 'round off' the German belongings in those parts, and which could be offered in exchange for East Africa. On the West African coast England holds the Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast (Ashanti), and Northern and Southern Nigeria — the valley of the Niger and Benue and the town of Lagos. Were England to resign all these possessions, France could then acquire from her the Gambia, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast, thus expanding and rounding her Northwest African dominion in a most advantageous manner, handing over for these to Germany Dahomey (between Togoland and Nigeria) as well as the Congo and the right of purchase of the Belgian Congo; Germany would obtain Nigeria and would thus come into possession of an African empire, stretching uninterruptedly to Cape Colony in the south and to the Gold Coast in the north. The population of Nigeria is computed at not less than fifteen million souls; the territory suggested to be handed over to France at four and a half millions; German East Africa has no more than ten millions. England would thus give up more than she would receive in return, but she would gain the uninterrupted stretch of her East African dominion from Cairo to the Cape.

Could Germany accept this as a basis for negotiation, if the adherence of Lord Haldane to such propositions could be secured? Is it not our duty to declare beforehand that such is unacceptable so far as we are concerned?

The material gain would be considerable. Nigeria is much larger and far more thickly populated than is German East Africa. We should retain Togoland, should obtain Dahomey, and so join Togoland on to the Cameroons. While it is a matter of doubt whether the French would regard Togoland as an equivalent for their Congo, the three possessions given up by England should make this good, and permit us to acquire the whole huge *Hinterland* up to the fourteenth degree of latitude, and by means of rearrangements in Morocco to indemnify Spain for giving up Fernando Po and Rio Muni. But in the event of the French still not finding this satisfactory, England could yet give up something in some other portion of the world. East Africa is very disadvantageously placed for a German colony; the voyage thither by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal lasts five weeks, the voyage to Nigeria only a fortnight. It would take too long, and I do not feel myself qualified, to enter upon a comparison of the internal advantages of the two countries, of which the one lies just as much to the north of the equator as the other lies to the south of it; the main question is this — is it morally possible for us to acquiesce in an exchange, in giving away a territory which is already colonized by a fairly large number of Germans, — something like two thousand? It would be difficult enough in the case of Togoland, but can it be considered in the case of East Africa, which is eleven times as large, and where there are not only a large number of German men of business, but a few hundred farmers and planters, and where no small amount of German blood has been shed in the hoisting of the German flag?

We are again, and from another side,

confronted by the truth of the saying that it is not its commercial, but its national value, which determines the importance of a colony. Were they no more than large properties, one could always look upon an exchange as merely a commercial transaction. But all these countries contain cemeteries which are not to be lightly handed over. In every village church in England are to be found memorial tablets to the sons of the leading families in the land, who have given their lives for that Greater Britain all the world over; and so for the French, too, it would be very difficult to give up the Congo, — not so much on account of the commercial value of the country, which is after all nothing very great, but on account of the French blood which has there been shed and has left something of Fame behind it.

I would leave it to each of my readers to form his own opinion and decide for himself. It is not even known whether the English are making such an offer, or whether changes are not making themselves felt in the international situation which may render any decision unnecessary, or which may produce altogether different conditions. I would only insist upon the following points: —

First, that national and not commercial interests must decide the question; *not* that commercial interests should be separated from national, but that they should be subordinate, as the means is to the end.

Secondly, that the object of our colonial aspirations must be a vast, compact territory, — a territory wherein the German spirit can rule by its own strength.

Thirdly, that, should it be possible to obtain such territory only by exchange, then it is desirable to bring the matter speedily to settlement, since the longer it is delayed the more difficult it becomes to give up a territory which has once been colonized by Germans.

Fourthly, that we should not hesitate about the amount of the purchase money, if the first and greatest of acquisitions — Portuguese Angola — is in the market.

Fifthly, that the striking of a colonial balance between Germany and England would in large measure insure the peace of the world for a long time to come, and that consequently such a consummation should be striven for by putting forth all energy and every honest endeavor.

HANS DELBRÜCK.

THE CHANGING MIND OF A NATION AT WAR

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THAT the process of discovering the British Empire is still in its early stages would be an obviously absurd statement if it were to appear in a treatise on geography. But if the statement were made with reference to our national psychology there would be good reasons for accepting it as true. The British public as a whole, or, let us say, the millions who go to the polling booths, have had no clear vision of what the British Empire is, no thorough grasp of what it means, and no deep sense of responsibility for its good government. I am far from suggesting total ignorance or complete indifference. Broadly speaking, we all know something about the Empire, and some, fortunately, know a great deal. The general public knows enough about the Empire to be proud of its existence; that is to say, they know it to be world-wide, rich, and powerful; they know that its creation has cost generations of effort and sacrifice. And yet it must be confessed that the general level of knowledge has been inadequate to the issues involved, and the interest taken in imperial affairs disproportionately small in comparison with their human importance.

This will be seen on comparing the place occupied in our normal political life by imperial and insular questions respectively. Nine questions out of ten have referred predominantly, if not exclusively, to purely insular interests. The voter has gone to the poll as a citizen of the British Islands, charged with political responsibility in respect of the forty millions by whom they are inhabited. Only incidentally has he remembered that he is a citizen of the British Empire, or asked himself what may be the effect of the vote he is giving on the interests of the four hundred and fifty millions of his fellow subjects. And even if reminded of his larger citizenship, as he was when tariff reform became prominent, he has always found it difficult to retain the imperial point of view, and has tended to argue the question out as if it affected solely the populous cities of Great Britain. There has been a limit to the political ranges of his mind — the four seas that wash the British coasts. He has known — or perhaps one should say, *we* have known — that the Empire belongs to us; but some missionary work has been needed before our minds could grasp the truth that we belong to the Empire. We belong to England — or to Great Britain — that is a familiar thought; but the wider perspective has been strange to us; we have been conscious of an effort of thought before we could realize the ambit of our citizenship, — the idea not coming to us instinctively or inevitably, but needing a reminder which, as I have said, is apt to be forgotten. To most of us our imperial responsibilities have presented themselves — when we thought of them at all — as a kind of appendix to our strictly British obligations; they might be removed altogether without making much difference to our interest in domestic controversies; the question of

Home Rule, or National Insurance, or Strike Legislation, would stand just where it is, and be equally worthy of all we can give to it in the way of political interest, if the Empire in its larger sense did not exist. All such questions, we have tended to think, might be taken out of their imperial context, with little loss of importance and with little change of meaning.

Such, up to the present moment, seems to me to have been our prevalent national psychology in this matter. It has fallen far short of the point where consciousness instantly reveals the Briton to himself as the citizen of a world-wide city, a member of an organized community of four hundred and fifty million souls. Nobody, so far as I am aware, has ever invented a name which characterizes the Briton in his consciousness of this larger relationship. 'Imperialist' means only that he holds certain views. What is needed is a name which shall indicate an attitude to the Empire in the same way that 'Englishman' indicates an attitude to England. To say that So-and-so is an Englishman implies among other things that he bears England in his heart, gives England a first place in his thought, and is ready, if need arise, to lay down his life in her cause. What word have we to characterize the man of whom all this might be said, with the Empire substituted for England? We have none. And the word is lacking because the type of man whom it would describe has been rare among us; or, speaking more strictly, because our minds have not yet formed the idea which would render such a word an imperative necessity of language. Should the time ever come when our *national* consciousness — whose proper birthday, I believe, was somewhere in the reign of Queen Elizabeth — shall expand into an *imperial* consciousness, we shall then find ourselves amply provided with an imperial vocabulary, and these tiresome paraphrases will no longer be necessary. As things now are, the very poverty of our language bears witness that we have never 'realized' the Empire we possess and govern; never familiarized our thought with the essential truth that each one of us is a component member of a world-wide state. Psychologically the British Empire has remained undiscovered by the British public.

The British Empire, in its present extent and organization, is a comparatively recent phenomenon. In size, in wealth, in the civilization of its component parts and their close relations with one another, its characteristics are so different from what they were a century ago that we can draw no parallel with the Napoleonic era. But now for the first time in its history the British Empire, in the modern meaning of the term, is being attacked — and attacked with unexampled vehemence and resolution. It is a new experience, and like all new experiences it is compelling a readjustment of thought.

This is a war of the Empire, by the Empire, for the Empire. The Colonies are fighting for us and we are fighting for the Colonies. Our fellow subjects in India are represented in Flanders by a great army of the finest warriors in the world, who have helped to check the would-be invaders of our shores. Gurkhas, Sikhs, and Pathans have shed their blood that London might be safe. Mohammedan, Hindu, and Christian have fallen side by side in defense of the liberties of our race. This, I say, is a new thing in our history. We begin to feel a deepened intimacy with the dominions overseas; the feeling is reflected in the daily press, in the utterances of the platform and the pulpit, in the conversations of philosophers and of working men. The Germans predicted that the outbreak of war would split the Empire into fragments. It has

given the Empire a spiritual solidarity such as it never before possessed. It has made us a greater nation, not in the sense that it has added to our dominions, but in the deeper sense that it has caused our political consciousness to embrace more completely the significance of that which was already ours. Under the stress of war the political organization of the Empire is being enriched by a more highly developed psychological and moral organization; it is acquiring a corporate mind, just as the mother country after the defeat of the Spanish Armada awoke to a new consciousness of her national individuality and began to know herself for what she was.

The parallel is profoundly interesting. It took the English people many centuries to discover their own country. The average Englishman in the reign of Henry VIII had a vaguer notion of England than we have of Canada (probably he had never seen a map of England); of Scotland than we have of Ceylon; of Ireland than we have of Central Africa. But just as his vague conceptions gave place in course of time to vision and realization, so now we British are beginning to think of the Empire as something more than a confused extension of our national boundaries, or as a group of appendages to our national home. The Empire is becoming *our country*, and we are becoming its citizens in heart as well as in name. Not that the change is already complete. But no close observer of present tendencies will doubt that the movement of the British mind is in the direction of which I speak. If the change continues, its ethical and spiritual consequences will be very great.

II

In connection with this extension of our national consciousness one may note at the present time some curious questionings among thoughtful men as to the bearing of democratic theory on our imperial obligations. We call ourselves a democracy; but there are moments, in the course of dealing even with domestic problems, when we find it hard to reconcile the facts with the theory. And the difficulty becomes greater just in proportion as we extend our thoughts to the imperial scale. According to the democratic theory the people are to be consulted as to all that concerns their interests. Well, there is nothing that concerns our interests quite so deeply as the existence of the Empire. But when have the people been consulted in the matter? Proud as the British may be of possessing an empire on which the sun never sets, it is certain that the people as a whole have never been asked whether they wished to possess just such an empire as this. They have never been asked how large they wished the Empire to be; or whether they would be content with something less or greater. In an age when all things political are supposed to be determined by voting, it is a curious circumstance that this, the greatest of political questions, has never been voted on at all.

Nay, more. So far as I know, the British people have never said to themselves, as the spokesmen of Germany have recently been saying, 'Go to now; world-dominion shall be ours.' It would tax the historian to fix the period when the design for a world-wide empire became a definite ambition of the British people. True, there have been statesmen like the late Lord Beaconsfield, or Lord Chatham in an earlier age, who made vast plans for increasing the dominions of the Crown. But the popular will did not originate these designs, much as it may have applauded them when carried out — although even this has not always been

the case. And the control exercised even by statesmen over the process of imperial expansion has been of a distinctly piecemeal character. As one annexation followed another, none of our ministers has foreseen where the process would end. None of them has had a vision in advance of the Empire as it exists to-day — in extent, in population, and in wealth. As Seeley long ago pointed out, the Empire has largely come into being by inadvertence. Indeed it would be extremely hard to fix responsibility for its existence, in its present character, on any group or series of statesmen, or on any particular generation of Englishmen — to say nothing of particular individuals. A province here, a frontier there, an island somewhere else might be correctly set down to an assignable wave of public opinion or to the clever diplomacy of some well-known minister. But the total growth seems to have escaped from human control altogether. Certainly nothing would be more untrue than to treat the existence of the Empire as though it exactly corresponded to the expressed will of the living generation. They have not *willed* it into being. They found it there, — like so many of the financial obligations, such as the National Debt, which have been inherited from the past, and have to be accepted whether we like them or not, notwithstanding the maxim which is said to be the corner-stone of the constitution: 'No taxation without representation.'

Here then is a broad and vital fact — the fact of the Empire — embracing the whole compass of our democratic life, in regard to which it is not only plain that the people are not masters, but extremely difficult to say who the 'masters' are or have been. Now that we are beginning to realize the Empire as we have never done before, this fact is attracting attention and raising questions which affect our whole conception of democracy, in its relation to domestic as well as to imperial concerns. So great an instance of discrepancy between the actual circumstances of the national life and the range over which democratic control remains effective is not likely to be solitary; and the consequence of reflecting on these things is that not a few among us are inclined to revise our democratic faith, — not as to the main principle, perhaps, but at all events as to the range of its application.

We are learning in this connection to understand more clearly the influence of the past on the present. We begin to see that we inherit from the past, not 'effete institutions only' but the form and pressure of our national life, the range, significance, and general direction of our imperial duties. These in all their essential features have been determined *for* us by the action of forces which had done their work before we were born. Thus the democratic conception of the state as embodying the common will of its citizens is seen to be inadequate, unless we extend the common will in *time* so as to cover the operations of the past ages from which we inherit the Empire and its laws.

Unless I am much mistaken the mind of the country is moving at the moment in the direction of what I will venture to call a spiritual conservatism, which may or may not express itself hereafter in renewed support for official conservative parties. We are in no mood to respond to the lines of the well-known hymn which bid us 'give the past unto the wind.' A past which has bequeathed to us our national status and the broad outline of our imperial responsibilities, cannot be given to the wind without a degree of treachery of which the fiercest anarchist in our midst is not capable. Without distinction we feel ourselves bound to 'carry on'; and what we are

'carrying on' is the work of our fathers from the most distant ages to the present day. Even the militant suffragette, who a few months back had declared war on society and vowed to reconstruct the world *de novo*, is now engaged with the rest of us in a great struggle for the maintenance of the historic state.

III

Another interesting change, of which many indications may be noted, is a tendency to revise our estimate of the degree of intelligence represented by modern civilization. For a long time past a kind of humanism has been current both in Europe and America which took the form of an enthusiastic faith in 'the march of mind.' Appearances seemed to warrant the belief that civilized man had become far more reasonable than his forefathers. Universal education, the spread of science, the reading habits of the public, the free discussion of all matters of human interest appeared to have put a vast distance, to be measured in terms of growing reasonableness, between the present enlightenment and the darkened intelligence of the barbaric age. In all discussion of public questions it had become natural to assume that communities composed of educated men and women would, when acting collectively, guide their courses with a fair measure of worldly wisdom; certainly an argument which assumed them capable of acting like children, fools, or barbarians would have seemed inapplicable to existing conditions.

Most of us moreover took for granted without qualification the maxim which declares, 'There is wisdom in numbers.' If the modern individual had grown wiser than his fathers, what a vast increase of wisdom must be represented by the modern state, which is so organized that millions of educated individuals may lay their heads together in consultation for the common good! These were some of our prepossessions, and their net result was a high estimate of the relative intelligence of the modern world.

To these prepossessions the war has brought a measure of disillusion. Our first impression when the war broke out was of the unimaginable wickedness of its authors — whoever they might be. To this impression must now be added another, which was slower in coming but is deepening with every day the war is prolonged. I mean the impression of the unimaginable stupidity of the whole proceeding. Since history began to record the deeds of men, has the world ever seen such an exhibition of limited intelligence as that afforded by the war? To be sure, a champion of the contrary might point to this or that in the conduct or strategy of the war which could be accomplished only by men whose wits had been trained to the uttermost. But what does all that amount to, as an exhibition of human wisdom, when we compare it with the dullness of heart and mind, the restriction of outlook, the subservience to empty sophisms (such as *si vis pacem para bellum*), the misconceived self-interest, the idiotic illusions, the want of imagination, the miscalculations, the pathetic blunderings which have characterized the course of events leading up to the war? All that education has won for the human mind seems dwarfed to insignificance by the elemental folly of this background. To what end has mind been 'marching' if at this advanced stage of its progress it has nothing better to show for itself than this? Could anything be conceived better calculated to let civilization down in its intellectual self-esteem?

In offering these remarks I am reporting the gist of a conversation which took place not long ago between two

Oxford men. One of them, speaking of the war, said something to the effect that it showed Christianity as 'broken down.' To this the other immediately answered, 'But has not the philosophy of human progress broken down in the same sense? Has not reason broken down? Has not common sense broken down? Have not the principles of the great moralists — especially the German moralists — broken down? Where are the "three Universal Principles" now? Where is the Religion of Humanity? Where is Secularism? Where are Tom Paine and Voltaire and Comte and Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer and Karl Marx and Bernard Shaw? What have these done singly or together to make impossible this stupendous act of folly?'

I am inclined to think, therefore, judging from the temper of the men with whom I am more immediately in contact, that we shall emerge from this war with chastened confidence in the 'march of mind.' We shall look abroad for other guaranties of human progress. Here in Oxford we believe, in common with Englishmen generally, that Germany is responsible for the war. And we have never doubted that Germany is the most highly 'educated' nation of the world — in the sense in which 'education' is commonly understood. From this we are bound to infer that there is something wrong with the common understanding of 'education.' What other conclusion can be drawn if the premises are admitted, — that Germany is the most educated nation, and that in spite of her highly trained intelligence she has set on foot the most stupid series of actions in the history of mankind? 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' We are willing for the moment to leave the distinctively moral issues, grave as these are, in abeyance. We see that blunders and illusions, no less than crimes, can inflict enormous woe upon the world. We see that the kind of training by which Europe has been cultivating its intelligence for centuries, even when carried to the high degree attained by Germany, is no protection against the most disastrous, and the most elementary, mistakes of national judgment.

IV

What, then, is the relation between the corporate intelligence of a state and the general level of intelligence attained by its individual members? This is another of the questions which has been forced upon the minds of many persons in this country by the extraordinary spectacle of corporate stupidity presented by the war.

The question is complicated at the outset by the enormous number of different meanings which may be given to the word intelligence. There is one kind possessed by the 'simple'; and there is another kind possessed by the 'wise'; and we know on the best authority that the former kind is often able to confound the latter. One man will be intelligent just because he is unsophisticated; another because his mind has been artificially drilled. My gardener, for instance, in spite of the fact that he left the village school at twelve years of age is, in respect of certain fundamental matters, a far more intelligent man than I, who went to a university and took a degree. This generally confuses the question before us, and, as we shall see, the confusion cannot be altogether avoided. To avoid it as far as possible I shall take 'intelligence,' in what follows, to mean that kind of mental activity which is fostered by the system or systems of 'education' for the time being in vogue throughout the Western world.

Again, in the case of Germany, whose present behavior raises the question in the acutest form, we have to reckon

with the fact that the people, who are the most highly 'educated' in Europe, do not, strictly speaking, control their corporate affairs. To many minds the essential tragedy of the situation arises from the fact that, whereas Prussian Junkerism, which rules, is a stupid thing, the German people, whom it rules, are extremely intelligent. But this only causes the original question to return in another form: why does the intelligence of the many submit to be governed by the stupidity of the few?

In all the discussions of this subject which I have encountered, it has been taken for granted that the relation of intelligence to good government was simple and direct; that is to say, the higher the level of intelligence or education in the individual members, the greater would be the wisdom and efficiency of their concerted action in a state. The political argument for education is usually based on that ground, as for example by Mill in his essay on 'Liberty.' The argument is, that the combined action of men in democracies can be trusted to yield good results just in so far as the individuals taking part in the combination have been educated to take an intelligent view of their own and of the common interest.

At first sight this view seems plausible enough, so plausible indeed as to be accepted by most persons without criticism. But it hardly does justice to the complexities of the situation, and may even be said to overlook some elementary facts. To begin with, it is fairly obvious that the initial willingness to combine does not increase in direct relation to the intelligence of the individuals to whom combination is proposed, — unless, indeed, we so manipulate the meaning of intelligence (which some philosophers have done) as to equate it with the very willingness aforesaid. I can well conceive that a million ignorant and foolish persons would be far more willing to combine in the hope of correcting each other's mistakes and making good each other's defects, than would another million self-reliant and educated persons in the hope of concentrating their gifts on a common end. These latter, with their highly developed powers of criticism, — directed, as they would be, upon one another, — would be far slower in finding a common basis of agreement and far more inclined to hesitate before committing themselves to common action. And even if this initial difficulty were overcome, the effectiveness of the union would be menaced by the very same causes which had hindered its inception. It is notoriously hard for extremely clever people to hold together. The cohesion of the group is apt to decline in consequence of the alacrity and effectiveness with which each of the members brings his critical powers to bear on the proposals of his confederates. This explains the well-known condition in democratic states, that as the general level of intelligence rises among the individual citizens, the tendency to split up into parties becomes more marked.

In educating the intelligence, it must never be forgotten that it is a critical faculty we are developing, and the bearing of this on the democratic union must be carefully considered. Recent history shows us pretty plainly what the bearing is. As education rises, the individuality of the educated citizen asserts itself more and more; the groups consequently become more numerous, better organized, and more effective for purposes of group-warfare. Just because of the growing intellectual ability of the groups, their mutual oppositions become more active; and the result is that common action is retarded, and a multitude of well-meant designs, originated by intelligence, are thwarted by intelligent opposition.

In weighing the performance of democracies we ought to take account, not only of what they have done, but of what they have failed to do, from the cause of which I am now speaking. So absorbed are we in looking at one side of the picture that nobody, so far as I am aware, has found it worth his while to tell the story of all the promising schemes for human improvement which, within the memory of living men, have been endlessly delayed, or even criticized out of existence, by the highly developed, though possibly mistaken, intelligence of opposing parties. The story, if told in democratic countries, would be too humiliating to be popular. And of the many excellent schemes which have been carried into effect by democratic action, may we not say with perfect truth that some of them ought to have been carried out, and would have been carried out, much earlier, had it not been for the retarding action of the critical intelligence possessed by highly educated individuals?

At all events it is a great mistake to conceive of the intelligence of a democratic state as though it were a huge sum total formed by the process of adding together the separate intelligences of its individual members. Under the party system, which, we have seen, grows more active and more complex with a rising level of education, a large part, sometimes the largest part, of individual intelligence does not go into common action at all. It is either spent in thwarting the equal, though otherwise-minded, intelligence of the rest, or is itself thwarted by the same process. It is ideally conceivable, though I do not suggest it as the least likely, that the minds of the citizens might each be 'educated' to such a point of critical effectiveness that no common action whatever could take place — just as a multitude of forces acting from different directions on a common point may keep the body on which they impinge in a state of rest. If 'intelligence' were a simple force always acting in the same direction, — if to be intelligent meant that we should always agree with the views of the person who bids us educate that faculty, — then of course the result of education would be that every fresh individual would represent so much force added to those progressive tendencies of which our instructor approved. But intelligence has not this unitary meaning. It is apt to assume a multitude of different forms which show no disposition to act in concert, and the more educated it is, the more do these differences assert themselves.

Hence it is that no simple and direct relation can be assumed between the wisdom or effectiveness of corporate action in a democracy and the degree of education attained by the individual members. We may even have to prepare ourselves for the action of a law similar to that of diminishing returns in agriculture.

Ten simple persons acting together may perform an action far wiser than any one of the coöperators, if left to himself, could either design or accomplish; whereas ten educated persons acting together may embark on courses which display a much lower level of intelligence than that on which each cooperator severally stands. This may still hold good, even in cases where the corporate action of the educated group is judged to be more intelligent than the corporate action of the simple group; just as, in economic theory, a piece of land which has fallen under the law of diminishing returns may produce a greater yield than another piece whose yield is still on the increase. What I am suggesting is that the intellectual superiority of corporate over private action tends to increase *only up to a certain point* in the development of individual

intelligence; that after this point has been reached the relation is reversed, the actions of the state tending to fall below the level of wisdom demanded by the intellectual culture of its component members; until at last a condition may be reached in which the individual is justified in declaring the state — or the law — to be an ass. I know not how otherwise to explain the enormous stupidity which has plunged the educated nations of Europe into the present war.

Certainly no surprise need be felt at the extreme slowness, at the numerous delays and setbacks, to which we have now grown so well accustomed (in this country at all events) in the progress of reform. This slowness is due in no small measure to the hindrances caused by intelligent criticism. Whether it amounts to a practical advantage or the reverse, I do not here discuss. Delay may be always an advantage; assuredly it sometimes is. But I can see no reason why certain measures, admittedly good when they are carried, are any the better for having been before the public thirty or forty years. And the same applies to schemes now under consideration. Should the time ever come, for instance, when the community shall devise a scheme for putting an end to war, it will doubtless be a great source of satisfaction to reflect that our young men are no longer perishing by the hundred thousand on the battlefield. But we must not forget the millions who *did* perish while we were engaged in talking the matter over, and answering arguments on the other side. In this and in other matters of great democratic interest, it is possible that the less highly educated communities of the world, when they get their democratic opportunity, will give a lead to those more highly educated communities which have had the opportunity so long. It would be no surprising thing, for example, if the Russian peasants, with their kind hearts, their simple notions of right and wrong, and their incapacity for sustained reasoning, were to show one day (perhaps not far off) a rate of progress in democratic achievement which would be the envy of the Western world.

A revaluation of human faculties is, under these circumstances, inevitable; and I think there is evidence that it has begun. 'The kind heart of a Russian moujik is a more valuable asset to civilization than the mighty brain of a German professor.' 'A young British subaltern with his notion of "playing the game" is a finer tactician than the most astute member of the German General Staff.' These, too, are remarks I have recently heard. They may help to explain a fact which many of our friends in neutral countries have found hard to understand, — the fact, I mean, that we British feel quite at home in our alliance with Russia. We feel that while the kind-hearted Russian needs to take only one step forward to place himself in line with our ideals of civilization, the intellectual German will have to take a hundred steps backward before he can recover the lost path of human progress. German culture is a garment which does not fit the British character at all; and I must confess that some of our British thinkers who have worn that garment most consistently have often impressed me as a man does who is wearing clothes made for somebody else. The Russian *ethos*, on the other hand, fits the human part of us quite well, though it has still to be adapted to the political. The worst things that Russia has done in her political history — and they have been very bad — seem to have arisen in no small degree from her imitation of Teutonic methods. And some of the worst features of our own history have arisen from a not dissimilar source. But when these imita-

tions have ceased, — and the war has opened the eyes of both Russia and Britain to the need of ending them, — the Russians and British may then discover a kinship of spirit, which the wide difference of race has so far obscured, but which none the less is deep and fundamental. The picture of Russian character recently disclosed by Mr. Stephen Graham is, in many of its essential features, wonderfully homelike. In them we recognize the traits of an ideal which is dear to the British spirit. We have before us a vision of that 'plain heroic magnitude of mind' which Milton praised as mightier than all diplomacies and 'ammunitions.' Hitherto we have misunderstood both the German and the Russian. We have overestimated the German head. We have underestimated the Russian heart.

What further results will follow the discovery of this kinship it would here be out of place to answer in detail. But I think those prophets are deeply in error who predict that the end of the war will find Russia and Britain quarreling over the spoils. I believe we shall find that we are dealing with a great and generous nation, a nation which honors its word. If the war teaches any lesson to our respective countries, it will be that of discarding to the uttermost the German method of either beginning or ending a dispute. To both nations the lesson will be easier to learn than appears on the surface. Russia is not a dirty fighter, and will not make a dirty conqueror. I will even venture the assertion that Russia, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, is readier at this moment than any nation in Europe for a genuinely human polity. In outward organization she seems far from its attainment, but inwardly and spiritually she is perhaps nearer to it than other nations (including our own) which have advanced further than she has in the formal practice of democracy.

V

These last considerations lead me to speak in conclusion of our changing attitude of mind to the intellectual culture of Germany. I am afraid we must plead guilty to the charge, made by the Germans themselves against us, that our attitude for a long time past has been one of subservience. We have borrowed our thought from Germany. We have, to use a vulgar phrase, been 'fed up' with German metaphysics and German views of the Christian religion. Could we eliminate from recent British philosophy and theology all they owe to German sources, what would remain? Not much, I must confess, that is original. Since the time of Mill and Spencer our leading thinkers in philosophy have been little more than commentators, more or less enlightened, on the great German masters. A revolt against this dominance had indeed begun long before the war broke out, but its originator was not a British thinker: he was William James; and though the revolt had spread to Britain, it cannot be said to have effected more than a partial liberation from the Germanic tradition.

Now I am far from suggesting that the war is going to convert us all to Pragmatism; I am not even sure that Pragmatism as such will derive any confirmation from the present course of events. But I do suggest that the war will deepen and possibly complete, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the revolt against German dominance in thought of which Pragmatism was so significant a symptom. Logically, indeed, there may be no connection between German philosophy and the crime which originated the war, or the unexampled ferocity with which Germany has carried it on. Germany may be wrong in her politics but right in her philosophy. But though, logically, the

two propositions may stand, I doubt if it is psychologically possible to hold them together. It is certain at all events that the German interpretation of life and the German interpretation of morals and religion stand discredited in the British mind by their juxtaposition with the hideous crime committed on Belgium. Henceforth we shall be unable to think of the one thing without remembering the other, and the tendency, hitherto prevalent, to accept what comes to us in the way of thought from Germany will be replaced by a doubt as to the competence of our guide. Instead of the will to believe in German thinkers, there will be a will to disbelieve in them, and we shall criticize where formerly we were prone to accept. I should not be surprised, therefore, if in the near future we have to witness a marked reaction from all movements of thought which are known to have a German origin. This attitude of mind could not be better expressed than in a remark recently made by an intelligent workingman who, like so many workingmen in this country, was acquainted with the now popular works of Haeckel. He had been reading the manifesto of the German professors on the war, of which Haeckel was one of the signatories. 'What . . . rot!' he said. 'And this is the man who pretends to answer the Riddle of the Universe! No more Haeckel for me!' This, I repeat, may be bad logic, but it is intelligible psychology. And though I should be sorry to attribute the precise phraseology of this workingman to theologians and philosophers, I yet venture to think that something is now moving in the philosophic and theologic heart of Britain which, if pressed into utterance, would say, 'No more Kant, no more Hegel, no more Strauss, no more Nietzsche, no more Harnack, no more Eucken — for me!' There is some insularity in all this, no doubt. But there is also a great deal of human nature. And human nature is the one subject which the Germans, with all their learning, have so far failed to comprehend.

THE SOCIAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR

BY L. T. HOBHOUSE

In the presence of a unique catastrophe prophecy is vain, but speculation is interesting, and may even be useful. The European war is without parallel in history. Half the world is in arms, and men are fighting and territory is lost or won from Ypres to Kiao-Chao, from the Yser to the Shatt el Arab, from the Vistula to the Orange River. Three continents are engaged, contingents come from a fourth, and the cannon are heard off the shores of a fifth. In Europe the war is no longer an engagement of armies for a definite object. It is a struggle of populations for national existence. We are witnessing a reversion to the methods and in some ways to the standards of antiquity. The Darwinian struggle for existence, accepted in idea by so many schools of

thought in the nineteenth century, is becoming the reality of the twentieth century, only for 'nature red in tooth and claw with ravin' we must read the modern military state, the armed Moloch of the newer world. Of the results of this upheaval we can no more speak with certainty than the inhabitants of Pompeii when slumbering Vesuvius broke into eruption. How long it will last, what area it will submerge, no man can measure. The blow which civilization has sustained is staggering, and so far as Europe is concerned may be mortal. But we cannot yet measure its effects. We can only point to certain conditions of recuperation, and go on to consider the chances of their effective realization.

In the first place, of course, much must depend on the immediate issue of the war, and not only on the victory of one side, but on the temper in which that victory may be used. Should Germany succeed, we in England know very well what we have to expect. But I will not speak of merely material conditions. The essential fact would be the definitive triumph of the military state. It would be proved to the world that international right counts for nothing. Militarism would be justified, not indeed morally, but by success, the only standard to which it appeals. The beaten nations would use whatever liberty remained to them for the purpose of regaining military strength, and to this end every hope of internal reform would be ruthlessly and necessarily sacrificed. If they should come more completely under German domination, it would mean that Europe would become a vast military power on the Prussian model, and it would be for America to arm, since America and Australasia alone would carry on the torch of civilization.

To say this is not to disparage the contributions of Germany to civilized progress. It is merely to recognize that German 'culture' is under arrest by the military ideal. It ends in a blind alley, into which it threatens to carry all Europe along with it. Success in war implies many virtues, high intelligence, considerable advance in social organization. But in that it perverts all these qualities by subordinating them to the ideal of power and by using them to perfect the machinery of killing, — including in that machinery the ruthless sacrifice of its own men, — it can be erected into the supreme end of statesmanship only at the sacrifice of all the higher and more humane developments of civilized life in which, with painful effort and many setbacks, the nineteenth century made slow and partial advances.

It is not merely the sense of national danger but the perception of this supreme issue for European civilization which in England has swept the board of political controversy, and brought anti-militarists of long standing and proved sincerity into working harmony with official Liberals and militant Conservatives. The political observer is faced with an entirely new phenomenon in our history, — for no such thing was reached in the struggle with Napoleon, — a nation which is, for all practical purposes, unanimous. The reason is that the issue appeals with equal force to those who are first and foremost Nationalists and to those who are first and foremost Humanitarians. British Humanitarians may be wrong, — we are all liable to bias, particularly in war-time, — but there is no doubt of the prevailing opinion among them that certain causes essential to the future of humanity, in particular, the sanctity of treaties, the freedom of small peoples, and the immunity of peaceful nations from sudden attack, must stand or fall with the success of the Allied arms. These men may be prejudiced by patriotism, but many of them have given

proofs in the past of the sincerity and tenacity with which they can withstand the clamor of Jingoism, Imperialism, or militarist policy in any form. They have incurred unpopularity by sustained opposition to wars and to threats of war, to increase of armaments, to extensions of territory. They have waged the battle for self-government within the Empire, and in particular they have worked in recent years to allay ill-feeling as between Germany and England. Such is the record of large numbers of men and women who, hating war in itself and all that pertains to it, have now to admit that in the interests of the very causes which they deem most sacred, this war has to be fought to the last ounce of the nation's energy.

But if the victory of Germany would mean the definitive triumph of militarism, what of her defeat? There are sanguine souls who, starting from the fact that to many minds this is undoubtedly a war against militarism, proceed to the conclusion that victory means the permanent displacement of militarism as the governing principle of European polity. I am afraid that they do not sufficiently distinguish between the weapons of the flesh and those of the spirit, or between a successful defense and a victorious aggression. It is perfectly true that in fighting Germany we are fighting militarism. But in fighting we are ourselves compelled to yield in a measure to military ideals. We are becoming an armed nation and a nation voluntarily subjecting itself in large measure to military rule. We accept these consequences lest a worse evil befall us. If we do not fight our best, German militarism will sweep us away, and peace, Liberalism, and international freedom are abolished for Europe.

We can, we believe, avert these disasters, and keep Western Europe free from Prussian military domination. That is to say, we can fight a successful defensive war against the militarism of the flesh. But it is quite another thing to carry the war into the enemy's citadel and extirpate the militarism of the spirit. We may by victory avert the danger that militarism should dominate Europe, and nothing but victory can avail to this end. But it is quite another thing to predict that by victory we shall once and for all extirpate militarism from Europe. That is not a probable result. Rather the danger is that by winning in the flesh we may be beaten in the spirit, and that as conquered Greece took captor her conqueror, so beaten Germany may win the victory for her principles; with this sad difference, that whereas the achievement of captive Greece was to bring the arts to rustic Latium, that of conquered Germany would be to instil into the free nations the principles which they abhor.

We touch here on the main problem raised by the war. It is an ethical rather than a political or economic problem, although political forces will largely affect the issue. Will it be possible to establish a durable peace on a basis of mutual confidence and good-will, or will the war end in another armed truce like that which has governed Europe since 1870? There are certain considerations on either side which are worth setting out, and it will be seen that the event must turn largely on the degree of statesmanship which is applied in bringing the struggle to a conclusion. The question is of peculiar interest to the American public, since European statesmanship has not, to say the least, distinguished itself in these events, and much will depend on the reserve forces of wisdom and good-will which the public opinion of America can bring into play.

On the hopeful side of the account is

to be written down first and foremost the discredit of militarism by actual war. The suffering in all nations is and will be on an unprecedented scale. Few can have seen the sufferings of Belgium and Northern France unmoved, and of those who do so lack imagination there will be few whose own lives have not been gravely disturbed by the war, who have not lost some brother or friend, or seen their business dislocated, and the ordinary amenities of life impaired. Mere thoughtless flag-waving militarism will be at a discount for some years to come. Moreover, if we are right in holding Germany to be the nursery of the militarist ideal, the defeat of Germany will be a source of discredit from which, it might be supposed, that ideal will not readily recover. Militarism as a principle is an appeal to success, and if it fails it is lost.

In this respect, merely as a matter of material strength, it is inferior to the principle of liberty which, as a principle, is impervious to failure and has often taken its deepest inspiration from defeat. But it must be remembered further that, if Germany is the nursery of militarism, the family has grown up and gone forth into all the world. The most noteworthy shift of thought in the last two generations has been the reaction from the belief in reason, law, and humanity, which dominated the nineteenth century, to the faith in impulse, self-will, and power, which have dominated our own time. I recollect turning over the pages of one of Mr. Max Beerbohm's volumes of cartoons some time last July, and coming upon one which, ever since the war broke out, has seemed to me like a prophetic vision. It is a story of the centuries. The Twentieth Century, in the goggles and mask of a scorching motorist, is rushing blindly along, arms and legs working like a windmill, careless whither he is going or whom he knocks over in the rush. His father, the Nineteenth Century, mild, prosperous, protuberant of form, frock-coated, silk-hatted, bland and respectable, watches him with manifest dismay; and, just behind, his grandfather, the Eighteenth Century, looks on through his quizzing-glass with a cynical smile, seeming to say to his respectable son, 'You thought yourself so much better than I was, my dear boy. Are you quite so satisfied with the education you gave your youngster?' Perhaps the time for a companion picture showing the end of that young man is not yet, but I would hope that, when it comes, the cartoonist will not let the opportunity go by.

Be that as it may, the trinity of Impulse, Self-Will, and Power has been firmly enthroned in the literature, the art, the philosophy, and the sociology of our time. It is not the peculiar possession of one people, but has become the god of the intellectual world. Now Germany has worshiped this triune god in one of its major incarnations, that is to say, in the shape of a dominant military caste, with a sincerity and an efficiency not matched elsewhere. Did she suddenly invade a peaceful neutral state? Yes, but it was necessary to hew a way through. Did she tear up a scrap of paper? Yes, but she had the long-range guns. Did she, from the first week of war, burn villages and shoot non-combatants? Yes, but it was necessary to make terrible examples. Was she inflicting the horrors of war on peaceful Europe? Yes, but only on foreign nations, for she was armed for the aggressive and her maxim was always to wage war in the enemy's country. Did she devastate the land? Yes, for it was a maxim of success to leave the conquered people nothing but their eyes to weep with. Did she risk bringing in England by invading Belgium? Yes, but she got in the first blow, and in the gospel of force it is the first blow

that counts. Does she propose to blot out a little state? Yes, because little states have no place in a world that is governed by Power. Is all her armament adapted to the aggressive, and are all her theories of war adapted to the hypothesis of her immediate and continued success? No other assumption is worthy of a sincere worshiper of her god.

Now, this god does not promise his worshipers domestic peace or freedom, sweetness or light, comfort at home, or the admiring love of mankind. He promises them success, and again success, and always success; and if the methods which his oracle has prompted prove methods of failure, will they continue to burn incense at his shrine? If the invasion of Belgium cost many men and opened no road to Paris; if the method of terror failed to intimidate but only nerved Belgians, French, and English to resist; if the whole policy of the aggressive should be proved to have broken down, so that it would have been better in mere tactics to have awaited the shock upon the frontiers; if the 'preventive' war was after all unduly timed and to force it on was to combine Europe against the aggressor, — then the prophets prophesied falsely and the god was an image of clay. If Germany is defeated, will this be the view of the people who have given their sons in millions to the slaughter which mass tactics impose? Will they say that the Junker has defrauded them of the power which he promised in return for the discipline which he exacted, and will they insist on peace and liberty at home and no more adventures abroad? This is a possible outcome, and it is the one hope of a better future left to us to cherish.

But let it be observed that the escape from German militarism depends on a state of mind to be induced in the Germans themselves. Europe will have to live with her Germans after the war as before. There will still be some hundred millions of them compactly seated in the centre of her continent; and should the Slav portions of the Austrian Empire fall away, the only probable result is a closer and a strong union of the two branches of the German peoples. No combination of powers could ever hold such a people down, unless at the cost of a more burdensome militarism than that of the past forty years, and eventually of a war not less deadly than that which is now being waged. We may conceivably conquer German militarism, but only by discrediting it in the minds of the German people and gaining over the mass of them to belief in international faith and good will. We cannot change the German political system any more than the Holy Alliance could succeed in restoring the Ancien Régime in France. The most we can do is to discredit the present system and leave the German people to reflect upon the possibilities of a change.

But herein lies our greatest danger. Defeat may have quite the contrary effect to that desired. It may weld a people together and make them set the desire for the *revanche* above every other consideration. The ruling caste may say, 'You did not give us power enough. We wanted more men and more arms. We told you so, and we are proved right by the event. If you would be safe for the future you must give yourself to us even more unreservedly than in the past. There must be no exemptions and no distraction of national energy from the single object of regaining the position of Germany among the nations and realizing her ambition as the world-power of the future.' It is the common argument of militarism, which is nothing if not insatiable. Whether the Germans will listen to it or not must depend in large measure on the use that the Allies make

of the victory which we are hypothetically assigning to them. If Germany should be dismembered we may be sure that this will be the result, and that the future of Europe will turn on the struggles of the dissevered parts to come together again.

Unfortunately it is not possible to contemplate a victory of the Allies which will not involve some loss of territory by Germany, for she has forcibly incorporated more than one province which she has failed to win to her allegiance, and these provinces remain in sympathy with other peoples. Yet there is a possible way of escape. If the Allies proclaim the right of each population to choose its own allegiance or independence, as the case may be, would the average German feel himself either outraged or humiliated? I do not touch on the practical difficulties in applying this principle, for it will be difficult enough to get the principle itself consistently maintained. I think for the moment only of the psychological effect of the forbearance which it would involve, and I ask myself whether its intrinsic reasonableness might not convert Germany to the view of J. R. Green, that Will and not Force is the true basis of the state. Might not the German on these lines have the sufficient answer to the militarist: 'We have been defeated, it is true, but after all what has defeat meant? It means only that we, and others, including the people of Alsace-Lorraine, are free to choose our own government. Is it worth fighting to avoid that which in their right senses all men desire for themselves?'

There is then, we may concede, a possible line of escape for Europe from a future of perpetual militarism and recurrent warfare. But to follow it with success involves a combination of qualities and circumstances such as fortune rarely grants. There must, to begin with, be success in war for the Allies, and success means the strengthening in every country of the military principle. There must supervene an exercise of wisdom and self-control for which the intensity of passion provides no very favorable conditions, and there must be a harmonization of interests which are diverse and complicated in a high degree.

Meanwhile, even preliminary discussion is hushed. People are too intent upon the immediate event. Their eyes are on the Yser, the Vistula, or the North Sea, and their ears open only for news of victory or defeat. In the end the settlement is as likely as not to come about without clear plan or reasoned design, in the rough and tumble of forces, or through a give and take imposed at the last by common exhaustion. There is no religion to calm or guide, no voice of any leader of men to recall a lost world, no authority — personal or impersonal — to make men hear reason. Few and far between are the men whose words reach a wide audience, and of these there is not one who can speak as Gladstone or Tolstoï could speak now and again to the public of their time.

On the economic side much will depend on the length of the war. Hitherto the blow to industry and commerce has been far less severe than many of us anticipated. It was doubted if the sensitive and complex machinery of credit in a modern industrial nation could survive the dislocation, and it was feared that England, as the greater financial centre, might suffer even more than Germany from this cause. So far, the event has happily belied anticipation. No British industry is seriously affected except the cotton trade, and there the trouble is not exclusively due to the war, and is likely, if conditions at sea remain as at present, to right itself. For the rest, unemployment on the average is no worse than in a normal winter.

It is indubitably less general than in many seasons of bad trade arising from the ordinary fluctuations of industry. Short time in certain industries is balanced by extreme activity in everything directly or indirectly connected with war, wherein British firms are busy in supplying, not our own government alone, but those of our allies as well. This activity will probably continue while the war lasts, and it is on the morrow of peace that a great economic dislocation must be expected.

But in one respect at least we have made a great advance since the old days of warfare. The responsibilities of government are more adequately recognized. There will be no question of the sudden discharge of a million or two of men into the industrial world without any attempt to reorganize the conditions of employment. The situation in August, which for the moment was alarming, was saved by state intervention carried through with great promptitude and with a sweeping disregard of precedent. There will be a corresponding call for state control when the war ends. Indeed, the most remarkable economic effect of the war hitherto has been the impetus given to State Socialism. To take only two instances: the government has assumed complete control of the sugar trade and of the railways. In the former case its policy is open to challenge and would have given rise to lively controversy if men had time to think of anything but the emergencies of the day. In the latter, the assumption of state control has involved so little dislocation and has proved so efficacious in placing the railway system at the disposal of the public service, that it may be doubted if it will ever be abandoned. There is a strong case on grounds of economy for the unification of the British railway system, and it may be that it needed only the stimulus of a sudden necessity to overcome the prejudice and inertia which were the main obstacles to its adoption. On the whole it is probable that one legacy of the war will be a permanent enlargement of the sphere of public control over industries and perhaps over social life in general.

On the other hand, even if the war were to cease to-morrow, we should all be a good deal poorer than we were. The margin available for taxation has been reduced; and it will be proportionately more difficult to finance the schemes of social reform with which our minds were occupied down to last July. England ought to spend money on education, on land-reform, and on housing, and it is to be feared that, for lack of means, many a beneficent scheme will be hung up for a generation to come. Of course, if militarism is really crushed, the situation will clear itself; but this, for reasons given, I can only regard as a dim and remote possibility. The more probable alternative is a reversion to the armed peace in which, after the first two or three years of exhaustion, the actual proportion of available income expended on the preparations for a fresh calamity will be not less but greater than before. An atmosphere that previously was darkened by mutual suspicion will now be sultry and stifling with hatred and lust for revenge. Europe definitely took the wrong turn last summer, and the progress of mechanical invention has overcome England's isolation and made her in a new sense a member of Europe and a partner in the fortunes of the Continent. We must hold Western Europe for freedom, but in doing so we forfeit much of our own hope, only yesterday so buoyant, of peaceful progress and social reconstruction.

THE GERMAN SPIRIT

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

THE great European war has aroused a natural curiosity to ascertain exactly what is the intimate German temper of mind which in its external national manifestations is now so mightily aroused. What is the spiritual attitude lying behind this ambition to dominate the world? What is the German spirit?

It is not an easy question to answer. The opinions of Germans themselves scarcely suffice to settle the matter. For they flatly contradict one another. Goethe, agreeing with Guizot, thought that the main characteristic of the German, in distinction alike from the French and the English, is the idea of personal freedom; and so penetrating and philosophic an inquirer as Fouillée has also more recently stated that it is individualism which marks the German. The same view is from time to time put forward by Germans to-day; no doubt it is the conclusion most obviously suggested by the greatest men of genius whom Germany in the past produced: by Luther, by Lessing, by Beethoven, by Goethe himself. Nowadays, however, it is much more usual to find Germans putting forth an entirely opposed conception. Thus Professor Münsterberg, writing as one who has been in intimate contact alike with the German spirit and the American spirit, while describing the latter as that which demands a state 'in order that each individual may find the perfect life and the greatest liberty,' declares, 'We Germans see the social world with the opposite attitude: in our view the individual exists for the state.'

There can be very little doubt that that opinion, so uncompromisingly expressed, is the opinion most observers to-day are inclined to adopt in regard to the German spirit. The subordination of the individual to the state, — that, they seem to feel, is the spirit which animates the German, or at all events the Prussian who now dominates all other Germans, — the spirit of the drill-sergeant who is sometimes said to be Prussia's most characteristic product. It is not a spirit favorable to the manifestations of genius, but it is a spirit supremely favorable to organization in every field. There is clearly an element in the German temperament which lends itself to this Prussianization. German life is a vast network of regulation which has been built up without protest. 'Verboten!' has become the national motto. It may be that, as an American admirer of Germany is constrained to admit, the German temperament needs prohibitions, and that the traveler in Germany wishes there were even more of them. Yet nothing seems so marvelous to the English mind as the boundless docility of the German to the pressure of this all-enfolding mesh of regulations. It is a pressure which rests ultimately on force, but there is little need to make that force felt, for the spirit of the barracks silently pervades every department of life, and even little schoolgirls (so unlike English or American schoolgirls) never wish to be boys, because

'it is forbidden for girls to wish to be boys.'

If however, we take a rather wider view, I believe we may harmonize these two contradictory convictions — that the supremacy of the individual and the supremacy of the state represent the typical German spirit — by seeing that they are both true. It is not unusual to find a similar state of things in a nation. The same country may at different periods, and in different aspects at the same period, show unlike and even opposed attitudes toward life. This is true, for instance, of Spain. The typical Spaniard is Don Quixote; he is also Sancho Panza; you may constantly see them both in Spain to-day. Probably one might also have seen them both there two thousand years ago, for Martial is a rather nobler Sancho and Lucan a rather less noble Quixote. The contradictory statements about the Spanish character made even by those who might be supposed well acquainted with it, are usually due to forgetfulness either of Sancho or of Quixote. There is a similar opposition in the English character, and its two opposing aspects may be said to be represented on the heroic scale in the two greatest English poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Milton belonged to a party which Shakespeare scarcely so much as mentions, and that party prohibited under severe penalties the performance of Shakespeare's plays. In periods of alternate triumph, and sometimes inextricably mingled, these two antagonistic parties — whether we bestow on them names that are pleasant or unpleasant — stand before the world to represent the genius of England.

It is much the same with Germany. Two antagonistic aspects of the German spirit have manifested themselves in German history. Just before the present war a patriotic German author of Munich (Kurt Martens) remarked that German diplomats lacked effectiveness because they oscillated in their manners between 'undignified affability and unseasonable brusquerie.' It would not have been a polite remark for a foreigner to make, but at all events it serves to illustrate the strikingly duplex character of the German spirit. Translated to a higher plane, we may enlarge that remark into the statement that the German spirit oscillates between extreme nationalism and extreme internationalism. The opposing claims for the dominance of the individual and of the state in Germany, the cosmopolitanism and the particularism of Germany, the oft-alleged charge of brutal arrogance combined with abject servility, may well represent varying aspects, from different angles, of the same national temperament, the obverse and reverse of the German spirit.

II

It would not be fanciful to find the ultimate root of this diversity in the highly mixed racial composition of Germany, especially as represented by the Teuton and the Slav. Such a view would, however, be difficult to work out in detail, for the racial origins of the most typical representatives of the German national and international tendencies have not always been such as we might expect. To some extent the races of Germany have been moulded by the traditions of Germany, and the history of the oscillation of the German spirit during the past two centuries becomes largely explicable when we realize how forces which in the first place, no doubt, were racial, have developed under the special geographical conditions of Germany.

There is no definite frontier of mountain or sea to Germany as a whole, and so it has come about that the German

racial elements melt imperceptibly into the surrounding regions. It is this fact which serves to inspire the Pan-German, who has no such definite ground as the Pan-Slav for his propaganda, but is able to put forth a vaster because vaguer creed. There has long been a school of scientific investigation in Germany, with the late Dr. Woltmann as its most conspicuous and thoroughgoing champion, which finds the German in nearly every manifestation of European genius. In Italy, for instance, Woltmann argued that nearly all the men of conspicuous genius have revealed by their anthropological characters, or their facial traits, or their names, that they were really of German origin. Not every one in Germany accepts that view; more cautiously patriotic men of science consider it somewhat exaggerated. There is, moreover, inside and outside Germany, an entirely opposed view which represents Germans as tending swiftly to lose their Teutonic characteristics and melt into the surrounding population. But the Pan-Germanic view is the advance guard of a recognized tendency. Dr. Hans Meyer begins his important work, *Das Deutsche Volkstum*, with the statement, 'The German people extends far beyond the political boundaries of Germany'; and, as his accompanying map shows, Germany in this sense includes German Austria, German Switzerland, Luxemburg, the land of the Flemings (made to cover all Belgium), and Holland. The great *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, also, unhesitatingly includes the Dutch and the Swiss as representing the genius of 'Deutschland.'

It thus happens that the geographical situation of Germany and the resulting centrifugal diffusion of the Germanic population furnish a basis for a Pan-Germanism of the vaguest and widest character. These natural factors have rendered it easy for a German, when so minded, to claim world-extension and world-dominance for his own nation, without at all realizing the inevitable resentment and horror which such a claim must arouse in the world. From this Germanic point of view, Holland, Luxemburg, a great part of Belgium, and Switzerland, are at once naturally absorbed into Germany, while the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine becomes unimpeachable. Moreover, Great Britain and Scandinavia have always been regarded by Germans as in the wide sense 'Germanic' lands. Then it must be remembered that both Americas are largely permeated by people who are, in one sense or another, 'Germans'; and they, even unconsciously, are preparing the road for a final united World-Germany. Into Asia a wedge was long driven from both sides: from the east by the splendid settlement of Kiao-chao, and from the west by the route indicated by the Bagdad railway and the cherished friendship with the Turks, the only other European people possessing a militaristic 'Kultur.' In Africa likewise there was a corresponding approach from both ends: from the colonies in the south, and on the north from the proposed Moroccan influence which was manifested in the incident of Agadir. In most of these operations of *Realpolitik* we see the manifestation of one aspect of the German spirit; but it is an aspect which has dominated only in recent times.

In the eighteenth century, the central position of Germany in Europe, and the close contact due to the overlapping of the German people and their neighbors, led, we know, to a great expansion of cosmopolitanism and to the blossoming time of German genius. The German spirit suddenly opened like a flower to the light and warmth that were radiating from the nations around, especially from France and England.

Most of the splendid names, in philosophy and music and poetry, which have made Germany great and beloved in the world, belong to this period. Moreover, they were distinguished, above all the representatives of other great flowering epochs of human genius, by their immense receptivity, and by the ardor with which they fructified the germs they so eagerly embraced from abroad.

Music moves naturally in a non-national sphere. Kant worshiped Rousseau, who had inspired him; Goethe owed a vast debt alike to France and to England; Schiller cultivated ideals which were completely international. Napoleon was idolized by some of the greatest Germans of the time, even although he was preparing to trample down and humiliate Germany.

That, indeed, on the face of it, was a discordant and disconcerting fact. It could not fail to be felt, even by the most cosmopolitan German admirers of Napoleon; Goethe was troubled by it, Beethoven resented it. And so we cannot be surprised that in after years men came to recognise that when, in 1806, the victorious guns of Napoleon ploughed the fields of Jena, the seeds were sown of Bismarck and Moltke. But in the meanwhile Germany had not only produced the best music in the world (though we must remember that German music was not produced by the most Germanic elements in the German people), but had given us in Goethe the greatest type of the modern man, a figure whose significance, as Nietzsche has truly said, the world has scarcely yet even begun to realize.

Germany is made of many large or small groups of varying racial and political complexion. But from our present point of view we may say that it exhibits two foci of spiritual activity, with a certain polar opposition between them: the region of the Rhine and the original Prussia. These may be regarded as the centres of German Internationalism and German Nationalism. It is no accident that, of the two supremely representative German men of modern times, Goethe belongs to the Rhine and Bismarck to Prussia. The Rhine has been the great highway of races and cultures from at least as early as Roman times, while Prussia has been, literally and metaphorically, the home of the Goths and Vandals (they were practically the same people and both spoke Gothic, if we may trust Procopius). There has never been any love lost between these two centres, each of which has in turn bowed to the domination of the other.

In the eighteenth century Prussia accepted the culture of the Rhine and Berlin paid homage to France; the Prussian became violently and aggressively French. Even at that period, however, Berlin was viewed with no great respect from the Rhine. 'You ought to go to Berlin,' said Goethe to Eckermann; 'one can learn much at Berlin; and,' he added ambiguously, 'one can also unlearn much there'; though he could scarcely have foreseen what his great disciple Nietzsche seems to have foreseen, that perhaps one might unlearn the whole of civilization at Berlin. Already, however, before that saying was uttered, the tide was turning; the new craving for German nationalism demanded qualities that the west and south, with their own special traditions, at once international and particularistic, could not supply. Prussia could supply them. So for a century, that perhaps ended in the climax of last year, Germany and Prussia have been in a state of perpetual conflict. Germany has resented, sometimes even loathed, Prussia. But Germany has felt, in ever-increasing measure, that the qualities which Prussia can impart to her are essential to make her an effective force in the world. That con-

viction has now become so firm that even the bitter experience of the leadership of Prussia which the Great War has afforded is not likely to shake it.

III

Thus it has come about — although it has not always been so and doubtless will not always be so — that of late the spirit of Germany has been the spirit of Prussia. Germany has been Prussianized, and her docility, apt to be soft and diffusive, has been hammered and welded to the Prussian model. For, it must be remembered, on one side the German is singularly tractable and docile. What characterizes the German is obedience, said Biedermann. It was not until the nineteenth century, we may recall, that serfdom was entirely abolished in Prussia. Goethe had this aspect of the German in his mind when in *Wilhelm Meister* he makes Lothario, referring to the German's bravery, add, 'He must be rightly led.' And we think of the German soldiers of to-day, led by Prussianized officers, and obediently driving defenseless women before them as they marched against the enemy. 'Wir müssen,' they said, with tears in their eyes.

The result has been that modern Germany's 'Kultur' — if that is the word that it is desirable to use — is especially marked, as a whole and even in all its detail, by its new, artificial, and machine-made character, together with, as a result of that character, a certain violence of emphasis. The recognition of such qualities is not necessarily a depreciation; it is only the recognition that a method of living, however efficient, which has not slowly evolved, but has been made, very rapidly and self-consciously, must possess two aspects. Its effectiveness, due to technical qualities resulting from new scientific methods, cannot have the innate force and beauty of a civilization based on the slow development of ancient traditions. That is what Steinhausen means when, in his recent history of German Kultur, he remarks that the German has not attained to that fine style of living, that *Lebenstil*, which the French, the English, even the Dutch, possess.

The strength and the weakness of the German spirit of to-day lie in the fact that it has embodied itself in a highly organized and systematic Kultur, admirably adapted to further its own special needs and claims in the world. This Kultur, which differs altogether from what in the English-speaking lands we usually mean by 'culture,' and is much more like the bacteriologist's 'culture,' moves predominantly on the materialistic and technical plane. It operates first of all, not in the sphere of philosophy or literature or art, but in that of politics and the army and the fleet. Its organization is conditioned by the temper of the Prussian race, by the position of Germany in Europe and by the course of German history during the past century. It is fundamentally militaristic. It is on the foundation of German militarism, as Dr. Hugo Schweitzer has done well to remind us, that are based German social organization, German agriculture, German science, German industry, German philosophy, even German religion, — for the German God, 'our good old German God,' is assumed to have no function in the universe save the overthrow of Germany's foes. All these elements are wrought together in the more or less deliberate formation of a militaristic state, — what is not subordinate to that purpose being mere by-products, — with the aim of national defense. And to the aggressive Prussian mind defense — as we have seen in the present war from the outset — is best secured by an active offense, the protection of the German hearth most firmly

achieved by the destruction of non-German hearths. Hence it is that we have the immense value attributed to the state in Germany, and the complete subordination of the individual to the state.

This conception of the state is so important for the comprehension of the dominant aspect of the German spirit that it is necessary to set it forth clearly. It stands in striking contrast to the prevailing conception of the state in civilization, and at no point can we more clearly realize the difference between German Kultur and European civilization. An Englishman, for instance, no more dreams of worshiping the state than of worshiping his own trousers. Both the one and the other he regards as useful, indeed very useful; he would not be without either on any account, in fact he clings to them both with a rare tenacity. But he regards them as alike made for him and to his own measure. The idea that he was made for them and that he must abase himself in the dust before their divine superiority is an idea at which he would smile.

It is, indeed, only among primitive and even savage peoples that the individual is thus subordinated to the state. Such subordination is conditioned by the primitive necessities of war, and it survives into more civilized conditions only in association with militarism. That is what has happened to Germany. A primitive conception of the state and a secular tradition of militarism have in Prussia not merely survived, but become intensified in association with an unparalleled degree of scientific organization and technical skill, themselves based on the military state and reacting to its greater profit and glorification. It is, we may divine, a sinister combination. In the light of more recent events it is to-day significant that as many as forty years ago (in 1875) a calm and sagacious British observer, Sir Robert Morier, in writing to the Crown Prince (afterwards the Emperor) Frederick, pointed out that Germany was in danger of falling a victim to 'a pedantic ferocity, a scientific cynicism, an academic cruelty.'[1] For the spirit of warfare, which may be quite sound and beneficial among savages, takes a different character when it has placed in its hands the technical and intellectual accomplishments of civilization.

It is true that the peculiar qualities of Prussian policy — the high military efficiency accompanied by indifference to moral considerations — were already completely embodied two centuries ago in the great Prussian hero, Frederick the Great. But that policy had not been erected into a principle by the royal author of the *Anti-Machiavel*, nor was it supported by any high culture; it was the policy of a small and still almost barbaric people, not of a great empire cherishing a claim to dominate the world. The emphasis which the conception of the state possesses in Germany is, it may be well to reflect, very largely due to the novelty of the German state in its present enlarged and imperial form. The German is so unaccustomed to the bigness of his state that he feels the need at every moment of asserting and realizing it. A nation that has developed slowly and naturally is not oppressed by the magnificence of its own state. But the German people, as an enthusiastic American admirer of Germany

[1] Some other remarks of Morier's in this letter may now seem worth noting. 'A nation cannot afford the luxury of cynicism, cannot risk to place itself outside the pale of the opinions of mankind, because a nation never dies, and the conscience of mankind never dies, and when the orgies of successful force have spent their strength the day comes when it has to live, not with its own recollections, but with those which mankind has preserved of it.' (Morier's *Memoirs and Letters*, vol. II, pp. 347–48.) — THE AUTHOR.

has said, 'have not developed into a nation; they have been squeezed into the mould of a nation.' They exist for the state and not the state for them. Their statism is a vicarious egotism. As a conscious and intellectualized policy it dates not from the invasion of Silesia but from the defeat of Jena. Fichte preached the state as a great educational force. Hegel regarded the state as itself the reality of the Moral Idea. For Treitschke the operations of the state constitute a supereminent Kultur.

IV

To glorify the state is to glorify war, for there is no collective operation which can be so effectively achieved as war, and none which more conspicuously illustrates the sacrifice of the individual to the nation. The glorification of war in Germany has kept pace with the magnification of the state. War is regarded in Germany, not as a necessary evil, but as a good in itself, a great moralizing and purificatory force, which it is the special mission of Germany to exert for the benefit of the whole world. This has been the belief, not merely of soldiers, but of scholars and philosophers. Germany has never waged any war that was not a holy war, said David Strauss bravely at the time of the Franco-Prussian War; other countries, like France, fought only 'for the love of rapine.' Very much the same conception runs through Mommsen's Roman history: it is the glorification of might, even — and perhaps especially — when employed against right, for it seemed to him that there could be no true right without might. These assumptions are common and unquestioned even in the writings of the ablest Germans; they are the assumptions of a people whose genius for war is not accompanied, as it was among the Romans and among the Normans, by a genius for law. It is here that the German instinct of personality comes in, a force that belongs to the sphere of blind feeling rather than of clear vision. Here the German is a mystic at the same time as a warrior; for there is a Tauler as well as a Bismarck in the genius of the German. What Treitschke liked about Kultur was that it is at once so full of mystic fervor and yet 'so skillfully calculated for the political needs of the moment.' Treitschke, indeed, who has been above all the eloquent and inspired prophet and teacher of that aspect of the German spirit we are here concerned with, leaves no opening for doubt. The army itself, Treitschke declares, has taken on the character of a 'serious Kultur'; war, as Gneisenau and Scharnhorst and Clausewitz have taught Germany, is not a mere evil necessity but a great civilizing moral force, to be justified for its own sake alone. It is scarcely a step from that doctrine to the faith in the 'divine vocation,' as Treitschke termed it, of the German nation, 'to attack a neighbor when the favorable occasion presents, for the purpose of extending its own frontiers.' It will be, Treitschke believed, for the benefit of that neighbor, for Germany, with her exalted Kultur, knows far better what is good for other nations than they themselves know. 'We Germans,' wrote Treitschke in 1870, 'know the interests of the unhappy Alsatians far better than they themselves. We shall reveal to them their own true selves, even against their wishes.' Alas! that was more than forty years ago, and the revelation has not come to the unhappy Alsatians yet.

To the individualistic Anglo-Saxon mind, as to the Latin mind, such an attitude, so frankly acknowledged, seems unreasonable, if not ridiculous, though it must be remembered that there is no strong nation — not England, not even the United States — which has not

sometimes acted on the faith that it knows better what is good for other people than they know themselves. But the permanent adoption of such an attitude is possible only on the basis of systematic militarism. 'We are a military nation,' said a German officer, just before the Great War, to a French journalist. 'At first we were so by necessity. But since a military state agrees with our temperament, we are now so by taste. Germany practices militarism as one may individually practice hygiene.' For the German who is inspired by the modern spirit of Germany war is a fundamental theme which lends itself to innumerable fantasias: it is politics; it is patriotism; it is hygiene; it is religion. To every German war appears as the underlying theme of his own particular activity. But I scarcely recall that any German has expressed this attitude with such concise felicity as a man — to whom also it was a profound faith — who was fighting on the other side. An Indian at the front was asked, not long ago, how he liked being in action. 'Oh, Sahib,' he answered, 'all wars are beautiful; but this war is heavenly.'

V

This is the eternal spirit of Prussia which has for the moment dominated the whole of Germany. It is not the spirit of those who seek to follow the paths of civilization and of humanity. Those whose faces are set forward on that road may differ as to whether or not war can ever be eliminated from human affairs, but they are in agreement that in itself war is not heaven but hell. They must, indeed, admit, if they are honest, that there is, after all, a sense in which war is not without its purifying and moralizing influence. To that extent the Germans are right. But they have, for the moment, overlooked the important fact that this purifying and moralizing influence is reserved for the conquered. The advantages of war for the conquerors are always very uncertain and very mixed. For the conquered war has sometimes been fortifying and ennobling in the highest degree. The Franco-Prussian War, which seemed to crush France, really gave her new strength, while it infected her conquerors with the virus which she had thrown off. Germans are themselves the first to recognize the immense advantages which they received from the defeat of Jena; and if another defeat should finally await them in the present war, they will be the first to recognize the blessings it will bring by awakening them from an evil dream.

For let us not forget that, just as the Germany of to-day is not the Germany of yesterday, so surely it cannot be the Germany of to-morrow. Even to-day there are Germans throughout Germany, indeed in Prussia, who see with clear eyes the fatal nature of the policy which has led away their rulers. Their voices may be hushed by authority, they may remain silent out of patriotism in the moment of crisis; but they represent a vast number of their still more inarticulate fellow countrymen, who love peace and home so devoutly that they have never realized their own national policy, and innocently believe that the great war has been inflicted on Germany by the machinations of her enemies. This mighty Germany of old will arise again, sooner perhaps than we anticipate, and put to flight the evil genius which for a while has guided its destinies. We have not measured the adaptability of the German, — even though it has been clearly written for us in the history of German commercial development, — and his capacity for accepting the facts of the world. Beyond and above the Germany of Clausewitz and Scharnhorst, of Bismarck and Moltke, of Treitschke

and Eucken, there is the great and immortal Germany of Lessing and Kant, of Goethe and Wilhelm von Humboldt, of Heine and Nietzsche. It is a Germany that will be created anew, for the world has need of it, alike for the enlargement of the spiritual home of man and the better establishment of the temporal foundations of life. Long ago Leibnitz said that the mark of the German was *Laboriositas*. That has remained true even through the oscillations that the German spirit has passed through. The hand even of the greatest German may be rough and coarse, — look at the cast of the hands of Goethe, — but no people can work with such tireless and fearless pioneering energy in the world's service as can the Germans. For that might which they worship is not merely a force of destruction; it can also be a force of construction, once firmly held to the service of mankind. Then the whole world will gladly own that no nation has a better claim than Germany to rank among the servants of humanity and the fellow workers for civilization.

ITALY'S DUTY

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

In 1866, when the peace between Italy, Austria, and Prussia was under discussion, and already it was whispered that Italy would receive neither the Trentino nor Istria, but only the Veneto, Giuseppe Mazzini published, in the *Unita Italiana* of the twenty-fifth of August, an essay to make plain to the people the evils and dangers of such a peace. In this essay the wrongs which Italy had suffered at the hands of Austria are enumerated and pictured with such an abundance of proofs, with such lucidity and wisdom, and with such liveliness and warmth of eloquence, that I cannot resist the temptation to quote part of it.

Mazzini shows that the Julian Alps, the Carnic Alps, the Istrian littoral, and the Trentino are a natural and necessary part of Italy; and that geographers, historians, politicians, and military men have for centuries assigned them to Italy. Istria he calls the eastern door to Italy, the bridge between the Italians and the Hungarians and Slavs. 'If we abandon it,' he says, 'those people remain our enemies; if it is ours, they are taken out from the army of the enemy and allied to us.' He explains how the Trentino forms a wedge driven between Lombardy and Venetia, and how from a military standpoint it is the key to the valley of the Po; nature, furthermore, has made it a part of Italy: 'the olives, the acid fruits, the southern fruits, the climate, in contrast to the valley of the Inn, speak to us and to the traveling stranger of Italy.' And he continues, 'Italian are the traditions, the civil customs; Italian are the economic relations, and the natural lines of communication; and the language is Italian: of 500,000 inhabitants only

100,000 are of Teutonic stock, scattered and easy to italianize. He declares that all the great military authorities down to Napoleon have agreed that Italy's only valid frontier is that fixed by nature upon the summits which separate the waters of the Black Sea and those of the Adriatic, and he concludes in these words: —

'Therefore, Italians, by accepting the peace which threatens you, you would not only put a seal of shame upon the brow of the nation; you would not only vilely betray your brothers of Istria, of Friuli, and of the Trentino; you would not only cut off for long years all worthy future for Italy, condemning her to be a power of the third rank in Europe; you would not only lose all the confidence of the people, all initiatory influence with them; but you would yourselves hang over your head the sword of Damocles of foreign invasion. And this sword of Damocles means for you the impossibility of disbanding or diminishing the army; it means the impossibility of economies, uncertainty in all things, absence of all confidence on the part of capitalists, and of all pacific, sure development of industrial life; it means progressive diminution of credit, progressive increase of deficit, with no way out of the difficulty; it means economic ruin and bankruptcy, and finally — since not all of you will be resigned — it means increasing perennial agitation: factions continually stirring up discord; civil war, at some time more or less remote, but inevitable.'

After almost half a century, not a single sentence in these pages is antiquated to-day. It would not be possible, even now, to explain more lucidly the reasons why Italy, at the present moment, ought to take the field with the enemies of Austria, and profit by this occasion, which will not soon recur, to consummate her national unity and to put an end to the Austrian peril, which since 1859 has hung over her head — a continual menace. But if to-day all the reasons are still valid which Mazzini enumerated in 1866, to show that the kingdom of Italy would not be safe, then or in the future, until it had conquered the Italian provinces which are still subject to the Empire of the Hapsburgs, we may now add to those reasons enumerated by Mazzini, two others, which did not then exist.

The first reason is of a military character. Every one knows that in the Adriatic the eastern shore — which belongs at present to Austria — is notched, full of gulfs and bays, and rich, therefore, in excellent harbors. The western shore, on the contrary, — the Italian shore, — is smooth, without gulfs or deep bays, and therefore without harbors. We have nothing to compare with the marvelous natural harbors of Pola and Cattara. Since 1866, naval armaments have had a gigantic growth, and now they seek docks proportioned to their increasing bulk. The little ships which fought in 1866 in the waters of Lissa — many of them wooden — seem like toys to the new generations which have launched on the sea tremendous fleets of steel. For these fleets it is necessary to have formidable bases of operations, immense harbors, and huge arsenals; whence Italy finds herself at a disadvantage, and almost without armament in the Adriatic.

The other reason is national. It is well known that in all Istria the cities have been Italian for many centuries, while the rural districts are inhabited by Slavs. But up to thirty years ago, the Slavs of the country places did not consider themselves a race and a people different from the Italians of the cities. They all learned Italian; they all attended Italian schools; they desired above all to become a part of that Italian middle class, which, in the cities,

held in its hands commerce, the liberal professions, culture; moreover, they considered their national tongue a dialect which was only for the family and the home. Many of the Italians who lived in the cities were the sons of italianized Slavs and were proud to consider themselves Italians. One of the most illustrious Italian writers of the nineteenth century, and one of the most famous masters of philology, Niccolò Tommaseo, was a Slav of Zara, italianized, like so many others, by the schools and the culture.

However, during the last thirty years this state of things has been profoundly changed. The Austrian government, in order to weaken the Italian urban element, which it distrusted, has put forth all its strength to kindle a fierce discord in Istria between the Slavs and the Italians, by reviving in the country districts the national Slavic sentiment. The Slavs have been told that they are a people and a race different from the Italians; that their language ought not to hide itself in the homes, like a rude dialect, but ought to come out into the open, to be admitted into the courts, the schools, the public offices, the banks, with the same rights as those accorded to the Italian language. Hence, there is arising to-day in the cities of Istria a Slavic *bourgeoisie* of professional people, — merchants, employers, professors, — the rivals and enemies of Italy. And as the Slavs are more numerous and more prolific than the Italians, it is probable, if Istria remains in the power of Austria, and if Austria continues to aid the Slavs against the Italians, that sooner or later the cities of Istria, including Trieste, will become Slavic.

Within fifty years, the Slavic language will be the speech of Trieste and the Istrian cities, unless we conquer Istria; and every memory of Italy will fade from those lands, which since the days of Augustus have always been Latin. It would be like unmaking the history of Italy. For reasons which it would take too long to enumerate here, it is very difficult in these days for the Italian language to conquer new territories. So much the more is it our duty to see that none of the territories in which Italian is spoken to-day shall forget it. We shall be overwhelmed with shame if we allow the speech of our fathers to be corrupted, little by little, by a new people.

II

Therefore, the reasons are neither few nor of little moment which to-day spur Italy on to unite herself in arms with the coalition which is making war against the Germanic empires. They are reasons so vital that it is easy to foresee that if Italy stands by with folded arms, she may, perhaps, receive a mortal blow. One might suppose, therefore, that the Italian people and the government would be united and agree in the deliberate intention to put an end to delays and to anticipate destiny. This indeed is what outsiders think, and day by day they await Italy's action. But the weeks pass, and the months, and the great deed is still to be done; for which reason, everywhere, many are turning their heads, surprised, toward the Mediterranean and the long peninsula which it bathes, as if asking, 'What, pray, is Italy waiting for?' Every week, from all sides, many letters come to me, all asking the great question, 'What is Italy going to do? When will the hour of destiny strike?'

But outsiders are deceived. That united, that resolute and unanimous concord of the whole nation, which many strangers attribute to us, does not exist. Never, perhaps, was Italy so perplexed and divided. There are still those — it may seem strange, but it is so — who think that Italy ought to

take the field on the side of Austria and Germany against the Franco-Anglo-Russian coalition. There are those who want Italy to preserve her neutrality till the end, not aiding either side; and finally there are those who want her to range herself on the side of France, England, and Russia, against Austria. Of these three opinions the first is not now professed openly except by the few faithful partisans of the Triple Alliance who still remain; almost the whole country is divided between the second and third; but although it may not be an easy matter to make an exact count of those who profess the one and the other opinion, I do not doubt that the majority are on the side of neutrality. If we scrutinize the political world, we find, as proof, the Socialist party and the Clerical party openly favorable to neutrality; the Radical party, the Republican party, and that party of reform which includes the more moderate section of the Socialists, openly favorable to taking part in the war; the Liberal party, which is the most numerous in Parliament, we find uncertain. Now the Socialists and Clericals are certainly much stronger, and have a much larger following, than the Radicals, the Republicans, and the Reformists.

Turning from the political parties to the country at large, it can safely be affirmed that the people — the peasants and the artisans — are almost all averse to any kind of war, even a war against Austria. The multitude desires peace. The industrial, commercial, and financial classes favor neutrality, although their wider knowledge makes it clear to them that to have peace in this world it is not enough merely to desire it; and so, while they hope that peace will not be broken, they are resigned to war, if war be necessary, as to a misfortune which there is no way of avoiding. The educated middle classes, on the other hand, are bellicose: the bureaucracy, the journalists, the teachers of the common schools, and many professional people — physicians and lawyers. Almost all the important newspapers, which have a wide circulation, are for the war. But these classes, while they have much influence on public opinion, have not yet succeeded in inflaming, from one end of Italy to the other, those portions of the population whose soul is armored in cold prudence and love of quiet.

It is more difficult to say what differences distinguish one region from another. There is never any lack of these differences, in Italy, but this time they are uncertain and confused. It would appear that in the Veneto, which borders upon Austria, the majority are favorable to war. Piedmont, Lombardy, and Liguria are certainly more inclined to neutrality than to war. In central Italy there are certain regions, like Romagna, where even the rank and file seem to be agitated by the breath of the warlike spirit. But, taken as a whole, central Italy also inclines rather to neutrality. On the other hand, it is said that the warlike current is stronger in southern Italy and Sicily. Many people who know those regions intimately have told me this, and I can but take their word for it, as it is two years since I was in southern Italy.

To sum up, Italy hesitates, and while she sides with the coalition, while she desires that England, France, and Russia may be victorious, she leans more to neutrality and peace than to intervention and war. The majority hope and desire that Italy may watch the terrible conflict with folded arms, to the end. It is impossible to understand what has happened and what will happen in Italy unless one takes account of this important fact and interprets events by it. And to get a really clear comprehension of what has happened,

and above all of what will happen, it is not enough to know the facts: one must also know the reasons. How does it happen that Italy, in 1915, does not understand better that supreme national necessity which Giuseppe Mazzini explained to her in 1866 with such luminous clearness? How is it that she never seems to get her bearings when even strangers see clearly? Only when we have solved this problem shall we realize fully why this conflict, which ought to be a great national war, has so little popular backing; only then shall we know the significance of all that may arise out of a condition so strange.

III

To appreciate what is happening today in Italy, outsiders, first of all, must not forget that in 1882 Italy contracted an alliance with Austria and Germany, which, after having been renewed several times, is still valid, — at least in theory, — since it was not repudiated even when the European war broke out. In addition, the stranger must know what obligations the alliance with Germany and Austria imposed upon Italy. Of the three allied powers, Italy was the smallest, in extent of territory, in number of inhabitants and soldiers, in wealth and military prestige; therefore in most things she had to bow to the will of the two more powerful allies. Besides, it is clear that Austria would not have consented to ally herself with Italy if the Italian government had continued to number among her official grievances the territory inhabited by Italians, but included in the Austrian Empire. The renunciation of this territory was, therefore, one of the principal conditions which Austria made in her alliance with Italy. So for thirty-two years the Italian government has been obliged, through the schools, the newspapers, and the parties bound to it, by all the means, indeed, which are at the disposal of a government in Europe, — and they are more numerous and more powerful than in America, — to combat and proscribe the thing which in our political language is called *l'irredentismo*.[1] The government was obliged to do all that it could to make the nation forget that Italians still lived under the sceptre of the Hapsburg; that the eastern boundary was open to hostile invasion; that in the Adriatic, Italy and Austria were enemies, not through the ill-will of men, but through the necessity of things. There were moments in which, if one did not wish to have trouble, it was prudent to speak in a whisper in Italy of Trent and Trieste, of the Italian subjects of Austria and of what concerned them; and it was always more prudent not to talk about them at all, especially for politicians who were, or aspired to be, ministers of state. For such persons, to recall that on the east the boundary could be considered as only provisionally adjusted, was equivalent to renouncing forever all ambition for power. The case of Minister Seismit Doda, about 1890, was a famous one. He was Minister of Finance in a ministry presided over by Crispi; and one day he had the misfortune to be invited to a public breakfast — I do not remember on what occasion — at Udine, a city situated not far from the Austrian frontier. At this banquet there was a young deputy who, at the close, also made a speech, and gesticulating with his arm in the direction of Austria, alluded to the boundary with which Italy could not declare herself contented. The minister listened without moving an eyelash, without making any sign either of approval or of disapproval; and what else could he have done? Nevertheless, for not having pro-

[1] The programme of those who aspire to obtain the independence of the Italian provinces still subject to the foreigner. — THE AUTHOR.

tested against the veiled hint as to the boundary of Italy, that minister, within twenty-four hours, was relieved of his portfolio.

I have related this anecdote because it shows, more clearly than long explanations would, how much Italy had to renounce to be able to enter into an alliance with Austria. To put it briefly, it was necessary that the Adriatic problem should no longer exist for the Italian government. Every now and then, when there was a new persecution of the Italian subjects of Austria, which could not be hushed up, or when there was an episode in the struggle between the Italian element and the Slavic element supported by Austria, of which it was necessary to inform the public, they came to remember in Italy that the Adriatic problem could be more easily forgotten than suppressed. But the government was faithful to its past: it let the first grievance evaporate; then with its newspapers, with its parties, with all the means at its disposal, it exerted itself to reduce the matter to silence. To divert people from Austrian questions, it invented others to take their place. In the article which I wrote for the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to explain the outbreak of the war, I said that to-day every nation of Europe had to have an enemy; otherwise, it could not excuse to the people either the burdens of the conscription or the military expenses. Italy, having allied herself with Austria, had to find another enemy. She found France. For thirty-two years all the official forces have been strained to persuade the Italian people that its true enemy was France, not Austria; to distract attention from Trent and Trieste, in order to direct it to Nice, to Corsica, and, above all, to Tunis.

The question of the unredeemed provinces of Austria was, therefore, no longer agitated except by the parties of extreme opposition, — particularly by the Radical and the Republican parties, which have never had either a great authority or a large following. Certainly it is not necessary to believe that the Italian government has renounced the Austrian lands inhabited by Italians, as completely as one might have thought from its words and its actions. The art of diplomacy, at least in Europe, is rich enough in expedients with which to violate any clause of a treaty, without appearing to, — even while seeming to obey it. Some day many things which are still hidden will be revealed; then we shall know, perhaps, even how the ministers who persecuted in Italy every irredentist agitation, aided with money, underhandedly and in secret, the Italians of Istria, to struggle against the Slavs and the Austrian government. In other words, the government, while seeming to have set aside all thought of those provinces, thought of them all the time. Furthermore, in the intellectual classes the irredentist tradition was not lost. Giosué Carducci, for example, — the writer whom Italy has canonized as the greatest of the second half of the nineteenth century, the poet on whom, in the last part of his life, the government bestowed the highest official honors, and to whom a magnificent monument is being erected in Bologna, — was an implacable enemy of Austria, an ardent irredentist. In conclusion, the Italian government may have been able to adopt for Trent and Trieste the advice which Gambetta gave to the French for Alsace and Lorraine: 'Think of it always and never speak of it.' The government thought to further its own present interests and those of Italy, which seemed to it to be guaranteed by the Triple Alliance; and to postpone consideration of the future.

This sort of politics would have been easy in other times. Unfortunately, we

live in the twentieth century. The Italian government did not realize that since 1866 there had taken place in Italy a profound social transformation, which would for the most part make this ingenious plan impossible. Even in Italy the power of the lower classes is much increased. Military service, like the right to vote, has been almost universal. The masses are no longer as ignorant and as docile as they once were: they have their associations, their parties, their newspapers, their ideas, their aspirations, of which the leaders must take account. In Italy, as in every other country of Europe, no government can delude itself into thinking that by the power of the law it can force the masses to enter into a war of whose necessity they are not to a certain degree persuaded. Now in order to persuade these classes — so large, so ignorant, so naturally inclined to the convenience of peace — that Italy ought, if occasion offers, to endeavor to consummate her national unity even by a war, it is not enough to think in silence of the brothers who are still subject to Austria: one must talk to the people continually; one must explain to them what the Austrian peril is, just as in France the people have been talked to incessantly, since 1870, of the German peril; the masses must be so quickened to an interest in what politicians call the Adriatic question, that when an opportunity for war presents itself, the people — even the artisans and peasants who make up the battalions — may be at least in a certain measure ready for the test. But who has spoken to them of Trent and Trieste, in the past thirty years? No one. The literature in which the irredentist tradition is kept alive has never reached the lower classes. The schools, which belong to the government, could not become an organ of irredentist propaganda. Of the political parties, the Conservative and the Liberal, bound to the government, have imitated the government and are wrapped in silence. The Radical and Republican parties, which have always agitated the irredentist generation, have never, as I have said, had a large following among the multitude, except in certain regions.

During the last twenty-five years the Socialist party has acquired great influence with the masses throughout Italy; but the Socialist party has talked to the people of things very different from the unredeemed provinces of Austria. In short, when the European war broke out, the lower classes had but a vague idea of Trent and Trieste, and no idea at all of the Adriatic question. It would, therefore, be a great mistake to think that Trent and Trieste are the Alsace and the Lorraine of Italy. Alsace and Lorraine are two ancient French provinces which were taken from France by force, and the memory of that event has been kept before the popular attention for forty-four years by a tenacious and incessant propaganda. Trent and Trieste are two Italian provinces which have never belonged to Italy; around which there has reigned for thirty-two years, in Italy, a cautious silence, interrupted only now and then by cries of anguish which came across the frontier.

IV

With this in mind, it is easy to understand the terrible position in which the Italian government found itself at the outbreak of the European conflagration. All the toil with which for thirty-two years it had tried to persuade Italy that her natural enemy was France, was lost in eight days, between July 24 and August 1. I know few cases in history which demonstrate more clearly how impossible it is, either by force or by circumspection, for a government

to sustain an inherently artificial policy. Until the twenty-third of July, Italian public opinion was more favorable to Germany than to France. For two years there had been much friction between the two Latin countries on account of the questions arising in the East and in Africa from our war with Tripoli; and the newspapers and the parties associated with the government did not fail to profit by it, in order to irritate public sentiment still more. But on the morning of the twenty-fourth of July, when every one could read in the papers the brutal ultimatum to Servia, popular sentiment began to change. In those last days of the fatal July, little by little a dull irritation grew in souls, as the Italian people saw all the attempts at peace fail, through the obstinate resistance of Austria and Germany. And when, on the first of August, Germany, breaking the suspense, declared war on Russia, precipitating the universal conflagration, there was an explosion of horror and hatred more universal than one would have believed possible, in a people whose government had taught it for so many years to look upon Germany as the first nation in Europe. Italy desired peace; she was prepared to tolerate for the sake of peace many evils and inconveniences of the Triple Alliance, because she had been assured that William II was the emperor of peace, and that if she were allied to the two Germanic empires, war would not convulse Europe. Therefore, in this supreme moment, she could not pardon the two empires for having deceived her, — betraying in that fashion her highest aspiration.

But this public wrath, while fully justified, has leveled to earth at one blow, as by an earthquake, the whole fragile edifice of the foreign policy of the Italian government. The Italian government had reason to declare that the *casus fœderis* did not exist; but even if it had existed, the government would not have been able to force the nation to shed its blood to defend the cause of the two empires which the Italian people unanimously regarded as aggressors. Nevertheless, neutrality was, and could be, only a temporary expedient. So the government, like all those who have a little common sense and political wisdom, has not been slow to observe that continued neutrality, no matter how much the people desire it, would be a kind of slow national suicide. In fact, all the hypotheses which can be made concerning the results of the conflict appear equally dangerous for us, if we remain quiet and await the issue. If Austria and Germany conquer, Austria will annex Servia, will increase in power, in extent, in numbers, in prestige: she will become the ruler and arbiter of the Adriatic. Italy, which is already smaller and less populous, and finds herself in an unfavorable strategic position, would then have no other refuge but to resign herself to becoming a dependent state of the neighboring empire; the more so, because, for the time being at least, there could be no hope of aid or support for her from France, England, and Russia, conquered and enfeebled. If, instead, the two empires are conquered, and Austria is mutilated without the problem of the irredentist lands being solved, this problem will be propounded anew, and more menacingly, since the Italians, who at first bore with annoyance the Austrian yoke, will no longer be willing to bear it. Trapped between the Austrian government and their own, the Italian subjects will go from bad to worse; and the war which we have avoided to-day, we shall have to fight in a few years under worse conditions. The only way to prevent this danger is to go to war.

Now it is not easy, in a few months, to invent a cause for war against Aus-

tria, when we have been allied to her for thirty-two years, and are officially allied to her to-day; when it is necessary to find such a reason as shall justify us, not only before the world, — which at the present moment, after the high-handed behavior and violence of the Germans, would be lenient toward us, — but before the Italian people, who are rather averse to fighting, since they do not understand — no one having ever explained the matter to them — the profound historic and national reasons which justify the war in the eyes of the cultivated classes. In times like ours, in which war is fought by all the people, it is easier, in a few months, to manufacture the arms and munitions that the army may lack, than to prepare the mind of the multitude for a test as serious as a European war.

The entrance of Italy into the conflict is not, therefore, as simple a thing as many outsiders think. The difficulties to be overcome are many and complex. Nevertheless, I believe that eventually Italy will come into the war, against Austria, on the side of France, England, and Russia. Whether this will be in one month or two, when the snows have melted on the Alps, or before, I do not know; and perhaps the government itself is no less ignorant. Events will set the moment. It may be long in coming; but it should come.

The reason is, that although the difficulties and dangers of beginning war are great, there will be a certain moment, — especially if fortune continues, as I believe it will, to be against the Austrian arms, — when the danger of not acting will appear even greater. The reason why it will appear greater, is that, if Austria were conquered and mutilated, without Italy's having set free the Italian provinces, all Italy — even that part which now is most favorable to neutrality — would understand at last what for a time has been visible to a few men of clearer sight: that the Triple Alliance, and that is to say, all the foreign policy fostered by Italy since 1882, has been an unbroken succession of fatal mistakes. The ultimate result would demonstrate to all what only a few more experienced in these things have seen for some time. The extreme parties of opposition and the malcontents would profit by the public's state of mind to discover what were the reasons which impelled the government to commit so many and such fatal mistakes. It is difficult to foresee what would be the ultimate effects of such an investigation, in an Italy discontented with the results of the war and torn by the economic crisis which will surely follow it. The dynasty and all the parties and political groups which have governed Italy from 1882 till to-day are together responsible for the foreign policy which now is trembling in the midst of the conflagration and ruin of the European war. The dynasty is responsible because after 1882 it supposed that this alliance was desired and forced upon it; the parties and political groups, because to please King Humbert and his court they consented, although with some repugnance at first, to assume the constitutional responsibility for it before Parliament. Now time is taking its revenge even on the dynasty of Savoy: its prestige and that of the political parties which have helped it to govern, are rapidly declining; a new spirit of independence, of criticism, and even of revolt, is spreading among the people. I do not know what may happen on that day when, in the midst of a Europe rent by war and restless in the face of such ruin, the Italian people become persuaded that the monarchy, by the mistakes of its foreign policy, has prevented Italy from taking the Italian provinces. It is even possible that the monarchy's last hour will strike.

In short the Italian government may be obliged to-day or to-morrow to make war upon Austria, because Austria has been allied to us too long — these thirty-two years. It is sufficient to state the situation thus, in order to understand how complicated, obscure, and difficult it is. Since 1859, Italy has, perhaps, never been in such grave and imminent peril. To-day, she pays not only for the mistake of having entered into an alliance with Austria and Germany in 1882, but for a mistake, perhaps more serious than the first, which her government committed within the last decade — that of not being aware that since 1905 the Triple Alliance had changed its character, and from a league of peace had changed little by little into a league of aggression. While I think that Italy would have done better not to link her destiny with the two Germanic empires in 1882, or ever, I myself recognize, however, that, at least from 1882 to 1900, the Triple Alliance had the merit of assuring peace to Europe. In Germany the generation was governing which had fought the wars of 1866 and 1870, and was content to count its laurels, asking only to keep those gained by such good fortune. But after 1900, little by little, the public spirit changed in Germany; a new generation arose which knew not war, and which was full of pride and new ambitions, which dreamed of the glories and the gains of an active worldly policy. The question of Morocco, opened in 1905, is the first sign of this new Germany, in which warlike ambitions were reawakening. At the same time, Austria, which had not succeeded in suppressing her internal broils by peace, began again to think of saving herself through war. And thus began that agitated period which has culminated in the general war.

Meanwhile, during this decade, the Italian government, because its people still wished peace in Europe above all else, has continued thoughtlessly to delude itself with the idea that Germany was the guardian angel, and the Triple Alliance the shield, of peace. It has, therefore, taken no pains whatever to prepare the nation either morally, materially, or diplomatically, for the approaching crisis. It has renewed the Triple Alliance almost automatically; it has allowed its ancient ties with England to weaken; it has continued to stir up public opinion against France. During the tranquil fifteen years between 1885 and 1900 it spent much money on military preparations, but it has neglected the standing army at a time when its strength should have been increased. Allied with two powers beside whom the country has refused to fight, Italy has allowed herself to be taken by surprise, and has found public opinion inclined toward the powers whose enemy she ought to be. Finally, the government has been so ill-prepared for events as not to understand that neutrality is a kind of national suicide. Thus we run the risk of seeing that begin as an unpopular war, which ought to end our national grievances and bring to fulfillment the work begun at Solferino.

Fortune has helped us before. Perhaps she will also help us this time. But the many friends of Italy all over the world must not have any illusions and must not be amazed if Italy delays her entrance into the campaign. The approaching trial will be sharp and may be actually mortal. Many Italians who love their country and take things literally, do not enjoy quiet slumbers in these times. Would that this terrible year of anxiety and of trials might quickly pass; and that to-morrow I might awake in 1916, beyond all the horrors and dangers which now weigh on our heads!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A MAN IN THE HOUSE

THERE persists much of the harem in every well-regulated home. In every house arranged to make a real man really happy, that man remains always a visitor, welcomed, honored, but perpetually a guest. He steps in from the great outside for rest and refreshment, but he never belongs. For him the click and hum of the harem machinery stops, giving way to love and laughter, but there is always feminine relief when the master departs and the household hum goes on again. The anomaly lies in the fact that in theory all the machinery exists but for the master's comfort; but in practice, it is much easier to arrange for his comfort when he is not there. A house without a man is savorless, yet a man in a house is incarnate interruption. No matter how closely he incarcerates himself, or how silently, a woman always feels him there. He may hide beyond five doors and two flights of stairs, but his presence somehow leaks through, and unconsciously dominates every domestic detail. He does not mean to, the woman does not mean him to; it is merely the nature of him. Keep a man at home during the working hours of the day, and there is a blight on that house, not obvious, but subtle, touching the mood and the manner of maid-servant and man-servant, cat, dog, and mistress, and affecting even the behavior of inanimate objects, so that there is a constraint about the sewing-machine, a palsy on the vacuum-cleaner, and a gaucherie in the stove-lids. Over the whole household spreads a feeling of the unnatural, and a resultant sense of ineffectuality. Let the man go out, and with the closing of the front door, the wheels grow brisk again, and smooth. To enjoy a home worth enjoying, a man should be in it as briefly as possible.

By nature man belongs to the hunt in the open, and woman to the fire indoors, and just here lies one of the best reasons for being a woman rather than a man, because a woman can get along without a man's out-of-doors much better than a man can get along without a woman's indoors, which proves woman of the two the better bachelor, as being more self-contained and self-contented. Every real man when abroad on the hunt is always dreaming of a hearth and a hob and a wife, whereas no real woman, if she has the hearth and the hob, is longing for man's hunting spear or quarry. If she is indeed a real woman she is very likely longing to give a man the comfort of the fire, provided he will not stay too long at a stretch, but get out long enough to give her time to brush up his hearth and rinse his teapot satisfactorily to herself.

A man's home-coming is not an end in itself, its objective is the woman; but a woman's home-making exists both for the man and for itself. A woman needs to be alone with her house because she talks to it, and in a tongue really more natural than her talk with her husband, which is always better for having a little the company flavor, as in the seraglio. The most devoted wives are often those frankest in their abhorrence of a man in the house. It is because they do not like to keep their hearts working at high pressure too long at a time; they prefer the healthy relief of a glorious day of sorting or shopping between

the master's breakfast and his dinner.

It is a rare ménage that is not incommoded by having its males lunch at home. It is much better when a woman may watch their dear coat-tails round the corner for the day, with an equal exaltation in their freedom for the fray and her own. A woman whose males have their places of business neither on the great waters nor in the great streets, but in their own house, is of all women the most perpetually pitied by other women, and the most pathetically patient. She never looks quite like other women, this doctor's, minister's, professor's, writer's wife. Her eyes have a harassed patience, and her lips a protesting sweetness, for she does not belong to her house, and so she does not belong to herself. When a man's business-making and a woman's home-making live under the same roof, they never go along in parallel independence: always the man's overlaps, invades. Kitchen and nursery are hushed before the needs of office and study, and the professional telephone call postpones the orders to the butcher. The home suffers, but the husband suffers more, for he is no longer a guest in his own house, with all a guest's prerogatives; he now belongs there, and must take the consequences.

Fortunately the professional men-about-the-house are in small minority, and so are their housekeepers, but all women have sometimes to experience the upheaval incident on a man's vacation at home; whether father's, or husband's, or college brother's, or son's, the effect is always the same: the house stands on its head, and for two days it kicks up its heels and enjoys it, but after two weeks, two months, that is, on the removal of the exciting stimulus, it sinks to coma for the rest of the season. The different professions differ in their treatment of a holiday, except that all men at home on a vacation act like fish on land or cats in water, and expect their womenfolk either to help them pant, or help them swim. They seem to go out a great deal, — at least they are always clamoring to have their garments prepared for sorties, social or piscatorial, — and yet they always seem to be under heel. Some men on a home holiday tinker all day long, others bring with them a great many books which they never read, and the result in both cases is that housekeeping becomes a prolonged picking up. All men at home on a vacation eat a great deal more than other men, or than at other times; but with the sole exception of the anomalous academic, who is always concerned for his gastronomy, they will eat anything and enjoy it, — and say so. A man at home for his holidays is always vociferously appreciative. His happiness is almost enough to repay a woman for the noise he makes, and the mess; yet statistics would show that during any man's home vacation the women of the house lose just about as many pounds as the man gains. But what are women for, or homes?

After all, you can have a house without a man in it if you are quite sure you want to, but you cannot have a home without one. You cannot make a home out of women alone, or men alone; you have to mix them. Still every woman must admit, and every man with as much sense as a woman, that it's very hard to make a home for any man if he is always in it. Every honest front door must confess that it is glad to see its master go forth in the morning; but this is only because it is so much gladder to see him come back at night.

PRUNES AND PRISMS

'PRUNES are so wholesome! What nourishment in a Prism?'

It is a question of Fact or Fancy as pabulum for the young.

There is little danger that the modern child will be too imaginative or romantic. His peers, if not his elders, the conditions of his practical education, life itself will see to that. There is much greater danger that in learning 'common sense and efficiency,' — magic phrase! the Open Sesame to success,— he will lose imagination, — Open Sesame to that other realm of things unprovable and delightsome, — and grow a terrible, unhappy little materialist.

The prune has an indigestible stone. Children unwarned of this have been known to choke with fatal result. Obviously, neither are prisms good to swallow. But it needs a mere ray of sunshine to teach a child the true use of a prism. And long after the prune is digested and forgotten the prism will keep him happy and wondering, while his fancy grows.

More fancy, more poetry, more food for imagination: that is what children need. Every day the need becomes more apparent. Magazines, moving-pictures, the average juvenile book, the talk of all about them, — everything tends to tether children's thoughts to the world of Here-and-now and Has-to-be, the world we know with our five senses. But shall they therefore lose their rightful inheritance in that other realm of loveliness, — the world of Yesterday-and-To-morrow, of Far-away, of May-be? This realm is intended to be loaned them indefinitely, prefigured in the 'glory and the gleam' of the rainbow-prism.

It is not dangerous to encourage fancy; it is not disingenuous to create illusion. Such has ever been the function of art and imagination, which need and make no apology for themselves.

It is far easier to lose the blessed faculty for 'believing three impossible things before breakfast,' than that other faculty which enables one to see through a spiritless imitation of Santa Claus or find out what makes the wheels go round. But elders are almost universally elate when children begin to show precocious gleams of the latter instinct, while they are inclined to be dubious about the former. It is so easy to form habits of exaggeration, don't you know! And children must be taught to distinguish truthfully between fact and all the other sort of thing. Good heavens! What so awful as untruth?

And yet in these days of super-revelation, who can dogmatize as to what 'facts' are, or disprove the thing which he has never happened to experience?

There is no tome requiring so frequent new, corrected, amended, appended editions in order to keep up to date as that standard reference book, 'Who's Who in Fact.' Already the new edition of 1915 is in process of revision.

A molecule, which most scientists agree to be a fact, is much more hypothetic and fantastical than Robin Goodfellow, whom more will claim to be a mere fancy. A great many incontrovertible facts have been disproved in the course of time: but I never yet heard any one disprove the existence of the old-fashioned, orthodox fairy. A hard thing to do, and if done, — how terrible!

Nowadays, who dare say of almost any proposition, 'There can be no such thing'; or of almost any theory, 'It cannot be true'? Unexpected allies of Imagination, Science and Philosophy themselves are teaching us the value of those long-despised phrases, 'May be,' 'Why not?' 'Who knows?'

The conscientious answer to many childish questionings, allowing space again for the whole blessed lost world of surmise and surprise and mystery, need be — in fact can be — no more positive than this.

'Is there a Santa Claus?' Maybe.

'Did it really happen?' Who knows? 'Do you believe in fairies?' Why not?

Happy phrase, — 'The benefit of the doubt'! About a positive fact there can be no doubt — except indeed that its benefit may be doubtful. But as to doubts, — fancies, dreams, precious, insoluble mysteries, — there the benefits are *facts*, if you please.

When we come to the world of the imagination, let us give the children the benefit of the doubt. Prunes by themselves are extraordinarily uninteresting. Having a prism to play with, one can forget even prunes.

To any one who would most sanely interpret life for a little child, I would say: be not yourself overmuch concerned with your dessert of wholesome, uninspiring prunes. But hang a prism in the window of your soul, then look into the rainbow which it makes and tell what you see.

Though beautiful it will be true.

WASTE

Suppose you own a million bushels of wheat and hold it in your own elevator, all free and clean. For the purpose of argument, let us say that you carry your own insurance, so that there is nothing to hinder you from doing what you like with that wheat. It is yours. Let us also suppose that there is a famine in the land and that the people are hungering for bread. Your price is two dollars a bushel. The people refuse to pay the price and you make no contract of sale. Mass meetings are held and you are denounced as an old skinflint, but you can stand that. You raise your price to three dollars a bushel. It appears that you would be within your rights. Now let us suppose that you lose your temper, being annoyed at all this clamor, and you declare that you will show that rabble that you are not to be trifled with, and you proceed to burn down your elevator and its contents so that nobody may have your wheat. As soon as you destroy the property, you are committing an offense against public welfare. That is the one thing which, as owner of the wheat, you must not do, for that is waste.

Now waste is waste, whether it be occasioned by malice, by willfulness, through ignorance or through laziness; the effect is the same. Public welfare embraces the interest we have in common in all the things there are, and we must not offend against it. This is not socialism; it is philosophy.

Waste is the crime of to-day and it is especially the great crime of this awful war: waste in human life, in hope, in love, and in the common savings of us all. Millions of dollars' worth of the savings of the people of this earth, all of them our brothers and our sisters, are daily burned up, exploded, and wasted in the madness of the nations; and even that is a trifle when we compare it to the great human value of the lives that are lost. It will not make any people rich; and we Americans, rarely fortunate in not being involved in the awful strife, shall find our part of the burden to bear. Some time the war will be over, and then waste must stop; it must stop if we are to advance in humanity and civilization over and beyond the yawning gap made by the lust of blood, pride of race, and the vanity of kings. The war has been in progress but a little while and already the cost of it is being borrowed from future generations; extra hard labor and sweat must come from infants now at their mothers' breasts, to make good this debauch of blood and fire. And in the very measure that we waste is the sentence at hard labor upon the rising generation prolonged. We cannot get out of it by being American: the debt is upon us, in unequal measure it is true, but the

debt, the obligation to make up the losses, is upon us all.

We cannot get away from the fact that we are all parts of one great organization, — divided up into nations and races and sects; but these divisions are slight compared with the fact that we are all partners in the great firm, and that the earth and its fullness is the firm's property. The articles of copartnership are human laws and customs, but every normal one of us has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It takes some of the property to maintain this, and we should, if we have any conscience at all, contribute value for our share. But whether our contribution be great or slight, and whether our rewards be full or meagre, the one thing that we must not do is waste from the general store. In this respect, ownership is indeed stewardship; and the greater our possession, so much the greater is our responsibility.

Let us leave aside consideration of the industries with their preposterous destruction of values, and address ourselves to the incidents of daily life.

The great packing-houses urge people to buy the cheaper cuts of meat because the demand for those of higher cost is so great that the prices are out of all proportion. Why do we not take the cheaper cuts and make more savory dishes out of them? Sheer, gross ignorance of the art of cooking and a stupid uncultured taste for what your true *gourmet* would scorn, is the real reason.

Suppose you build yourself a place in the country and begin to have your troubles. Your wife can't keep servants, your garden is a failure, your drainage system clogs up, 'everybody is trying to cheat me,' you say, and the expense is beyond all reason. Well, do you want to know what the trouble is? It is ignorance, your ignorance. Why did you want to build yourself a lordly estate when you did not know how to administer it? Your grandfather knew how to run his part of the farm and your grandmother understood hers; and while they worked as you do not want to work, they did not do the evil thing that you are doing: they did not waste. Look back a generation or so at the great estates in England, Germany, France, — and in America, too. Did everybody cheat the lords of the manor and their ladies? They did not, and there was fully as much cupidity afoot then as there is now. The landholders knew their business, they were to the manner born. It appears that you do not know your business, and you do not deserve a big place in the country until you know how to administer it. Of course the 'natives' and the people in the village laugh at you; but the trouble is, you are not laughed at enough; you should be laughed at so much that you would quit the business of running a landed estate and proceed to inhabit a small place where you do not commit waste. It is your wastefulness that the people are laughing at, and they are doing a useful and praiseworthy act when they do so.

The sooner we learn this palpable fact, that wastefulness is an offense against public welfare and that whoever commits waste offends, the sooner we shall drive the wastrels back into their holes and provide for a better order of living all around.

Of course we must, in private life, do as the honorable Justices of the Supreme Court do: we must use the rule of reason. It may be that in going to your business in your yacht you find opportunity to plan out your day's work more economically than if you were to come in on the train as a commuter. The point is, if it takes a dozen men and a poor man's winter-supply of coal and a day's interest on a snug competence to

bring you to town, your coming must be worth while; it must pay for itself in augmenting the general store of the world's wealth whether it belongs to you or to others. We cannot say that it is waste to maintain a yacht or any other luxury, provided that in maintaining it you contribute enough to warrant it.

Well, who is to tell whether you are committing waste or not? You may be the most modest of men and contribute much and spend little, and on the other hand you may be a bounder and magnify an hundredfold your every little service. Who is to tell? Nobody, until your profligate habits become evident. Then it may become evident that you are a proper subject for scorn or taxation or something to bring you to your senses.

Your money, under usual conditions, is like so much wheat; you can put it out at interest, or speculate with it with a view to making much more or losing it; it is yours to hold and administer, but you must not destroy it.

You can destroy it by making it, as a whole, fail in productiveness. The idea that the milliners, jewelers, tailors, and purveyors of luxuries who minister to your vanity are each earning a living and so, by keeping money in circulation, are doing something useful, is all right so far as they are concerned, but it may not be all right as regards you. They may be making their living while you are wasting yours, and when the balance is struck, the deficit will show on your side, not theirs. They are pegging away, making what they can out of life, which is just what you may not be doing.

The real point is whether you are worth all this fuss or not. Is your contribution to the general welfare enough to warrant it? If so, well and good; go ahead and enjoy yourself. But it is just as well not to be wrong in this matter. A bank president may easily be too conservative and cause his bank to die of dry rot by excess of caution; but the great danger is that he may err on the other side and make loans which are not good. That spells ruin. In the same way you can hoard your money and live in a mean fashion while you are affluent, without gaining merit; but to squander what you have, no matter how rich you are, beyond those needs which make for comfort and right living and efficiency, is to offend against public welfare. It is doing what Old Skinflint did when he lost his temper and burned his wheat.

Suppose you hire a hundred men to carry stones from field number one to field number two, at the current rate of wages, and it takes, let us say, a month to do it. Then suppose you hire them to take the stones back from field number two to just where they found them in field number one. That will take another month. The men will have earned their wages; they will have given so much labor for the sum received. You, however, as administrator for what you have spent, which is that part of the world's savings represented by five thousand days' work, will have wasted it. The world's store will have been depleted by five thousand days' work.

Again we must use the rule of reason. Many industries, — indeed nearly all of them — often employ men in just such unprofitable tasks to maintain their organization, which is of great value. And there is work done for art which is hard to measure in concrete values but which is of prime necessity if we are ever to become civilized. We cannot live for utility alone without making the world too dreary a place to live in. But the fact remains that the composite savings of the world is a store in which we all have an interest. This store is being greatly depleted by the dreadful war now raging. The world will be much poorer after the war than

it was before. The store will be less. Waste will be more quickly felt. Perhaps it would be well to trim our sails to meet the new conditions, to spend no more than we would think ourselves entitled to spend on luxuries and vain display if we were somebody else and were in the waters of tribulation.

There is neither art nor wisdom nor philosophy in prodigal waste. And it offends against the public welfare.

FEATHERED AFFECTION

THERE are a venturous few among us who presume to see among the souls that have been knit with ours and that now, perchance, await us in the flowery fields of Paradise, members of species other than our own. We dream of the wag of a feathery tail among the asphodels, the gleam of brown eyes that were faithful unto death; we hear again the purring of a furry comrade who went forth from the warmth of our hearthstone into the night. And, for me, in that complete reunion, there must be a familiar rush of wings and a clear bird hail from the branches of the tree of life.

In their capacity for affection to usward and in the affinities that exist between the human and the feathered tribes, there is an unworked field rich in possibilities. If we have hitherto failed to secure reaction here, it is because we have not acted, quite possibly because we have not attained. For our point of contact with bird life is in the region of our own most ethereal qualities. What is the bird but visible spirit? He is color, melody, rhythmic motion, pure joy objectified. Like our own transcendent moods, he flits at the approach of all that is harsh, brutal, domineering. We may not hope to approach a bird with loud voice, violent movement, or unworthy demeanor. He will have none of us. Tones light and musical, our utmost gentleness of manner, the ascendancy of our purest emotions — these will win him.

Across the shades of memory, like a beam of light, flits a gold canary, his little crest erect, his voice vibrant with joyous greeting to his friends returned. He has been long alone in a darkened room. I open the blind and let the sunlight in through the vines and the red geranium flowers, then stand silent before the burst of melody that is his instant response.

No lower passions here — whatever they may be. I have ministered to no material need of my little friend. Light, color, a loving voice — these have transformed listless silence into vocal ecstasy.

The tenderest, most ethereal caress I have ever known was that of a ringdove — the author and bestower of which was, for three years, my fluttering halo; I was the *sine qua non* of his existence.

I was a lonely teacher in a dreary mining camp. For me, at the close of day, there was no face at the window, no fire on the hearth. But in the top of the tallest poplar tree, 'faithful through the watches long,' a little sentinel had marked the hours.

While yet afar off came his salute — 'Cook coo-oo, cook coo-oo.' Then, with spread wings, on a sort of aerial toboggan, he glided down — to sit upon my shoulder, to lay his silken cheek to mine, and to murmur such emotions as only the dovelike voice can adequately convey.

Sometimes, waking in the night, oppressed by the stillness, I would speak to him. There would be an instant's delay — just sufficient, I knew, to fill that wonderful wind-instrument of his. Then, from his corner, tender as a hand upon the head, would come his reassuring 'Cook coo-oo, cook coo-oo.'

What matter fur or feathers, two

legs or four, brute or human? These spirit entities have been received into the heart.

When one has acquired a bird-vocabulary, many a bright greeting may be exchanged with even the wild songster. He will linger with pricked feathers and animated mien, to reply again and again to call or whistle.

And what of our humble and ever-present friend, the barnyard fowl? Is our point of contact with her that of the purse and the palate only?

Lest we transcend experience and incur a challenge, let us confine ourselves to the incubated fowl and to the white leghorn bird.

What incubator mother can regard without emotion her downy and multitudinous brood in their infantile dependence — she who is to them the almighty, the author and preserver of their being?

What a joy to deal out the wholesome ration, to watch the little crops distend, and to see the downy mites steal away one by one to the sunny corner and spread themselves for an after-dinner nap of absolute content! How comforting to nest them cosily at twilight, to listen to their sleepy chirpings, and to secure them from all those night terrors of little chicks — cold and wet, rats and cats, owls and vermin; to insure them that dreamless sleep which is the condition of normal growth in universal babyhood!

How it touches one's heart when some adventurous truant, struck with sudden terror of the vast world into which he has ventured, flies shrieking into one's hands and cuddles there with gradually abating sobs — for all the world like a terrified child!

And, as the days pass, and the balls of corn-colored down grow into slender, snow-white adolescents, what loving, tender-voiced little companions they are! What delight is theirs when incubator mother condescends to sit out under the tree? How they compete for the nearest branches, and cuddle about her skirts and feet, and flare themselves before her in conspicuous attitudes, hoping to be taken up! And, if she lifts one and holds it to her cheek, how it will rival the ring-dove in murmuring affection! Even to dignified cockhood and henhood the delight in the caress survives.

A wholesome chicken yard, with its cackling, cawing, crowing, red-topped population, conscious of clean and hygienic quarters and of regular and abundant rations; industriously productive, tirelessly active; always greeting your coming with tumultuous welcome, — it is a little nursery of pure joy in living, an epitome of ardent existence!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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WOMEN AND WAR

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THE only agreeable thing to be recorded in connection with Europe's sudden and disastrous war is the fact that people stopped talking about women, and began to talk about men. For the past few years, women have persistently occupied the front of the stage, and men have seemed a negligible factor; useful in their imperfect way, but hopelessly unproblematic. Then Austria delivered her ultimatum, Germany marched her armies across a peaceful earth, and men, plain men, became supremely important, as defenders of their imperilled homes. In this swift return to primitive conditions, primitive qualities reasserted their value. France, Belgium, England called to their sons for succor, and the arms of these men were strengthened because they had women to protect.

A casual study of newspapers before and after the proclamation of war is profoundly instructive. Even the illustrated papers and periodicals tell their tale, and spare us the printed page. Pictures of recruits in place of club-women. Pictures of camps in place of convention halls. Pictures of Red Cross nurses bending over hospital beds, in place of militants raiding Buckingham Palace. Pictures of peaceful ladies sewing and knitting for soldiers, in place of formidable committees baiting Mr. Wilson, or pursuing the more elusive Mr. Asquith. Pictures of pitying young girls handing cups of broth and the ever-welcome cigarettes to weary volunteers, in place of suffragists haranguing the mob of Hyde Park. Never was there such a noteworthy illustration of Scott's archaic line, —

'O woman! in our hours of ease.'

Never did the simplicities of life so triumphantly efface its complexities.

II

As the war deepened, and the tale of its devastations and brutalities robbed even the saddened onlooker of all gladness in life, it was natural that women, while faithful to their rôle of ministering angels, should mingle blame with pity. It was also natural, though less pardonable, that their censure should be of that vague order which holds everybody responsible for what somebody has done. Perhaps it was even natural that, confident in their own unproved wisdom and untried efficiency, they should believe and say that, had woman shared the control of civilized governments, the world would now be at peace.

Here we enter the realms of pure conjecture, — realms in which everything can be asserted and denied, nothing proved or disproved. It may be that when women become voters, legislators, and officeholders, they will do the better work for this profound and touching belief in their own perfectibility. Or it may be that a perilous self-confidence will — until corrected by experience — lead them astray. These speculations would be of small concern, were it not that the claim to moral superiority, which women advance without a blush, disposes many of them to ignore the hard conditions under which men struggle, and fail, and struggle again. It narrows their outlook, confuses their judgment, and cheapens their point of view.

When a prominent American feminist said smartly that war is the hysteria of men, she betrayed that lamentable lack of perspective which ignorance can only partly excuse. The heartless shallowness of such a speech commended it to many hearers; but of all generalizations it is the least legitimate. There was as little hysteria in the well-ordered, deeply laid plans of Germany as there was in the heroic defense of France and Belgium, or in the slow awakening of England, who took a deal of rousing from her sleep. 'Most women,' says Mr. Martin Chaloner, 'regard politics as a kind of foolishness that men play at.' But the campaign in Belgium is not to be classed as 'foolishness' or 'hysteria.' The attack was a crime past all forgiveness; the defense was one of flawless valor. If it be hysterical to prize home and country more than life, then we must rewrite that temperate old axiom which has swayed men's souls for centuries: 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, an Englishwoman and an advanced feminist, has devoted many busy months to persuading American women that the incapacity of men to rule the world is abundantly proven by the present state of Europe, and that the downfall of all that civilization has held dear is due to their arrogant rejection of feminine advice. Women, she asserts, are the 'natural custodians of the human race'; they have for years 'sought to find entrance into the councils of the human commonwealth in order that they might there represent the supreme issue of race-preservation and development'; now at last their hands must be free 'to build up a surer and safer structure of humanity.'

'To-day it is for men to stand down, and for the women whom they have belittled to take the seat of judgment. No picture, however overdrawn, of woman's ignorance, error, or folly could exceed in fantastic yet tragic horror the spectacle which male governments are furnishing history to-day. The foundation of the structure of civilization which they have erected in Europe has proved rotten. The edifice, seemingly so secure, has collapsed. The failure of male statecraft in Europe is complete.'

This is a bitter indictment, and one not to be lightly disregarded. But its terms are too general to support an argument. I wish Mrs. Lawrence had told us what the women of Belgium, if emancipated, could have done to save their country; what the women of France, if emancipated, should have done to guard theirs; what the women of Italy, if emancipated, might now do to keep their land at peace to-day, — which is comparatively easy, — and safe from the direful threatenings of to-morrow, — which may prove very hard. Surely she does not think that the men of these nations, or of any nation, all desire war, and that it is the delight of the male animal in combat which has drenched the world in blood.

When we are told that 'the woman

movement and war cannot flourish together,' or that we should never have witnessed this 'campaign of race-suicide,' had women been justly represented, we know of no answer to make. A denial would be as purely hypothetical as is the assertion. But when Mrs. Lawrence ventures to call the war 'a great dog-fight,' caused by an 'obsession of materialism,' we recognize a smallness of vision and coarseness of speech incompatible with clear thinking, or with that distinction of mind which commands attention and respect. If this militant pacifist sees in the conduct of England and in the conduct of France only the greed of two dogs squabbling with Germany over a bone, which apparently belongs to none of them, we can but hope she is not expressing the views, or illustrating the knowledge, of her countrywomen.

Great events, however lamentable, must be looked at greatly. There is much to be commended in the peace platform indorsed by Mrs. Lawrence and her party. There is much to be commended in the peace platform indorsed by the suffragists in Washington last January. There is everything to be hoped for in the sane and just settlement of national disputes by an international tribunal, which might advantageously include women representatives. The decisions of such a tribunal must, however, be supported by something stronger than sentiment, which has proved singularly inefficacious in the past. It is well that men and women should work hand in hand for peace and for prosperity; but it is not well that women should invite themselves to 'take the seat of judgment'; or that they should be complacently sure that their arguments would have prevailed when similar arguments, advanced by men, have been unheeded.

What, after all, is the line of reasoning which Mrs. Lawrence sincerely believes would have swayed the councils of the nations? After assuring us that 'the woman's movement is spiritual and religious, founded on the belief that human life is sacred,' she continues, 'As mothers, women would have impressed upon men the cost of human replenishment; as chancellors of the family exchequer, their influence would have been felt in forcing legislators to recognize the direct relation between the plenteousness of the food-supply, endangered and restricted by war, and the health and growth of the rising generation.'

If this is not 'an obsession of materialism,' where shall we look for such a quality? The world has not waited until now to learn the cost of war. It was one of the stock arguments urged upon every conference at The Hague. It was one of the indubitable facts upon which we all relied to keep the nations at peace. And it has failed us, as materialism always does fail us in every great national crisis. Germany knows the cost of war, but she is out for conquest, and the spoils of conquest. She recalls with pleasure the two hundred million pounds exacted from France in 1871; and, hoping for a renewal of such delights, she enjoys a foretaste of bliss by demanding cruel indemnities of French and Flemish towns, and bidding them starve or beg. France knows the cost of war, and is ill prepared to pay it; but her alternative is yielding her soil, and all she holds sacred and dear, to a ruthless invader. Even a nation of Quakers, or, we hope, a nation with women in 'the seat of judgment,' would reject submission on such terms. England knows the cost of war, but she also knows the cost of German supremacy. She is at last aware that her national life is at stake. She must fight to preserve it, or sink into insignificance, — her glorious past as much a thing of memory as is the past of Rome.

For all these reasons the nations are spending their money on armaments, and spilling their blood on the battlefield. The sacredness of life is being violated; but is it life, or is it the moral worth of life, which we hold sacred? Life is a thing given us for a few years. Its only value lies in the use we make of it. Lose it we must, and very soon. But honor and duty are for all time. Why do we see a 'soldiers' monument' in nearly every town of every state which fought for the Union? Not because these men lived, but because they died. What must it have cost Mr. Lincoln, whose heart was big enough for much suffering, to order from an exhausted country the last draft of half a million men! And why does an ingenious writer, like Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, cudgel his brain to find abstract causes for war? The concrete causes which have come within the personal experiences of most of us will answer our rational questionings.

III

If it were possible that the women of all nations could ever be brought to think and feel alike, — a miracle of unity never vouchsafed to men, — then they might run the world harmoniously. If, for example, a Frau Professor Treitschke, a Frau General von Bernhardi, and the more august spouse of the Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg had succeeded in talking down their martial husbands, and persuading Germany that her duty was to breed in peace within her own frontier, then a Madame Poincaré, a Madame Joffre, a Mrs. Asquith, a Lady Kitchener would have had no difficulty in holding back France and England from war. If the Kaiserin were an autocratic 'peace-lady,' ruling her 'war-lord' into submission, then the Queen of England and the Queen of Belgium might be drinking tea with her to-day. But unless the good Teuton women had kept their men at home, how could the good French and Belgian women have warded off invasion? And would the good British women have said, 'We are safe for a little while. Let us stand cringing by, and see injustice done'?

The Woman's Journal wrote last autumn to a number of more or less distinguished people, and asked them if they thought that woman suffrage would abolish, or would lessen war. As none of these more or less distinguished people had any data upon which to build an opinion, their answers were interesting only as expressing personal views of a singularly untrammeled order. There were those who believed that the Spartan mother stood for an undying type, and there were those who believed that she had been finally and happily superseded. Miss Jane Addams wrote that more women than men 'recognize the folly and wickedness of war,' — an easy generalization. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, an unblinking enthusiast, held that one great gain will follow the tragic conditions of to-day. We shall see the end of 'man-made government.' 'World peace' and 'world welfare' will come with woman's rule. Miss Mary Johnston was of the opinion that 'war has still a fascination for most men,' but that few women feel its seduction.

Miss Johnston's view is the only one which invites comment, because it is shared by a great many women who have not her excuse. *The Long Roll* and *Cease Firing* are pretty grim pictures of battle; but there is a heroic quality about both books; while in that jolly, chivalrous, piratical romance, *To Have and to Hold*, combat follows combat with dizzy speed and splendor. Miss Johnston's heroes take so kindly to fighting that she naturally believes in the impelling power of war; but, outside the covers of a historical novel, the martial instinct is not a common one.

It exists, and it crops up where we least expect to find it, — in professors of political economy, in doctors who have spent their existence keeping people alive, and in clergymen who preach the religion of the meek. But it is too rare to be a controlling force, and it had little or no place in the hearts of the thousands of men who were marched to their deaths on the battlefields of Poland and Flanders.

It was not the fascination of war that brought the Tyrolean and Bavarian peasants down from their mountain farms. What did these men know or care about Belgrade, or Prussia's wide ambitions? What to them was 'the fate-appointed world-task of Germany, under the sacred dynasty of the Hohenzollern'? They were summoned and they obeyed the summons. If the women who talk so glibly about the pleasure men take in fighting had seen these conscripts saying good-bye to their wives and children, and marching off, grave, silent, sad, they might revise their notions of military enthusiasm. Madame Rosika Schwimmer of Budapest, secretary of the International Woman Suffrage Council, said before a convention in Nashville that, had her countrywomen been represented in the government, there would have been no war. The remark was received with an enthusiasm which indicates some ignorance concerning Hungary's position and power. But did Madame Schwimmer's audience believe that *all* her countrywomen hated war, and *all* her countrymen desired it? And how many of these countrymen, did Nashville think, had any choice in the matter?

When we turn from the attack to the defense, from the assailants to the assailed, we find as little room for 'fascination' as for peace. The war was carried with incredible vigor and speed to the threshold of French and Belgian homes. It was not precisely a tournament in which battle-loving knights rode prancing and curveting to the fray. It was the older and simpler story of a land swept by invasion, and of men fighting and dying for all that belonged to them on earth. Do the American women who prate about the wrong done to womanhood by war ever reflect that it is for wife and child, as well as for home and country, that men are bound to die? What history do they read which does not teach them this truth, which does not tell it over and over again, to interpret the story of the nations?

IV

In the town of Lexington, Massachusetts, where was shed the first blood spilled in the Revolution, there slept peacefully on the morning of April 19, 1775, a young man named Jonathan Harrington. To him in the early dawn came his widowed mother, who aroused him, saying, 'Jonathan, Jonathan, wake up! The Regulars are coming, and something must be done.' The something to be done was plain to this young American, who had never fought, nor seen fighting, in his life. He rose, dressed, took his musket, joined the little group of townsmen on the Common, and fell before the first volley fired by the British soldiers. His wife (he had been married less than a year) ran to the door. He crawled across the Common, bleeding heavily, and died on his threshold at her feet.

It is a very simple incident, and it holds all the elements which make for national life. A cause to support, a man to support it, a woman to call for help when the supreme moment comes. Something like it must have happened over and over again in the blood-soaked land of Belgium. Yet we find women to-day talking and writing as if none of their sex had anything at stake in the defense of their violated homes, as if

they had no sacred rights bound up with the sacred rights of men. The National American Woman Suffrage Association sent last autumn an appeal to organized suffragists all over the world, urging them to 'arise in protest, and show war-crazed men that between the contending armies there stand thousands of women and children who are the innocent victims of man's unbridled ambitions.'

There was no word in this appeal to indicate that any nobler — and humbler — sentiment than unbridled ambition (which, after all, is for the very few) animates the soldier's heart. There was no distinction drawn between aggressive and defensive warfare. There was no hint that men bear their full share of the sufferings caused by war. The assumption that women endure all the pain is in accordance with the assumption that men enjoy all the pleasure. To write as though battle were a game, played by men at the expense of women, is childish and irrational. We Americans are happily spared the sight of mangled soldiers lying in undreamed-of agony on the frozen field. We do not see the ghastly ambulance trains jolting along with their load of broken, tortured men; or the hospitals where these wrecks are nursed back to some poor remnant of life, or escape through the merciful gates of death. But we might read of these things; we might visualize them in moments of comfortable leisure, and take shame to our souls at the platform eloquence which so readily assumes that the sorrows of war are hidden in women's hearts, that the burdens of war are laid upon women's shoulders, that women are sacrificed in their helplessness to the hatred and the ambitions, the greed and the glory of men.

If by any chance a word of regret is expressed for the soldier who dies for his country, it is always because he is the son of his mother, or the husband of his wife, or the father of his child. He is never permitted an entity of his own. It is curious that the same women who clamor for a recognition of their individual freedom should assume these property rights in men. Dr. Anna Shaw has commented sarcastically upon a habit (one of many bad habits) which she has observed in the unregenerate sex. They speak of their womenkind in terms of relationship; they use the possessive case. They say, 'my wife,' 'my sister,' 'my daughter,' 'my mother,' 'my aunt,' instead of 'Jane,' 'Susan,' 'Mary Ann,' 'Mrs. Smith,' 'Miss Jones.' Apparently Dr. Shaw does not hear women say, 'my husband,' 'my brother,' 'my son,' 'my father,' 'my uncle'; or, if she does, this sounds less feudal in her ears. Advanced feminists have protested against the custom of 'branding a woman at marriage with her husband's name.' Even the convenience of such an arrangement fails to excuse its arrogance.

Yet we are bidden to protest against the wickedness of all war, not because men die, but because wives are widowed; not because men slay, but because mothers are childless; not because men do evil, or suffer wrong, but because, in either case, women must share the consequences. For the sake of these women war must be stopped, is the popular clamor, — not unsuggestive of Mr. Winkle imploring the submerged Mr. Pickwick to 'keep up' for his sake. After all, the vast majority of men would be only too glad to escape war for their own sakes. They do not covet loss of income and destruction of property. They do not gladly aspire to an armless or legless future. Not one of them really wants a shattered thigh, or a bullet in his abdomen. And, in addition to these (perhaps selfish) considerations, we might do them the justice to remember that they are not desti-

tute of natural affection for their wives and children; but that, on the contrary, the protection of the family is, and has always been, a factor in war. It lent a desperate courage to the Belgian soldier who saw his home destroyed; it nerved the arm of the French soldier who knew his home in peril. The killing of women and children at Scarborough sent a host of tardy volunteers into the British army. It is about the only thing on earth which the least valiant man cannot stomach.

> The Turk, not squeamish as a rule,
> No special glee betrayed,
> And even Mr. Bernard Shaw
> Failed to commend the raid.

The outbreak of the war was seized upon as a strong argument for diametrically opposite views. A small and hardy minority kicked up its heels and shouted, 'Women cannot fight. Why should they control a land they are powerless to defend?' A large and sentimental majority lifted up its eyes to Heaven, and answered, 'If women had possessed their rights, all would now be smiling and at peace.' And neither of these contending factions took any trouble to ascertain and understand the rights and wrongs of the conflict. People who pin their faith to a catchword never feel the necessity of understanding anything.

Here, for example, is a violent pacifist in the *Woman's Journal*, who, to the oft-repeated assertion that women, when they have the vote, 'will compel governments to settle their disputes before an international court of arbitration,' adds this unwarranted statement: 'The women of the world have no quarrel with each other. They do not care whether or not Austria maintains its power over the Balkan States; whether or not France obtains revenge for the defeats of 1870; whether Germany or England gains supremacy in the world market.'

This good lady does not seem to know what happened last August. France did not proclaim war upon Germany. Germany proclaimed war upon France. France did not attack, — for revenge, or for any other motive. She was attacked, and is now fighting with her back to the wall in defense of her own soil.

It is possible for an American woman to have no quarrel with any one, no knowledge of what Europe is quarreling about, and no human concern as to which nations win. But she should not think, and she certainly should not say, that the women of the warring lands are equally ignorant, and equally unconcerned. The Servian woman no doubt cares a great deal for the freedom of her hard-pressed, bravely defended country. The French woman cares with her whole soul for the preservation of France. The Belgian woman can hardly be indifferent to the ultimate fate of Belgium. It is even possible that the English and German women are not prepared to clasp each other's hands and say, 'We are sisters, and it matters nothing to us whether England or Germany wins.' The pitfall of the feminist is the belief that the interests of men and women can ever be severed; that what brings suffering to the one can leave the other unscathed.

V

In the genial reign of Henry the Eighth, a docile Parliament passed, at the desire of the King, an 'Act to abolish Diversity of Opinion.' President Wilson, less despotic, has recommended something of the same order as a mental process, a soul-smothering, harmony-preserving, intellectual anodyne. It is called neutrality, and is warranted to shelter us from the storm. Its only outlet is a prayer (conditions not to be mentioned) for peace. But penetrating

this self-imposed lethargy, disturbing this tranquil petition, shaming our adroit commercialism, and nullifying even the Pope's entreaty, — 'Lay down your arms!' — comes the echo of words with which we were once familiar, of which we were once proud: 'With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.'

This is the potent voice of humanity, never to be silenced while men stay men. The 'work' was bloody work; brother slaying brother on the battlefield. The women of the North and the women of the South bore their share of sorrow. They did not clamor that they were victims of men's unbridled ambition, and they never intimated to one another that the final victory was to them a matter of unconcern. Theirs was the 'solemn pride' of sacrifice; and that fine phrase, dedicated by Mr. Lincoln to the woman who had sent five sons to the conflict, is applicable to thousands of mothers to-day. The writer knows a young Frenchman who, when the war broke out, had lived for some years in this country, and hoped to make it his permanent home. To him his mother wrote, 'My son, your two brothers are at the front. Are you not coming back to fight for France?' The lad had not meant to go. Perhaps he coveted safety. Perhaps he held life (his life) to be a sacred thing. Perhaps he thought to comfort his mother's old age. But when that letter came, he sailed on the next steamer. It was a summons that few men, and certainly no Frenchman, could deny.

I do not tell this incident by way of proving that women stand for war. It lends no more weight to an argument than does the idle fact that *Femina*, the woman's organ in Paris, asked its readers last winter, 'What man in history would you have liked to be?' and the reply of a very large majority was, 'Napoleon.' I have seen that incident quoted several times as proof of women's belligerency; whereas it only goes to show that a profoundly foolish question will, in nine cases out of ten, elicit a profoundly foolish answer. But when the late Justice Brewer said that there never was a time 'since the beginning of days,' when women were not opposed to bloodshed, I wondered how he found this out. Certainly not from the pages of history, which afford little or no evidence on the subject. And this may be one reason why feminists are protesting stoutly against the way in which history has been written, — its indiscreet revelations, its disconcerting silences.

At a meeting of the Women's Political Union in New York last October, Mrs. Gilman boldly urged the rewriting of history on a peace basis: less emphasis placed upon nationalism, less space devoted to wars. At a meeting of the National Municipal League in Baltimore last November, another reformer urged the rewriting of history on a feminine basis; less emphasis placed upon men, less space devoted to their achievements. She complained that President Wilson hardly makes mention of women in his five volumes of American history, and intimated that the 'knell' of that kind of narrative had 'rung.'

The historian of the future will find his task pleasantly simplified. He will be a little like two young Americans whom I once met scampering blithely over southern Europe, and to whom I ventured to say that they covered their ground quickly. 'No trouble about that,' answered one of them. 'We draw the line at churches and galleries, and there's nothing left to see.' So, too, the chronicler who eliminates men and war from his pages can move swiftly down the centuries. Even an earnest effort to minimize these factors painfully suggests that blight of my girlhood, Miss Strickland, who forever

strove to withdraw her wandering attention from warrior and statesman, and fix it on the trousseau of a queen.

History is, and has always been, hampered by facts. It may ignore some and deny others; but it cannot accommodate itself unreservedly to theories; it cannot be stripped of things evidenced, in favor of things surmised. Perhaps, instead of asking to have it remodeled in our favor, we women might take the trouble to read it as it is: dominated by men, disfigured by conflict, but not altogether ignoble or unprofitable, and always very enlightening. We learn from it, for example, that war may be just, and peace a shameful thing; that 'firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,' implies some knowledge of existing circumstances upon which to base our judgment; and that wife and child, far from being unconsidered trifles, are powerful incentives in defensive warfare, more close, more dear, more impelling than threatened home and country.

We will (fight) for ourselves and a woman, forever and ever. Amen.

THE MECHANICS OF REVIVALISM

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

THE American temperament is volatile. And the emotions of Americans have always been exceptionally susceptible to religious appeal. Yet revivalism is not one of the by-products of our newness; what we have done is, organize and capitalize it. With a capacity trained in commerce we have taken it out of the spasmodic and spontaneous class of phenomena and given it the aspect of a trust, with the rich returns that all trusts tend to produce. In some directions its methods are so efficient and its results so predicable that the most expert publicity agents and the most astute political leaders are openly envious and frankly eager to learn the principles by which such vast mass movements are achieved.

Nothing, however, arouses quicker resentment than to attribute the results of a modern revival to efficiency and skillful organization. Protestant evangelicals claim that evangelism or revivalism is indubitably authorized by the Bible, that it has a historical continuity and sanction quite as traceable as Apostolic Succession, and is open to neither the empirical nor the sectarian objections that may be urged against the Roman and Anglo-Catholic dogma. Indeed, if pressed, they will contend that revivalism, or the power to move men to immediate spiritual decision, is the only valid mark of an apostolic succession. No one will dispute that the modern revival has, apparently, a very long line of antecedents, and that if universality and continuity are true notes of a genuine religious function or phenomenon, the revival will find little difficulty in making good its claim. Their argument will find its first term in the records of the Founder of Christianity.

II

Jesus of Nazareth admitted frankly that He 'came not to destroy but to fulfill,' 'not to kill but to make alive.' Etymologically the word revival means a quickening or a resuscitation of a faculty or experience that has been dormant or has fallen into desuetude. That such was what He did, none who knows the chronicle will deny. It is difficult to prove from the four Gospels that He deliberately created anything beyond a new spiritual consciousness; He awakened men to the realities of the spiritual ideal. The Gospels credit Him with speaking of the 'Kingdom of God' or the 'Kingdom of Heaven' at least one hundred and twenty times, whereas He referred to the Church only twice, — and one of these references is textually dubious. And even had He made more frequent use of the term *ecclesia*, it would have to be interpreted in the strictly Greek sense as the 'enfranchised,' — those who had the right to a determinative voice and vote in the affairs of the community. It is quite probable that, had the perpetuation of his work fallen into Greek hands, the form of Christianity might have taken an entirely different shape. It might have been an organism rather than an organization. The tendency toward that development is seen clearly in the fourth Gospel. But Peter, James, Paul, and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews were determined to keep and emphasize the nexus with Judaism. In fact they exaggerated it, much to the embarrassment of subsequent leaders who were bent upon giving it a universal application.

The natal day of the Christian Church was Pentecost, when three thousand were converted. Under the preaching of Peter, class- and race-consciousness faded away, the individual volition lost itself in the mass-movement, and we have the first Christian revival. Coming so early and standing out so boldly in the history of the church, it was impossible that it should not be standardized. Christians in every generation have prayed and looked for 'another Pentecost.' Hymns of invitation, or of appeal for decision, are called Pentecostal hymns. Meetings in which intense spiritual interest is felt are called Pentecostal seasons. It is important for every student of revivals to remember that the Christian Church has always looked upon them as valid and desirable. That they are intermittent has been a cause of regret, a ground of repentance; if the Church were always loyal to its mission and pure in its faith, every day would see multitudes turning from sin, every day would be Pentecost. Such a belief can be illustrated from the literature of the Church in each successive generation.

An entirely different justification comes from psychologists. Religion is the action of the will upon character and conduct. But powerful though the will is, it is not initiative. As a cause producing very definite effects it nevertheless exerts itself only when sufficiently stimulated by compelling influences. It can be moved to action through the emotions or the reason, but the emotional stimulus is the quicker and more powerful. It is generally much more rapid than documentary evidence would lead us to suppose. The classical records of conversion are not typical. They have claimed extraordinary attention because the autobiographers were men of rare literary ability. Even if religion should cease to be an operative factor in life, Augustine's *Confessions*, Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and John Wesley's *Diary* would be worth while as literature. The mere fact that between eighty and ninety per cent of conversions occur during adolescence is suf-

ficiently clear proof that the process is not a lengthy one or attended by any serious struggle. That conversions by means of ratiocinative processes are rare is also the real explanation of the revivalist: he is one who seeks the results he desires along the line of least resistance. Therefore it is almost impossible to have a revival without emotion, although some of the great revivalists appeared to use it sparingly. Even where the published sermons or addresses seem to be strangely cold and unlikely to produce spiritual fervor, the element may have been supplied by the personality of the preacher or by a mood in his hearers that has no reflex in the printed record. Savonarola certainly led a revival in Florence, but there is a strange absence of passion in what we know of his famous sermons on the Apocalypse. Calvin, Knox, Edwards, Chalmers, and Finney have left nothing but argumentative and polemical remains; and a reader of to-day wonders, not so much that audiences were swayed and bowed and melted by them, as that they were able even to sit still and listen. Yet the success of those men in producing spiritual mass-movements was as great as anything we have known in this generation. We are compelled to conclude that the emotional appeal has slipped away. Thought is impersonal, and had the results been achieved merely by reasoned appeal, such results could be obtained to-day by the same process; but whereas the great sermons of those preachers are now without effect, other works, written in the same age but not dependent upon personal emotion for their effectiveness, still hold their own and play their part in the intellectual world.

III

This consideration brings us to a feature that distinguishes the revivalism of to-day from that of the past. There was something unmistakably spontaneous about the movements led by the great evangelists of former periods. They were devoid of devices for gathering results; there is no evidence of staging for effects; plotting, prearrangement, preliminary stimuli are absent. Ambrose of Milan and Savonarola simply preached in their pulpits; Bernard of Clairvaux seized any occasion to pour out his heart; Francis of Assisi called himself the 'Troubadour of Christ' and almost sang his Gospel romance wherever he might be; Luther troubled himself not at all about committees or press agents; Wycliffe used his church at Lutterworth, and depended chiefly upon his casual preachers to scatter the message; Knox and Calvin appear hardly ever to have broken the routine of what to them were settled pastorates; John Wesley preached in parish churches when the incumbent would permit, and became irregular only when he was denied admission to formal and accustomed places; George Fox, 'Billy' Bray, and Whitefield were opportunists and would exhort or pray anywhere and at any time and to any audience, great or small.

We do not come to the deliberately planned, prepared, and committeed revival until we reach the middle of the last century. It started in America, and was probably the conscious outgrowth of the Methodist camp-meeting. There was something weirdly compelling about those open-air meetings held among the trees on warm summer evenings, with the flare of torches, the lilt of plaintive melodies, and the perfervid appeals of half-educated preachers to uneducated audiences. Their success indicated what could be done when such contributory elements were organized and established as permanent features. Thus 'Gospel hymns' were

brought into vogue. The part they play in modern revivalism is tremendous. Some of them have a hypnotic influence when used by a skilled director. 'Just as I am, without one plea,' and 'I am coming home,' sung with a diminishing cadence, have a lure that few emotional people can withstand. Such pieces are invariably used softly, appealingly, tenderly, at the time when the revivalist is seeking his results. Any one who is at all familiar with modern evangelistic methods can recall many occasions when the appeal of the preacher has failed to bring a single penitent forward, and has noticed a change steal over the congregation as the wistful, pleading, melting melody has floated out softly from a choir trained to use the proper modulation.

If it be true that 'the song that stirs a nation's heart is in itself a deed,' we need not be hasty or harsh in our judgment. But unfortunately there is a mercenary side to this use of music. Hardly any of the great standard hymns of the Christian Church are copyrighted. But nearly all of the effective ones of the present-day revivalism are copyrighted and jealously guarded. Not because they are valuable as music or as poetry, but for the simple reason that they are a lucrative side-line of profit for the evangelist or his musical director. Sankey's success, as Moody's musical coadjutor, pioneered the way for this financial by-product. Rodeheaver, Billy Sunday's aide, is interested in a publishing company that bears his name and that prints and sells the hymn books used exclusively in the Sunday campaigns. If one may judge from the well-known cost of producing such books side by side with the vast number that must be sold each year, it should be a very profitable flyer. Indeed one prominent evangelist has seriously warned his fellow evangelists that the commercial aspects and activities of their campaigns are bringing, not only their office, but the whole cause of religion, into disrepute. And it is not only hymn books. The writer has a very vivid impression of one mission conducted by the Rev. Reuben A. Torrey, D.D., in which the sale of his various publications seemed to bulk more largely than the conversion of souls.

Another feature of the commercialism is the compensation received by the revivalist himself. As Billy Sunday is undoubtedly the most successful living evangelist, we may use him as an example. Just over a year ago he conducted a revival in Pittsburg. He received as his honorarium or compensation about forty-five thousand dollars. True, it was a free-will offering, but the financial committee of the campaign took particular pains to see those who were able and likely to contribute the larger units. Of course it is nobody's business what he does with the money, any more than it is anybody's concern what President Wilson does with his salary. It is also true that the amount is not net to Sunday. He pays one third of the salaries of his personal helpers: for instance, he pays Rodeheaver forty dollars a week and the local committee makes up the balance. No one will raise the question whether Sunday earns such vast sums of money, but there are aspects to the situation that are fraught with pain to many ingenuous and earnest people. For instance, Billy Sunday could not have a campaign unless he were invited by the local clergymen; it is they who do all the preliminary work; it is their faithful, sacrificial service that has made it possible for him to deliver an effective appeal; they must garner the results and conserve the converts after he has left. Yet in the course of his meetings he subjects them to the most outrageous indignities: he calls them 'mutts,' 'dead-

heads,' 'stiffs,' and many other opprobrious names; he degrades them and flaunts them in the eyes of the audience and the community. And still it is well known that the average salary of a minister of the Gospel in America is well under one thousand dollars a year. Supposing Billy Sunday paid out ten thousand dollars as his share of the salaries of his helpers in Pittsburg, his net gain would be as much for eight weeks of work as the average minister receives for a whole lifetime of plodding, drudging, conscientious, and self-forgetting service. This can all be said without impugning the purity of Billy Sunday's motives or even hinting that his spiritual or ethical value to any given community receives disproportionate compensation. Mr. Carnegie, who has no pretentions to evangelistic zeal and does not profess to be an expert in the saving of souls, once said that it was a scandal for any man to die rich. The financial peril of the revivalistic profession is very real, and the acute ethical sense of America is not to be toyed with.

IV

To continue the discussion of the nature and mechanics of modern revivalism, we can pursue no more scientific method than to make a 'clinic' of a Billy Sunday campaign and a study of Billy Sunday's personality and method. A man who can command a reception in Washington, on a casual visit, second to none given to a president or a national hero, is worth consideration. Naturally he is now in such demand that his campaigns must be booked a year or even two years ahead. And his terms are explicit. Practically all the evangelical Protestant churches must unite in inviting him and must agree to close their doors while he is in town. Months before the date of his début the community is carefully districted and prayer meetings are held in private homes. A central committee takes over all the arrangements and underwrites the expenses. These are heavy, the largest item being the erection of a huge turtle-back modern tabernacle planned to seat from ten to twenty thousand people. The purpose of underwriting the campaign is to protect the executive committee if anything should happen to Sunday and he failed to come. If he comes, the collections during the first two or three weeks are sufficient to meet all obligations. On February 1, 1915, when Sunday was less than half-way through his mission in Philadelphia, the collections amounted to $43,151.19.

A few weeks before the meetings begin, an advance agent arrives, who takes the ushers in charge to train them in the handling of vast throngs and to impress upon them the need and nature of personal work. Personal work is chiefly speaking to individuals and leading them forward when the appeal for converts is made. A choir of from five hundred to a thousand voices is gathered and drilled. On his staff of aides Sunday has special workers for women, experts in Bible study, a physical trainer, a pianist and a chorister, a director of noon meetings in mills and factories, and a secretary. Each has his duty as clearly defined as that of a member of the military staff at a brigade headquarters. Not a detail of the campaign is left to chance, not an exigency but has been foreseen and discounted; not an opportunity for any form of religious work can arise that has not been provided for. All of the efficiency methods and forms of organization known to a typical modern business are utilized.

Billy Sunday himself is known formally as the Rev. William A. Sunday, D.D., a member of the Presbytery of Chicago, in good and regular standing. He presents no psychological problem.

We may concede at once that he is absolutely sincere. Even in his postures and his gestures there is nothing artificial or studied. He preaches with the physical freedom of a natural athlete, and quite often, in the self-oblivion of delivering his message, he strikes the familiar attitudes of the diamond. His nature is very elemental and direct. There is not the shadow of doubt that he believes all he teaches. He accepts the verbal inspiration and inerrancy of the entire Bible; he believes in a hell that is as materially real and consuming as the flames of a burning house; he cannot conceive of a Unitarian being saved unless the error is repented of and the Trinity of the historical creeds is accepted; he holds it to be very sinful to play cards, to see plays, to dance. There is no duplicity in him; he does not preach these things for their effect and yet cherish personal reservations. Heartily, unfeignedly, and with his whole nature he believes them.

Men who repudiate his creed and abhor his methods nevertheless admit his sincerity, his transparency, his convictions. And this is one of the chief reasons of his tremendous power over men. Every one feels his reality; he may be crude and cruel, ignorant and narrow, dogmatic and archaic, — or any one of a score of other things that are said about him, — but he is real. His faith triumphs over the reluctance of many a man who rejects his belief. For example, he denounces the higher criticism in the most volcanic language, but many cultivated and learned clergymen who accept the findings of the higher critics smile and continue to work with him; he ridicules and misrepresents evolution, and consigns it to hell, but scores of men who are thoroughly trained scientists and accept the hypothesis of evolution as they do that of gravitation nevertheless go on with the campaign and coöperate in the mission. And the reason is that they care absolutely nothing for Sunday's second-hand opinions on such questions of scholarship, but they are certain that he is a man who whole-heartedly, passionately stands for God and for righteousness, and does it with a measure of effectiveness that is beyond question.

For the same reason Sunday's use of slang is pardoned. And he is the supreme artist in American slang; Chimmie Fadden was a novice and a purist beside him. At first it seems irreverent, and there are many who never cease to shudder; but they tolerate it because it is the language Billy Sunday speaks naturally, and it is the language that the men of the shops and foundries hear every day and readily grasp. It is slang only to the educated, and if they are truly educated they have learned the meaning of toleration in unessentials. There is no doubt that it is effective; by its use Sunday gains the ear of thousands who would turn away from pure English. And it serves the purpose of showing to the mass of men that the evangelist is of them and understands them. There are refined people in the audience who know that the prologue to the Gospel of Luke is the only pure Greek of the New Testament, and that Jesus taught, even in his sublimest and loftiest parables, in the *patois* of the mean streets and the common people.

But it does not matter what defects of form or taste there may be in Sunday's sermons; the outstanding, unmistakable, undisguisable thing is that he is a genuine man devoting his strength without reserve to preaching the only gospel by which he believes men may be saved from hell. He is not a scholar, not a thinker, not a sophist, not an actor, — but a healthy, frank, fearless, and irrepressible man, who offers no apology for doing the one thing he feels that his God has told him to do: preach

a puritan gospel to a godless generation. One cannot explain his success by stressing anything else. If every detail of his organization were perfected and any one else were to take his place as the central figure, the movement would end as a farce. He is easily the most compelling personality in America. There was a time when Colonel Roosevelt could have gone to Philadelphia and commanded an audience of twenty thousand people for one night; but what other living man can command twenty thousand hearers twice each day and three times on Sunday? And not for a week, but for eight weeks. As a phenomenon in crowd-gathering it is the most remarkable in history. The statistics, as gathered carefully by a responsible Philadelphia paper, — the *Evening Ledger*, — show on March 10: Number of sermons preached to date, 122; total attendance, 2,330,000. And it may be added that scores, perhaps hundreds, of thousands have been turned away for lack of space.

V

Judged by a pragmatical standard the results are rather confused: bad and good. On the one side there are evils that will seem trivial or tremendous according to the standards of those who sit in judgment. The first thing noticeable is a tone of apparent irreverence in the churches. Perhaps the tendency of all religious organizations is toward a frigid conventionality; but that conventionality, from long familiarity, forms the only environment in which some people can worship. Anything flippant, humorous, or corybantic destroys at once the habit of the mind and the mood of the heart. There are some churches in a community which can continue the atmosphere of the tabernacle services and thrive, for there are always plenty of modern men and women who genuinely enjoy rag-time hymns, a parity and a *camaraderie* with God in prayer, and bizarre testimonies of personal salvation. But the writer has known of attempts to conduct this type of service in a church where people of refinement and thoughtfulness have been wont to worship; and though they have held their peace out of pure charity, they have suffered severely. In such a church the effects of the Billy Sunday campaign may continue for a while, but they are bound to pass away.

Another difficulty lies in the artificial conscience that is created. In the stress of the campaign many converts, particularly youths, pledge themselves against all worldly amusements as deadly forms of sin, 'leading plumb to hell,' in the revivalist's pungent words. But in numberless cases the vows are broken before many months pass, and dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going are resumed. This tampering with conscience leads to a lower regard of all the sanctions and sanctities, and ministers have serious trouble in bringing their young people back to a healthy ethical tone.

That is not the only heritage of the churches following such a campaign. Unitarians, Universalists, Christian Scientists, and all who differ from the mediæval theology of the evangelist have been so ridiculed, denounced, and consigned repeatedly to hell, that it is extremely difficult for any one to be tolerant or charitable. And with this teaching there has been so much premillennarianism and prophecy-mongering taught, that the Bible has become a fetish which only those who have cryptic keys can understand or interpret aright. Even those who are eager to concede everything that is good in modern revivalism, as represented by Billy Sunday, have much to regret and condemn.

But that positive good does come

from it hardly any one close to the facts will deny. Wherever such a campaign is conducted religion becomes the dominant topic of thought and speech. Men and women are recalled from indifference and contempt to reflection upon the most sacred subjects. One does not care to discuss the spiritual quality of conversion, but there are cases far too obvious in changed personal characteristics to be misunderstood, and far too obvious in ethical effects to be discounted. Men cease to be profane; long-established habits of intemperance are suddenly broken; dishonesty gives place to honesty; vice becomes repugnant and virtue glorious. Thousands betake themselves to the study of the Bible, and many homes grow radiant that had been centres of gloom. Testimony of this nature can be collected, not only immediately after a Billy Sunday campaign, but even when years have elapsed. The effect is so marked that employers of labor have asserted that they could afford to pay Sunday very liberally out of the funds of their corporations for the increased efficiency that comes to their plants in the reduction of accidents and enlarged productivity caused by the men's cutting out intoxicating liquor. It is safe to say that, if testimony means anything at all, every community visited by Billy Sunday could send men into a circuit or supreme court whose word would be accepted as relevant and material evidence. Psychologists may explain it one way and religionists another, but there are certain facts of changed character, altered habit, transformed temperament, that lie thick in the wake of every Billy Sunday revival.

For the above reasons there are multitudes of men and women with æsthetic tastes and a high degree of personal spiritual culture who approve, defend, and even advocate this modern revivalism, although it makes no direct contribution to their own religious development. They take the ground that it is a form of human conservation, a renaissance of civic virtue, a dynamic of political morality. There are many level-headed and calculating business men who are willing to back it because the saloons and the dives and the gang leaders are so desperately antagonistic to it. How far it will spread or how long it will persist, no one can tell. Already there are scores of little Billy Sundays setting up their tabernacles, duplicating his organization, borrowing his methods, and plagiarizing his speech, but it is impossible to estimate the sum of their influence. The historic revivals have rarely lasted more than a generation and have been associated invariably with one distinct personality. Billy Sunday appears to be the religious phenomenon of the opening of the twentieth century. There will be no unanimity as to his value; such a verdict history has never known and will never reach. Many philosophers, most dramatists, and some saints have called this age spiritually dead and less responsive to religious appeal than any other through the centuries; to such, and to those who have accepted their characterization as true, Billy Sunday and his work are certainly worth studying.

PEACE THE ARISTOCRAT

BY ALBERT J. NOCK

THE recommendations of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels and the persistent agitation of Mr. Gardner have at length brought forth fruit in the fairly progressive programme of armament that Congress finally authorized. The general discussion of these measures was singularly trite. On the one hand we had a recrudescence of the doctrine that military efficiency is a sound guaranty of peace — the doctrine of the Big Stick, with which Mr. Roosevelt's years of outpouring have made us more or less familiar. The peace advocates pointed out in rebuttal that in Europe an unparalleled military efficiency has been no guaranty of peace, but, on the contrary, the most highly specialized military establishment in the world has turned out to be nothing but an appalling instrument of organized selfishness and thuggery. Then, with this as a text, they redoubled their excellent discourse: Mr. Jordan, for instance, insisting that war is illogical and brutal; Mr. Babson tabulating its economic waste; and Mr. Carnegie praising the principle of arbitration and an international police.

Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels are politicians, and so, *par excellence*, is Mr. Gardner. They have a special point of view, — interesting possibly, but quite well understood, and, at all events, not especially pertinent here. The peace advocates also have a special point of view which is not so well understood. It is that of the rationalist philosopher or propagandist, which assumes that men are governed chiefly, or at least much more than actually they are, by reason and logic. The peace advocates are notably disposed to rest their case with proving that war is irrational, illogical, horrible, and costly; and they appear to think it quite enough to do that, in order to make us all forsake war and militarism forthwith, and create a better method of composing our differences.

But, really, men are very little governed by reason and logic; and this accounts for the fact that in an issue between the philosopher and politician, the politician always wins. He may, nay, invariably does, have a worse case: but he quite regularly carries it, because he knows how men act and how they may be induced to act. He must know, for otherwise he could not be a politician; this instinctive knowledge is the primary essential qualification for his squalid trade. As between war and peace, for instance, or between 'military preparedness' and disarmament, the peace advocates have all the best of it; there is no answering their arguments, no meeting their representations. From the standpoint of reason and logic, therefore, nothing could be more simply silly than the recommendations of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels, nothing more vicious than the activity of Mr. Gardner. But, I repeat, men are not governed by reason and logic, and hence my purpose in writing is to lodge a humble remonstrance with the peace advocates, begging them to believe that in their sheer dependence upon these they are leaning on a broken reed.

The matter and the time demand plain speech, at any risk of presumption. The peace advocates will therefore forgive me if I say that their efforts against war have always been canceled and nullified because they either do not see, or do not sufficiently consider, how the idea of war presents itself to the common man. The politician sees this plainly; his reaction to it is as instinctive as to the letters of the alphabet; but if long and careful observation of their labors is to be trusted, the peace advocates do not see it or react to it at all. For example, only the other day I attended the organization-meeting of the new Anti-Armament Society, and of the hundred or more present not one, except Commissioner Howe, Benjamin Marsh, and myself, could be presumed to have the faintest idea of war's appeal to the common man. An exception ought possibly to be made for the Reverend Mr. Grant, but of this I am by no means sure.

The fact is that, on account of the auspices and sanctions under which war is presented to him, the common man concerns himself very little with its justification in either reason or morals. 'His not to reason why'; he finds no trouble about rolling all this burden of ethical responsibility off on the shoulders of some Kaiser, Parliament, or Congress, or of some Mr. Garrison or Mr. Daniels. A 'popular war,' such as Germany is at present waging, is evidence of the astonishing reach of this purblind trust and derived morality. It is by another side entirely, by the side of *interest*, that war makes its chief appeal for the common man's suffrage. War and peace are simply two great rival enterprises, standing in competition for the personal interest of the potential recruit; and in the determination of this interest the factors of logic, abstract reason, and abstract morals are extremely insignificant and weak.

As soon as we appreciate — as we may by the very slightest exercise of observation — the fact that war makes no great bid for the approval of the common man's reason or conscience, but bids very high for his *interest*, we immediately perceive the substantial ground of competition between war and peace, and are able to suggest to the peace advocates a most important and wholly positive line of approach to their problem.

If war has always outbid peace for the common man's suffrage, clearly it must have succeeded in making itself more interesting; and on examination, that is precisely what we find it has done. We may dismiss consideration of its appeal to the 'primeval man,' to the supposititious fund of savagery that is thought to lurk beneath the veneer of civilization in each of us; analysis will show that this appeal amounts to almost nothing. But war addresses some of the best permanent instincts of mankind, addresses them powerfully and shrewdly; and they are the very instincts that have been most continuously baffled and denied by peace.

Foremost, perhaps, among these is the instinct for equality. War has invariably served and promoted this instinct, and peace has invariably disserved and disallowed it. I was in New York at the outbreak of the Spanish War, and curiosity led me to mingle with a number of young men whom I saw in the neighborhood of Union Square, coming forward to enlist. I noticed that, while some of them appeared to be of the class that lives by casual labor, and might not unfairly be regarded as waifs and strays, many came out of shops and stores and small factories, where they might be supposed to get some sort of daily bread. I wondered why they were all so eager to enlist. They did not seem moved by the lust of blood, nor yet, strictly speaking,

by the quest of adventure. They were not of the high-spirited type, but on the contrary very miserable. Patriotism did not enlist them, for none of them really knew much about the war or seemed to care greatly. I asked a number of questions and presently got their point of view. They saw war as the great equalizer of opportunity. It was for each of them the one great chance in a disinherited life; it was their emergence into responsibility, their opportunity to be *per se* 'as good as anybody.' Peace had kept them under the dragging handicap of artificial distinction and artificial privilege; war came, and offered them a start at scratch. When they were once enlisted, the stigma of the dullard, the ne'er-do-well or the unclean starveling was wiped away; they had everybody's chance to prove themselves anybody's equal. They coveted the exhilaration of standing for the first time on their own, shoulder to shoulder with their fellows, doing their share and getting their share of everything that was going.

It's 'Tommy' this and 'Tommy' that, and 'Chuck 'im out, the brute!'
But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot.

This powerful longing for equality and for the joys of equality is undoubtedly one of the strongest impulses that carry men away from peace and into war. The very institutions of war are a moving allegory and symbol of their wish. The regimentation, the marching, the parade, the drill! — here are men with their individuality fully expanded and preserved, yet each with his primary thought continually reaching beyond himself, each consciously responsible for the perfection of alignment toward a common purpose. The little boy paid our nature's instinctive tribute to equality when he asked his mother, 'Why is it that when I hear soldiers' music I feel so much happier than I really am?' We all feel that. Martial music forecasts upon our emotions a prophetic picture of human society as we shall one day come to know it; a society whose rhythm and harmony of progress shall reach and animate every one throughout the ranks and make inspiration a common property.

Another immeasurable advantage which war has over peace in competing for the common man's interest, is in its appeal to the sense of purpose. The purpose of war always stands out clear and cogent. There is the enemy massed on the frontier. We know what he means to do; his intention is definite. We are massed to meet him with an intention equally definite. War has its perils and its horrors; but the first glad sense of great definite purpose dawning into stagnant and unillumined lives is sufficient to set them at naught. The conditions of war, terrible as they are, interpret themselves to the common man's satisfaction. They give account of themselves in terms of distinct purpose; and of purpose which with little pressure he inclines to accept, and in accepting it, to accept without complaint the hard conditions of its fulfillment.

But the blight of peace is its aimlessness. Peace, too, has its perils and horrors, and gives no clear sense of what they are for. There is no great unmistakable vision of purpose to suffuse its miseries and mitigate its pains of progress. Its intentions do not stand clear before our minds, shedding their interpretative light upon its immediate conditions. A friend told me lately about an experience he had in Chicago last summer, when the city was sweltering under an unusually long spell of torrid heat. On a Sunday morning he took a train, which he found filled with factory hands going out for a breath of such air as they could get. He over-

heard a girl of seventeen telling her escort that in the factory, the day before, five girls had fainted at their work; two, dazed by the heat, had their hands drawn into machines and lost their fingers; and a man, suddenly overcome, fell into some heavy machinery and was killed.

The story is in itself not extraordinary; what my friend chiefly remarked was the girl's unmoved, matter-of-fact way of telling it. She spoke of these frightful happenings as if expecting her listeners to accept them without any waste of emotion, as simply so much in the day's work.

Now when peace imposes conditions like these and induces this mental attitude toward them, good heavens! can one wonder at the chance it stands in competition with war? Does the light of high collective purpose play clearly upon the average life lived on those terms? I urge the peace advocates to ask themselves this question; not in the mind of the reflective philosopher balancing abstract values, but in the mind of the common man confronting a practical choice in interest *for him* between two competing enterprises. When the United States goes to war, we will not be left in doubt about its high and holy purpose; Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels will attend to that. Mr. Gardner may be relied on to expound it; Mr. Hobson, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. William Randolph Hearst will proclaim it, instant in season and out of season. But the conditions of peace are left without an interpreter. Mr. Carnegie does not interpret them for us; Mr. Butler, Mr. Holt, Mr. Eliot, Mr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Villard, Mr. George Foster Peabody, representing everything that is influential, distinguished, accomplished, do not interpret them for us. They are left to interpret themselves only in the narrow individualist terms of holding a job, getting a living, or, perchance, keeping a family together. Above this, no august and compelling collective purpose stands out; our society, as the common man sees it, is otherwise aimless; and such as this has never been and never will be the dominating motive in human conduct. It is written, *Man shall not live by bread alone.*

A third instinct, preëminently satisfied by war and notoriously dissatisfied by peace, is the instinct for responsibility. Such as they are, war insists upon its ideals, its standards, even its amenities, with a stringency that admits no hint of favor or exception. Those upon whom war has conferred its peculiar regards must walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called. The rewards themselves set the mark of definite expectation, and the expectation must be strictly met. The soldier may not be idle; he may not be lazy, trivial, self-centred, untrustworthy, irresponsible, traitorous, disloyal. If a leader, he must lead; he may not shirk or malinger or dissipate his powers. If he fails, he is superseded; he has but one chance. The code of 'an officer and a gentleman' may be conventional and specific, — no doubt it is, for all codes are; but it is inexorable. *Noblesse oblige* has always been graven on the sword and spear.

But never on the ploughshare and pruning-hook. Peace makes no such formal demands upon those whom she rewards or distinguishes. Those who receive her best gifts may use them with a scandalously loose discretion, and she remains complacent. Does peace forthwith degrade the captain of industry who exercises a treasonable oppression upon the persons and the social forces he controls? Does peace cashier the rich man's heir or heiress who does not serve society, does not do any work, does not do anything but seek pleasure? Does peace summarily

court-martial the man of trained ability who capitalizes his powers and who then withholds them from the common welfare? War would give but very short shrift to such flagrant irresponsibility as this.

By this time I hope I have made it clear that the appeal of war to the common man is something far different from what the peace advocates appear to think it is. Nowhere, speaking broadly, does the common man enlist because he loves war, but because he hates peace. The conditions which peace forces on him make him regard it as something to be broken with at the first attractive opportunity. The skillful politician knows this and counts on it. Not for nothing have the aristocratic modes of government always had the instinct to 'keep their people down.' The more drab and unrelieved the conditions of peace, the more gladly will the common man escape them; and while he may escape them momentarily by the anodyne of drink, gambling, or commercial amusement, the only escape that carries a substantial interest for him is by war.

How disappointing, therefore, how purely negative and ineffectual, are the despondent antiphons of the peace advocates, as they tell us of the horrors of war and the economic waste of war! This is not what will do any good. The long-distance recital of horrors makes no impression upon minds quite accustomed to actual horrors, and the disinherited are indifferent to pleas against economic waste. Let the peace advocates hereafter make a clean sweep of this kind of thing, I entreat them. Let them for once come over to the common man's point of view, and they will forthwith perceive what a waste of energy it is. I urge them for once to see war as we see it, if merely for the sake of giving their efforts a better direction. At the risk of indelicacy, I personally importune my friends, Mr. Villard and Mr. Peabody, for once to consider war, not as no doubt it really is, but as it is *for us*. Peace is very interesting to Mr. Carnegie and Bishop Greer and Mr. Mead; there is every reason why it should be so. Peace promotes the philosophical detachment that is so agreeable and becoming to Mr. Eliot. Probably these gentlemen will find it very hard to understand how peace can ever fail to interest us, when it interests them so deeply. But I beg them to make the effort, and I offer the foregoing for their guidance to our point of view. To us whom peace disinherits, war offers equality; to us whom peace compels to live aimlessly, war offers a clear and moving purpose; and to the finer sensibilities that peace disregards and benumbs, war offers gratification and refreshment. What irony it is, that even the Kaiser must depend upon the restless urge toward democracy to fill his ranks!

As soon as one takes this point of view, one sees that the function of the true peace advocate is not to deplore war but to help make peace interesting; to create a peace that shall meet war on its own terms and outbid it; a peace that shall answer these normal and proper demands of the human spirit at least as well as war now answers them. When peace interests the rank and file of us as it now interests Mr. Holt and Mr. Villard, we, too, will be quite proof against the seductions of war. War will then lose its power of attraction; it will be merely one of the things that one looks at and passes by. We will then no longer go to war, because we shall have no time; we shall be entirely preoccupied with the institutions of peace. When Mr. Roosevelt talks about the peril of disarmament, we will not hear. When Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels call us to arms, we will not heed, — or at most, having Mr. Bernard Shaw's

excellent suggestion in mind, we will take up arms only long enough to shoot Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels, and then lay them down again and return to our proper business.

One might, perhaps, end with this generalization; but when one presumes to give advice one ought above all things to be practical. So I say further that the first practical step toward permanent peace is to bring about a more diffused material well-being. Permanent peace must have its roots struck deep in this, for peace cannot possibly be interesting or attractive so long as without reason or purpose it keeps so many of us so very poor. The federal investigation of an industry particularly fostered by Mr. Carnegie found a third of its men working seven days a week; half its men working twelve hours a day; and nearly half the force receiving less than two dollars a day. Another federal investigation, covering industries that employ an aggregate of seven million men, found one seventh of them out of employment at one time or another during the year. The New York State Factory Investigating Commission, whose recent hearings were fully reported in that best of newspapers, the New York *Evening Post*, found that out of a total of 104,000 persons, one eighth earn less than five dollars a week; one third, less than seven; two thirds, ten or less; and one sixth, fifteen or more. It found that in New York City, out of 15,000 women industrially employed, 8,000 got less than six dollars and a half a week during the busy season last year.

I touch these matters as lightly as I can. Our old friend Josiah Bounderby could not get it out of his head that the complaints of the Coketown hands were never based on anything but licentious hankerings for venison and turtle soup out of a gold spoon. Possibly some of the peace advocates share this view, and if so their feelings must be respected. I therefore hasten to assure them that I have no thought of muckraking; I condemn nothing, complain of nothing. I merely say that peace cannot possibly compete with war for the suffrage of such as can, by the hardest work, earn no more than two dollars a day; or for the suffrage of seven million men whom peace compels to live so precariously that one seventh of them are mere floaters. I say that it is the sheer delirium of vanity to suppose that a peace which permits so many of us to live under such disabling economic circumstances can be attractive, interesting, or permanent. It is unreasonable to expect it, preposterous to talk about it; and so long as the peace advocates entertain or acquiesce in any such notion, their efforts will appear to us only as the amiable pottering of elderly amateurs.

Within the last five years America has laid hold of this first element in the peace problem. The country is thoroughly interested (though not with peace as the specific object in view) in the wider diffusion of material well-being. Whoever has anything to say about it may command the country's attention. I therefore make the peace advocates a proposition wherein I believe I speak for as many as forty million people. If they will cease expostulating with us about the horrors of war, and plan for us the first constructive move toward a peace that is even reasonably interesting, we will follow to a man. If they will do for the institutions of peace what Lee or Paul Pau has done for the institutions of war, they may count on us for the same grade of loyalty, and just as much of it, as Lee or Paul Pau ever commanded.

We really want peace. We want precisely such a peace as our friends the peace advocates themselves find interesting, and such as with all the superi-

ority of their genius and energy over ours they might lead us into. If they will come forward and be our leaders, if they will head the gigantic army of Americans who instinctively know how attractive, how interesting and beautiful peace ought to be and might be, — if they will come forward and plan for us and inspire us in order that we can make it so, — we pledge them our confidence, our unfailing support, and our unending patience.

APRIL RAIN

BY CONRAD AIKEN

FALL, rain! You are the blood of coming blossom,
You shall be music in the young birds' throats.
You shall be breaking, soon, in silver notes;
A virgin laughter in the young earth's bosom.
Oh, that I could with you reënter earth,
Pass through her heart and come again to sun,
Out of her fertile dark to sing and run
In loveliness and fragrance of new mirth!
Fall, rain! Into the dust I go with you,
Pierce the remaining snows with subtle fire,
Warming the frozen roots with soft desire,
Dreams of ascending leaves and flowers new.
I am no longer body, — I am blood
Seeking for some new loveliness of shape;
Dark loveliness that dreams of new escape,
The sun-surrender of unclosing bud.
Take me, O Earth! and make me what you will;
I feel my heart with mingled music fill.

FROM THE STUDY TO THE FARM: A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY ARTHUR MARKLEY JUDY

I

I SPENT seven years in academic and professional studies under excellent teachers. I have spent seven years in agricultural pursuits under the hard knocks of the farm. Which has constituted the better part of my education? My wife, whose academic education was of a high order, often raises this question for herself as well as for me. Of this we are assured — to have lived on a farm under the conditions that we have experienced and with the motives that have actuated us during these seven years, has called out a development of manhood and womanhood as amazing as it was unexpected.

After my seven years' professional training I was for twenty-five years the minister of a church in a rather large centre of population on the Mississippi River. During this time I taught classes, participated in clubs, and promoted and attended lectures, all these activities going far toward continuing for me the spirit and habits of the university. I also enjoyed rather wide social opportunities and was associated with business and professional men in many-sided civic activities.

Is it, then, beside the mark to say that I had enjoyed a fair share of the best that books and the best that the associations of a city can yield? When a man thus trained and habituated broke completely with his past and became a farmer, working ten to fourteen hours a day with the workmen on a farm, what would you imagine happened?

One of the first things to happen of which I was vividly conscious, was that I was acquiring or regaining hardihood. If you ask me, then, what the farm can do for a man, I will reply that it can give him hardness, or hardiness, or hardihood.

During all the period I was in the city there was not a year when I did not row, play golf and tennis, climb mountains, keep up vigorous walking. I pursued these exercises both as a delight and as a necessity; and yet when I became a farmer, their worth, as a means of physical invigoration, struck me as laughable, although I do not overlook their value under our present social conditions.

But the man who is at work ten to twelve hours a day on the farm, taking the weather as it comes; putting under strain more muscles than Dr. Sargent with his gymnastic equipments ever called into play; forcing himself to endure unceasingly the nasty and disagreeable; running the risk of physical injury at every turn (an accident policy costs a farmer three times as much as it does a minister; three several times during these seven years I escaped death by the narrowest margin); and standing ever ready to offer up his body, if not as a sacrifice, then as the unshrinking servant of whatsoever demand exigent crops and still more exigent stock can

lay upon him, — such a man, I say, feels a quality of physical valor growing up within him that puts to shame what he knew of himself in the city. So at least I found it.

Over and above the hardiness which the farm engenders, and of a far higher quality, is the moral courage it calls into play. Courage is the elemental virtue, for life has been and will forever be a fight. A farmer's life is one incessant fight. Think what he dares! He dares to try to control the face of this planet. In order to raise his crops he pits himself against the weather and seasons; he forces the soil to his wishes; he wars against the plant world, the animal world, the insect world, the bacterial world. Is not that a fight, looked at philosophically, to make one stand aghast? After I had been on the farm seven years, the tremendousness of the fight that my fellow farmers were waging disclosed itself to me with a force no figure of speech can convey. Until one can be brought to some realization of this aspect of the farmer's life, he has no adequate grounds for comprehending the discipline and development which in the very nature of the case that life must receive. I often contrast the lot of the clerk at his books, or the mechanic at his bench, or the professional man at his desk, with the lot of the farmer. The dangers and uncertainties they confront seem to me extraordinarily mild compared with the risk the farmer runs. That the former will be paid for their work is almost certain; it is extremely uncertain whether the farmer will be paid for his. He must dare to lose at every turn; scarcely a week passes in which he does not lose, sometimes heavily, sometimes considerably. Those moments in a battle when it seems as if every plan had gone to smash, which so test the fortitude of a general, are moments which a farmer experiences more frequently and more strenuously than men in most occupations. If he sticks to his task successfully his capacity for courage must grow to meet the demands; if he will not stick, he is sifted out by force of circumstance, leaving the stronger type of man to hold the farms.

Initiative — surely one of the secrets of leadership — may be selected next, to illustrate the virtues which are called into play by the multitude of difficulties under which the farmer labors. It is amazing how incessantly he runs up against totally new situations. Day by day I felt the conviction deepening in me that no matter what blind wall we ran up against, a door through it must and could be found. I fear that a great majority of people, at least in a great majority of cases, simply sit down when they run up against a blind wall. If they can call the plumber, or the butcher, or the gardener, or the laundress, or the shoemaker, or the blacksmith, or the dairyman, or the horse-tamer — then a way out will be made for them. And that is what your city life tends to do for your boys and girls — set them to calling upon an endless variety of specialists to help them surmount life's problems. On the other hand, farmer boys and girls must learn to be all these specialists. The consequence is, they grow up with the feeling that they can and must do it, no matter what befalls; and that feeling, or I greatly miss my count, is the secret of the power of initiative. This power, which the farm lad going up to the city carries with him, he retains as a man; and hence to these country-bred falls by an inherent law of nature the leadership of nations. Surely such leadership exists or it would not be found that eighty-seven per cent of the men and women listed in *Who's Who in America* were country-bred.

But it is to be noted that a goodly percentage of farmers and farm-hands cannot meet the strain involved in this

demand for initiative. It requires a readiness in original thinking and in resoluteness of spirit to which they are not equal. I have come to the conclusion, after careful reflection, that no one thing does more to drive men away from the farm into the city than these requirements. I noticed that as long as our work was mere routine which went along without a hitch, even though physically it was trying, all went well. But when machinery broke down, the stock played the unexpected, the weather and soil combined to put up new problems, so that we had to wrestle and worry, think and hold on hard; then you had to watch or the men would be 'off,' or if not 'off,' then 'at outs' with you. The call for initiative overtaxed their natural powers, and in a moment of disgust they would resolve to leave for the city, where they believed they would not have to 'stick it out' under so much that is difficult, vexing, exhausting, and baffling. And in this belief they were certainly right. For shop work, in this respect, is far easier than farm work. The six movements regarded by the Ford Automobile Company as the maximum to secure the largest output by a laborer at his machine, present a pitiable contrast to the endless variety of thought-provoking tasks to which the farmer is daily called.

The effects wrought upon the farmer's character by the exactingness or exigency of farm work constitute a most important part of his experience.

Unceasingly we farmers are made to realize that a task delayed is a task rendered increasingly difficult. Build the fence to-day; a month from now the post holes will cost you twice as much. Sow the alfalfa to-day; not another day in the season can it be sown with success. Pick up that strand of barbed wire to-day; to-morrow your horse will be maimed by it. So fall, day by day, demonstrations of the needfulness of 'doing it now,' until the desire to be prompt, to snatch the opportunity, becomes almost an obsession. Great as is the demand in the city for promptness, it is not so unpitying as the country demand, because in the city the demand comes largely through people, and people are not so exigent as things. People will receive excuses, provide substitutes, alter requirements. Things will not; things, therefore, are more unmercifully exigent than human masters. Disciplined under such masters, it seems to me the country-bred must have greater ingrained power to do the hard thing and 'do it now' than the city-bred.

Closely allied to the exigency of nature under which the farmer so prevailingly lives is the parsimony of nature. Nature does indeed yield some sixty, some a hundred-fold for labor done. But do you know what the average annual accumulation of the average Iowa farm is, omitting the rise in the value of the land? It is $164, according to the way the Assistant Attorney-General of Nebraska figured it out from the United States census tables for an Iowa audience. According to these figures the average Iowa farmer is getting ahead $164 a year by his farm operations.[1] Does that seem as if nature pays bountifully? I think she is considerably more bountiful than the figures indicate, for I do not believe they took into account all the factors in the business; yet a survey of fifty counties in Illinois discloses the fact that an overwhelming majority of the farmers were

[1] Investigation of the accounts of 400 farms in Wisconsin made by the State University shows that the average annual accumulation amounts to $800, without deducting the living expenses of the family. Were that deduction made, the average would probably be something over $300; so the amount found to prevail in Iowa according to the figures gathered by the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture is surely a pitiably small wage! — The Author.

not earning wages, while, at the same time, their farms were decreasing in fertility. When I called Professor Cyril Hopkins's attention to these statements, he said that a large part of the land of Illinois will not pay both adequate wages and interest on the investment. The figures certainly emphasize the fact that in the very nature of the case the farmer cannot be extravagant, that the parsimony of nature must teach him the solemn value of a dollar, the solemn worth of every hour of labor. Deepening realization of this lesson leads me to hold every aspect of waste or prodigality in contempt. For men and youths to go up to the city with that aversion ingrained in their souls seems to me one of the secrets of the power by which they lead.

II

But granted that the farm is a great field of discipline for the moral nature, what does it do for the intellect, some will ask.

Professor Bailey of Cornell declared in one of his editorial prefaces that farming is the most difficult of all occupations, and he excepted none, neither law, medicine, engineering, divinity, finance, merchandising, nor teaching. I most devoutly believe he was right, and right if you weigh the matter from the point of view of acquiring knowledge alone. It is far easier, I believe, to acquire a degree of doctor of philosophy than it is to secure the information that will equip a man to be a high-grade farmer.

Two facts stand out conspicuously in regard to the knowledge demanded for this purpose. The first is the vast range of subjects which it must cover; the other is the extraordinary amount of thinking that must be done to apply it.

Let this illustrate the range. There is a monthly magazine entitled *The Experiment Station Record* which is published by the Agricultural Department at Washington. Each number contains about one hundred pages of fine print, and on each page is a review, running from a dozen lines to a half page, of the current publications bearing upon agriculture. During the year the publications thus noted amount to more than four thousand. These figures give a hint at the extent of current agricultural literature. Of all these publications the farmer need not, of course, read the one-thousandth part. But ultimately their substance must sift down to become the body of truth he is to master in order to do his work well.

But over and above the literature of agriculture, there remains another vast body of knowledge to consider. I refer to the folk-lore of farming, or knowledge handed down through farm operations. I never talk five minutes with another farmer, never confer briefly with the hands, without picking up some valuable bit of knowledge which no printed page is likely to contain. After seven years of effort to grasp this folk-lore of farming — this working knowledge of the occupation — I feel so ignorant, comparatively, that I must perforce look up to and honor the experienced farmer for the fullness of his knowledge of those humble, unsung facts which are the sustaining walls of the structure we name civilization.

Let me be more specific regarding these educational effects. Many a night I have said to myself, 'When, during all the days of professional studies, did I so examine statements, so balance conflicting views, so sift claims and expectations, as I have done this day in putting my knowledge to the control of men and events on the farm?' If that be not discipline in the power of original thinking, where shall we look to receive such discipline? Or, if it be precise

observation or exact memory that is in question, where will you place yourself to realize the importance of these intellectual disciplines as on a farm, where the wrong understanding of a single aspect of a process may cost the profit of your crop or your herd? And as to the motivation of learning, how can adventitious prizes, marks, or diplomas compare in effectiveness with the consciousness that unless *this fact* be mastered *that purpose* cannot be attained?

III

I have been pointing out conditions of farm life which, judging by my own experience, tend to develop strong types of character. But I have not assumed and would not assume that the conditions of city life do not also develop often the same types of strong character; often, too, types which are complementary. And I go further and allow that after a man's character has been well grounded on the farm, it may happen — as a professor at Ann Arbor, himself once a farmer, maintains in the *Atlantic* — that some of the best types of farmers are irresistibly drawn to the city in order to enjoy the satisfaction of doing some one thing thoroughly, an opportunity which the farm with its 'Jack-of-all-trades' life does not furnish. And, moreover, I do not claim that the conditions I have set forth as conducive to high types of knowledge and virtue are effective with all men and women who live in the country.

Upon my last visit to my former Ohio home, I met an old friend who had gathered about him some quarter of a million or more dollars' worth of land. Far and wide stretched his thousands of acres, while he stood forth a very patriarch among men. But for one who knew the past of his great farm, how sad it was to point, here and there and all about, to the score of decayed homes which dotted its fields, and to recall how one by one the earlier owners of these homes had departed from them beaten by the pitiless hard conditions which must be met to win success on the farm. They did not or could not meet them. And in so far as they failed, I am compelled to believe the tasks weakened, harmed them. If they lacked sufficient courage to start with, each recurring call to courage, unanswered, was, I doubt not, debilitating; so was each unanswered call to promptness, to thrift, to inventiveness, to learning. And saddest of all, there is probably no position in life wherein the unprogressive man can shift along and hang on in spite of weakness and failure as he can on the farm. Consequently one finds on the farm a large proportion of men and women of exceptionally poor character.

But even when men have failed to grow in strength in some of the ways indicated, they may yet have succeeded remarkably in other characteristics which the farm tends particularly to engender. Take sympathy, for which, as the popular drama truly attests, the farmer is often conspicuous. To what is it in part due, if not to the farmer's large dealing with animal life? Not a day passes but I meet with some surprising exhibition of animal intelligence and animal emotion, until an astonishing sense of comradeship grows up for these inarticulate fellow creatures, an astonishing desire to see that they are cared for when well and healed when sick.

Such is the sense of fellowship which the unceasing contact with animal life develops. What now is the effect upon the sense of human brotherhood which the unceasing labor, shoulder to shoulder with all sorts and conditions of men, tends to work out? How can I answer this question more pointedly than by saying that just because of such labor

I feel that I could now have many times the usefulness as a minister that I had before I came to the farm. No roughness of manner, no uncouthness of dress, no vulgarity of speech, no hardness or ugliness of feature could daunt me out of my sense of human fellowship. In these words I am confessing an exceedingly great service that has been done me — a service which, if it could be done for every man and woman of every class that is exempt from physical toil, would go further, I verily believe, toward perfecting and preserving true democracy than all other influences combined. The divisions into classes which have put chasms between people in the city have not prevailed to a like degree in the country. Being a toiler among toilers, working at the same tasks, the farmer is at one with the toiler, and out of this community of experience emerges a consciousness of diversified and supplementing excellencies that keeps him in his inmost being a true democrat.

But (and here is a seeming, not a real contradiction) this same experience develops in the farmer a consciousness of the necessity of mastership as probably no other occupation develops it. At this point I shall again bear my personal testimony. You can realize how diffidently I, an inexperienced city man, even if slightly endowed with modesty, would take up the task of directing experienced farm hands. But to-day, though I know myself in points of knowledge and judgment still inferior to the men about me, I have a deepening sense that I must be the master, they must be the men. And — here is the fine point of the business — in so far as my judgment and knowledge do unquestionably excel theirs, I discover an ever-growing readiness on the part of the men to recognize the necessity of this mastership and to adjust themselves to it self-respectingly, even as I find myself increasingly ready to receive their advice and follow it, without loss of position so far as their mastery of the matter is stronger than mine.

Along with the exceptional preparation for mastership which the farm confers, goes its training for responsibility. The farmer's ventures, as we have seen, are ranked as extra-hazardous. Ventures of such a type necessarily lay heavy responsibilities on the man who carries them. Day and night he must be ready to respond to unforeseen cares. Often have I said that of only one thing could I feel certain in the morning, — that I should not be able during the day to do all that I had planned. Under such stress of calls a man will either grow shiftless, turning a deaf ear to the irritating summons to self-denial, or he will force himself to become more and more the servant of the work which is laid upon him to do. Going up to the city with the fixed habit of bearing whatever burden his occupation may lay upon him, he enters the competition for power with marked advantages over men whose cares have been limited in range and clearly defined. Look closely and it seems no mystery that 'the farm need fear no rivalry as the mother of men,' as the London *Times* recently put it.

Nor is there any mystery about the influence of the farm in so far as manliness is the outcome of wholesome outdoor sports. No one can have worked through seven seasons of farm work, with close attention to the workmen, without being struck by the great amount of genuine sport which they get out of it. When a half-dozen colts are to be broken, one can quickly see the elemental horse-tamer coming to life in the best of the men. The boys with the calves, again, are but a younger generation of men of the prime, once more wrestling with the wild life of forest and plain. And constantly, in the

hayfield, amid the sheaves of the harvest, and in the furrow and corn-row, the best effects of the rivalry of sports are seen.

Or turn to joyousness as an element in the making of manhood, — where have I known it in richer measure than there on the farm as one by one its hard tasks have been done? When once a fine wheatfield had been reaped, — when its golden shocks stood in martial array, safe from storm, far on the way toward feeding the hungry, there at set of sun, — can you know the joy I felt in that labor done, the affection that arose in my heart for the field which had yielded its rich harvest, the comradeship, the attachment for the men who had helped win the labor to its triumphant close? In that hunger for the old farm, believe me, there is something profoundly justified. That old farm has power to exercise and rejoice the heart of man beyond the common and superficial understanding of its value. The deep things of God are peculiarly there.

And largely this is true because of its power to minister to the sense of beauty. Having passed nearly two months of every year for some thirty years in the fine mountain and lake regions of North America, I feel that I know to a noteworthy degree what nature can yield to him who seeks her inspiration and solace under the advantage of lettered leisure. What I wish to say here in words as plain as I can use is, that what she yields under that advantage is small compared with what she yields to one who is brought into contact with her under the exigencies of farm work. To feel to the full the touch, the communion, the marvel of nature, be a farmer.

Nature in her beauty is the great healer of the weariness and despair which nature in her utility lays upon man. At the bottom of every cup, said the enlightened Bossuet, — at the bottom of every effort, every experience, — is emptiness, bitterness. At the end of every day's work is emptiness and bitterness because we are tired out. Complementary to man's great need of achievement, then, lies his need of refreshment. This need nature meets in overflowing abundance in her ministrations of beauty.

Whatever else may or may not be lacking in the lot of the farmer, certainly richness of beauty is never lacking. And I believe that the degree to which that blessing enters into his life, even when he says little about it, even when he might laugh at you for saying that he cared for it, is nevertheless great, and that his habituation to the ministry of beauty is one of the sources of his power.

But nature ministers to a yet higher need of man. She teaches him that there is only one power which can master might — that is, right. I have said that if the farmer fails to rise to the stern demands of farming, he degenerates. There have been times when the exactingness and annoyance of my work, the wretched turns of luck, so multiplied, came upon me so successively and so cunningly, that in my bitter anger and rebellion the combination seemed perfectly devilish. I perceived then why belief in the devilish arose inevitably. Nature can play the very devil. And yet to-day, in spite of a fuller measure of such experience than falls to the lot of most farmers, I am a better believer in the moral order than ever I was as a minister. Here is the great truth that has broken upon me, — old, indeed, but ever new to each individual experience, — the great truth that existence pours onward in two vast streams. One stream consists of the outward universe of things, of externals; the other consists of inner being, of conscious life; and the world of things is the stimulus through whose resistance

and antagonism the soul is brought to power and perfection. Never a sadder or more dangerous hour did I pass than that evening at college when, after reading Bagehot's *Physics and Politics*, I was so impressed with his portrayal of the savage, bestial origin of men's most sacred institutions — marriage, property, government, religion — that the sacred, the adorable, seemed utterly banished. I sat there, a lad, with the light of God swallowed up in the gloom of materialism. Slowly, as the years passed, the gloom lifted; but never so completely as there on the farm. For there as never anywhere else, I have been compelled to pit the powers of the soul against the might of things, and the longer the hard struggle goes forward, the more thoroughly am I convinced that there is no might or mutiny of things which does not conduce to charm and potency of soul. I realize, even to certainty, that right can and will rule might; that the stream of soul-power sweeps onward, never to be stayed, till it emerges into the City of God, and the divine appears, complete, everlasting, omnipotent.

Why do I venture such a note as this? Because I believe religion will never die while man strives with nature in the open and finds indisputably that nature is the foster-mother of the soul.

The best fruits of Christianity have been those men of Teutonic stock whose ancestors had been most recently and most completely men of the open. The most profoundly religious things in Hindu literature are the hymns of the Rig Veda, which were poured out while the Aryans were still dwellers in tents. The child of the desert and the sky, the Arab, received Mohammedanism unto greatest power. Why? *Because elemental manhood was a product of the open.* In that fact will be found the summation of my reflections. You may question, as I also question, the cogency of some of the contentions I have maintained. But neither you nor I can question that elemental manhood was wrought into shape through life spent wholly in the open. There is matter of immense significance in this fact if we could spell it out. Man has been long in the making. During that tremendous process he was held close to the earth, he was a near companion of the animal, he was in constant contact with plants, he encountered, largely unsheltered, all the vicissitudes of the weather. It was these things of out-of-doors through whose play the elements of his intellect and conscience were wrought out. They were his great schoolmaster; they fashioned the foundations of his being. What the pent-up conditions of the city have done for him is vast and important, but is not elemental. The entire range of what we term civilization concerns itself rather with the superstructure, with the towers and minarets of the temple of manhood. The deep-placed foundations, yea, the walls and beams of that temple, were laid by the powers and influences of the open, of the country. When science shall have worked out this theme, as she will some day, then will it be clearly seen why nations, to be continuously strong, must cling to the country — bide by and magnify the farm.

Is, then, the all but impotent yearning of the city man for the country a pleading of manhood for self-preservation? Nine tenths of all the men in the city with whom I have spoken about the farm have expressed an eager desire to be farmers. It is, I think, really not that they wish to be farmers — to do the business and produce the fruits of the farm, for of that they know not whereof they speak; but it is that they hear the call of their elemental being, they feel the hunger of manhood for its first home — the vast open, the gleam of the untainted sky, the odors of the

sod, the turmoil and conflict of the body with things, the thrilling revelations which the rough tutelage of nature forces on the expanding soul. Lacking these, they are dimly conscious that the best in life is lacking. And well may we question whether any civilization will permanently endure until one comes into existence which calls every man, woman, and child, part of the day, to physical toil in the open, part of the day to mental toil within doors. That only can be the complete life of a human being, that only the perfect life of a nation.

IV

Consider now the bearing of our experiences upon some of the pressing questions of social betterment.

There on the farm, working with things, we took a great step toward completing our education, as I have insisted. I believe this step in essence must be taken by every one if the social crisis of our generation is to be happily surmounted. I say this step in essence. I am not foolish enough to imply that all men can live and work in the country even during their school-days. That is not necessary. The educational, moral, and economic disciplines which I have claimed for agricultural labor can be found largely in many forms of urban labor, — in manufacture, construction, transportation, and the like, though not in so generalized and widely effective a form. It is the educational values inherent in all kinds of working with things whose overwhelming importance has been, I believe, too largely overlooked. Why it has thus been overlooked will be realized by glancing briefly at the history of educational curricula.

In Rome the central purpose of the curriculum was to prepare the patrician class for their duties as rulers; in the early Middle Ages the curriculum was primarily intended to prepare priests for ecclesiastical functions; the next step, which was taken under Arabian influences, was to train men for the profession of medicine; with the rise of the canon law into a commanding position came the need of schools of law; early in the nineteenth century, pedagogy acquired sufficient prominence to call for a distinct course of study; one by one, dozens of other lines of employment have sent forth their call and have been answered by the establishment of specialized curricula. But notice that, with slight if any exceptions, the functions here named have nothing to do with hand-work. Lying thus apart from such work, these tasks can be prepared for without giving it any regard, and naturally would be prepared for without this regard. Inevitably, therefore, whatever educational values might lie in hand-work would be overlooked.

In brief, we may say that the university, being evolved to serve the purposes of the ruling classes and their allies the professional men, had no occasion to search out the pedagogical possibilities involved in the tasks of the laboring classes. Nor will the history or function of the public schools affect this conclusion, for they are simply an echo of the university, reflecting, so far as their limited aims permit, its ideals and judgments regarding the methods and purposes of learning.

But if, in the beginning, the university had been conceived for the purpose of serving primarily the working classes, and their allies, the tradesmen, the educational values that lie in the manipulation of things could not have been so completely overlooked; since, in order to prepare these classes for their functions, teachers would have needed to be hand-workers as well as book-expounders, and hence would have been led to find, perhaps, as great teaching values in the work as in the books.

That these values appertain to intellectual training as well as moral training is implied by the experiences which I have been detailing. To repeat — for I cannot repeat the statement too emphatically — these seven years we have spent on the farm have been some of the best years of our education because they fostered large ranges of our nature which no book-training could have brought into play. Yet beneficent as have been these farm experiences, they would have had far greater educational value could they have been given us along with our book-training, and under the same advantages of wise tutelage. It is this great unutilized opportunity which has left the education now given our youth but half an education, as it seems to us. The consequences of this failure to utilize the educational values that lie in the hand-tasks, in the occupations of the great mass of plain people, have led us to the verge of what may yet be one of the supreme disasters of history.

First, it has driven too many people to the city. Almost the entire machinery of education to-day prepares for city life, not for country life. Consequently it cannot make a boy love the tasks of the country. One of the comicalities in the history of education in America is stored away in the events connected with the first attempt to establish agricultural departments in our western universities. Practically every student in them slid irresistibly into the other departments, to graduate into one of the older professions. Then arose men, under the lead of Dean Henry of Wisconsin University, who determined that a curriculum should be framed that would send its students back to the farm. Great as was the success of this reform, the advance must go still further, as Professor Henry himself declares in a recent article regarding the next step necessary in agricultural colleges, namely, a step which will set the students at the actual work of performing farm operations while learning from books how they should be performed.

That some influence must be set in motion to send, not only the students back from the universities to the farm, but, even more, the pupils back from their country schools to knowledge and enjoyment of farm work, is a matter of the first importance to the nation. It was hunger that constituted the leap of the tiger in the French Revolution, and hunger is none too far away from the cities of America unless a great change intervenes which will multiply and magnify the work done on the farms. In an article whose thoughtfulness must needs make a lasting impression upon every one capable of taking a serious interest in the welfare of mankind, Professor Cyril Hopkins maintains that unless the refertilization of the fields of America is begun while the farmers are relatively well-to-do, it can never be done, from sheer lack of the necessary money to do it with. In Southern Illinois, it is declared, there are already thirty counties in which the credit of the farmers is so low that they find it difficult to purchase the phosphate necessary to bring the output of their fields back to a living wage.

Now, one of the chief causes of this deplorable outlook is certainly the lack of rightly educated farm-hands. Were one to accept at its face value the talk to be heard constantly among his fellow farmers both in private conversation and in their platform speeches, he would conclude that the need of efficient labor is desperate. For my own part I can say in all soberness that I could profitably employ ten times the men now employed, could I secure those who would work as rightly specialized and rightly purposed hands could work. For mark, it is not only knowledge that is needed,

but far more a right attitude, right intention toward their tasks, which will resolve the farmer's desperation over this problem of laborers.

For this necessary resolution we must look to the school in the main. Ah, you say, but the country boy has had just the type of training, through working with things, for which you plead. No, surely no, not in its true aspects. Think you those farm labors could have educated my wife and myself as they have, had we not carried to them in a high degree book-trained minds? You feel that I ought to have made this admission before. I reserved it for this significant connection. Trained by the best offices of the school, I the bookman have been a teacher to myself the hand-toiler. By virtue of the schools I have been equipped to recognize the tremendous worth of the disciplines my hand-toil was putting upon me, and consequently enabled to spur myself on to take those hard disciplines with eagerness. This is the function which is practically never performed for the country schoolboy. His hand-labors are no concern of his teacher; his teacher, as a rule, has no acquaintance with them. She has no more been trained than he has to seek after or to appreciate their splendid disciplines, as those disciplines have been set forth in the earlier pages of this article.

And further, and far worse, what is true of the schools in the country in this respect is true of the schools in the city. They do not train their pupils to appreciate and honor what is to be the work of their hands. Hence our supreme educational opportunity is lost.

Reflect upon what almost universal rebellion against the most necessary labors of civilization is ensuing. The saddest of all facts brought out by the Titanic disaster was the fact that rebellion against physical discipline, which almost universally prevails among sailors, made it impossible properly to prepare the crew of the Titanic to man her boats. It is but recently that it was given out as the concerted opinion of our railroad presidents, that the growing difficulty in enforcing orders is one of the most serious problems they are facing. From the manufacturer comes the same complaint about uninterested and unreliable workmen. They do not love their work, they do not honor its obligations, or revere its blessings. And why should they? *Does Society honor that work?* Behold by the very nature of your methods of education you prevent men and women from discovering in their most educative years the glory and dignity of physical toil. While at the same time, by your system of industry, you drive them to perform that toil when they do not esteem it. Hence inevitably a growing sense of the inferiority of their position, a growing lust after what they are led to esteem superior positions — a growing danger to the nation.

Against this danger there is one power which could be flung with prevailing might — it is a reformed system of education, which, by making all youths comrades in physical toil through all of school and college life, will bind them with ties which no subsequent diversifying of occupations can entirely rend. For whatever may be their tasks in after life, they will carry into them a realization that from toil with their hands came some of the noblest parts of their character; that in toil of the hands lie some of the grandest opportunities of manhood. Such convictions would go far to strengthen the foundations of the Republic by vastly increasing, on the one hand, the joy, the conscientiousness, the efficiency of labor; by vastly decreasing, on the other, the isolation of the people into classes with no binding ties of mutual sympathy and respect.

And such a consummation will go far also to preserve the sanctity of property—which to-day is so seriously threatened. With increasing clearness comes the declaration that democracy is impossible without equality of opportunity, but that no such equality of opportunity can exist so long as we have testamentary bequest or any form of transferring wealth to those who have not earned it. The most powerful corrective of the danger which lies in these views is not merely to diminish swollen fortunes, important as that may be, but above all things to diminish the swollen esteem which is set upon those fortunes. The best lesson my wife and I have learned from our life on the farm is the realization, beyond the power of any moralist to convince us, that nothing we can buy with money has such worth, such deep sources of joy as the fruits of the labors we do with our own hands, heads, and hearts.

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Hence this is our message for all who care to give heed to our experience — *the glory, the worth of life is not to the spender, it is to the producer.*

Let this fact be grasped with power, we have more than once exclaimed, and there would be effected such an inner revolution of aim, such a changed view of success, such a new goal of ambition, that the most astounding outward revolution would occur without a ripple of violence. And until the supreme ambition of men and women is to become producers rather than possessors, to exercise every possible capacity rather than to possess every conceivable luxury, all the proposed reformatory programmes will prove at best ameliorative, never curative.

Because, for one reason, while equality or property conditions, or any approximation toward such equality, might mitigate some of the crying evils of unevenly distributed wealth, it could not cause equality of effectiveness, which, at bottom, is the only aspect of equality that is worth a fig. While human nature remains human nature, such equality of effectiveness can no more occur than it can occur in the animal nature, and we know that centuries of the most patient breeding have not been able to cause it to occur there. But diversity of effectiveness, diversity of superiority even, may and does occur in all living nature. The tremendous desideratum in our social life is to cause each and every phase of this diversified excellence to be esteemed at its true worth.

That it will be a task of almost inconceivable difficulty to effect such a revolution in esteem becomes more apparent the more we reflect that practically all children of all classes are brought up in the social atmosphere of Tennyson's Northern Farmer. To a large extent we were all taught, if not exclusively, then by the strongest influences about us, that a *fortune is riches, is power to spend what others produce?* If *ability* was glorified, it was because it would bring these *riches*. That ability in and of itself is the fortune, we were not made to feel. We were not inspired to believe that power to perform, joy of achievement, is the lot to be supremely desired and supremely honored.

But if all the might of education were once thrown on the side of preparing for creation along every line of power, manual as well as mental, the lure of the power of purchase would surely undergo effective abatement. Until some programme of reform is launched that aims primarily at this revolution in the object of national worship, it will avail little in adjusting the rights of property to the highest general weal.

But, it may be thought, this is not progressive revolution which is being

advocated, — rather a degrading reversion to a social state where there is no distinction between manual drudgery and intellectual leadership. Well, to what extent should the distinction exist? Drudging there on the farm, too weary to read when night came, too exhausted to feel a thrill of fine emotion, how clearly did it appear at times, that just a throw of the switch of circumstance in my boyhood, and lo! I, too, might have been as 'The man with the hoe.' It is not fair; it is not fair that to a part of mankind falls all the physical drudgery, to the rest all choice social, æsthetic, and intellectual delights. It is not fair and it ought not to be.

Specialization has been woefully overdone. That is one of the clearest convictions to which we have been led by our farm experience. With the calmest judgment that I can command, I stand ready to maintain, that if I had, from my early years on to these latter days of mature manhood, given one half my time to labor with my hands and the other half to intellectual pursuits, I should now be a far stronger man than I am, and I should have effected far more for the good of the world. My intellectual labors have been both curtailed and warped by the one-sided life which society has forced upon me. This paper has been written in vain if the reasons for this curtailment and warping have not been clearly recognized. To be lacking in the qualities of robustness, hardihood, courage, promptness, resoluteness, masterfulness, fellowship, initiative, and the many other qualities of intellect and character which received such marked enhancement there on the farm, is, beyond any doubt, to fall short of one's *highest* possible powers of achievement.

And it is also to fall short of one's *soundest* powers of achievement. If one of the surest tests of an author's weightiness is that he shall see his subject 'whole,' then it is clear that he must be whole. Lopsided capacities will inevitably end in lopsided productions.

As the ways of the world have gone, all this excessive specialization upward has been accompanied by excessive specialization downward. We have had authors in abundance who have been so far dissevered from the life of the toiling millions that their writings were sadly lacking in homespun solidity. And here were these millions so widely dissevered, by their excessive toil, from training for literature that so far as its benefit to them goes it might as well not have been. Is it not, then, high time that when men discuss specialization they bethink themselves carefully of its push downward; and that, even if compelled to admit, as probably we shall be, that there is no discernible escape from the necessity for this push in case of genius and exceptional talent, we should remember that for ordinary men and women of culture there is no estate which they can attain of so high a value as an all-round, poised, sturdy manhood and womanhood that is at home among all types of men and women, and masterful in all the elemental resources and activities.

Let the exceptional few, whom talent or genius has elected for extraordinary achievement, go their appointed way. They are not types of the race; nor is the training which may be permissible for them permissible for cultivated men and women generally. These latter are to be the comrades, the helpers and inspirers, of the common people; they are to live with them and for them as well as by them or upon them. And to live thus as they ought to live, they must educate themselves or be educated in the common tasks. 'Back to the country' is a good cry to be uttered to city people; but to the educated there is a better: it is, Back to your share of the tasks you are learning to shun or to stig-

matize; back to the toils which harden the muscles, quiet the nerves, make firm the will, beget courage and hardihood, and develop a common life between you and the plain people. Thus, and I might perhaps say, thus only, can you escape the false pretentions, the artificial restrictions, which prevent the educated classes from being true elder brothers to the toiling millions. Do a share of the fundamental work of these millions, and so shall you find a home in their hearts and they in yours.

In the quiet joy of talking our experiences over, to this conclusion my wife and I constantly recur. We realize how vain an expectation it is to dream of a society in which all would share in the wholesome labors we delight in. And yet, in our moments of deeper reflection, we perceive that there is a profound under-push in the direction of this very impossibility. Self-preservation is pushing the wealthier and more idle classes thitherward; self-realization drawing thitherward the poorer classes. Shortened hours of labor, it is true, have not brought the working classes to intellectual pastimes, but these shortened hours will bring their children more and more to such pastimes. Once the muscles of these people have been sufficiently released from excess of physical drudgery, the consequently heightened nervous powers will urge a larger and larger share of the younger generation on to general culture — certainly as large a share, proportionately, as has been brought to such culture among the moneyed classes. At least in this possibility lies one of our chief hopes of advancing democracy to fuller sway without revolutionary violence.

Much as I have pleaded for education through work, I believe thoroughly in education through the use of books, and I would strive for the day when every hand-worker should have such education in larger and larger measure. Much, for instance, as our farmer classes need vocational training, they need, far more, cultural training — the ability to draw breath in the enchanted air of the groves of Academe. It is this diviner air carried to the farm, which has in large measure lent to its tasks the enchantment my wife and I have found in them. But a legitimate enchantment it is — one to which all toiling farmers are destined by the push toward self-realization which will not cease till the drudgery of the farm is reduced by half and its intellectual and social delights are doubled.

For, mark you, in sheer necessity of self-preservation the over-educated in books, the over-supplied with luxuries, the over-driven with society, — who are so largely nervous wrecks, — will be driven to take up a share of the excessive physical toil as the farmers and other hand-workers push themselves partly out of it. As a race we began by means of our methods of education, our laws of property, and our systems of industry to put asunder those things which God hath joined together never to be permanently parted — hand and head. But everywhere in the sociological, the religious and educational fields is a stir, a low-murmuring on-coming movement which he who reads it aright discerns will bring the restoration of the perfect life of man — the blended life of thought and labor; labor trained to think, thought trained by labor — the whole life.

WHAT MR. GREY SAID

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

He was the smallest blind child at Lomax, the State school for deaf and blind children. Even Jimmie Little, who looked like a small gray mouse, and who had always been regarded by the teachers as not much bigger than a minute, appeared large beside Stanislaus. He was so small, in fact, that Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent, had declined at first to admit him.

'We don't take children under six,' he had said to Stanislaus's father when the latter had brought him to Lomax, 'and your little boy does n't look five yet.'

'He'll be five the twenty-second of March,' the father said.

'I'll be five ve twenty-second of March,' Stanislaus echoed. He was sitting holding his cap politely between his knees, swinging his fat legs with a gay serenity, while his blind eyes stared away into the dark. He had not been paying much attention to the conversation, being occupied with the working out of a little silent bit of rhythm by an elaborate system of leg-swings: twice out with the right foot; twice with the left; then twice together. He had found that swinging his legs helped to pass the time when grown-ups were talking. The mention of his birthday, however, brought him at once to the surface. That was because Mr. Grey had told him of a wonderful thing which would happen the day he was five. Thereafter his legs swung to the accompaniment of a happy unheard chant: —

'I'll be five years old' (right leg out),
'I'll be five years old' (left leg out),
'I'll be five years old on my *birf*-day!'
(Both legs in ecstatic conjunction.)

Stanislaus's father, a sad-eyed man, who, though he spoke with no accent, was evidently of emigrant extraction, looked troubled.

'My wife's dead,' he said; 'an' I'm workin' in the coal-mines, an' you know that ain't no place for a little blind child. Every one told me sure you'd take him here.'

Mr. Lincoln hesitated. 'Well,' he said at length, 'I'll send for Miss Lyman, — she's the matron for the blind boys, — and if she consents to take him I'll make no objection.'

Miss Lyman appeared presently, and Mr. Lincoln explained the situation.

'But he is such a little chap,' he concluded, 'it seems hardly possible for us to take him.'

Here, however, Stanislaus gave over his leg-swinging and took it upon himself to remonstrate.

'I *ain't* little,' he said firmly. Slipping off his chair, he drew himself up very straight, and began patting himself all over. 'Feel me,' he urged, 'dest feel me, I'm weally big. Feel my arms,' he held these chubby members out to Miss Lyman. 'An' my *legs* —' he patted them — 'why vere *aw*-ful big!' His serious little mouth rounded itself to amazement at the bigness of his legs.

It was beyond human nature, or at least beyond Miss Lyman's nature, to resist the appeal of his eager voice and patting baby hands. Obediently she ran an inquiring touch over his soft

body, which was still plump babyhood, not having as yet thinned to boyhood.

'Why,' she said, turning gravely to Mr. Lincoln, 'he does *look* rather small, but when you *feel* him, you find he is really quite big.'

'Does he feel big enough for us to take?' Mr. Lincoln demanded.

'Oh, I think so!' she answered quickly, one arm slipping about the little boy's shoulders.

'An' I'll be five ve twenty-second of March,' Stanislaus threw in to overbalance the argument in his favor.

He snuggled himself confidingly against Miss Lyman, and fell to playing with the many jingling attachments of her chatelaine.

'I heard vese tinkly fings when you was comin' 'w-a-y a-w-a-y outside, 'fore you o-pened ve door,' he murmured softly.

'His mother 's dead,' the man explained.

'Little sister 's dead, too,' Stanislaus supplemented him. 'S'e token a awful bad cold so s'e could n't b'eave. I take awful bad colds, but I don't die, do I?' he demanded.

'Yes,' said the man, 'my baby 's dead, too. I had a woman lookin' after both kids, but she let the baby git the pneumonia.'

'I fink I like you better van vat other lady,' Stanislaus confided to Miss Lyman.

'Of course we can take him,' Miss Lyman said hastily to Mr. Lincoln.

And thus it was that Stanislaus came to Lomax.

As has been said, he was the youngest child at school. This in itself was sufficient to set him apart from the thirty or so other blind boys, but there were other things that served to distinguish him as well. His thoughts, for instance, were so different; so unexpected and whimsical; so entirely off the beaten track. Witness Mr. Grey, for instance.

At his best Mr. Grey was a delightful person, but as he was of a retiring disposition, he never flowered into being save in a sympathetic atmosphere. Miss Julia, for example, never met Mr. Grey. She was one of the older teachers, whose boast it was that she never stood for any foolishness. In her not doing so, however, she was apt to go with a heavy foot over other folks' most cherished feelings. For which reason, sensitive people were inclined in her presence to retreat within themselves, sailing, as it were, with their lights blanketed. This was the reason, no doubt, why she and Mr. Grey never met.

Indeed Mr. Grey was of such an extremely shy nature that he had to be observed with the greatest delicacy. Looked at too closely, he was apt to go out like a blown candle. He lived apparently in an empty closet in the blind boys' clothes room. It is probable that he had taken up his abode there for the sake of being near Stanislaus, for as the latter was too small to be in school all the morning, he spent the rest of his time with Miss Lyman in the clothes room, where she sat and sewed on buttons, mended rips, and set patches, in a desperate endeavor to keep her army of blind boys mended up. When the other children were about, as they usually were on Saturdays, Mr. Grey kept discreetly to himself, and his presence in the closet would not have been suspected. On the long school mornings, however, when Miss Lyman sat quietly sewing, with Stanislaus playing about, no one could be more unbending than Mr. Grey. Stanislaus would go over to the closet and open it a crack, and then he and Mr. Grey would fall into pleasant conversation. Miss Lyman, of course, could only hear Stanislaus's side of it, but he constantly repeated his friend's remarks for her benefit.

From hints which Stanislaus let fall,

Miss Lyman gathered that there had once been a real Mr. Grey in the past, from which beginning the interesting personality of the closet had developed.

Mr. Grey's comments upon things and people, as repeated by Stanislaus, showed a unique turn of mind. He seemed to have a poor opinion of mankind in general, coupled with an excellent one of himself in particular; for, retiring as he was before strangers, in the presence of friends he blossomed into an incorrigible braggart. If any one failed to do anything, Mr. Grey could always have done it, and never hesitated to say so. There was, for instance, that time when Mr. Beverly, one of the supervisors, was thrown from his horse and rather severely bruised. When informed of the incident by Stanislaus, who always gave his friend the news of the day, Mr. Grey was very scornful.

'Gwey says,' Stanislaus, over by the half-open closet door, turned to announce to Miss Lyman, ''at *he* never had no horse to frow *him* yet — an' he's wid all kinds of horses. Horses wif four legs, an' horses wif five legs,—' Stanislaus had been learning to count lately, — 'an' horses wif *six* legs.'

Again, when Miss Lyman sighed over a particularly disreputable pair of Edward Stone's trousers, remarking that she really did not think she could patch those, she was met by the assertion, 'Gwey says *he* could patch 'em. He says he ain't erfwaid to patch nobody's pants. He could patch Eddy Stone's, a-a-n' he could patch Jimmie Nickle's, a-a-a-n' Sam Black's, an' — an'' — this last all in a hurry, and as a supreme evidence of proficiency in the art of patching — 'he dest b'ieves he could patch Mr. *Lincoln's* pants!'

But this was more than Miss Lyman could stand. 'No he could n't either, for Mrs. Lincoln would n't let him,' she declared, stung to retort by such unbridled claims on the part of Mr. Grey.

It is sad to relate also that Mr. Grey was a skeptic as well as a braggart, and had had, moreover, a doubtful past. This was revealed the morning after the Sunday on which Stanislaus had first encountered the Flood, the Ark, and Noah. After giving Mr. Grey on Monday morning a graphic account of the affair, — 'An' Noah him went into ve ark, an' token all ve animals wif him, an' ven all ve wicked people was dwowned,' — Stanislaus appeared to listen a moment, after which he turned to Miss Lyman.

'Gwey says,' he reported, ''at he does n't b'ieve all ve wicked people was dwown-ed, 'cause he was a-livin' ven, an' he was a very wicked man, an' he did n't go into ve Ark, an' *he* was n't dwown-ed.'

Miss Lyman might have forgiven Mr. Grey's skepticism, but he showed a tendency to incite Stanislaus to a recklessness which could not be overlooked.

None of the children were allowed to leave the school grounds without permission, but time and again Stanislaus slipped out of the gate, and was caught marching straight down the middle of the road leading to the village. This was a particularly alarming proceeding because at this point in the road automobiles were apt to put on their last crazy burst of speed before having to slow down to the sober ten miles an hour of the village limits. Indeed, one day, he was returned to the school by a white and irate automobilist.

'What do you suppose this little scoundrel did?' the man stormed. 'Why, he ran out from the side of the road and *barked* at my car!'

'I was dest pertendin' I was a little puppy dog,' Stanislaus murmured softly.

'Pretending you were a *puppy* dog!'

roared the man. 'Well, if I had n't ditched my machine —! A *puppy dog*, indeed!'

Stanislaus was turned over to Miss Lyman for very severe chastisement. He shed bitter tears, and in the midst of them his instigator's name came out.

'G-gwey said he al'us barked at aut-'mobiles — dest barked an' barked at 'em — dest whenever he got weady,' he sobbed.

'If you ever do such a dreadful thing again, I shall give you the very worst whipping you ever had,' Miss Lyman scolded. 'Little blind boys have got to learn to be careful where they walk.'

To which Stanislaus made the astonishing reply, —

'Gwey says he dest walked anywhere he got weady when he was little — 'fore he got *his* eyes open.'

That was the first hint that Miss Lyman got of it. Afterwards she and Miss Cynthia — Stanislaus's teacher — caught constant glimpses of a curious idea that dodged in and out of the little boy's flow of talk. A queer, elusive, will-o'-the-wisp idea, caught one minute, gone the next, yet informing all the child's dreams and happy castles of the future.

At first they compared notes on the subject.

'What do you suppose Stanny has got into his head?' Miss Lyman demanded of Miss Cynthia. 'When I told him that Kent Woodward had a little sister, he said, "Has s'e got her eyes open yet?" '

'Yes,' agreed Miss Cynthia, 'and when I happened to say that Jimmie Nickle was the biggest blind boy in school, he said he must be awful stupid not to have got his eyes open yet.'

But afterwards they both by common consent avoided the subject. This was because each dreaded that the other might confirm a fear that was shaping itself in their minds.

It is probable that these two loved Stanislaus better than any one else loved him in all the world. Certainly if his father cared more for him he did not take the trouble to show it, having seemingly washed his hands of the little fellow after turning him over to the school. It was partly his delightful trick of individualizing people in general, and his friends in particular, that had so endeared him to these two. 'I al'us know when it's you,' he confided to Miss Lyman, as he played with her chatelaine, ''cause I hear vese tinkly fings coming way and away, 'fore you gits here.' While to Miss Cynthia he said, 'I al'us knows you by vat sweet smell.' And often he surprised them by such remarks as 'You don't like wainy days, do you, Miss Lyman? I heard you tell Miss Cyn-fee-ia' (he always had to break that difficult name into three syllables) 'vat wainy days de-de-depwessed you —' He got the big word out after a struggle. 'I fink,' he added, 'vat wainy days de-depwess me too.' Which last remark was simply an extra flourish of politeness on his part. Nothing ever really depressed him, and when he said, 'Miss Cyn-fee-ia says s'e likes to laugh; I fink I like to laugh too,' he came much nearer the truth. He did like to laugh, and he loved life and all it had to offer him. Each morning was a wonderful gift to him, and his days went by like a chain of golden beads strung together on a thread of delight.

It was because of his delight in life, and because they loved him, and could not bear that Fate should prick any of his rainbow bubbles, that both Miss Lyman and Miss Cynthia avoided the subject after they had once discovered what tragic little hope his mind was fostering.

Miss Julia, however, was different. Her sensibilities did not lead her into by-paths of pathos; therefore, when

she chanced upon Stanislaus's little secret, she joyfully proclaimed it.

'Well, if that little Stanislaus is n't the funniest child I ever *did* see!' she began one evening in the teacher's hall. 'Why if you'll believe me, he thinks that children are like kittens and puppies, and are all born blind, and after a while they get their eyes open just like cats and dogs. He thinks he is big enough now to have his eyes open 'most any day. Well, I did n't tell him any better, but I thought I should die laughing.'

Here Miss Lyman and Miss Cynthia rose with one accord, and left the teachers' hall. Upstairs in Miss Lyman's room they faced each other.

'You knew?' Miss Cynthia half questioned, half asserted.

'How can I help knowing!' Miss Lyman cried passionately. 'He's *always* telling me what he's going to do when "I'm big an' can see." It *is n't* a foolish idea! It's a perfectly natural one. Some one has told him about puppies and kittens, and of *course* he thought children were the same way. It is n't foolish, it's — '

'You've got to tell him the truth,' Miss Cynthia interposed.

'I won't,' Miss Lyman declared. 'All his dreams and hopes are centred on that idea.'

'If you don't tell him, the other boys will find it out soon and laugh at him, and that will be worse.'

'Well, why have I got to tell him? Why don't you?'

'He loves you best,' Miss Cynthia evaded.

'I don't believe any one will have to tell him,' Miss Lyman took her up, hopefully. 'I believe it will just drop out of his mind as he gets older. He'll just cease to believe it without any shock, without ever really knowing when he found out it was n't so.'

But she reckoned without Mr. Grey. He, it appeared, had fixed a date for the great event.

'Gwey says,' Stanislaus announced, 'vat he got *his* eyes open ve day he was five, an' he dest bets I'll get mine open ven too.'

Thereafter, all his dreams and plays were inspired by the magic words, 'When I'm five an' can see.' The sentence served as a mental spring-board to jump his imagination off into a world of wonder where he could see, 'dest — dest as good as big folks,' or 'dest as good as Gwey.'

Every day his fifth birthday drew nearer, and Miss Cynthia's eyes said, You've got to tell; and every day Miss Lyman avoided them.

At last it was the day before his birthday. He waked with the words, 'Tomorrow is my birfday,' on his tongue, and scrambled out of bed, a little night-shirted figure of ecstasy. His dressing that morning — the putting on of his shoes, the scrubbing of his fingers, the rather uncertain brushing of his hair — all went off to the happy refrain of —

'To-mowwow is my birfday, my birfday, my birfday!'

Some deep wisdom kept him from letting the other boys suspect what Mr. Grey had foretold for his birthday, but when he came to Miss Lyman that she might look him over before he went to school, he pulled her down close to whisper, 'I'm goin' to look at *you* ve very first one of all.' And to seal the matter he deposited a kiss in the palm of her hand, and shut her fingers upon it.

'Keep vat till I come back,' he commanded, and went jauntily off to school, where in all probability he made the same engaging promise to Miss Cynthia, and sealed it with the same token. But if he did, one may be certain he hid the token safe away in her hand. He was always shy about kisses, not being quite sure but that they might be visible. You could certainly feel the things,

so why might n't they be seen as well, sticking right out on one's cheek for seeing people to stare at? For this reason, he refused them on his own account, ''cause vey might show'; and those that he gave were always bestowed in the palm of the hand, where the fingers could be closed hastily upon them.

Miss Lyman sat in the clothes room that morning, and sewed and waited. Her needle blurred, and her thread knotted, and the patches seemed more difficult than ever, and all because she had told herself that presently she must take a little boy up in her lap and shatter his dearest hope with truth. She had made up her mind that when he came from school that morning she would have to tell him. Therefore she sat and sewed, her whole being tense for the sound of his footsteps. She knew just how he would come — with a sudden scamper up the steps outside. He always ran as soon as his fingers were sure of the rail, because much of his time he was an engine, 'An' vats ve way twains come up steps.' Then he would whisk around the corner, fumble an instant for the door-handle, and burst in upon her.

But after all, none of these sounds came. Instead, there was suddenly the trampling of grown-up feet, the rush of skirts, and Miss Cynthia threw the door open.

'Oh, come — come quick!' she panted. 'Stanny is hurt — He ran away — Oh! I *told* him to come straight to you! But he ran away down the road, and a motor —'

Together they sped down the long corridors to the hospital. They had brought Stanny there and laid him on one of the very clean little beds. Such a tiny crushed morsel of humanity in the centre of the big bare room! But his hand moved and he found Miss Lyman's chatelaine as she bent over him.

'I knowed you was comin' by ve tinkly fings,' he whispered. Then — 'I was dest playin' it was my birfday an' I could see. . . . Gwey said to. . . . Is you — is you goin' to punish me vis time?' he quavered.

'No, lovey, no — not this time,' she faltered, for she had caught the look on the doctor's face.

'Gwey said he al'us dest barked an' barked at aut-mobiles. . . . Let me hold ve tinkly fings so's I will know you is vere.' And by and by he murmured, 'It'll be my birfday soon — *weal* soon now, won't it?'

'Very, very soon now,' she answered, and clinched her hand tight to keep her voice steady.

'Why,' he said, his restless fingers chancing upon her clinched ones, 'why, you is still got my kiss all tight in you hand. I'd fink it would be all melted by now.' A little startled moan cut him short. 'I hurts!' he cried. 'Oh, I *hurts!*

'Yes,' she answered breathlessly, 'Yes, my darling, it will hurt a little.'

'Is it — is it 'cause my eyes is openin'?' he gasped.

'Yes, lovey, that's the reason.' Her hand held his tight. 'But it won't hurt long.'

'Gwey never — never said it would hurt like vis,' he sobbed.

The doctor stooped down and made a tiny prick in the baby arm, and after a little Stanislaus lay still.

'He may be conscious again before the end,' the doctor said, 'but I hardly think it is likely.'

He was not. He tossed a little, and murmured broken snatches of words, but he was too busy going along this new exciting path to turn back to the old ways, even to speak to his friends.

Miss Lyman sat beside him all through the bright afternoon, through the tender dusk, and through the dark. Late in the night, he stirred, and cried out with a little happy breath, —

'My *birfday!* It's *come!*'

And by the time it was morning he had gone.

Miss Lyman closed the eyes that had opened so wide upon another world, drew up all the curtains that the room might be flooded with the dancing light of his birthday morning, said a little prayer, committing him to his angel, and stole softly away.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

IV. MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY'S ELK

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

CAMP CLOUDCREST,
Sept. 12, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I find I can't write to you as often as I at first intended; but I've a chance to-day, so I will not let it pass unused. We are in the last camp, right on the hunting ground, in the 'midst of the fray.' We have said good-bye to dear Elizabeth, and I must tell you about her because she really comes first.

To begin with, the morning we left the Holts, Elizabeth suggested that we three women ride in the buckboard, so I seated myself on a roll of bedding in the back part. At first none of us talked; we just absorbed the wonderful green-gold beauty of the morning. The sky was clear blue, with a few fleecy clouds drifting lazily past. The mountains on one side were crested; great crags and piles of rock crowned them as far as we could see; timber grew only about half-way up. The trunks of the quaking aspens shone silvery in the early sunlight, and their leaves were shimmering gold. And the stately pines kept whispering and murmuring; it almost seemed as if they were chiding the quaking aspens for being frivolous. On the other side of the road lay the river, bordered by willows and grassy flats. There were many small lakes, and the ducks and geese were noisily enjoying themselves among the rushes and water-grasses. Beyond the river rose the forest-covered mountains, hill upon hill.

Elizabeth dressed with especial care that morning, and very pretty she looked in her neat shepherd's plaid suit and natty little white canvas hat. Very soon she said, 'I hope neither of you will misunderstand me when I tell you that if my hopes are realized I will not ride with you much longer. I never saw such a country as the West, — it is so big and so beautiful, — and I never saw such people. You are just like your country; you have fed me, cared for me, and befriended me, a stranger, and never asked me a word.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'Tut, tut, 't is nothing at all we've done. 'T is a comfort you've been, has n't she, Mrs. Stewart?'

I could heartily agree; and Elizabeth went on, 'The way I have been received and the way we all treated Mrs. Holt

will be the greatest help to me in becoming what I hope to become, a real Westerner. I might have lived a long time in the West and not have understood many things if I had not fallen into your hands. Years ago, before I was through school, I was to have been married; but I lost my mother just then and was left the care of my paralytic father. If I had married then, I should have had to take father from his familiar surroundings, because Wallace came west in the forestry service. I felt that it would n't be right. Poor father could n't speak, but his eyes told me how grateful he was to stay. We had our little home and father had his pension, and I was able to get a small school near us. I could take care of father and teach also. We were very comfortably situated, and in time became really happy. Although I seldom heard from Wallace, his letters were well worth waiting for, and I knew he was doing well.

'Eighteen months ago father died, — gently went to sleep. I waited six months and then wrote to Wallace, but received no reply. I have written him three times and have had no word. I could bear it no longer and have come to see what has become of him. If he is dead, may I stay on with one of you and perhaps get a school? I want to live here always.'

'But, darlint,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'supposin' it 's married your man is?'

'Wallace may have changed his mind about me, but he would not marry without telling me. If he is alive he is honorable.'

Then I asked, 'Why did n't you ask about him at Pinedale or any of these places we have passed? If he is stationed in the Bridges reserve they would be sure to know of him at any of these little places.'

'I just did n't have the courage to. I should never have told you what I have, only I think I owe it to you, and it was easier because of the Holts. I am so glad we met them.'

So we drove along, talking together; we each assured the girl of our entire willingness to have her as a member of the family. After a while I got on to the wagon with Mr. Stewart and told him Elizabeth's story so that he could inquire about the man. Soon we came to the crossing on Green River. Just beyond the ford we could see the game-warden's cabin, with the stars and stripes fluttering gayly in the fresh morning breeze. We drove into the roaring, dashing water, and we held our breath until we emerged on the other side.

Mr. Sorenson is a very capable and conscientious game-warden and a very genial gentleman. He rode down to meet us, to inspect our license and to tell us about our privileges and our duties as good woodsmen. He also issues licenses in case hunters have neglected to secure them before coming. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had refused to get a license when we did. She said she was not going to hunt; she told us we could give her a small piece of 'ilk' and that would do; so we were rather surprised when she purchased two licenses, one a special, which would entitle her to a bull elk. As we were starting Mr. Stewart asked the game-warden, 'Can you tell me if Wallace White is still stationed here?' 'Oh, yes,' Mr. Sorenson said, 'Wallace's place is only a few miles up the river and can be plainly seen from the road.'

We drove on. Happiness had taken a new clutch upon my heart. I looked back, expecting to see Elizabeth all smiles, but if you will believe me the foolish girl was sobbing as if her heart was broken. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy drew her head down upon her shoulder and was trying to quiet her. The road along

there was *very* rough. Staying on the wagon occupied all my attention for a while. Several miles were passed when we came in sight of a beautiful cabin half hidden in a grove of pines beyond the river. Mr. Steward said we might as well 'noon' as soon as we came to a good place, and then he would ride across and see Mr. White.

Just as we rounded the hill a horseman came toward us. A splendid fellow he was, manly strength and grace showing in every line. The road was narrow against the hillside and he had to ride quite close, so I saw his handsome face plainly. As soon as he saw Elizabeth he sprang from his saddle and said, ' 'Liz'beth, 'Liz'beth, what you doin' here?'

She held her hands to him and said, 'Oh, just riding with friends.' Then to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy she said, '*This* is my Wallace.'

Mr. Stewart is the queerest man: instead of letting me enjoy the tableau, he solemnly drove on, saying he would not want any one gawking at him if he were the happy man. Anyway, he could n't urge Chub fast enough to prevent my seeing and hearing what I've told you. Besides that, I saw that Elizabeth's hat was on awry, her hair in disorder, and her eyes red. It was disappointing after she had been so careful to look nicely.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came trotting along and we stopped for dinner. We had just got the coffee boiling when the lovers came up, Elizabeth in the saddle, 'learning to ride,' and he walking beside her holding her hand. How happy they were! The rest of us were mighty near as foolish as they. They were going to start immediately after dinner, on horseback, for the county seat, to be married. After we had eaten, Elizabeth selected a few things from her trunk, and Mr. Stewart and Mr. White drove the buckboard across the river to leave the trunk in its new home. While they were gone we helped Elizabeth to dress. All the while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was admonishing her to name her first 'girul' Mary Ellen; 'or,' she said, 'if yer first girul happens to be a b'y, it's Sheridan ye'll be callin' him, which was me name before I was married to me man, God rest his soul.'

Dear Elizabeth, she was glad to get away, I suspect! She and her Wallace made a fine couple as they rode away in the golden September afternoon. I believe she is *one* happy bride that the sun shone on, if the omen has failed *everywhere* else.

Well, we felt powerfully reduced in numbers, but about three o'clock that afternoon we came upon Mr. Struble and Mr. Haynes waiting beside the road for us. They had come to pilot us into camp, for there would be no road soon. Such a way as we came over! Such jolting and sliding! I begged to get off and walk; but as the whole way was carpeted by strawberry vines and there were late berries to tempt me to loiter, I had to stay on the wagon. I had no idea a wagon could be got across such places.

Mr. Struble drove for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and I could hear her imploring all the saints to preserve us from instant death. I kept shutting my eyes, trying not to see the terrifying places, and opening them again to see the beauty spread everywhere, until Mr. Stewart said, 'It must make you nervous to ride over mountain roads. Don't bat your eyes so fast and you'll see more.' So then I stiffened my back and kept my eyes open, and I *did* see more.

It had been decided to go as far as we could with the wagons and then set camp; from there the hunters would ride horseback as far up as they could and then climb. It was almost sundown when we reached camp. All the hunters were in, and such a yowling as they

set up! 'Look who's here! See who's come!' they yelled. They went to work setting up tents and unloading wagons with a hearty good-will.

We are camped just in the edge of the pines. Back of us rises a big pine-clad mountain; our tents are set under some big trees, on a small plateau, and right below us is a valley in which grass grows knee high and little streams come from every way. Trout scurry up stream whenever we go near. We call the valley Paradise Valley because it is the horses' paradise. And as in the early morning we can often see clouds rolling along the valley, we call our camp Cloudcrest. We have a beautiful place: it is well sheltered; there is plenty of wood, water, and feed; and, looking eastward down the valley, snow-covered, crag-topped mountains delight the eye.

The air is so bracing that we all feel equal to *anything*. Mr. Struble has already killed a fine 'spike' elk for camp eating. We camped in a bunch, and we have camp stoves so that in case of rain or snow we can stay indoors. Just now we have a huge camp fire around which we sit in the evening, telling stories, singing, and eating nuts of the piñon pine. Then too, the whole country is filled with those tiny little strawberries. We have to gather all day to get as much as we can eat, but they are delicious. Yesterday we had pie made of wild currants; there are a powerful lot of them here. There is also a little blueberry that the men say is the Rocky Mountain huckleberry. The grouse are feeding on them. Altogether this is one of the most delightful places imaginable. The men are not very anxious to begin hunting. A little delay means cooler weather for the meat. It is cool up here, but going back across the desert it will be warm for a while yet. Still, when they see elk every day it is a great temptation to try a shot.

One of the students told me Professor Glenholdt was here to get the tip-end bone of the tail of a brontosaurus. I don't know what that is, but if it is a fossil he won't get it, for the soil is too deep. The students are jolly, likable fellows, but they can talk of nothing but strata and formation. I heard one of them say he would be glad when some one killed a bear, as he had heard they were fine eating, having strata of fat alternating with strata of lean. Mr. Haynes is a quiet fellow, just interested in hunting. Mr. Struble is the big man of the party; he is tall and strong and we find him very pleasant company. Then there is Dr. Teschall; he is a quiet fellow with an unexpected smile. He is so reserved that I felt that he was kind of out of place among the rest until I caught his cordial smile. He is so slight that I don't see how he will stand the hard climbing, not to mention carrying the heavy gun. They are using the largest caliber sporting guns, —murderous-looking things. That is, all except Mr. Harkrudder, the picture man. He looks to be about forty years old, but whoops and laughs like he was about ten.

I don't need to tell you of the 'good mon,' do I? He is just the kind, quiet good mon that he has always been since I have known him. A young lady from a neighboring camp came over and said she had called to see our *tout ensemble*. Well, I've given you it, they, us, or we.

We did n't need a guide, as Mr. Haynes and Mr. Struble are old-timers. We were to have had a cook, but when we reached Pinedale, where we were to have picked him up, he told Mr. Haynes he was 'too tam seek in de bel,' so we had to come without him; but that is really no inconvenience, since we are all very good cooks and are all willing to help. I don't think I shall be able to tell you of any great exploits I make

with the gun. I fired one that Mr. Stewart carries, and it almost kicked my shoulder off. I am mystified about Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's license. I know she would not shoot one of those big guns for a dozen elk; besides that, she is very tender-hearted and will never harm anything herself, although she likes to join our hunts.

I think you must be tired of this letter, so I am going to say good-night, my friend.

E. R. S.

CAMP CLOUDCREST,
Oct. 6, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

It seems so odd to be writing you and getting no answers. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy just now asked me what I have against you that I write you so much. I have n't one thing. I told her I owed you more love than I could ever pay in a lifetime, and she said writing such *long* letters is a mighty poor way to show it. I have been neglecting you shamefully, I think. One of the main reasons I came on this hunt was to take the trip for *you*, and to tell you things that you would most enjoy. So I will spend this snowy day in writing to you.

On the night of September 30, there was the most awful thunderstorm I ever witnessed, — flash after flash of the most blinding lightning, followed by deafening peals of thunder; and as it echoed from mountain to mountain the uproar was terrifying. I have always loved a storm; the beat of hail and rain, and the roar of wind always appeal to me; but there was neither wind nor rain, — just flash and roar. Before the echo died away among the hills another booming report would seem to shiver the atmosphere and set all our tinware jangling. We are camped so near the great pines that I will confess I was powerfully afraid. Had the lightning struck one of the big pines there would not have been one of us left. I could hear Mrs. O'Shaughnessy murmuring her prayers when there was a lull. We had gone to bed, but I could n't remain there; so I sat on the wagon-seat with Jerrine beside me. Something struck the guy ropes of the tent, and I was so frightened I was too weak to cry out. I thought the big tree must have fallen. In the lulls of the storm I could hear the men's voices, high and excited. They, too, were up. It seemed to me that the storm lasted for hours; but at last it moved off up the valley, the flashes grew to be a mere glimmer, and the thunder mere rumbling. The pines began to moan, and soon a little breeze whistled by. So we lay down again. Next morning the horses could not be found; the storm had frightened them, and they had tried to go home. The men had to find them, and as it took most of the day, we had to put off our hunt.

We were up and about next morning in the first faint gray light. While the men fed grain to the horses and saddled them, we prepared a hasty breakfast. We were off before it was more than light enough for us to see the trail.

Dawn in the mountains — how I wish I could describe it to you! If I could only make you feel the keen, bracing air, the exhilarating climb; if I could only paint its beauties, what a picture you should have! Here the colors are very different from those of the desert. I suppose the forest makes it so. The shadows are mellow, like the colors in an old picture, — greenish amber light and a blue-gray sky. Far ahead of us we could see the red rim rock of a mountain above timber-line. The first rays of the sun turned the jagged peaks into golden points of a crown. In Oklahoma, at that hour of the day, the woods would be alive with song-birds, even at this season; but here there are no song-birds, and only the snap-

ping of twigs, as our horses climbed the frosty trail, broke the silence. We had been cautioned not to talk, but neither Mrs. O'Shaughnessy nor I wanted to. Afterwards, when we compared notes, we found we both had the same thought: we both felt ashamed to be out to deal death to one of the Maker's beautiful creatures, and we were planning how we might avoid it.

The sun was well up when we reached the little park where we picketed our horses. Then came a long, hard climb. It is hard climbing at the best, and when there is a big gun to carry, it is *very* hard. Then too, we had to keep up with the men, and we did n't find that easy to do. At last we reached the top and sat down on some boulders to rest a few minutes before we started down to the hunting ground, which lay in a cuplike valley far below us.

We could hear the roar of the Grovonte as it tumbled grumblingly over its rocky bed. To our right rose mile after mile of red cliffs. As the last of the quaking asp leaves have fallen, there were no golden groves. In their places stood silvery patches against the red background of the cliffs. High overhead a triangle of wild geese harrowed the blue sky.

I was plumb out of breath, but men who are most gallant elsewhere are absolutely heartless on a hunt. I was scarcely through panting before we began to descend. We received instructions as to how we should move so as to keep out of range of each other's guns; then Mr. Haynes and myself started one way, and Mr. Struble and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy the other. We were to meet where the valley terminated in a broad pass. We felt sure we could get a chance at what elk there might be in the valley. We were following fresh tracks, and a little of the hunter's enthusiasm seized me.

We had not followed them far when three cows and a 'spike' came running out of the pines a little ahead of us. Instantly Mr. Haynes's gun flew to his shoulder and a deafening report jarred our ears. He ran forward, but I stood still, fascinated by what I saw. Our side of the valley was bounded by a rim of rock. Over the rim was a sheer wall of rock for two hundred feet, to where the Grovonte was angrily roaring below; on the other side of the stream rose the red cliffs with their jagged crags. At the report of the gun two huge blocks of stone almost as large as a house detached themselves and fell. At the same instant one of the quaking asp groves began to move slowly. I could n't believe my eyes. I shut them a moment, but when I looked the grove was moving faster. It slid swiftly, and I could plainly hear the rattle of stones falling against stones, until with a muffled roar the whole hillside fell into the stream.

Mr. Haynes came running back. 'What is the matter? Are you hurt? Why did n't you shoot?' he asked.

I waved my hand weakly toward where the great mound of tangled trees and earth blocked the water. 'Why,' he said, 'that is only a landslide, not an earthquake. You are as white as a ghost. Come on up here and see my fine elk.'

I sat on a log watching him dress his elk. We have found it best not to remove the skin, but the elk have to be quartered so as to load them on to a horse. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Struble came out of the woods just then. They had seen a big bunch of elk headed by a splendid bull, but got no shot, and the elk went out of the pass. They had heard our shot, and came across to see what luck.

'What iver is the matter with ye?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. Mr. Haynes told her. They had heard the noise but had thought it thunder. Mr.

Haynes told me that if I would 'chirk up' he would give me his elk teeth. Though I don't admire them, they are considered valuable; however, his elk was a cow, and they don't have as nice teeth as do bulls.

We had lunch, and the men covered the elk with pine boughs to keep the camp robbers from pecking it full of holes. Next day the men would come with the horses and pack it in to camp. We all felt refreshed; so we started on the trail of those that got away.

For a while walking was easy and we made pretty good time; then we had a rocky hill to get over. We had to use care when we got into the timber; there were marshy places which tried us sorely, and windfalls so thick that we could hardly get through. We were obliged to pick our way carefully to avoid noise, and we were all together, not having come to a place where it seemed better to separate. We had about resolved to go to our horses when we heard a volley of shots.

'That is somebody bunch-shooting,' said Mr. Struble. 'They are in Brewster Lake Park, by the sound. That means that the elk will pass here in a short time and we may get a shot. The elk will be here long before the men, since the men have no horses; so let's hurry and get placed along the only place they can get out. We'll get our limit.'

We hastily secreted ourselves along the narrow gorge through which the elk must pass. We were all on one side, and Mr. Haynes said to me, 'Rest your gun on that rock and aim at the first rib back of the shoulder. If you shoot haphazard you may cripple an elk and let it get away to die in misery. So make sure when you fire.'

It did n't seem a minute before we heard the beat of their hoofs and a queer panting noise that I can't describe. First came a beautiful thing with his head held high; his great antlers seemed to lie half his length on his back; his eyes were startled, and his shining black mane seemed to bristle. I heard the report of guns, and he tumbled in a confused heap. He tried to rise, but others coming leaped over him and knocked him down. Some more shots, and those behind turned and went back the way they had come.

Mr. Haynes shouted to me, 'Shoot, shoot; why *don't* you shoot!'

So I fired my Krag, but next I found myself picking myself up and wondering who had struck me and for what. I was so dizzy I could scarcely move, but I got down to where the others were excitedly admiring the two dead elk that they said were the victims of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's gun. She was as excited and delighted as if she had never declared she would not kill anything. 'Sure, it 's many a meal they'll make for little hungry mouths,' she said. She was rubbing her shoulder ruefully. 'I don't want to fire any more big guns. I thought old Goliar had hit me a biff with a blackthorn shilaley,' she remarked.

Mr. Haynes turned to me and said, 'You are a dandy hunter! you did n't shoot at all until after the elk were gone, and the way you held your gun it is a wonder it did n't knock your head off, instead of just smashing your jaw.'

The men worked as fast as they could at the elk, and we helped as much as we could, but it was dark before we reached camp. Supper was ready, but I went to bed at once. They all thought it was because I was so disappointed, but it was because I was so stiff and sore I could hardly move, and so tired I could n't sleep. Next morning my jaw and neck were so swollen that I hated any one to see me, and my head ached for two days. It has been snowing for a long time, but Clyde says he will take me hunting when it stops. I

don't want to go but reckon I will have to, because I don't want to come so far and buy a license to kill an elk and go back empty-handed, and partly to get a rest from Mr. Murry's everlasting accordeon.

Mr. Murry is an old-time acquaintance of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's. He has a ranch down on the river somewhere. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has not seen him for years, — did n't know he lived up here. He had seen the game-warden from whom she procured her license, and so hunted up our camp. He is an odd-looking individual, with sad eyes and a drooping mouth which gives his face a most hopeless, reproachful expression. His nose, however, seems to upset the original plan, for it is long and thin and bent slightly to one side. His neck is long and his Adam's apple seems uncertain as to where it belongs. At supper Jerrine watched it as if fascinated until I sent her from the table and went out to speak to her about gazing.

'Why, mamma,' she said, 'I had to look; he has swallowed something that won't go either up or down, and I'm 'fraid he'll choke.'

Although I can't brag about Mr. Murry's appearance, I can about his taste, for he admires Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. It seems that in years gone by he has made attempts to marry her.

As he got up from supper the first night he was with us, he said, 'Mary Ellen, I have a real treat and surprise for you. Just wait a few minutes, an' I'll bet you'll be happy.'

We took our accustomed places around the fire, while Mr. Murry hobbled his cayuse and took an odd-looking bundle from his saddle. He seated himself and took from the bundle — an accordeon! He set it upon his knee and began pulling and pushing on it. He did what Mr. Struble said was doling a doleful tune. Every one took it good-naturedly, but he kept doling the doleful until little by little the circle thinned.

Our tent is as comfortable as can be. Now that it is snowing, we sit around the stoves, and we should have fine times if Professor Glenholdt could have a chance to talk; but we have to listen to 'Run, Nigger, Run' and 'The Old Gray Hoss Come A-tearin' Out The Wilderness.' I'll sing them to you when I come to Denver.

With much love to you,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

SNARERS OF THE SUN

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE phrase belongs to Mr. H. G. Wells, and is applied by him to the pioneers of progress. He uses it to describe the men who think new thoughts, and find new ways, and bring their neighbors out of old conventions and monotonies into the sight of the new heavens and the new earth.

He begins with the paleolithic man who, first of all men, in the primeval forest, sharpened his spear to kill the mammoth. In *The World Set Free*[1] he traces a shining succession of such adventurous spirits, — always divinely discontented, always intent on solving some new equation in the everlasting problem of the earth and man. Even this problem did not satisfy their instinctive curiosity. They desired to get back to the causes of the world, and to learn the meaning of things. They would gain possession of the truth, and discover God. They were of the mind of the primitive hunter who hoped some time to snare the sun and spear it as it went down to its resting-place amid the distant hills.

'The world of every day,' says Mr. Wells, 'laughed at these eccentric beings, or found them annoying and ill-treated them, or was seized with fear and made saints and sorcerers and warlocks of them, or with covetousness and entertained them hopefully; but for the greater part heeded them not at all. Yet they were of the blood of him who had first dreamt of attacking the mammoth; every one of them was of his blood and descent; and the thing they sought, all unwittingly, was the snare that will some day catch the sun.'

Among the books which in the past twelve months have dealt with the subject of religion, so many have concerned themselves with these snarers of the sun, that we may perhaps be warranted in finding here a common note of interest and significance. To any one who asks, What, in the main, are the recent religious books about? we may reply, An unusual number of them are about the men who have tried to change the thought and life of the world, and about the changes which they have been able to effect.

The religious writers of the past year have not themselves put the sun to any unexpected peril. No volume which bears the date of 1914 will be placed by any historian of religion at the beginning of a new chapter. No new men have come among us, as, for example, Eucken and Bergson came a few years ago, bringing dynamic and revolutionary ideas. The next thing, however, to the rare task of changing men's minds, is to appreciate and praise those who have been the pioneers of change in the past, and to make the way ready for further changes in the future. And this the recent books have done with significant unanimity. Such a book as Mr. Puller's *Continuity of the Church of England*,[2] which incidentally praises the Province of Canterbury for its endeavors to silence Bishop Colenso, serves

[1] *The World Set Free*, by H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[2] *The Continuity of the Church of England*, by F. W. Puller. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

chiefly to remind us that some rocks still remain from what was once a dam across the river of free thought. But Mr. Puller's book is made up of lectures which were delivered in Russia, where the calendar is still thirteen days behind our almanac.

It looked for a moment as if Dr. Stanton Coit might deserve a place among the pioneers. He rendered an excellent service a good while ago in connection with the beginnings of social settlements in this country. A remembrance of this constructive work, together with an appreciation of his unfailing altruistic enthusiasm, prepared the way for his book, *The Soul of America*.[1] Dr. Coit proposed to found 'The Church of the Republic,' and announced his intention to spend the first four months of 1915 in the United States for the purpose of establishing a national religious society. It seemed like the beginning of a new religion. We were invited to merge all of our existing churches in the worship of America.

It is still possible to found a new religion in this country. Brigham Young did it. Within our own experience, before our own eyes, Mrs. Eddy has done it. But Brigham Young was the leader of a pilgrimage; he carried his disciples across a desert and settled them in a new land, by the Dead Sea of Utah. And Mrs. Eddy was a worker of miracles. It appears that a new religion must have a dramatic beginning. The Bab, to take another example of a modern founder, was put to death.

One would indeed imagine that a religion would be greatly commended to the general mind by being reasonable and respectable; but these were the qualities of organized Christianity in England in the eighteenth century, and they resulted in a phenomenal indifference. That was the time when Bishop Butler began his *Analogy* by taking for granted that religion was generally derided; and Montesquieu returned from a visit to London saying that he had thought that there was less religion in France than in any other country in the world, but that he found still less in England; and the suggestion was made in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that the time had perhaps come to revise the creed and the commandments by taking the word 'not' out of the commandments and introducing it into the creed. Dr. Coit's new religion is eminently respectable and reasonable; but these are its fatal defects.

Moreover, the first four months of 1915 will be found to be the worst of all times in which to preach a gospel of nationalism. It will inevitably be confused with the doctrines of Treitschke and Bernhardi. This is no fault of Dr. Coit; he had no foreknowledge of the present frightful application, or misapplication, of his idea of a National God; but it is his misfortune. It prevents, or at least delays, the effective setting of his particular snare to catch the sun.

In spite of the interest of recent religious writers in the pioneers of progress there is not among their books any very notable biography. There is nothing which adequately corresponds with Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Newman*, or with the *Autobiography of George Tyrrell*, or even with such accounts of past leaders as the *Life of Luther* by Professor McGiffert, or that by Professor Preserved Smith. The only men whose names appear in the titles of the more important religious books of the past year are Dante and John Woolman. But Bishop Boyd Carpenter's *Spiritual Message of Dante* [2] is a study of the poem rather than of the man; and Mr.

[1] *The Soul of America*, by Stanton Coit. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[2] *The Spiritual Message of Dante*, by W. Boyd Carpenter. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Teignmouth Shore's *John Woolman, His Life and Our Times*[1] is not so much a biography as a 'study in applied Christianity.'

It is pleasant to find Dante and John Woolman thus brought together, Catholic and Quaker, from Italy and from New Jersey. They would have understood each other, after they had reckoned up the five centuries which separated them. They were both snarers of the sun, and they had essentially the same method. The message of Dante, as Bishop Carpenter reads it, was that the supreme victory is gained by love. 'Love is stronger than death, and, if our faith be right, it is mightier than sin.' The life of John Woolman was an endeavor to carry this message into immediate effect, especially in its application to negro slavery. He found, like Dante, that it gave him peace and satisfaction in the midst of trouble. It is difficult to imagine John Woolman guided by Virgil, and still more difficult to imagine him seeing the divine light reflected in the eyes of Beatrice, but in his own way, out of his narrower experience, he entered into the same paradise of spiritual felicity.

Instead of composing biography, and devoting large books to great men, a number of recent writers have followed the order of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The pioneers are marched by in procession. The historians are informed and friendly persons who point them out as they pass, and tell us briefly who they are and what they did. Thus we have Hulme's *Renaissance and Reformation*,[2] Vedder's *Reformation in Germany*,[3] Jourdan's *Catholic Reform in the Early XVI Century*,[4] and Jones's *Spiritual Reformers in the 16th and 17th Centuries*;[5] and then, omitting a hundred years, Storr's *Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century*,[6] Harris's *A Century's Change in Religion*,[7] and Weinel and Widgery's *Jesus in the Nineteenth Century and After*.[8]

These sixteenth and seventeenth-century men were chiefly concerned about the failure of the church. They were engaged in the everlasting contention between the prophets and the priests. In this contention the priests represent the church. They administer the institution, conducting the services, continuing the traditions, keeping the old order, defending the ancient orthodoxy, maintaining and advancing the organization. The prophets are progressives. They are the captains of the opposition. They declare that the church has lost its moral leadership, and cares only for ritual, not for righteousness. They come into plain sight in the person of Amos, who stands on the steps of the king's chapel and denounces the existing situation until the priest Amaziah drives him away. They speak with the great voice of Isaiah, who declares that the Lord is weary of ceremonies and sacrifices, that incense is an abomination to Him, that He hates the whole calendar of holy days, and that in his

[1] *John Woolman, His Life and Our Times*, by W. Teignmouth Shore. London: Macmillan & Co.

[2] *The Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution and the Catholic Reformation in Continental Europe*, by Edward Maslin Hulme. New York: The Century Co.

[3] *The Reformation in Germany*, by Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[4] *The Movement towards Catholic Reform in the Early XVI Century*, by George V. Jourdan. London: John Murray.

[5] *Spiritual Reformers in the 16th and 17th Centuries*, by Rufus M. Jones. London: Macmillan & Co.

[6] *The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century*, by Vernon F. Storr. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

[7] *A Century's Change in Religion*, by George Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[8] *Jesus in the Nineteenth Century and After*, by Heinrich Weinel and Alban G. Widgery. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

sight solemn meetings and even prayers are only so much additional insult and iniquity. 'Wash you,' he says, 'make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well.'

Or they declare that the church has lost its intellectual leadership. The world of thought moves on, but the church stands still. There is new truth to which the ecclesiastical authorities will not give so much as a hearing, being willfully blind to it, hostile to it. It is the intention of the church officials to keep the religious mind where it was, in the first century, or the third, or the fifteenth, in agreement with Athanasius, or Augustine, or Aquinas, or anybody else whose name begins with the first letter of the alphabet. Against examination, even against discussion, they oppose the barrier of authority. Knowledge increases, old philosophies become obsolete, new sciences widen out the horizon of the world, new needs, new aspirations, new ideas possess the minds of men, and the church, unwilling to accept them, and unable to encounter them in argument, deals with the discoverers and pioneers as it dealt in Jerusalem with Stephen — stones them or burns them.

The 'Failure of the Church,' which was dealt with in a vigorous article in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is an ancient and perennial subject. There are sixteen books about it in the Old Testament — beginning with Isaiah and ending with Malachi. The chief defect of the article was in the fallacy of finality. The church is always failing — and succeeding. The conservatives, in every department of life, are always open to the attack of the progressives, and are always eventually defeated. The better way of living and the better way of thinking prevail. Nevertheless, in the contention, the conservatives compel the progressives to prove their point; they successfully resist the individual eccentricities and the revolutionary enthusiasms of their adversaries; they defend society against anarchy. In the course of time, maintaining what is abidingly good in the old, they take over what is good in the new. They keep the ancient order, into which, very slowly and cautiously, they bring the modern spirit.

The old text, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' is open to a modernist interpretation; for the word 'gate' means counsel, as the place where in the oriental city the elders and sages met, and the word 'hell' is translated, not from *gehenna*, the place of evil, but from *hades*, the place of departed spirits. Against the progress of the church the ancient ideas of departed philosophers and fathers shall not prevail! But neither shall the new ideas, even of the youngest critics, prevail against it.

This is the confidence in the staying power of the church to which one is brought by the recent accounts of the old revolutions.

The situation in the time of the Renaissance seemed to imply the final failure of the church. Professor Hulme has described it in a book whose distinction of literary style is matched by the accuracy of its scholarship. The University of Idaho is to be congratulated upon its possession of a teacher who so happily combines minuteness of observation with wideness of vision. He has made a long list of obscure names fascinatingly interesting. The procession passes, and the interpreter not only tells us what it was all about, and what the various regiments did, but what part in the great war was played by several hundred individual heroes, each of whom, for the moment, stands out vital and dramatic. The writer is detached from the old partisan prejudices. He describes Luther and Loyola

with equal sympathy and discrimination. No other single volume gives so fair an account of the whole period of the Rennaisance, the Protestant Revolution, and the Catholic Reformation.

At the height of the Renaissance, the church, as Professor Hulme describes it, seemed wholly out of accord, not only with the age, but with all good ages. Its leadership in the papacy was divided among rival popes, and discredited by a prevailing paganism. It was concerned, not with morals, but with money. It was opposed to most of the contemporary revivals; sympathetic, in a pagan way, with the revival of literature and of art, but against the revival of the nation, and the revival of the individual, and the revival of science, and the revival of conscience. It had no faith in Roger Bacon's great word, 'The truth is ever growing, by God's grace.' It was occupied with logic, taking isolated sentences of Augustine or Aristotle or of the Bible, and deducing conclusions from them by the process of syllogism, at a time when men were beginning to move out from the beaten track and the enclosed circle of logic into the actual world, under the guidance of research. The church was so committed on the one side to a pagan secularism over against the new conscience, and on the other side to an obscurantist logic over against the new learning, that its continuance seemed impossible.

Mr. Jourdan shows how the forces of reform took shape in humanism. He deals with the effort to influence the church from within. His principal heroes are those ever-companionable persons who appear in Seebohm's *Oxford Reformers*, a delightful and informing book which has recently been reprinted in 'Everyman's Library.' Of Colet and Erasmus and More no right-minded reader will grow weary. These friends would save the church by better instruction. Colet lectures in Oxford on the Epistles of St. Paul, and munificently founds a school in London. Erasmus edits the Greek Testament, and points out errors in the Vulgate. They are of the spirit of Lorenzo Valla, their Italian contemporary, who founded the science of historical criticism by proving the 'Donation of Constantine' to be a forgery, and denying the tradition that the Apostles' Creed was written by the twelve apostles. Erasmus and More would save the church by the grace of humor: Erasmus by the *Praise of Folly*, More by the *Utopia*; a work which others were undertaking, not quite so pleasantly, in the *Letters of Obscure Men* and the *Ship of Fools*.

The humanists failing to change contemporary religion from within, Luther and his companions went outside. They were of the same mind with the *Atlantic* essayist on the 'Failure of the Church,' who has resigned his official ministry that he may preach more freely on the corners of the streets. It is true that in so doing they abandoned an ancient form of organization only to erect another organization of their own devising. The idea needs the organization as the soul needs the body. They did, however, introduce into religion a change somewhat like that which was effected by the apostles. The apostles found that they could get along without the Jewish Church. It seemed incredible, and the Bible seemed to be against it; but they tried it, and succeeded. The reformers found that they could get along without the Catholic Church. They discovered to their satisfaction that the Christian religion is not bound up with any particular method of administration. This had been suspected before, and a good many holy heretics and saintly schismatics had tried to prove it, but not very successfully. Luther proved it. The papacy itself had been an innovation on the

ancient order; the popes had changed the church. Protestantism was only another change; in a different direction, quite as natural and providential, quite as human and divine. There appearing no probability that Leo X would ever catch the sun, or even desire to do so, Luther set another snare.

Professor Vedder shows how Luther's snare was ineffective. The German Reformation did not attain either moral, or social, or ecclesiastical, or theological success. Luther's peasant birth did not prevent him from applauding the oppressors of the plain people; and it was found that he had liberated the minds of men from the tyranny of a superstition concerning the church only to bring them into submission to a superstition concerning the Bible. 'With an inconsistency almost incredible and quite inexplicable, the reformers upheld the right of private judgment for themselves, when they differed from Rome, and then banished or burned those whose private judgment differed from their own.' Professor Vedder calls it incredible and inexplicable, but this is true only as the same adjectives may be applied to the imprecatory psalms. The right to compel one's neighbors was a principle as universally accepted at that time as the ancient right to hate one's enemies. The Puritans saw no inconsistency in defaming and defying the law of ecclesiastical uniformity in England and then establishing it in Massachusetts. Nevertheless the Protestants, like the Puritans after them, had opened a door which they could not shut.

No door, Catholic or Protestant, could confine the spiritual reformers to whom we are introduced by Dr. Rufus Jones. Hans Denck and his 'inward word,' Caspar Schwenckfeld and his 'middle way,' Coornhut and the Collegiants, were individualists. The strangeness of their names as they appear at the top of the pages — Bunderlein and Entfelder, John Everard and Giles Randall, Rous, Vane, and Sterry — indicates their remoteness from the organized life of their time. They were non-conforming persons who asked no spiritual assistance of the church. They were kinsfolk of Lysander, concerning whom Miss Burr, in her *Religious Confessors and Confessants*,[1] quotes from Plutarch. 'In the days of Socrates,' says Plutarch, 'Lysander consulted the oracle at Samothrace, and was told by the priest to confess the worst actions of his life. "Is it thou who commandest this," he asked, "or the gods?" The priest replied, "It is the gods." "Then at once retire," said Lysander, "that I may answer the gods."'

Even the reformers reprobated these independent men, and were appalled by the impatient and uncalculating consistency with which they carried the principles of the reformation to what seemed to them their logical conclusions. The imprudence of John Brown, and the consternation with which he was regarded by conservative opponents of slavery, illustrate the situation. 'Their movement,' says Dr. Jones, 'involved an entire shift from the historical idea of the Church as an authoritative and supernatural instrument of salvation, to a Church whose authority was entirely vital, ethical, spiritual, dynamic.' 'This church of the spirit,' he adds, 'is always being built. Its power is proportional to the spiritual vitality of the membership, to the measure of apprehension of divine resources, to the depth of insight and grasp of truth, to the prevalence of love and brotherhood, to the character of service which the members exhibit . . . Its only weapons are truth and light. . . . It

[1] *Religious Confessors and Confessants*, by Anna Robeson Burr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

does not dogmatically decide what facts must be believed, but it sees and announces the spiritual significance of the facts that are discovered and verified. It was thus in their thought a growing, changing, ever-adjusting body — the living body of Christ in the world.' These men were of one blood with those of whom Dr. Jones has already written in his *Studies in Mystical Religion*. To become acquainted with them, under his sympathetic guidance, is itself a spiritual exercise.

In the nineteenth century the apostles of change in religion were still regarded by conservative persons as conspirators against the faith, but they were no longer treated as criminals. The radical might lose his place, but not his head. Tolerance was being slowly and cautiously transferred from the vices to the virtues. Even Newman wrote an essay on the 'Development of Christian Doctrine.' Mr. Storr's book extends only to 1860, the year of the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, following the portentous appearance in 1859 of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The law of evolution thus set forth took the idea of change out of the category of accident and individual revolt and solidly established it as a normal principle of life.

Meanwhile, the biblical critics were busily at work examining the fundamental documents, Hebrew and Christian. Strauss was writing his *Life of Jesus*, and thus stimulating the discussion of which Mr. Widgery, basing his book on that of the German Weinel, gives a clear account. His admirable record of the modern interpretations of the person of Christ proceeds from the negations of the Enlightment to Loisy and Arthur Drews. The most significant quality of the book is its unfailing fairness in its presentation of diverse opinions. The author takes for granted the honesty of the heretics, and examines their writings, looking patiently and expectantly for new illumination of eternal truth. Such an attitude is itself an evidence of change in religion.

Mr. Widgery expresses his own mind when he says, 'It is not that theological reflection makes Jesus central for religion; he *is* central by his intrinsic worth; theology has but to accept the fact and present it in the light of advancing knowledge and in relation to changing practical problems. In his attitude and teaching thus considered we find the highest that has been offered to men for the satisfaction of their religious needs. No religious need has yet manifested itself to which he does not give the best satisfaction open to mankind; and at present it is impossible to conceive in what direction we should have to look for something higher, even if there be anything higher.'

Professor Miller in his admirable little book, *Our Knowledge of Christ*,[1] in which the reverence of faith is blended with the freedom of the scholar, says the same thing: 'It was never easier than now to come to the conclusion that in Jesus — not in his teaching merely, but in himself, in his Person — we have the highest personal manifestation of the spiritual life that the world has yet seen.' 'The modern question,' he adds, 'is not, "Is Jesus like God?" but rather, "Is there a God of the same quality of life as that possessed by Jesus?" God is the x, the unknown quantity which we are seeking to determine, and it seems most reasonable to hold that Jesus is the known factor through which we are enabled to solve the problem.'

Some of the changes which have actually been accomplished in religion within the past few generations are in-

[1] *Our Knowledge of Christ: An Historical Approach*, by Lucius Hopkins Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

dicated by Dr. Harris in his review of the past hundred years. 'A hundred years ago,' he says, 'beliefs were sharply defined. It was a theological age. Creeds were long and explicit. A Christian must be sound in the doctrines. The leading church in New England was called the Orthodox Church. Heterodoxy was a term of reproach. Religious practices were as sharply defined; Sabbath observance, social life, amusements, family life, religious experience were precisely indicated.' To-day the boundaries between the sacred and the secular, and between the natural and the supernatural are no longer so exactly drawn.

And not only is the point of view different, but the emphasis of interest is different. 'Personal salvation was the keynote of religion, and was thought of as salvation from everlasting punishment.' This is a fairer statement than that of the author of *Religious Confessions and Confessants*, when she says, 'Two hundred years ago, a callous, organized selfishness was preached as the highest life a person could live.' She is quite right, however, and in agreement with Dr. Harris, when she adds, 'To-day, no creed, no church, puts the career of passive egotism before that of active social service.'

A hundred years ago conversion, justification, sanctification were preached in most pulpits. 'The candidate for admission (to church membership) was required to mark the day, the hour, when he passed from death unto life.' At that time 'the authority of the Bible was recognized by all. Whatever could be proved from chapter and verse was final. Doctrines were substantiated by proof-texts taken at random from the New and Old Testaments. The Bible in every part was inspired, inerrant.'

Church attendance was universal under pain of disapprobation, not only of ecclesiastical authority, but of public opinion. 'The Sabbath or Lord's Day was devoted solely to religion. All work was prohibited according to the directions of the Fourth Commandment.' And play, too. Already, however, there was some abatement of the earlier rigor of observance. It was back in 1656 that 'Captain Kemble of Boston sat for two hours in the public stocks for his "lewd and unseemly behavior," which consisted in his "kissing his wife publicquely on the Sabbath Day upon the doorstep of his house," when he had just returned from a voyage and absence of three years.'

The minds of devout people were equally clear as to amusements. 'The theatre was a school of immorality, card-playing was a device of Satan, dancing was denounced.' 'Some churches,' says Dr. Harris, 'had in their by-laws such statements as this: "Dancing, card-playing, attendance at the theatre, traveling, and going to the post-office on Sunday are inconsistent with a Christian profession."'

Dr. Harris notes the waning of Calvinism and the gradual mitigation of hell. Only thirty years ago five professors in the Andover Theological Seminary were put on trial for the alleged offence of teaching 'that those who had not heard of Christ in this life, the heathen, the generations before Christ, might after death have knowledge of Him and repent and be saved.' Their accusers held that such an admission would 'cut the nerve of missions.'

Even within a generation this theology has become so obsolete as to make the sober maintenance of it seem incredible. And so with other doctrines, once debated with extreme bitterness as affecting the very existence of religion, now abandoned or forgotten. Dr. Harris's interesting book ends with a chapter on 'The Enlargement of the Faith.'

'What was wrong with us?' asks Mr.

Cohu in his *Vital Problems of Religion*.[1] Why did we hold as dogmas propositions which we ought to have rejected as contradicting the love of God and man? And why were we so desperately alarmed when some of them were disputed by men of religion and others were disproved by men of science? He says that it was because we had 'identified official theology with religion, and the Bible with God's actual Word,' — like the orthodox persecutors of Saint Paul.

'What has the future in store for us and for our children?' asks Professor Tyler, in his *Place of the Church in Evolution*.[2] 'Toil and struggle,' he says, 'effort and pain, weariness and discouragement, and much seeming defeat, vision, inspiration, and overcoming; the Valley of Humiliation, and then the far-off heights of the Delectable Mountains of complete attainment. — We know not what we shall be, but progress is sure and along sure lines; and we have good reason to believe that it is steadily accelerating.'

It is accelerating by reason of our increasing desire to estimate truth not by logic but by life, and to bring religion into closer contact with our daily conduct. We are realizing as never before the significance of the great saying, 'He that doeth the will of God shall know the doctrine whether or not it be of God.' Mr. Arthur Carey in his *New Nerves for Old*[3] underlines the sentence, 'There is only one way of learning to understand the meaning of a principle, and that is to act upon it in practical life.' This he applies, not only to physical health, with which his useful book is mainly concerned, but to that spiritual health whose attainment is the satisfaction of religion. The idea runs like a line of light through every page of Professor Peabody's book, *The Christian Life in the Modern World*.[4] His discussion of the 'practicability of the Christian life' in the modern family, in the business world, in the making and the using of money, in the modern state, and in the Christian Church, lifts the reader out of all that ancient confusion of perplexed dogmas, where brothers fought each other in the thick mist, into the clear sunlight.

This is the region not only of an enlarging conception of social duty but of what Professor Youtz calls *The Enlarging Conception of God*.[5] Over against the old idea that 'the church is not an institution for the discovery of truth, but a body for the preservation and dissemination of truth once for all delivered,' he maintains that 'the great creeds are "High Places" where men have found the Living God, and the revelation of spiritual reality.' They are inspiring precedents for all men who in their own generation are endeavoring, like the creed-makers of the old time, to state the truth in contemporary language and in connection with contemporary thought.

Thus we come to Professor Eucken's question, *Can We Still Be Christians?*[6] and we answer it, as he does, 'We not only can but must be Christians.' And we agree readily enough to the one condition which he sets, 'that Christianity be recognized as a progressive historic movement still in the making.' He insists, with all the prophets, that it must be 'shaken free from the numbing in-

[1] *Vital Problems of Religion*, by J. R. Cohu, with an introduction by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *The Place of the Church in Evolution*, by John Mason Tyler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

[3] *New Nerves for Old*, by Arthur A. Carey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

[4] *The Christian Life in the Modern World*, by Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[5] *The Enlarging Conception of God*, by Herbert Alden Youtz. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[6] *Can We Still Be Christians?* by Rudolf Eucken. New York: The Macmillan Company.

fluence of ecclesiasticism and placed upon a broader foundation.' His personal estimate of the 'numbing' effect of that influence is based on his own environment. The religious situation seems rather different from that with which we are acquainted in this country. The Lutheranism of Germany as seen by Professor Eucken, and the Congregationalism of England as seen by the writer of the *Atlantic* article on the 'Failure of the Church,' appear to us in America curiously belated and unrepresentative; like a back current along the margin of a river which is flowing to the sea.

But even under the most encouraging conditions the building of foundations broad enough for the increasing experiences of man keeps the ecclesiastical architects busy. The recent books show how slow is the process of construction — but how sure. 'Here,' says Eucken, 'lies the task of our time, and the hope of the future.'

The hero of Mr. Wells's book, *The World Set Free*, sits on the side of a lofty mountain and watches the sun go down. On the morrow he is to undergo an operation whose deadly peril he well knows. 'You, old sun,' he says, 'searing these poor old eyes for the last time of all, beware of me. You think I die—and indeed I am only taking off one more coat to get at you. I have threatened you for ten thousand years, and soon, I warn you, I shall be coming, when I am altogether stripped and my disguise thrown away. Very soon now, old sun, I shall launch myself at you, and I shall reach you, and I shall put my foot on your spotted face, and shall tug you about by your fiery locks. . . . Well may you slink down behind the mountain from me. Well may you cower.'

OUR IRRESPONSIBLE STATE GOVERNMENTS

BY WALKER D. HINES

I

THE American people disagree widely and variously upon innumerable subjects of public concern, but they are practically unanimous in the belief that our state legislatures pass a great mass of unnecessary laws, and that many of the necessary laws are crudely drawn, inconsistent with one another, badly adapted to the ends in view, and largely ineffective. There is a correspondingly unanimous conviction that the affairs of the state governments are managed in a thoroughly unbusinesslike way; and that there is a widespread disregard of state laws and a general laxity in their enforcement. With a fatalistic resignation we expect the worst from our state legislatures and are prepared for the worst from our state administrative officers; and it is far too rare that we receive the agreeable surprise of beholding efficient work in either department.

The writer believes that to an important extent these unsatisfactory conditions are due to the fact that our scheme

of state government carries the idea of divided responsibility to such an extreme that no public official is or can be held responsible in an effective sense for making the law or for enforcing the law; that this condition reacts upon the public and renders its supervision of those in public life less vigilant and intelligent; and that these things tend to produce public officers without training, talent, or sustained purpose for efficient public service.

II

Let us take first the legislative department. Its functions in the protection and promotion of the public interest are complex and difficult. There are needed an intelligent understanding of the various subjects upon which legislation is required or proposed; a knowledge of the history of former laws and their operation and of the effect of existing laws; sound judgment as to whether additional legislation is necessary; and originality in devising the best form of legislation. Vigilance is requisite in scrutinizing proposed legislative measures to see whether they are in the public interest, and initiative and persistence are needed to push through those measures which ought to be passed and to oppose those measures which are contrary to the general welfare. Thus the situation calls for wide information, hard study, originality, initiative, and persistence, in order to carry on in an efficient way the business of governing the state. Always there is the general public interest to be guarded and this is far more important than any temporary or local interest of any particular community.

In considering the machinery which our state constitutions provide for dealing with this situation, let us look at the lower house of the state legislature, consisting, say, of one hundred and fifty members. Not one of these members is primarily charged with studying or protecting the general public interests. Each member has the same measure of duty in this respect as every other member. It is a case where the protection of the public interest is 'everybody's business'; and therefore it generally becomes in practice 'nobody's business.' It is ordinarily impossible to place the blame on any particular member for any important act which proves to be contrary to the public interest. Generally he is able to share that blame equally with every other member of the majority which acted or failed to act.

But in the rare cases where some member can be singled out as having a noticeable responsibility, that responsibility is exclusively to his local constituency and not to the state at large; his action may have been highly prejudicial to the state as a whole, but if he can satisfy his own constituency, perhaps through securing in another direction some local benefit, he suffers no embarrassment on account of his failure to discharge his duty to the general public. Such a condition tends to reduce to the minimum any motive to protect the general public interest, and to raise to the maximum the motive to secure local benefits for the restricted constituency upon which the member is dependent for support.

Every student of public or private affairs involving collective action appreciates that leadership is indispensable to the obtaining of results in any assemblage; but our system provides no leadership. Of course, as to any particular measure some leadership arises, but ordinarily it is merely the leadership of some aggressive member who happens to be interested in the particular measure, and is not a comprehensive and continuous leadership in the public interest. In national affairs party leadership upon party measures as-

sumes a more tangible and responsible form; but in state legislatures the most important measures are frequently not party matters, and party leadership has very restricted operation. Therefore in state legislatures such leadership as exists is ordinarily fragmentary and accidental, and is not the product of either the constitution or tradition. Public sentiment ordinarily fails to try to hold any such legislative leader responsible for results; and in any event his responsibility is not to the state whose interests he is shaping, but to the locality which he represents.

Under such conditions legislation affecting the public interest is shaped (or in a haphazard way shapes itself) in one house, and then goes to the other house, where it finds a similar division of responsibility, or lack of responsibility, and a similar raising of local interests above the interests of the state as a whole.

It cannot fairly be said that the evils referred to are substantially cured by the fact that measures have to pass two houses, rather than one. On the contrary, these evils are frequently intensified thereby, because the mere splitting up of responsibility between the two houses makes each house even less attentive to the public interest than it would be if it had the sole responsibility. The house that passes a measure first has the feeling that its action is not final, and therefore need not be deliberate and thorough. The sanction thus given to the measure sometimes emboldens the second house to accept it without full and independent consideration. At other times, the second house resents 'being put in a hole' by being forced to take the responsibility of rejecting a measure already passed by the first house, and lets the measure go through. But whatever the outcome, a member of either house can share his responsibility (in the rare instances where it can be located at all) with members of the other house; and any shred of responsibility that finally sticks to him is confined entirely to his own constituency, who will probably disregard the matter altogether, being more interested in some other subject of purely local concern.

In addition to all the adverse factors already mentioned, still another division of responsibility confronts us. This arises from the fact that the governor has (in many states) the power of veto, and the legislature is not responsible for what the governor does. May not the care-free spirit with which a legislature passes doubtful measures be induced in many instances by the feeling that it is not taking final action, but is merely 'putting things up to the governor'? And is it not a natural sequence to this spirit that the governor shall decline to veto measures which the representatives of the people have 'put up to him' in this manner?

As an illustration of the operation of these various unfavorable influences, reference may be made to the frequent complaint that in many instances states have made improvident grants of power to corporations, and have been reckless in failing to put adequate restrictions upon corporate activities. To whatever extent this evil exists, it is traceable largely to the scattering of responsibility and to the absence of definite leadership designed to protect and promote the general welfare. It is probably true that at times corporate powers of wide and uncontrolled character have been granted simply because they were asked for, and because no person officially connected with the government of the state felt charged with any substantial duty, or possessed the necessary training and ability, to consider the effects upon the public as a whole and to insist upon adequate protection of the public interest.

III

Another condition of great importance is that the legislature has no part in enforcing the laws. Its task is finished when the law is passed. We all know how easy it is for one to frame a suggestion which he does not have to carry into effect; and how likely it is that suggestions so framed will prove ineffectual. Why should the average human being exert himself to scrutinize closely the efficiency of a rule he formulates, when another department will have to worry if the rule does not work? And parenthetically it may be asked, why should the executive department worry very seriously when it can largely escape blame by pointing to the legislature's defective workmanship? If the occasion arises (and it rarely does) when the public tries to fix the blame for such a condition, the two departments can engage indefinitely in the pleasant pastime of tossing the ball of responsibility back and forth.

But an even more important consequence of this detachment of the legislature from any duty with regard to law-enforcement is that this condition is largely responsible for the enormous multiplication of unnecessary laws. When a man becomes a legislator he naturally wishes to make a showing. The only practicable way in which he can make a showing is by doing the only thing which his department has the power to do,—that is, to make laws. Hence we see the average legislator bent on getting a law through, not because the law is necessary, not because it will be workable, but because it will be another law and one of which he can claim to be the author.

We frequently hear the complaint that, when any public evil develops, the remedy provided is the unnecessary passage of another law instead of the more thorough enforcement of existing laws. This is the natural result of our system. The legislative department conceives the idea that the only way in which it can identify itself with the correction of the evil is to pass some new laws, and hence it adopts that course. The enforcement of existing laws belongs to another department and affords no scope for the ambitions of the legislators.

Thus we have a system without constitutional leadership in either house; with responsibility split up until it reaches the vanishing point; with no member, even the most active, feeling any concern except for his own small body of constituents; with each house able to shift the responsibility to the other; with both houses able to shift the responsibility to the governor; and with the governor able to pass it back to the two houses. The legislature has no special concern as to whether its laws will be workable, and every member is anxious to pass a law because that is the only function which he has a chance to exercise.

IV

Do not these conditions go far to explain the extraordinary attitude which we exhibit toward our state legislatures? We elect legislators largely without regard to their qualifications, and at the end of each session we indulge in a great outburst of general indignation because the legislature has produced the results we anticipated. Many years ago one of our legislatures, which was no better and no worse than its predecessors or successors, or its brother legislatures in other states, achieved its adjournment *sine die* after a session in which the members' pay of five dollars per day had appeared to be the paramount consideration. The universal sigh of relief was expressed by one of the principal newspapers in the

state under the moving headline: 'From Per Diem to Perdition.' A similar sentiment, with infinite variety of expression, usually surges through a state when its legislative session ends.

The public distrust and despair as to legislatures are evidenced by the adoption of various expedients to ameliorate the legislative curse as far as possible. One might assume that the making of laws to promote the public interest under changing conditions is a matter so important that the legislature ought to be free to assemble at any time to consider these subjects. But such is the dread of legislative sessions that in many states legislatures are forbidden to assemble (except at the call of the governor in extraordinary emergencies) more than once every two years, and in one state the period is four years. Again, in many states the legislature is compelled to adjourn, regardless of the state of its business, at the end of a fixed period, frequently ninety days. Again, legislatures, through their inefficiency and the lack of experience on the part of their members, notoriously fail to pass their measures until the last days of the session, with the result that laws are completed hurriedly and are even more crude than if they had received attention earlier in the session. Therefore there are serious proposals to prohibit the introduction of measures in the latter part of the session. All these restrictions are mere futile treatments of symptoms of a deep-seated disease — the dissipation of responsibility.

V

For the sake of simplicity the executive department has been spoken of above as if it were a homogeneous department, with a head having the duty and the power to enforce the laws; but this is not the case in our state governments. The usual constitutional provision that the governor 'shall see that the laws shall be faithfully executed' is a mere passing counsel of perfection. Perhaps it is a survival of a time when the head of the executive department was the head in substance as well as in form. Ordinarily the governor has no power to enforce the laws and no substantial control over the officers who do have that power.

Frequently the state officers charged with the administration of the state's own business affairs, such as the heads of the various administrative departments, are wholly independent of the governor and of each other, and each is free to follow his own tendencies. These conditions, together with the aimlessness and irresponsibility of state legislatures, largely account for the impressive extravagance in public expenditures and for the rapid increase in the burdens of taxation.

When we come to the all-important function of making the individuals and business concerns in the state comply with the laws of the state, we find that, with a few exceptions, no state officer representing the state as a whole has any definite function or power, because the enforcement of the laws ordinarily rests with the various county authorities. Law enforcement in a state is generally an exclusively local matter. A law of vital concern to the state as a whole is enforced or not in a particular community according to the degree of interest and efficiency manifested by the local authorities elected in that community.

Law enforcement is not an easy job. It requires vigilance, aggressiveness, and industry, in detecting and locating the offenders and in preparing cases so that prosecutions will be prompt and successful. Yet we rarely find any well-considered scheme of county government whereby the responsibility for the conduct of these important functions

is so centralized as to obtain effective results. The detection of offenses is largely accidental. The responsibility for instituting prosecutions is widely scattered. Frequently the local prosecuting attorney is in the comfortable position of being able to initiate such prosecutions as appeal to him, and to blame the grand jury, or some other functionaries, for not initiating prosecutions which do not appeal to him. The preparation and conduct of a prosecution when initiated are generally under the control of a prosecuting attorney without effective supervision by any department of the state government. Such methods may be adequate with respect to crimes of violence, which are obvious and arouse the community's instinct of self-protection, but ordinarily they are inadequate with respect to much of the important legislation of the state. In these conditions we find some of the reasons why so little respect is commonly paid to state laws.

Another phenomenon which is widely observed is that frequently, when a law of special importance is passed, the legislature is likely to create some new board or commission to enforce that law. The result is that our state and local governments are plastered over with all sorts of expensive boards with anomalous and sometimes conflicting functions. Is not this condition largely due to the fact that the executive department is so poorly organized, and the responsibility therein is so divided and dissipated, that the public and the legislature assume, quite correctly, that the new law will not be vigorously enforced through existing channels? This anticipated inadequacy of the executive department (sometimes aided by the desire of people in public office to create more offices for their friends and supporters) seems to be the basic reason for the creation of so many boards and commissions.

VI

It has been the endeavor of this article to point out the facts as to divided responsibility. It is believed that those facts are responsible to a large extent for the enormous mass of legislation and for its defects, and for the inefficiency and wastefulness of state administration, and for the very general condition of disregard of state laws. It is believed also that this dividing of responsibility leads to other serious consequences.

It is the opinion of the writer that the American people have come to assume an attitude of indifference and hopelessness toward the state governments. Legislatures are expected to prove failures. Governors and other state officials are expected to be inefficient. The work of local officers is rarely taken very seriously, and is expected to be spasmodic and fragmentary. The public rarely has any disposition to locate responsibility for inefficiency in affairs of general interest, because the inefficiency is so general and the search for responsibility is so hopeless. Is it not fair to say that our scheme of divided responsibility has been a school for the encouragement of political inefficiency, and for the promotion of petty local interests at the expense of the general welfare, and has supplied an atmosphere devoid of stimulus to efficient work?

Are not these conditions largely responsible for the principle of 'rotation in office,' whereby, as soon as an office-holder gets an inkling of experience as to public affairs, a strong presumption seems to arise that he ought to be retired to private life? Is not this because our governmental system tends to prevent the accomplishment of results by the man in office, and tends to make the public feel that nothing will or can be accomplished, and that it makes very

little difference who holds the office, and hence that a new man will be no worse and perhaps better? Apparently the public reconciles itself to the view that public officers will not attain success in their essential function of promoting the general welfare, and therefore the public turns its thoughts — as do many of the officers themselves — to the secondary and incidental question, who will get the salaries; and with a praiseworthy sense of equity the public wishes to pass the pay around among as many different people as possible.

It is generally agreed that public office does not attract the average man of ability and force; that comparatively few such men seek it; and that almost none of them stay in it. Is it not reasonable to conclude that the conditions already mentioned play an important part in producing this result? A man of ability and honest purpose may strongly desire to accomplish results in the public interest by faithful public service; but neither in the legislative department nor in the executive department of our form of state government does he ordinarily find a basis for the hope that he can really do things in the public interest, either as a leader or as a part of an efficient organization. The authority of each department falls short of the complete power of initiation and accomplishment, and such restricted power as it has is weakened by the splitting up of responsibility. Ordinarily a man is expected to get out of office before he has had a chance to get to be a really useful public servant. The chances of success are so small, and those of failure so large, that the average man of ability strongly prefers to turn his talents in other directions, no matter how earnest his desire may be to perform valuable public service.

This condition, where nobody has the duty or the power to follow anything through from start to finish, and where every man's work is incomplete because of the divided power and the scattered responsibility, brings into public life a large proportion of officers who have no special qualifications and who are not supposed to need any. They enter the work without experience or knowledge of the state's general interests, and in many cases fail to acquire that experience and knowledge. They feel perfectly free to express decided opinions and act upon them without investigation, being sustained by the comforting feeling that their part of the work is not complete and final, and that in any event they cannot be held personally responsible, as a practical matter, for what results. This develops the type, so well known, of the fearless and voluble statesman who is willing on short notice to advocate almost anything, because whatever happens is not likely to happen to him; and whose boldness is generally all the greater because he has not the information necessary to enable him to see the dangers that lurk in what he is proposing.

Public men of this type become in turn the instructors from whom the people get most of their information and expressions upon public affairs. So we have a vicious circle: a poorly disciplined and poorly directed public sentiment producing a slipshod type of public servant, and this public servant in turn producing a still less effective public sentiment; the scattered responsibility in our scheme of government serving at every point to perpetuate the untrained public sentiment, and to perpetuate a succession of untrained public servants.

One of the principal activities of our public life at the present time is the institution and carrying on of investigations into the shortcomings of public officers. These investigations yield pro-

lific results in showing inefficiency in public service, but rarely produce tangible improvements in that service. Is it not fair to say that these consequences are the natural product of the influences above pointed out?

Doubtless any reader of this article will think of many instances where men of ability have appeared in public life and have succeeded in rendering distinguished public service. Certainly the writer does not contend that the contrary is true. His point merely is that such successes are in spite of our scheme of government, rather than on account of it; and that it is desirable to make changes which will promote success, rather than obstruct it. Our governments for all time must rest principally upon the efforts of average men who are not prodigies of ability or force and who are not geniuses in winning and keeping popular enthusiasm. Therefore our form of government should be such as to bring out the best that is in the average man, and to encourage him in the direction of efficiency, and to train the public to expect and demand efficiency, rather than to operate in the opposite direction.

The political boss is an ever-present menace in American politics. Could any system develop him more completely than our system of divided responsibility? Can there be any place where the 'invisible' government of the boss can succeed to a greater extent than in a form of government where it is almost impossible to locate any visible signs of responsibility; and where the public officer can do the boss's bidding and yet be reasonably sure of escaping responsibility, or of passing it on to somebody else, or of making his peace with his constituents by securing some local benefit for them?

The thought is frequently advanced, as if it must end all discussion on the subject, that all our governmental evils are due to lack of interest on the part of the public in selecting efficient public servants; that there can be no remedy except more intelligent public interest; and that that remedy is too utopian to hope for. But to a substantial extent that lack of intelligent interest is due to the steady operation of the adverse influences above described. Our scheme of divided responsibility is calculated to baffle and discourage the most alert and intelligent constituency which could be imagined. Adequate understanding and effort on the part of the people in selecting their public servants are very difficult of accomplishment under the most favorable conditions. Our system, instead of promoting the attainment of that goal, appears to erect obstacles at every point and to intensify every tendency in the opposite direction.

VII

If to a substantial extent the foregoing criticisms of our present scheme of government are justified, the question remains, what improvement is practicable. It is a far too ambitious task for any individual to bring forward a scheme of government, and certainly the present writer does not propose to do so. But it does seem appropriate to suggest certain steps as worthy of consideration.

Any change in the direction of providing a constitutional leadership in the legislature, responsible to the state as a whole, will be worthy of serious consideration. The plan of giving the governor himself this leadership is probably best, because thereby the serious disadvantages of separating the law-making function from the law-enforcing function will be substantially overcome. It is open to serious question whether a legislature of a single house would not be an improvement

over a legislature of two houses. It is reasonably clear that to make the governor the real, instead of merely the nominal, head of the executive department would be a wise step. Perhaps there will be little disagreement that county government ought to be centralized to the point where there will be a definite single-headed responsibility for the enforcement of law in each county, such responsibility covering comprehensive and continuous work in the detection of offenders, in the preparation of cases against them, in the initiation of prosecutions, and in the prompt and effective conduct of such prosecutions.

Perhaps it is also worthy of consideration whether this central county responsibility ought not to be in some way put under the supervision of the executive head of the state, so that he can measure local results and aid in coördinating these activities throughout the state, to the end that the state laws whose enforcement is of vital importance to the people of the state as a whole shall be more adequately enforced in every part of the state.

Naturally the question arises, whether the disadvantages of the present system, serious as they are, justify a departure from the theory of keeping separate the legislative and executive departments.

First let it be pointed out that that theory would not be violated at all by providing a constitutional and responsible leadership in the legislative department answerable to the state as a whole; or by making the governor the real, instead of merely the nominal, executive head of the state, with control over all other state administrative officers; or by centralizing the executive power in each county in some way to secure responsibility and efficiency; or by making such centralized county power subject to the governor's supervision. All of these steps could be carried out without impairing the separation of the two departments, and the result would probably be to strengthen each of them as a separate department and make it really responsible to the state as a whole for the general public welfare.

It is conceded that the proposition to give to the head of the executive department the constitutional leadership in the legislature would involve a departure from the principle that the executive and legislative departments should be kept separate. But it is suggested that there is a serious question whether there is any adequate reason for keeping these two departments separate. It is fair to inquire whether the blending of these two departments would not be in the direction of strengthening representative government, making it more responsive to the popular will and at the same time more efficient. And, along with all this, would not such a course accomplish a better training of the public, so as to give it the ability and the purpose to locate responsibility, to reward effectiveness, and to punish inefficiency? Popular government promises to be increasingly more complicated and difficult, and to call for a higher order of training on the part of the public itself, and also on the part of the public's representatives. It is a fair question whether the accomplishment of these important results would not be promoted by blending the executive and legislative departments.

The objection generally urged to any move in the direction of combining the executive and legislative departments is that it would violate Montesquieu's principle that the legislative and executive departments should be separate. It is true that this dictum of Montesquieu was generally accepted and adopted in this country; but it is proper to

inquire whether we are, or ought to be, bound to carry out his view for all time to come.

Viscount Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*,[1] traces the development of Montesquieu's principle and shows that its adoption in America was the outgrowth of Montesquieu's distrust of the absolutism of France and his admiration for the more liberal institutions of England. Montesquieu took the British constitution as his model and pointed out its merits as he understood them. Bryce shows that that model was in a process of change and growth at that very time, and that Montesquieu misconceived its status then, and still more misconceived its trend. The result was that Montesquieu ascribed to the British system a completeness of separation between the executive and legislative departments which did not exist, and which, to the extent that it did exist, was rapidly disappearing.

Montesquieu admired the British system because of its greater democracy and liberality during the period of which he wrote. That system has since become more democratic and more liberal, and the legislative and executive departments are largely blended into one. Our state constitutions crystallized into lasting form Montesquieu's conception of the British constitution, then in a process of evolution. Why should we necessarily adhere to this conception of an eighteenth-century philosopher and refuse to take advantage of the evolution and improvement that are manifest in the British constitution?

To-day, there is much emphatic criticism of the executive's usurpation of the powers of the legislature. The claim is made that a strong and aggressive executive forces his will upon the legislature, which abdicates its constitutional functions and, without deliberation, registers the dictates of the executive. The suggestion may be made that the defects incident to such a practice would be intensified by a constitutional blending of the executive and legislative departments. The writer believes that the contrary would be true, because to a very great extent the present predominance of the executive is due to the weakness of the legislature, and this weakness in turn is due to the enfeebling effects of the scattering of responsibility. If the legislative and executive functions should be exercised by the same department of the government, — the leaders of the legislative assembly being the executives, — the legislature, through its increase of responsibility, would be strengthened in purpose and in personnel and would show a degree of originality and deliberation which at present is generally wanting.

As to the suggestion, not advocated, but mentioned as worthy of consideration, that one legislative chamber be substituted for two, the answer will probably be made that a second chamber is necessary to correct the errors of the first. But is it not possible that a single chamber, realizing that its results will be final, will act with so much greater deliberation that its decisions will be more wise and sound than a decision arrived at by the present method? If the present method makes each house careless of the result, can it be said that we achieve better results by putting together two careless and irresponsible considerations than we would achieve by a single deliberation made in the light of the fact that the deliberation is final, and that responsibility therefore will rest exclusively upon those who participate in it, without the opportunity to divide it with another tribunal?

A consideration of the highest impor-

[1] Chapter xxv. 'Comparison of the American and European Systems.'

tance in all these matters is the reflex action upon the public itself. In the last analysis the public must be the government, and public sentiment will control. Is it not worth while to adopt a scheme of government which will accomplish most in the direction of educating the public itself in the functions of government? Will not this purpose be promoted by a plan under which the public will be able to locate responsibility for governmental action, and by degrees will come to fix that responsibility and distribute rewards and punishments accordingly?

Probably many students of these questions feel that, no matter how serious may be the evils due to the scattering of governmental responsibility, we should encounter even greater evils through the concentration of governmental power. In its last analysis, this fear rests upon the view that the people cannot be trusted with power, and that their use of it ought to be hampered at least to the extent exemplified by our state constitutions. The writer's answer to that view is that, whether one thinks the people ought to be trusted with power or not, the fact is that in the ultimate sense the people have full and complete power and will exercise it. If this view be correct, the common interest would be promoted by the removal of obstacles to intelligent and efficient action. Certainly no interest can prosper permanently through unintelligent or inefficient governmental activity.

The writer fully appreciates the impracticability of attaining, or even approximating, perfection in any form of government; he understands that much fault-finding exists with governmental results in other countries where methods similar to those here suggested prevail to a greater or less extent; and that the political habits of a century and a half cannot be reconstructed by a constitutional amendment, because all progress in government is a matter of evolution. But in spite of all these considerations it is believed that unnecessary obstacles to improvement ought to be removed. It is believed to be worthy of consideration whether the changes here suggested would not remove serious obstacles and bring substantial improvement, gradually eliminating many long-standing evils and gradually increasing the wisdom and efficiency of public servants together with the wisdom and efficiency of public sentiment.

INVOCATION

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

O Thou whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles;
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above —
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above —
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain-mail,
But sweeping wide, from gulf to lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above —
Be lightning for the land we love!

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

III. EDUCATION AND THE CHILD

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

PERHAPS nothing makes a profounder impression on the newcomer to our end of the city than the value placed by the Jew upon education; an overvaluation, one is tempted to think, in view of the sacrifices which are made, particularly for the boys, — though of late years the girls' claims have penetrated even to the Oriental home.

One afternoon a group of old-world women sat in the reception room at the settlement while one of the residents sang and played negro melodies. With the melancholy minor of 'Let My People Go,' the women began crooning a song that told the story of Cain and Abel. The melody was not identical, but so similar that they thought they recognized the song as their own; and when a discussion arose upon the coincidence that two persecuted peoples should claim this melody, the women, touched by the music, confessed their homesick longing for Russia — for Russia that had dealt so unkindly with them.

'Rather a stone for a pillow in my own home,' said one woman on whom life had pressed hard. 'Would you go back?' she was asked. 'Oh, no, no, no!' emphasizing the words by a swaying of the body and a shaking of the head. 'It is not poverty we fear. It is not money we are seeking here. We do not expect things for ourselves. It is the chance for the children, education and freedom for them.'

The passion of the Russian Jews for intellectual attainment recalls the spirit of the early New England families and their willingness to forego every comfort that a son might be set apart for the ministry. Here we are often witnesses of long-continued deprivation on the part of every member of the family, a willingness to deny themselves everything but the barest necessities of life, that there may be a doctor, a lawyer, or a teacher among them. Submission to bad housing, excessive hours, and poor working conditions is defended as of 'no matter because the children will have better and can go to school — maybe college.' Said a baker who showed the ill-effects of basement and night work and whose three rooms housed a family of ten, 'My boy is already in the high school. If I can't keep on, the Herr Gott will take it up where I leave off.'

A painful instance was that of a woman who came to the settlement one evening. Her son was studying music under one of the most famous masters in Vienna, and she had exiled herself to New York in order to earn more money for him than she could possibly earn at home. Literally, as I afterwards discovered, she spent nothing upon herself. A tenement family gave her lodging (a bed on chairs) and food, in return for scrubbing done after her day's work in

the necktie factory. The Viennese master, not knowing his pupil's circumstances, or, it is possible, not caring, had written that the young man needed to give a concert, an additional demand which it was utterly impossible for her to meet. She had already given up her home, she had relinquished her wardrobe, and she had sold her grave for him.

One young lad stands out among the many who came to talk over their desire to go through college. He dreamed of being great and, this period of hardship over, of placing his family in comfort. I felt it right to emphasize his obligation to the family; the father was dead, the mother burdened with anxiety for the numerous children. How reluctant I was to do this he could not realize; only fourteen, he had impressed us with his fine courage and intelligence, and it was hard to resist the young pleader and to analyze with him the commonplace sordid facts. He had planned to work all summer, to work at night, and he was hardly going to eat at all. But his young mind grasped, almost before I had finished, the ethical importance of meeting his nearest duties. He has met the family claims with generosity, and has realized all our expectations for him by acquiring through his own efforts education and culture; and he evinces an unusual sense of civic responsibility.

Those who have had for many years continuous acquaintance with the neighborhood have countless occasions to rejoice at the good use made of the education so ardently desired, and achieved in spite of what have seemed overwhelming odds. New York City is richer for the contributions made to its civic and educational life by the young people who grew up in and with the settlements, and who are not infrequently ready crusaders in social causes. A country gentleman one day lamented to me that he had failed to keep in touch with what he was pleased to call our humanitarian zeal, and recalled his own early attempt to take an East Side boy to his estate and employ him. 'He could not even learn to harness a horse!' he said, with implied contempt of such unfathomable inefficiency. Something he said of the lad's characteristics made it possible for me to identify him, and I was able to add to that unsatisfactory first chapter another, which told of the boy's continuance in school, of his success as a teacher in one of the higher institutions of learning, and of his remarkable intelligence in certain vexed industrial problems.

Such achievements are the more remarkable because the restricted tenement home, where the family life goes on in two or three rooms, affords little opportunity for reading or study. A vivid picture of its limitations was presented by the boy who sought a quiet corner in a busy settlement. 'I can never study at home,' he said, 'because sister is always using the table to wash the dishes.'

Study rooms were opened in the settlement in 1907, where the boys and girls find, not only a quiet restful place in which to do their work, but also the needed 'coaching.' The school work is supplemented by illuminating bulletins on current topics, and the young student is provided with the aid which in other conditions is given by parents or older brothers and sisters. Such study rooms are now maintained by the Board of Education in numerous schools of the city, — 'Thanks to the example set by the settlement,' the superintendent of the New York school system reported.

It is easy to excite sympathy in our neighborhood for people deprived of books and learning. One year I accompanied a party of Northern people to the Southern Educational Conference.

We were all much stirred by the appeal of an itinerant Southern minister who told how the poor white natives traveled miles over the mountains to hear books read. He pictured vividly the deprivation of his neighbors, who had no access to libraries of any kind. When I returned to the settlement and related the story to the young people in the clubs, without suggestion on my part they eagerly voted to send the minister books to form a library; and for two years or more, until the Southerner wrote that he had sufficient for his purpose, the clubs purchased from their several funds one book each month, suited to different ages and tastes, according to their own excellent discrimination.

II

It was logical that my first acquaintance with the public-school system of New York should have come about because of a sore on the head of a small boy. I had been down town only a short time when I met Louis. An open door in a rear tenement revealed a woman standing over a washtub, a fretting baby on her left arm, while with her right she rubbed at the butcher's aprons which she washed for a living.

Louis, she explained, was 'bad.' He did not 'cure his head,' and what would become of him, for they would not take him into the school because of it? Louis, hanging the offending head, said he had been to the dispensary a good many times. He knew it was awful for a twelve-year-old boy not to know how to read the names of the streets on the lamp-posts, but 'every time I go to school Teacher tells me to go home.'

It needed only intelligent application of the dispensary ointments to cure the affected area, and in September I had the joy of securing the boy's admittance to school for the first time in his life. The next day, at the noon recess, he fairly rushed up our five flights of stairs in the Jefferson Street tenement, to spell the elementary words he had acquired that morning.

It had been hard on Louis to be denied the precious years of school, yet one could sympathize with the harassed school-teachers. The classes were overcrowded; there were frequently as many as sixty pupils in a single room, and often three children on a seat. It was, perhaps, not unnatural that the eczema on Louis's head should have been seized upon as a legitimate excuse for not adding him to the number. Perhaps it was not to be expected that the teacher should feel concern for one small boy whom she might never see again, or should realize that his brief time for education was slipping away and that he must go to work fatally handicapped because of his illiteracy.

The predecessor of our present superintendent had apparently given no thought to the social relationship of the school to the pupils. The general public had no accurate information concerning the schools, and, indeed, seemed to have little interest in them. We heard of flagrant instances of political influence in the selection and promotion of teachers, and later on we had actual knowledge of their humiliation at being forced to obtain through sordid 'pull' the positions to which they had a legitimate claim. I had myself once been obliged to enter the saloon of N——, the alderman of our district, to obtain the promise of necessary and long-delayed action on his part for the city's acceptance of the gift of a street fountain, which I had been indirectly instrumental in securing for the neighborhood. I had been informed by his friends that without this attention he would not be likely to act.

Louis set me thinking and opened my mind to many things. Miss Brew-

ster and I decided to keep memoranda of the children we encountered who had been excluded from school for medical reasons, and later our enlarged staff of nurses became equally interested in obtaining data regarding them. When one of the nurses found a small boy attending school while desquamating from scarlet fever, and, Tom Sawyer-like, pulling off the skin to startle his little classmates, we exhibited him to the President of the Department of Health, and I then learned that the possibility of having physicians inspect the school-children was under discussion, and that such evidence of its need as we could produce would be helpful in securing an appropriation for this purpose.

I had come to the conclusion that the nurse would be an essential factor in making effective whatever treatment might be suggested for the pupils, and, following an observation of mine to this effect, the president asked me to take part, as nurse, in the medical supervision in the schools. This offer it did not seem wise to accept. We were embarking upon ventures of our own which would require all our faculties and all our strength. It seemed wiser to be free from connections which would make demand upon our energies for routine work outside the settlement. Moreover, the time did not seem ripe for advocating the introduction of both the doctor and the nurse. The doctor himself, in this capacity, was an innovation. The appointment of a nurse would have been a radical departure.

In 1897 the Department of Health appointed the first doctors; one hundred and fifty were assigned to the schools for one hour a day at a salary of $30 a month. They were expected to examine for contagious diseases and to send out of the classrooms all those who showed suspicious symptoms. It proved to be a perfunctory service and only superficially touched the needs of the children.

In 1902, when a reform administration came into power, the medical staff was reduced and the salary increased to $100 a month, while three hours a day were demanded from the doctors. The Health Commissioner of that administration, an intelligent friend of children, now ordered an examination of all the public-school pupils, and New York was horrified to learn of the prevalence of trachoma. Thousands of children were sent out of the schools because of this infectious eye trouble, and in our neighborhood we watched many of them, after school hours, playing with the children for whose protection they had been excluded from the classrooms. Few received treatment, and it followed that truancy was encouraged, and, where medical inspection was most thorough, the classrooms were depleted.

The President of the Department of Education and the Health Commissioner sought for guidance in this predicament. Examination by physicians with the object of excluding children from the classrooms had proved a doubtful blessing. The time had come when it seemed right to urge the addition of the nurse's service to that of the doctor. My colleagues and I offered to show that with her assistance few children would lose their valuable school time and that it would be possible to bring under treatment those who needed it. Reluctant that the democracy of the school should be invaded by even the most socially minded philanthropy, I exacted a promise from several of the city officials that if the experiment were successful they would use their influence to have the nurse, like the doctor, paid from public funds.

Four schools from which there had been the greatest number of exclusions for medical causes were selected, and

an experienced nurse, who possessed tact and initiative, was chosen from the settlement staff to make the demonstration. A routine was devised, and the examining physician sent daily to the nurse all the pupils who were found to be in need of attention — using a code of symbols in order that the children might be spared the chagrin of having diseases due to uncleanliness advertised to their associates.

With the equipment of the settlement bag and, in some of the schools, with no more than the ledge of a window and the corner of a room for the nurse's office, the present system of thorough medical inspection in the schools, and of home-visitation, was inaugurated. Many of the children needed only disinfectant treatment of the eyes, collodion applied to ringworm, or instruction as to cleanliness; and such were returned at once to the class with a minimum loss of precious school time. Where more serious conditions existed, the nurse called at the home, explained to the mother what the doctor advised, and, where there was a family physician, urged that the child be taken to him. In the families of the poor, information as to dispensaries was given, and where the mother was at work and there was no one free to take the child to the dispensary, the nurse herself did this. Where children were sent to the nurse because of uncleanliness, the mother was given tactful instruction, and, when necessary, a practical demonstration on the child himself.

One month's trial proved that, with the exception of the major contagious and infectious diseases, — a very small proportion, — the addition of the nurse made it possible to reverse the object of medical inspection from excluding the children from school to keeping the children in the classroom and under treatment. An enlightened Board of Estimate and Apportionment voted $30,000 for the employment of trained nurses, — the first municipalized school nurses in the world, — now a feature of medical school supervision in many communities in this country and in Europe.

The first nurse was placed on the city pay-roll in October, 1902, and this marked the beginning of an extraordinary development in the public control of the physical condition of children. Out of this innovation New York City's Bureau of Child Hygiene has developed. In the year 1914 this bureau employed 650 trained nurses, and there is every expectation that the number will be increased to meet the community's growing demand for their services. Indeed, the nurse has played so important a part in the public-health movements of this generation, that fuller reference to her activities must be reserved for another chapter.

Poor Louis, who all unconsciously had started the train of incidents which led to this practical reform, had long since moved from his Hester Street home to Kansas, and was able to write us, as he did with enthusiasm, of his identification with the West.

III

The first public school established in New York City (Number 1) is on Henry Street. Number 2 is a short distance from it, on the same street, and Number 147 is at our corner. Between their sites are several semi-public and private educational institutions, and from School No. 1 to School No. 147 the distance is not more than three quarters of a mile.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that the school should loom large in our consciousness of the life of the child. The settlement at no time would, even if it could, usurp the place of school or home. It seeks to work with both or to supplement either. The fact that it

is flexible and is not committed to any fixed programme gives opportunity for experimentation not possible in a rigid system, and the results of these experiments must have affected school methods, at least in New York City.

Intelligent social workers seize opportunities for observation, and almost unconsciously develop methods to meet needs. They see conditions as they are, and become critical of systems as they act and react upon the child or fail to reach him at all. They reverse the method of the school-teacher, who approaches the child with preconceived theories and a determination to work them out. Where the school fails, it appears to the social workers to do so because it makes education a thing apart, — because it separates its work from all that makes up the child's life outside the classroom. Great emphasis is now laid upon the oversight of the physical condition of children from the time of their birth through school life; but the suggestion of this extension of socialized parental control did not emanate from those within the school system.

Cooking has been taught in the public schools for many years, and the instruction is of great value to those who are admitted to the classes; but appropriations have never been sufficient to meet all the requirements, and the teaching is given in grades already depleted by the girls who have gone to work, and who will perhaps never again have leisure or inclination to learn how to prepare meals for husband and children, — the most important business in life for most women.

The laboratory method employed in the schools never seemed to us sufficiently related to the home conditions of vast numbers of the city's population; and therefore, when the settlement undertook, according to its theory, to supplement the girls' education, all the essentials of our own housekeeping — stove, refrigerator, bedrooms, and so on — were utilized. But neither were single bedrooms and rooms set apart for distinct purposes entirely satisfactory in teaching domestic procedure to the average neighbor; and the leader finally developed out of her knowledge of their home conditions the admirable system of 'Housekeeping Centres' sustained and administered by a committee of men and women on which the settlement has representation.

A flat was rented in a typical Henry Street tenement. Intelligence and taste were exercised in equipping it inexpensively and with furniture that required the least possible labor to keep it free from dirt and vermin. Classes were formed to teach housekeeping in its every detail, using nothing which the people themselves could not procure, — a tiny bathroom, a gas stove, no 'model' tubs, but such as the landlord provided for washing. Cleaning, disinfecting, actual purchasing of supplies in the shops of the neighborhood, household accounts, nursing, all the elements of home-keeping, were systematically taught. The first winter that the centre was opened the entire membership of a class consisted of girls engaged to be married, — clerks, stenographers, teachers; none were prepared and all were eager to have the homes which they were about to establish better organized and more intelligently conducted than those from which they had come. When one young woman announced her betrothal, she added, 'And I am fully prepared because I have been through the Housekeeping Centre.'

Six centres have been established by the committee in different parts of the city. Dr. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools, always sympathetic and ready to fit instruction to the pupils' needs, has encouraged the identification of these housekeeping centres with the schools. Whenever an enter-

prising principal desires it, the teachers of the near-by housekeeping centre are made a part of the school system. Perhaps we may some day see one attached to every public school; and I am inclined to believe that, when institutions of higher learning fully realize that education is preparation for life, they too will wonder if the young women graduates of their colleges should not, like our little girl neighbors, be fitted to meet their great home-making responsibilities.

Out of the experience of the originator of the housekeeping centres, 'Penny Lunches' for the public schools have been inaugurated, and now provide a hot noonday meal for children. The committee now controlling this experiment has inquired into food-values, physical effects on children, relation to school attendance, and so on.

The schools in a great city have an additional responsibility, as many of the pupils are deprived of home training because of extreme poverty or the absence of the mother at work, and a measure of failure may be traced to an imperfect realization of the conditions under which pupils live, or to a lack of training on the part of some of the teachers. The Home-and-School Visitor, whose duties are indicated in her title, is charged to bring the two together, that each may help the other; but there are few visitors as yet, and the effect upon the great number of pupils in attendance (over 800,000) is obviously limited.

We are not always mindful of the fact that children in normal homes get education apart from formal lessons and instruction. Sitting down to a table at definite hours, to eat food properly served, is training, and so is the orderly organization of the home of which the child so soon becomes a conscious part. There is direction toward control in the provision for privacy, beginning with the sequestered nursery life. The exchange of letters, which begins with most children at a very early age, the conversation of their elders, familiarity with telegrams and telephones, and with the incidents of travel, stimulate their intelligence, resourcefulness, and self-reliance.

Contrast this regulated domestic life with the experience of children — an enormous percentage in New York — who may never have been seated around a table in an orderly manner, at a given time, for a family meal. Where the family is large and the rooms small, and those employed return at irregular hours, its members must be fed at different times. It is not uncommon in a neighborhood such as ours to see the mother lean out of the fourth- or fifth-story window and throw down the bread-and-butter luncheon to the little child waiting on the sidewalk below — sometimes to save him the exertion of climbing the stairs, sometimes because of insufficient time. The children whose mothers work all day and who are locked out during their absence are expected to shift for themselves, and may as often be given too much as too little money to appease their hunger. Having no more discretion in the choice of food than other children of their age, they become an easy prey for the peddlers of unwholesome foods and candies (often with gambling devices attached) who prowl outside the school limits.

Even those students who are better placed economically, or who have the perseverance to go on into the higher schools, may have had no experience but that of a disorganized tenement home. Emil was an instance of this. He supported himself while attending school by teaching immigrants at night. We invited him to a party at one of our country places and instructed him to call in the morning for his railroad ticket. He failed to appear until

long after the appointed hour, not realizing that trains leave on schedule time. Apparently he had never consulted a time-table or taken a journey except with a fresh-air party conducted by someone else. Next morning he returned the ticket, and I learned that he had not reached the farm because he did not know the way to it from the station. Somewhat disconcerted to learn that he had taken fruitlessly a trip of something over an hour's duration, I asked why he had not telephoned to the farm for directions. This seventeen-year-old boy, in his third year in the high school, had not thought of a telephone in the country. Moreover, he had never used one anywhere.

Happily there is a growing realization among educators of the necessity of relating the school more closely to the children's future, and it is not an accident that one of the widely known authorities on vocational guidance has had long experience in settlements.

IV

A friend has recently given to me the letters which I wrote regularly to her family during the first two years of my life on the East Side. I had almost forgotten, until these letters recalled it to me, how often Miss Brewster and I mourned over the boys and girls who were not in school, and over those who had already gone to work without any education. Almost every one has had knowledge at some time of the chagrin felt by people who cannot read or write. One intelligent woman of my acquaintance, born in New York State, ingeniously succeeded for many years in keeping the fact of her illiteracy secret from the people with whom she lived on terms of intimacy, buying the newspaper daily and making a pretense of reading it.

We had naïvely assumed that elementary education was given to all, and were appalled to find entire families unable to read or write, even though some of the children had been born in America. The letters remind me, too, of the efforts we made to get the children we encountered into school, — day school or night school, public or private, — and how many different people reacted to our appeals. The Department of Health, to facilitate our efforts, supplied us with virus points and authority to vaccinate, since no unvaccinated child could be admitted to school. We gave such publicity as was in our power to the conditions we found, not disdaining to stir emotionally by our 'stories' when dry and imperfect statistics failed to impress.

Since those days, New York City has established a school census and has almost perfected a policy whereby all children are brought into school; but throughout the state there are communities where the compulsory education law is disregarded. The Federal Census of 1910 shows in this Empire State, in the counties (Franklin and Clinton) inhabited by the native-born, illiteracy far in excess of that in the counties where the foreign-born congregate.

Wonderful advance has been made within two decades in the conception of municipal responsibility for giving schooling to all children. Now the blind, the deaf, the cripples, and the mentally defective are included among those who have the right to education. When in 1893 I climbed the stairs in a Monroe Street tenement in answer to a call to a sick child, I found Annie F—— lying on a tumbled bed, rigid in the braces which encased her from head to feet. All about her, white goods were being manufactured, and five machines were whirring in the room. She had been dismissed from the hospital as incurable, and her mother carried her at intervals to an uptown orthopedic dis-

pensary. A pitiful, emaciated little creature! The sweatshop was transfigured for Annie when we put pretty white curtains at the window upon which she gazed, hung a bird-cage, and placed a window-box full of growing plants for her to look at during the long days. Then, realizing that she might live many years and would need, even more than other children, the joys that come from books, we found a young woman who was willing to go to her bedside and teach her.

Nowadays, children crippled as Annie was may be taken to school daily, under the supervision of a qualified nurse, in a van that calls for them and brings them home. One of these schools, established by intelligent philanthropists, is on Henry Street: the instructors are engaged and paid by the Department of Education. There are also classes in different sections of the city equipped for the special needs of cripples, to give them industrial training which will provide for their future happiness and economic independence.

Educators have only recently realized the existence of large numbers of pupils within the schools who are unequal to the routine class-work because of mental defects. It was one of our settlement residents, a teacher in a Henry Street school, who first startled us into serious consideration of these children. In the year 1899 she brought to us from time to time reports of a colleague whose attention was fixed upon the 'poor things' unable to keep up with the grade. She had, our resident declared, 'ideas' about them. We sought acquaintance with her, and we felt it a privilege to learn to know the noble enthusiasm of this young woman for those pupils who, to teachers, must always seem the least hopeful.

The Board of Education permitted her to form the first class for ungraded pupils, in School Number 1, in 1900, and the settlement gladly helped develop her theory of separate classes and special instruction for the defectives, not alone for their sakes, but to relieve the normal classes which their presence retarded. We provided equipment not yet on the School Board's requisition list, obtained permission for her to attend children's clinics, secured treatment for the children, and finally, and not least important, made every effort to interest members of the School Board and the public generally in this class of children.

The plan included the provision of a luncheon. For this we purchased tables, paper napkins, and dishes. The children brought from home bread and butter, and a penny for a glass of milk, and an alert principal made practical the cooking lessons given to the older girls in the school by having them prepare the main dish of the pupils' luncheon — incidentally the first to be provided in the grade schools. Occasionally the approval of the families would be expressed in extra donations, and in the beginning this sometimes took the form of a bottle of beer. Every day one pupil was permitted to invite an adult member of his family to the luncheon, which led naturally to an exchange of visits between members of the family and the teacher.

Among the pupils in this first class was Tony, a Neapolitan, impossible in the grade class because of emotional outbursts called 'bad temper,' and an incorrigible truant. When defects of vision were corrected the outbursts became less frequent, and manual work disclosed a latent power of application and stimulated a willingness to attend school. Tony is now a bricklayer, a member of the union in good standing, and last spring he and his father bought a house in Brooklyn.

Another was Katie. Spinal meningitis when she was very young had left her

with imperfect mental powers. Careful examination disclosed impaired control, particularly of the groups of smaller muscles. She has never learned to read, but has developed skill in clay-modeling, and sews and embroiders very well. She makes her clothes and is a cheerful helper to her mother in the work about the house. Last Christmas she sent to the school warm undergarments which she had made, to be given to the children who needed them. Her intelligent father feels that but for the discriminating instruction in the ungraded class her powers would have progressively deteriorated and Katie 'would be in darkness.'

The teacher who thus first fixed our attention upon these defective children has long been a member of the settlement family. She has carried us with her in her zeal for them, and we have come to see that it is because the public conscience has been sluggish that means and methods have not been more speedily devised toward an intelligent solution of this serious social problem.

From the small beginnings of the experimental class in Henry Street a separate department in the public schools was created in 1908, and this year (1915) there are 3000 children throughout the city under the care of specially trained teachers who have liberty to adapt the school work to the children's peculiar needs. All these ungraded classes are under the direction of Miss Farrell, who first awakened our interest in them.

Looking back upon the struggles to win formal recognition of the existence of these children, who now so much engage the attention of educators and scientists, we realize that our colleague's devotion to them, her power to excite enthusiasm in us, and her understanding of the social implications of their existence, came from a deep-lying principle that every human being, even the least lovely, merits respectful consideration of his rights and his personality.

Much is required of the public-school teachers, and many of them rise to every demand; but naturally, in so great a number, there are some who do not recognize that theirs is the responsibility for discovering the children who are not normal. Harry sits on our doorsteps almost every day, ready to run errands, and harmless as yet. Obviously defective, a 'pronounced moron,' he was promoted from class to class, and when one of his settlement friends called upon the teacher to discuss Harry's special needs, the teacher, somewhat contemptuous of our anxiety, observed that 'all that Harry needed was a whipping.'

From one half of one per cent to two per cent of children of school age are, it is estimated, in need of special instruction because of the quality or the imperfect functioning of their mental powers. The public school has the power, and should exercise it, to bring within its walls all the children physically and mentally competent to attend it. If children are under intelligent observation, departures from the normal can in many instances be recognized in time for training and education according to the particular need. Long-continued observation and record of the child are essential to intelligent treatment of abnormalities concerning which there is even now very little accurate information. Cumulative experience and data, such as can be obtained only through the compulsory attendance at school of the multitudes of children of this type, will finally give a basis for scientific and humanitarian action regarding them.

Up to a certain period the child's helplessness demands that every opportunity for development be given him, but that is not the whole of society's responsibility. The time comes when

the child's own interests and those of the community demand the wisest, least selfish, and most statesmanlike action. Society must state in definite terms its right to be protected from the hopelessly defective and the moral pervert, wherever found. This constitutes the real problem of the abnormal. At the adolescent period those unfit for parenthood should be guarded — girls and boys — and society should be vested with authority and power to accomplish segregation, the conditions of which should attract and not repel.

Because so much needs to be said upon it, if anything is said at all, I am loath to touch upon the one great obstacle to the effective use of all the intelligence and the resources available for the well-being of these children, the most baffling impediment to their and the community's protection, namely, the supreme authority of parenthood, be it never so inefficient, avaricious, or even immoral.

V

The breaking up of the family because of poverty, through the death or disappearance of the wage-earner, was, until comparatively recent years, generally accepted as inevitable.

In the first winter of our residence on the East Side we took care of Mr. S——, who was in an advanced stage of phthisis; and we daily admired the wonderful ability of his wife, who kept the home dignified while she sewed on wrappers, nursed her husband, and allowed nothing to interfere with the children's daily attendance at school. When her husband died it seemed the most natural thing in the world to help her to realize her own wishes and to approve her good judgment in desiring to keep the family together. The orphan asylum would doubtless have taken the children from her, leaving her childless as well as widowed, and with no counterbalancing advantage for the children to lighten her double woe. A large-minded lover of children, who gave his money to orphans as well as to orphanages, readily agreed to give the mother a monthly allowance until the eldest son could legally go to work. It was our first 'widow's pension.'

Our hopes in this particular case have been more than realized. The eldest boy, it is true, has not achieved any notable place in the community; but his sisters are teachers and most desirable elements in the public-school system of the city, — living testimony to the worth of the mother's character.

In no instance where we have prevented the disintegration of the family because of poverty have we had reason to regret our decision. Of course the ability of the mother to maintain a standard in the home and control the children is a necessary qualification in any general recommendation for this treatment of the widow and orphan, and competent supervision is essential to insure the maintenance of these conditions.

At the famous White House Conference on Children, held at the invitation of President Roosevelt, there was practical unanimity on the part of the experts who gathered there, that institutional life was undesirable and that wherever possible family life should be maintained. Testimony as to this came from many sources; and keeping the family together, or boarding the orphan with a normal family when adoption could not be arranged, became the dominant note of the conference.

The children, in this as in many other instances, led us into searching thought many years ago. Forlorn little Joseph had called upon me with a crumpled note which he reluctantly dragged from a pocket. It was from the admitting agent of an orphanage, explaining that Joseph could not be taken into the in-

stitution until his head was 'cured'; and it gave some details regarding the family, the worthiness of the mother, and her exceeding poverty. The agent hoped that I might relieve her by expediting Joseph's admission.

I tried to make the child's daily visit to me interesting. The treatment was not painful, but the end of each visit — he came with patient regularity every day — left me as dolorous as himself. One day I tried, by promise of a present or of any treat he fancied, to bring out some expression of youthful spirit — all unavailingly. 'But you must wish for something,' I urged; 'I never knew a boy who did n't.' For the first time the silent little lad showed enthusiasm. 'I wish you would n't cure my head, so I need n't go to the orphan asylum.'

Unscrupulous parents, I am well aware, often try to shift the responsibility for their children upon public institutions, but there are many who share Joseph's aversion to the institutional life, and we early recognized that the dislike is based upon a sound instinct and that a poor home might have compensating advantages compared with the well-equipped institution.

There have been great changes in institutional methods since I first had knowledge of them, and much ingenuity has been shown in devising means to encourage the development of individuality and initiative among the orphans. The cottage plan has been introduced in some institutions to modify the abnormal life of large congregations of children. But at best the life is artificial, and the children lose inestimably through not having day by day the experiences of normal existence. Valuable knowledge is lost because the child does not learn from experience the connection between the cost of necessities and the labor necessary to earn them. It was somewhat pathetic, at another conference on child-saving, to hear one of the speakers explain that he tried to meet this need by having the examples in arithmetic relate to the cost of food and household expenditures.

The lack of a normal emotional outlet is of consequence, and as a result astute physiognomists often recognize what they term the 'institution look.' Maggie, an intelligent girl, who has since given abundant evidence of spontaneity and spirit, spent a short time in an excellent orphanage. She told me the other day, and wept as she told it, that she had felt no unkindness there, but remembered with horror that when they arose in the morning the 'orphans' waited to be told what to do; and that feeling was upon her every hour of the day. In fact Maggie stirred me to make arrangements to take her out of the institution because, when I brought her for a visit to the settlement, she stood at the window the entire afternoon, wistfully watching the children play in our back yard, and not joining them because no one had told her that she might.

One is reluctant to speak only of the disadvantages of institutional life, for there are many children rescued from unfortunate family conditions who testify to the good care they received, and who, in after life, look back upon the orphanage as the only home they have known. For some children, doubtless, such care will continue to be necessary, but the conservative and rigid administration can be softened, and the management and their charges delivered out of the rut into which they have fallen, and from the tyranny of rules and customs which have no better warrant than that they have always existed.

Perhaps these illustrations are not too insignificant to record. Happening to pass through a room in an asylum when the dentist was paying his monthly visit, I saw a fine-looking young lad about to have a sound front tooth

extracted because he complained of toothache. No provision had been made for anything but the extraction of teeth. An offer to have the boy given proper treatment outside the institution was not accepted, but it needed no more than this to insure better dentistry in his case and in the institution in future. The reports stated that corporal punishment was not administered. When a little homesick lad displayed his hands, swollen from paddling, a request for an investigation, and that I be privileged to hear the inquiry, put a stop, and I am assured a permanent one, to this form of discipline. These are the more obvious disadvantages of institutional life for the child. The more subtle and dangerous are the curbing of initiative and the belittling of personality.

An intelligent observer of the effects of institution life on boys, a Roman Catholic priest, established a temporary home in New York to which they could come on their release from the institution until they found employment and suitable places to board. His insight was shown by his provision for the boys during their brief sojourn with him of a formal table service, and weekly dances to which girls whom he knew were invited. As he astutely observed, the boys often went into common society, or society which made no demands, because, from their lack of experience, they felt ill at ease in a circle where any conventions were observed.

Where life goes by rule there is little spontaneous action or conversation, but the children occasionally give clues to their passion for personal relationships. In an institution which I knew, the children were allowed to write once a month to their friends. More than one child without family ties took that opportunity to write letters to an imaginary mother, to send messages of affection to imaginary brothers and sisters, and to ask for personal gifts. They knew, of course, that the letters would never leave the institution.

An unusual instance of intense longing for family life and the desire to 'belong' to some one was given by Tillie, who had lived all her life in an orphan asylum. Sometimes she dreamed of her mother, and often asked where she was. When she was ten years old the wife of the superintendent told her that her mother had brought her to the asylum, but that all she could remember about her was that she had red hair. From that day the child's desire to reëstablish relations with her mother never flagged. In the files of the asylum a letter was discovered from an overseer of the poor in an upstate town, saying that the woman had wandered there. At Tillie's urgent request he was written to again, and after a search on his part it was learned that she had been declared insane and taken to the hospital at Rochester. The very day that Tillie was released from the orphan asylum she secured money for the trip and went to Rochester. The officials of the hospital received her kindly and took her into the ward where, although she had no memory of having seen her, she identified her mother — doubtless by the color of her hair. The mother, alas, did not recognize her. Two years later the girl revisited the hospital and found her mother enjoying an interval of memory. Tillie told me that she learned 'two important things' — that she had had a brother, and my name. How I was connected with the fortunes of the family the poor bewildered woman could not explain, and I have no recollection of her. Tillie followed these clues as she has every other. She has learned that the brother was sent West with orphans from an Eastern institution, and that he has joined the army. The devoted girl is making every effort to establish a home to which she can

bring the mother and brother, utterly regardless of the burden it will place on her young shoulders.

We must turn to the younger countries for testimony as to the wisdom of the non-institutional care of dependent children. In Australia the plan for many years in all the provinces has been to care for them in homes, and in Queensland and New South Wales the laws permit the children to be boarded out to their own mothers. It is encouraging to note the increasing number of responsible people in America who are ready to adopt children. It may not be possible to find a sufficient number of suitable homes to provide for all who are dependent; but once the policy of decentralization is established, other methods will be evolved to avoid large congregations of boys and girls. Two of my colleagues and I have found much happiness in assuming responsibility for eight children. Quite apart from our own pleasure in taking to ourselves these 'nieces' and 'nephews,' we believe that we shall be able to demonstrate convincingly the practicability of establishing small groups of children, without ties of their own, as a family unit. Our children live the year round in our country home, and are identified with the life of the community; and we hope to provide opportunity for the development of their individual tastes and aptitudes.

Education and the child is a theme of widest social significance. To the age-old appeal that the child's dependence makes upon the affections has been added a conviction of the necessity for a guarded and trained childhood, that better men and women may be developed. It is a modern note in patriotism and civic responsibility, which impels those who are brought in contact with the children of the poor to protect them from premature burdens, to prolong their childhood and the period of growth. Biologists bring suggestive and illuminating analogies, but when one has lived many years in a neighborhood such as ours, the children themselves tell the story. We know that physical well-being in later life is largely dependent upon early care, that only the exceptional boys and girls can escape the unwholesome effects of premature labor, and that lack of training is responsible for the enormous proportion of unskilled and unemployable among the workers.

The stronghold of our democracy is the public school. This conviction lies deep in the hearts of those social enthusiasts who would keep the school free from the demoralization of cant and impure politics, and restore it to the people, a shrine for education, a centre for public uses.

The young members of the settlement clubs hear this doctrine preached not infrequently. Last June the City Superintendent, addressing a class graduating from the normal school, made an appeal for idealism in their work. He spoke of the possibilities in their profession for far-reaching social service, and named as one who exemplified his theme the young principal of a great city school, once one of our settlement boys.

[In the June issue of the *Atlantic*, Miss Wald's topic will be, 'Children and Work.' — THE EDITORS.]

MY FRIEND THE TURK

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I. DOUML DOUML

CONSTANTINOPLE, in September, reminded me of the Balkan War. It was all flags and soldiers and tooting and drumming, and nobody had any idea what was going on, and the most baroque stories ran about from mouth to mouth in the true Mediterraneo-Asiatic fashion. Only the suspense was of a different color this time. There was so new a feeling in the air that I, who am an insatiate snapshotter, locked up my camera. Time was when it amused me to get arrested, and the story of my prisons would outdo Silvio Pellico. But that innocent time is no more. I firmly resolved that I would do nothing to irritate the police if they would do nothing to irritate me. They looked much more determined than I remembered them. They were also much less polite toward foreigners. That was what the flags were about, really. Incidentally they meant the Sultan's birthday, — the birthday of Papa Thankyou, as some people irreverently call him. He came to the throne late in life, after many years of hardship and humbling at the hands of his iron elder brother; and I suppose it seemed so wonderful to him to have enough money and to see everybody bow to him, that he kept saying what was in his simple Turkish heart: 'I remained grateful.' He has remained grateful ever since, and his courtiers rather laugh at him for it, poor dear, while they are secretly glad that he is like that, and the most manageable of Papas. So for his birthday present they gave him the Capitulations.

I was just too late for the demonstration in honor of this strange beast, which many people insisted on calling 'catipulation' — or 'catipoulationne,' if you will pronounce it, as they did, in a French manner. Most of them took it to be a town in France which had been taken by the Germans, and rejoiced accordingly. Luckily I was not too late to hear an English friend of mine interview one of the demonstrators on the subject, a wiry Laz lighterman of the harbor, who reported that he and his brothers in the guild had been told to come on such and such a day to such and such a place and carry a flag. Why were they to carry flags, we inquired? How, he replied, should he know? It was the order. Some said it was to frighten the bakers, who had been baking short weight.

Another friend of mine, who first knew of the great event by the flags in his quarter, went to find out what they meant. The first man he asked said they celebrated the fall of the Moratorium, the two foreign words being equally vague to the lay Turkish mind. A second said that the Italians had taken Paris! The third did pronounce the unpronounceable word; but there was fair ground to question whether he had any more idea of what a Capitulation might be than you, intelligent Western reader. Because you are Western and intelligent it is not for me to take your time by giving you an account of those old treaties which the

Turks suddenly found means to abrogate. I may say, however, that they made it possible for foreigners to establish their own post-offices in Turkey, to live there without being taxed or tried like the people of the country, and otherwise to multiply states within the state. And I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to blame the Turks, really, for seizing so good a chance to take their own affairs into their own hands.

Meanwhile the drumming went on and on, — such drumming as can go on only in that land of drums, where half the people cannot read and where notices are given out by the same night watchmen who cry the news of fires. For fires, though, they don't drum. So that eternal pounding, generally at night, sounded all the hollower and more fateful. It began again one evening when I was sitting in a coffee-house. Two Turks sat at the next table. '*Douml douml douml!*' exclaimed one of them. 'What is this *douml douml?* We heard *douml douml*, and Bulgaria went. And then we heard *douml douml*, and Crete went. And then we heard *douml douml*, and Tripoli went. And then we heard *douml douml*, and Macedonia went. And now we hear *douml douml* and Constantinople will go — and I'm going too,' he added, getting up, suddenly remembering that it was not well to discuss the affairs of the empire before too many ears. For there were listeners abroad in the land, and they got more than one coffee-house politician into trouble. But the *douml douml* went on, night after night, calling for soldiers, calling for blankets, calling for winter underclothes, calling for men between twenty and forty of those who are able to carry pianos on their backs, calling for masons and carpenters and stovemen, calling even — and very insistently — for people who could speak German.

It was no wonder, for never in my life did I see so many Germans, outside of Germany — or New York — or Venice in the mating-season. A lot of them wore uniforms and swaggered about in motor cars, preferably in those requisitioned from English residents. The fat scion of a certain great Turkish house whispered to me that the soldiers did not love the German officers too much. For your Turk, while enduring past endurance and obedient to the death, is a very human creature, if slow-moving in mind and body; and while he does his best to understand a foreign accent and even to gulp down those prepared mixtures known to him as German soup, it goes against his grain to be cuffed, or haply to be shot, for failing to salute with sufficient promptness. There were more Germans out of uniform than in, however, looking very intelligent and highly competent and rather mysterious. And the Goeben and the Breslau, or, if you like, the Yavouz Selim and the Midillü — which, being interpreted, are the Grim Selim and the Mitylene — strutted up and down the Bosphorus, under Turkish flags to be sure, but with German eagles emblazoned on their bows and dozens of German sailor-caps moving about their decks. Even when the sailors began masquerading as Turks, the way they wore their fezzes betrayed them when their faces did not.

What did it all mean? For even after the Turks allowed their front door — the Dardanelles — to be banged and bolted in everybody's nose, we were still simple enough to wonder which way the Turkish cat would jump. For the moment it meant neutrality, if you please, — a kind of neutrality which forbade the British naval mission supposed to be instructing the Turkish navy to board any Turkish ship. So the British naval mission, on the day before a certain festive naval review of which the chief figure was the Goeben-

Selim, quietly packed its Gladstone bags and departed, having contrived to get itself recalled in a manner which I hope is true. It ought to be, because a parson told me he suggested it. The naval mission expected to go, sooner or later, but wanted to be recalled before it was dismissed, and had no sure means of stating its case in a hurry to the Admiralty, mails and cables being very closely watched in those uncertain days. The parson accordingly proposed this cryptic telegram: 'Two Timothy four six seven wire twenty-one.' Which a properly brought-up Admiralty was able to read: 'For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' And to answer in the sense of the last verse: 'Do thy diligence to come before winter. Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren.'

I must confess it sounds a little too good to be true — for even a parson may be gifted with imagination.

II. THE CAT JUMPS

I shall always remember the gray October morning when I heard, through a window framed by yellowing rose leaves, of the raid in the Black Sea. I said nothing to the other people in the house. Again I said nothing when I was called away from the lunch table and told that certain English friends of the house were leaving at once for Dedeh Aghach, the Bulgarian port on the Ægean which had become the side door of Constantinople. Then the news came a third time, and not to me. And we all shared an impression of something grave and irreparable and portentous beyond all discerning.

The Germans chose their moment very well. They chose the feast of *Kourban Baïram*, the greatest of all Mohammedan, or of all Sunnite, feasts, when the ceremonies of pilgrimage culminate at Mecca and when in Constantinople the Sultan, after the early morning sacrifice, holds a great levee of the grandees of the empire. The Germans chose their moment perhaps even better than they knew, for when the first day of *Kourban Baïram* falls on a Friday there is held to be something peculiarly significant about it. On this Friday, at all events, when the news came out of the previous day's attack on the Russians, the levee was said to be unwontedly impressive. It might well be, since not a few of those present must have asked themselves whether they would ever again do homage to the Sultan in Dolma Ba'hcheh Palace. It was also said that more than one voice was raised in that august assembly against the commission of acts of war without the knowledge of the country. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that very few in the country had been in the secret, and that very many of them were greatly perturbed. None of the confidence with which they went into the Balkan War was visible. The Bulgarians had cured them of that. Silence and grave faces were everywhere, and an anxious questioning whether the irreparable might not yet be repaired, as the motors scurried back and forth between embassies and ministries. On Saturday night, however, the Russian Ambassador broke off negotiations and went away.

The only alternative, of course, would have been for the Germans to go away. But there were too many of them, and by that time only cannon could have driven them away. The Goeben showed me that, out of all her lighted portholes. Without any haste, perfectly at home, she sauntered softly down the Bosphorus that evening, the big gray naughty cat, licking her lips and purring audibly after her pounce in the Black Sea.

On Sunday night the other two ambassadors left. I went to see them go; for the departure of recalled ambassadors at the outbreak of an extension of a world war is not, thank heaven, a thing that happens every day. Also, I wanted to see how the Turks would take it. They took it as they usually take things, gravely, without a sign of the popular feeling shown in Vienna and Berlin last August when the English and French ambassadors went away. What was equally characteristic was the lack of any adequate arrangements at the station, and the consequent delay of the diplomatic train for nearly an hour beyond the time at which it was scheduled to leave. Which only heightened, perhaps, the sense that bore down upon me anew, of how untheatrically life does dramatic things. Sirkeji station never looked dirtier, or less like the proper setting for a historic rupture, while any stage super would have shown more interest in his rôle than the gray-coated police on guard.

The same need not be said of the crowd that filled the station. They were mostly English and French residents, with their wives, their children, and their hand-bags, all dying to get across the frontier and all doubtful whether the Turks would let them. The Turks did not, that night, in spite of the promises they had made to the contrary. It suddenly occurred to them that they might lose some of the money the refugees owed them for income taxes. Great, therefore, was the resultant confusion, — the greater because the police, politely enough but firmly, first tried to clear the station, without completely succeeding, and then tried to keep out the arriving ambassadors and their official families. The three or four minor dignitaries present who might have known who anybody was, kept discreetly to themselves on the outer platform. It accordingly devolved upon the attachés of the American Embassy to be masters of ceremonies. Not all of them spoke Turkish, and they had difficulty in rescuing their own chief from the claws of the gray-coats. That I saw with my own eyes. I also saw M. Bompard and Sir Louis Malet push their own way into the station. The young men of their suites, several of them bearing historic names in France and England, likewise bore such loads of luggage as assuredly they had never staggered under before in their lives. I don't suppose that it did the young men any harm, or that they really minded. It merely underscored the general muddle.

When the last person who held a ticket for the diplomatic train was seated in it, the station doors were left unguarded, and those who had been shut out before rushed back, hoping against hope that they might still be allowed to leave by the promised second train. One poor French lady, who seemed to have no friends, ran up and down distractedly, showing her passport to everybody and sobbing that it was in order. The police were now drawn up in line facing the train, on the farther side of the platform railing. She clutched the arm of one of them, through the bars, imploring him to let her board the train. He looked around once and then showed no further consciousness of her existence. A French secretary's wife, taking pity on her, tried to comfort her and to explain that only officials and those related to them were leaving by this train. 'But I also am French!' cried the unhappy one on the wrong side of the bars. When at last the train began to move, she fainted away. She at least, poor terrified creature, showed a sensitiveness to a situation! But at that moment of sudden silence, as the light from compartment windows flickered down the platform, I think no one there, not even in the impassive line of

gray-coats drawn up at attention, can have been without some sense of an irrevocable severing, and of all that dark old imperial town had known of human ebb and flow, and of something strange in the air past all account — as of a stirring of the wind of destiny. And when the tail lights of the train went out in the Seraglio cut and we turned to go home, it seemed to me like having turned a corner. The rising buzz of talk was now all about war. We heard that the Russians had crossed the frontier of the Caucasus and that shots had been exchanged at the Dardanelles.

III. HOLY WAR ALLA FRANCA

My fainting French lady got away. The American Ambassador saw to that, vowing that if the promised train did not leave, he would leave himself. It is not my business to be a press agent, but I must confess to an ingenuous welling of patriotic pride, and to a suspicion of something new in the annals of diplomacy, when the staffs of the Embassy, the Consulate General, and the dispatch boat, headed usually by the chief in person, turned up at Sirkeji many successive mornings and nights, — at hours when other official people were enjoying their beauty sleep or dressing for dinner, — to see that the Turks kept their word and that the refugees departed in what peace they might. The flight of I know not how many hundred of these was further sweetened by presents of Turkish Delight. And altogether the representatives of our country in troubled Stamboul must have heard such pretty speeches and read such grateful letters as will make their ears burn for the rest of their days.

At the same time it must be granted that very little of this could have happened, and that so many Englishmen and Frenchmen of military age would never have got away, if the Turks had chosen to be less magnanimous, — especially when the Germans were at their elbow to point out the true way of treating belligerents. If there was policy in it, a policy foreseeing the day when peace would be reëstablished and when money would again be required from France and England, the fact remains that your Turk, after all, is not so black as he is painted. And while he has done and will yet do many incredibly stupid things, I cannot in my inmost heart help feeling sorry for him.

Among other memorable days of that memorable period I recollect very vividly the one, a fortnight after the outbreak of hostilities, when I heard, rather in the manner of *The Ring and the Book*, at a belligerent dinner-table, the day's story of the launching of the Holy War. Every one had some item to contribute about the gathering at the mosque of the Conqueror; or the solemn reading of *fetvas*, the justificatory questions and answers that had lain twenty-four hours in the sanctuary of the relics of the Prophet; or the mingling of Turkish and Austrian and German flags; or the marching to the Sublime Porte, the Seraglio, and the two friendly embassies; or the various speeches; or the final breaking of belligerent windows and the wrecking of a technically belligerent hotel, to say nothing of the destruction, earlier in the day, of the Russian war memorial of 1878. The last items were the ones that most impressed our imaginations on that uncanny November night. We all knew something of other holy wars. The owner of several of the broken windows was of our number; and at the end of the evening another American and I walked home with him, that his very adequate fists might have the moral support of our neutrality in case any one should attempt to interfere with him or with the important dispatch case he carried. I may add that no one did so, although, to the

several police and military patrols we passed, the hour must have seemed somewhat unusual for promenades with dispatch cases on lonely quays. And the next day the window-breaking part of the Holy War was publicly disavowed, and the owner of the dispatch case received profuse apologies from high quarters, being furthermore begged to remain in Constantinople and continue his business without fear of molestation. Nor was his altogether an exceptional instance, if one may judge from a proclamation which I saw later. The proclamation, issued to the people of Palestine, closed with these remarkable words: 'The goods, the life, the honor, and especially the individual rights of the subjects of the states at war with us are also under the guaranty of our national honor. I therefore shall not allow the least aggression toward these. . . . May God give success to Islam.'

Allah indeed is great, if Islam can be addressed in words such as these on the subject of holy war. The Germans must have counted not a little on that old bogey which they pulled out of the dust of the Turkish cupboard. It looked grim enough when it was first pulled out, as I have just borne witness. But it has quite lost its first grimness, for reasons to which I have also borne witness. A real holy war, against all Christendom, Islam might perhaps rise and wage with enthusiasm. But a holy war of tendernesses strange to European battlefields, against a fraction only of Christendom, waged in unnatural alliance with another fraction of Christendom, of which a lesser fraction lately wrested away a bleeding member of Islam — that is a holy war which Islam can scarcely be expected to comprehend. The case was rather amusingly put by an old Turkish servant of friends of mine, whom the proclamation of holy war threw into great doubt and distress of mind. He had long eaten the bread of his Christian masters, as he expressed it, and he loved their children like his own. Yet if his caliph commanded him to up and slay them — He went away one day exceeding sorrowful, not knowing how to harmonize his two allegiances. But he came smiling back the next morning, having settled the matter overnight in a coffee-house. This holy war, it appeared, was holy war not *alla turca* but *alla franca* (those old Italian terms are still current in Turkish). Therefore there was no need for him to refuse his master's bread!

That damaging little word, I fancy, must have gone around more than one coffee-house. It betrays in its own way the changing air that has blown over Turkey since the days when ambassadors of unfriendly states were thrown, at the outbreak of war, into the Seven Towers. I think it is unfair for us of the West not to recognize the fact. I am even unfashionable enough to think there is something to be said in favor of the young man who more than any other Turk is supposed to be responsible for this new holy war. Enver Pasha may be vain and ambitious. Most men, and especially most men under thirty-five, are. It is also likely enough that he has made mistakes. His entire career, nevertheless, from the time when, as a subaltern in Smyrna, he quelled an incipient riot, to his recent reorganization of the army and wholesale retirement of elderly or incompetent officers, proves him to have the courage of his convictions. He has never failed in decision or independence of judgment. How common are such men in any land? And no one can seriously criticize him for doing what seems to him best to raise the fallen fortunes of his country. If his personal sympathies happen to be German, it cannot be said that England or France or Russia has done very much to win them.

This is not the place for me to go into the long and complicated story of international intrigue in Constantinople during the past generation. But I may point out one perfectly legitimate reason why German influence has prevailed, if only for a moment: Germany possesses no territory which once belonged to the Turks, and does not rule one Mohammedan subject.

The real trouble, of course, with Enver Pasha and his patriotic Young Turks is that their fundamental thesis is untenable — except for themselves. When they perorate about the sacred soil of their fathers and weep over their lost provinces, it is affecting because they really mean it. But no one not a Turk can sympathize with them very deeply. For their lost provinces were as little Turkish as anything could be, and if the sacred soil of their fathers exists anywhere it is hardly in the empire they rule. If time and antiquity of sentiment count for anything, the soil of that empire is far more sacred to the Greeks, to the Armenians, to the Kürds, to the Arabs, to all the other people who were there centuries before the Turks broke out of the East. No amount of oratory or patriotism can change that cold indestructible fact. And therein, my poor Turks young and old, whom I truly love, lies your tragedy. You are squatters in fields which are not your own, and your own have been too long lost for you to find again. Time was, perhaps, when you might, by killing or forcibly converting the men whose lands you invaded, have made those lands your own. But that time is past. It is too late now to convert or to destroy a nation. Your only chance is to build up a civilization superior to those about you. Are you equal to it? I fear the empire that bears your name cannot remain yours for ever, because there are too few of you in it, and you have there too few rights. To raise the cry of Turkey for the Turks is mere blindness and chauvinism. Nothing, in the long run, can come of it, — until you, or what is left of you, in some corner of what was once your stolen empire, form a compact and practically homogeneous people.

IV. THRACE

It is unnecessary to recount the increasingly sombre changes in the color of Constantinople whereby a sketcher in sketch-books was drawn to muse with sympathy on his native land. His native land, to be sure, is one where you may not say what you mean, or wear what you choose, or build a wall around your garden, without getting into more trouble than such eccentricities are worth. But it is a land where at least you don't have to think twice before putting a lump of sugar into your coffee or throwing away a pair of shoe-laces; where such money as is coming to you comes; where you may post or receive letters in the English language; where no censor decorates with big black splotches the little mail that dribbles through to you; where the police do not look at you askance and strangely for carrying a notebook and sometimes scribbling in it; where your house is not searched and researched at all hours of day and night for wireless telegraphy; and where you do not have to burn most of your papers and hide the rest for fear of getting your friends into trouble.

A land so rich in the lesser liberties of life was not to be reached, however, without much visitation of police and consular offices, without argument as to whether a neutral had or had not the right to transport baggage from one part of the town to another, and without my being held up at last so long on an open drawbridge that I expected to miss my train. Even then it

was doubtful whether there would be a train to miss, for the Bulgarians had been doing something on their side of the border. Also, Enver Pasha had complained that it was much too easy for people to get away and carry out news. Every few days the trains were accordingly suppressed, without notice. Mine happened not to be suppressed, and I caught it, — after the police had added another *visa* to my already richly colored passport and had looked through my luggage. The man who did the latter found nothing to be concerned about except some filmpacks that had come by post from England and had never been opened. He tore off the envelope of one, and then tore into the pasteboard case of the filmpack. He was a little alarmed by the visible darkening of the films, until reassured by a more experienced associate. So he carefully wrapped up the filmpack for me again. But I confess I had the bad manners to throw it into his wood-box.

I have always loved to go into or out of Stamboul by train, for the quaint water-side quarters through which you pass, half shut in by the battered old Byzantine walls, but giving you every now and then, through unexpected breaches, a glimpse of the Marmora and its sails and its islands swimming afar. On this cold gray November morning it all took a tinge from the day and from my mood, and I could not help wondering what dark unhappy things would happen there before I came again. We whistled through a last breach in the land wall, continued to skirt the Marmora for a little, then turned inland and climbed the bare heights of Chatalja. They were scarred with trenches, some the old ones of the Balkan War, others freshly and much more scientifically dug. I saw soldiers at work in one. Other soldiers, in big gray coats and hoods, guarded every bridge and culvert on the line.

A policeman came through the train, tall, dark, grave, handsome, asking every one his business and where he was going. In my compartment were three Turks whom he looked at and passed by. I did n't quite make them out — or two of them, at least. They might have been provincial magnates, going home after a visit to town. The more talkative of the two used one French word to every six Turkish, invariably addressing the others as *mon cher* — and even me, when he discovered that I was not an English refugee. The third was very Young Turk, — too young even to be a soldier, he confided to me. It filled him with despair, for he was waiting for the chance to become a hero. They all got out at Chatalja, the station of which is outside the lines. I wondered what they would do there with their *mon chers*.

For some distance beyond, the country was much broken and overgrown with scrubby trees, — one reason why it took the Bulgarians so long to get from Lüleh Bourgas to Chatalja. Then the land flattened out into an empty wilderness of rain, vaguely marked at long intervals by some charred relic of the Balkan War or by a raw new wooden station. No one would ever suspect the vicinity of a great capital, that had been a great capital for two thousand years. On all the side tracks, it is true, were long freight trains — of which many cars were marked in huge red letters, INFLAMMABLE or EXPLOSIBLE. It was easy to guess what was in them, brought from Austria and Germany through a benevolently neutral Bulgaria.

In the corridor I made the acquaintance of two French priests. They, like many other priests and nuns on board, had just been expelled from the country; and their schools, like all those belonging to the belligerent powers, had been seized by the Turks. They told

me how their premises had been searched eleven times in fifteen days for wireless, and how in the end they had been turned out. The one of them who had spent the longer time in the country had much to tell me that was interesting about his experiences and about his friends among the Turkish journalists and politicians of the capital. I remember most vividly how he exclaimed: 'Poor Turks! They will never arrive anywhere, for they lack continuity' — *l'esprit de suite*. 'They have honesty, they have force, but it is not enough. You must have knowledge, conceptions. While they' — His expressive eyebrows completed his meaning.

During the afternoon we changed cars, the Constantinople train going on to Sofia and the Danube, while we turned south toward the Ægean. Another policeman asked the usual questions, the answers to which he noted in the usual book. This time my companions were a vivacious Greek lady and a couple of Englishmen. It was after dark when we reached Demotica, the frontier town. There new functionaries appeared, intent upon examining our bags and our purses for letters or gold. None of the former, and only £10 of the latter, might we carry away.

One of my Englishmen had £40, for which he displayed a permit from the Minister of Finance. He was asked to step out and interview the chief of the station police. The other Englishman caught the eye of the inspector. 'Your friend Ali Effendi told me to give you his regards,' he said in Turkish. The inspector looked a little vague. 'He also asked me to give you this,' continued the Englishman, handing the inspector an envelope. The inspector took it and salaamed courteously. 'And which are your bags?' he inquired of neutral me, turning his back on his enemy the Englishman — whose pockets were full of sovereigns and who after all had only given the fellow a dollar!

Our Greek lady looked a little coy and opened everything she had before the inspector was ready for her, even to a lunch basket in which sat a plump cold fowl. She lifted it up for the inspector to glance under it.

Meanwhile the other Englishman returned from the station with his £40, saying that he had seen a pile of gold on a table. A good deal of it came from the coin necklaces of peasant women in the third-class cars. The police would chop off ten coins, hand them back to the unhappy owner, and confiscate the rest.

At last the train started slowly, stopped, started on. The Greek lady threw open a window and solemnly spat out of it — at the country of which she was free. Then she began to laugh, so immoderately that for a moment we thought her mad, — and still more when she insisted that each one of us should lift her cold fowl. It was as heavy as lead. 'No wonder!' she cried. 'It is stuffed with gold! Ah, those Turks!'

As for myself, I could not help remembering the French priest and his exclamation, 'Ces pauvres Turcs! Ils n'arriveront jamais à rien.' Is it true? I wondered.

Just then we stopped again; I found myself looking at a new kind of soldier, who looked up out of the penumbra of light cast by the window — not very tall, but very straight, very slim, very trim, very fair, and with an assured twinkle in the eyes of which I seemed to ask my question. Bulgaria!

THE BRITISH CABINET

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

Two features of the situation in England deserve attention, not only because of their importance, but also because of their unexpectedness. One is the entire absence of emotionalism, and especially of any tendency to jingoism, on the part of the public; the other is the remarkable and continued confidence shown in the Government. Both proceed in some measure from one cause. The menace is so overwhelming as to leave no room for the ordinary extravagances of popular feeling or party prejudice. Apart from the licensed perversity of Mr. Bernard Shaw, only one sentiment prevails. The country is satisfied that it is fighting for its existence against the most powerful enemy that ever assailed it, and satisfied also that the Government is free from complicity in the crime that is deluging Europe with blood. With the practical good sense that comes with a supreme emergency, it avoids alike the sort of popular frenzy that characterized the progress of the Boer War and the censorious attitude usually adopted toward a government in war-time.

But there is another and more positive reason why the Government commands the confidence of the country. John Bright used to say that war always destroyed the government that waged it, and the present war may be no exception to the rule. But at the end of nearly eight months of unexampled trial, Mr. Asquith's Administration is more firmly seated than at any moment in its history. Pitt himself never possessed such a widespread authority over the public mind as Mr. Asquith and his colleagues exercise to-day. There are, of course, departmental criticisms on such subjects as the contracting methods of the War Office and the administration of the Press Bureau. But these criticisms do not touch the central faith of the country in its rulers. That is absolute, unquestioning, and wholly unprecedented. It is as marked on the Conservative side of politics as on the Liberal. Conservative members openly acknowledge their satisfaction that their party is not in power. One of the most representative of them said to me the other day, 'Imagine —— at the Treasury, —— at the Admiralty, —— as Prime Minister.' And at each name his hands made a gesture of horror.

If there is an element of surprise in the general satisfaction, it must be remembered that the memories of the South African War are still fresh in the public mind. The history of that war was a record of almost uninterrupted disappointments: military failure, financial blundering, false estimates of difficulties, false methods of handling them — all culminating in the humiliating scandals revealed by the War Stores Commission. The experience of that war was undoubtedly a valuable preparation for the struggle that was to come fifteen years later. It sent the nation to school, chastened its spirit, spread abroad a popular distrust of the cant of imperialism, and led to a searching revision of the military system of

the country. England entered on the European war with a vastly better equipment and in a much saner spirit than could have been the case without the lessons of South Africa. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the smooth working of the military and financial machine which so astonished the country at the beginning of the war was largely due to the alarms of 1911, which prepared the Government for the handling of the situation three years later.

But when every consideration of this sort has been admitted, the efficiency of the Government remains a matter of universal agreement. The boldness of its measures, the promptness with which they were put into operation, the far-seeing scope of its preparations, and the sense of unity and momentum behind its action, have impressed the nation profoundly and given it a feeling of security which events have done nothing to weaken. The extent to which England has provided, not only the material and financial resources of the Allies, but their intellectual energy and initiative, is well understood, and there is in no quarter any disposition to refuse to the Government the main credit for the satisfactory course of the campaign.

The capacity of the Asquith Administration in the parliamentary and legislative sphere had, of course, long been recognized, with enthusiasm on the one side, grudgingly and of necessity on the other. But success in the parliamentary sense did not predicate success in the wholly different tasks of war — might indeed foreshadow unfitness for those tasks. And yet familiarity with the dominating personalities of the Cabinet could hardly warrant any disquiet on the subject, for those personalities have throughout been conspicuous as men of action, and of swift adaptability to new conditions and new problems. It is no reflection on the general level of the Cabinet, which is unusually high, to say that its force, inspiration, and direction proceed mainly from five only of the twenty members. These five are the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Lord Kitchener. One might be tempted to add a sixth in the person of Mr. Harcourt, were it not that his achievement always seems incommensurate with the sense of latent power that he conveys. He made his first speech in Parliament as a minister of the Crown, and expectation has waited on him patiently for some demonstration of his father's masterful influence; but it has waited so long in vain that it is disposed to leave his doorstep. But, though he has made little impression on the country and indeed seems indifferent to popular *réclame*, he carries into the Cabinet a personal force and a subtlety of mind that are never negligible. He may be paired with Lord Haldane, — an old foe of his in the days of the Boer War, — who with equal subtlety of mind and much more activity in public also just fails, in spite of his enthusiasm for the doctrine of 'efficiency,' to be a first-rate influence on events.

II

From the five members who constitute the driving power of the Government, Lord Kitchener may be momentarily detached. He is the soldier, *sans phrase*, who has been introduced into the Cabinet for the emergency and on entirely technical grounds. The remaining four divide themselves temperamentally into two widely different groups. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey are typical products of the Balliol of Jowett's great day, — contemptuous of display and rhetoric; avoiding all demagogic appeals to popular emotion with a sort of academic horror of vulgarity; given to understatement rather

than overstatement of their case; distrustful of the idealist, and placing their feelings under a ruthless intellectual discipline; commanding respect for their high qualities of character rather than affection for the warmth of their human sympathies. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, on the other hand, are as popular as music-hall artists; they are men who love the platform and delight in intimate intercourse with the crowd, who draw their inspiration direct from the democracy, rejoice in action rather than in speculation, respond much more readily to emotional impulse than to theory, and approach every issue with an empirical courage that is indifferent to tradition.

It will be obvious, from this contrast, that while Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey are the steadying power of the combination, their two colleagues are the sails that give it volition. It is not the least of Mr. Asquith's merits that he has been able to attach to himself and to retain the loyalty of men of such startlingly different habits of mind from his own. The fact is largely due to his remarkable freedom from the vices of egotism and personal ambition. No one ever came to power with less individual assertiveness, or in a more personally disinterested spirit. His temperament is naturally easy-going and a little flaccid. He does not care who gets the popular applause so long as the work is done; but he would rather that it was not himself, for he has as little passion for the mob as Coriolanus, or, to take a modern example, the late Lord Salisbury. To some extent, no doubt, his reticence is due to a certain shyness, which often assumes a protective shield of cold indifference. That, behind the rather frigid public exterior, he cultivates the sensibilities, is known to his friends and has more than once been revealed to the public. He is the only man I have seen break down in the House of Commons under the stress of emotion. It was on the occasion when he announced the final failure of his efforts to bring about a settlement in the memorable coal strike of 1911. And no one who heard his noble tribute to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could doubt either his sympathy or the candor of his mind. For during the Boer War his relations with Sir Henry had been extremely strained, and when he took office under him, he shared the general distrust of the Liberal Imperialists in regard to one whose simplicity of manner hid from them the essential greatness of his character, and whose loyalty to a very plain faith was easily mistaken for a phlegmatic obstinacy.

It is the accident of events that has made Mr. Asquith the pilot during the most stormy period of British politics for, certainly, a century. He is himself, by temperament, the least adventurous of statesmen. His quality is intellectual rather than imaginative, and he is congenitally indisposed to pluck the peach before it is ripe. At no time in his career has he forced issues on the public. He is content to leave the pioneering work to those who like it, and prefers to make his appearance when the air has been warmed. It would be wholly wrong to assume from this that he is an opportunist, or that he is governed by the motions of the weathercock. Nothing, indeed, could be further from the truth. It is simply that he is neither an adventurer, nor a political gambler, nor an idealist; but a plain politician, interested only in practicable things and a little indifferent to dreams, even though they are on the point of becoming realities. But once engaged, his mind works with unrivaled power. All the resources of the most capacious intellect that has been placed at the service of Parliament since Gladstone disappeared are brought into play with an economy of method, a startling

clearness of thought, and a passionless detachment of spirit that give him an unrivaled mastery of the House. 'Bring me the sledge-hammer,' whispered Campbell-Bannerman, on one occasion, to his neighbor on the government bench; and Mr. Asquith was brought. His approach to the dialectical battle is like the massive advance of an army corps, just as Mr. Lloyd George's approach is like the swift onset of a cavalry brigade. He has himself expressed his agreement with Pitt, that the highest virtue of statesmanship is patience, and few men have shown a more abundant supply of the virtue in trying situations. His tolerance of the Ulster conspiracy more than once tested the faith of his supporters. In the midst of the passions aroused by the passage of the Parliament Act I saw him for nearly an hour vainly endeavoring to speak while Lord Hugh Cecil and the young Tories howled at him like wolves; and throughout all that unparalleled insult he stood with a certain cold scorn, but without one word of anger escaping his lips. He would not stoop even to characterize such an outrage.

But there is one thing that moves him to passion. He has the soul of the lawyer, — the reverence for the bond, for constitutional precedent, for international law, for the sacred word of nations. He touches greatness most when he is asserting some abstract principle of government, as, when replying at the Albert Hall to some airy remark of Mr. Balfour to the effect that a certain question of taxation was only a trifle, he said, 'A trifle! But it was for trifles like these that Pym fought and Hampden died.' And no one who heard that tremendous impeachment of Germany on the day after the declaration of war can doubt the fierce passion for fundamental things that blazes beneath this drilled and disciplined exterior.

Mr. Asquith, indeed, is a man whom the emergency always finds greater than the need. His natural tendency to *laissez-faire* — his habit of never forcing a thing until it becomes imminent — gives the impression of want of force, of lack of fire and flame, of intellectual indifference to the issue. But in the moment of crisis he envelops a situation with a sudden and masculine authority that has had no parallel in the House of Commons in this generation. It was so in the case of the famous Curragh camp episode. A position had been allowed to develop of the gravest menace, not only to the Government, but to the authority of Parliament over the army. The War Secretary had to resign, the head of the General Staff had refused to continue in office, and the Government seemed in imminent peril. Then, without, I believe, consulting any one, Mr. Asquith came down to the House and announced that he himself would take the war secretaryship. It was a master stroke that changed the situation in a moment, and the scene that followed — the thrilling shout of triumph on the one side, the visible rout on the other — was as memorable as anything in the annals of Parliament. Among the many German miscalculations in regard to England there was none more disastrous than the misunderstanding of Mr. Asquith. He is slow to anger, but, his indignation once aroused, there is in him a concentrated passion and a sense of power that give extraordinary impetus and weight to his onset. And in their open repudiation of law and honor among nations, the Germans in his eyes outraged the very ark of the covenant.

III

If Mr. Asquith's intellectual mastery of the House is supreme, Sir Edward Grey's influence is not less remarkable as a triumph of character. In many re-

spects his equipment is undistinguished. He has traveled little: it is jocularly said that he made his first visit to Paris when he accompanied the King there a short time ago. He is not a linguist; he is wholly insular in his tastes, almost unknown in society, much more devoted to fishing than to politics; speaks little, and then in the plainest and most unadorned fashion; is indifferent to the currents of modern life, and turns for his literature to the quietism of Wordsworth, Walton, and White's *Selborne;* is rarely seen in the House, and then seems to stray in, as it were, like a visitor from another planet. And in spite of all this he exercises an almost hypnotic influence on Parliament. The detachment of his mind, the Olympian aloofness and serenity of his manner, the transparent honesty of his aims, his entire freedom from artifice and from appeals to the 'gallery,' all combine to give him a certain isolation and authority that are unique. His speech has the quality of finality. Mr. Asquith wins by sheer mental superiority; Mr. Lloyd George wins by the swiftness and suppleness of his evolutions; Sir Edward Grey wins by his mere presence, and the sense of high purpose and firmness of mind which that presence conveys. It is a favorite jest of his enemies that no man can be quite so wise as Sir Edward Grey looks. Like some other products of the Balliol system, he is more advanced in his views and more popular in his sympathies than his manner and speech convey; but in his conduct of foreign affairs he has adopted a reticence toward Parliament which has been resented, — notably in the case of the Russian agreement of 1907, which was published some days after the Parliamentary session had closed, and also in regard to the nature of the military 'conversations' with France, first disclosed to Parliament in the speech of August 3 last.

It was a disaster that in the fateful days which led up to the war Germany was represented in England by Count Metternich, whose supple and disquieting manner, so full of Machiavellian suggestion, clashed unpleasantly with the direct and simple habit of Sir Edward Grey. Neither could understand the other. Sir Edward could not get behind that elusive exterior, and Metternich could not understand that such plainness as Sir Edward Grey's was anything but a cunning disguise. A change came when Baron Marschall von Bieberstein superseded Metternich, and a little later (on the Baron's death) when Prince Lichnowsky came, with his gentle manner and obvious frankness of purpose. It seemed then, especially with the successful coöperation during the Balkan Wars, that the danger point in the relations of the two countries was passed; and Sir Edward Grey was clearly moving with strong hope toward an understanding with Germany. His efforts for peace during the last fatal week of July are on record; and no one who saw him in the House during that tremendous time, when the Chamber seemed darkened with impending doom, can doubt either his surprise at the sudden blow or his passionate desire to save Europe from the coming disaster. When some one met him after his speech of August 3, and rather ineptly offered his congratulations on what Mr. Balfour had called the most momentous speech made in Parliament for a hundred years, he turned away with the remark, 'This is the saddest day of my life.' I am told that at the Cabinet council next morning more than one minister broke down under the dreadful strain, and that Sir Edward Grey was among them. But, indeed, there were more tears shed in England in those tragic days than ever before. And they were not tears of weakness, but of unspeakable grief.

If Mr. Asquith is the brain of the Cabinet and Sir Edward Grey its character, Mr. Lloyd George is its inspiration. No matter what the wave that rolls in, he is always on its crest. He is light as a cork, swift as a swallow, prompt as a tax-collector. There is the magic of genius about this glancing, wayward, debonair Welshman, who, with nothing but his own native wit and dauntless courage, — his sling and his stone, as it were, — has stormed the seats of the mighty and changed the whole current of British politics. For ten years the fiercest battle in modern political annals has raged around his crest. All the forces of wealth, influence, society, and privilege have been mobilized for his suppression; for with a true instinct they have seen in his agile mind, his far-reaching aims, and his unrivaled influence over the democracy, the supreme peril to the dominion of the aristocratic order in the sphere of public affairs. And at the end of the breathless struggle, when the country is fighting for its very existence, his fiercest foes are thanking heaven for Lloyd George, and the city bankers are suggesting, half in jest, but half in earnest, that his services should be rewarded with a dukedom. The secret of this unprecedented career is not obscure. He is the first real expression of the supremacy of the democracy. Other men have interpreted democracy from without, philosophically, objectively; but here is one who comes hot from its very heart, uttering its thoughts in its own language, feeling its agonies and aspirations with passionate sympathy, making them vivid and actual with the glow of his mind and the swift imaginative illumination of a poetic temperament. All his thought and action comes from his direct experience of life. No man of distinction ever carried less *impedimenta*, or was more free from the dominion of the past or of other minds. He lives by vision, not thought; by the swiftness of his apprehension, not by the slow correlation of fact and theory. If he wants to introduce a shipping bill, he takes a voyage to study the life of the sailor at first hand; if he wants to know about coal-mining, he goes down a coal-mine; if he wants to know what is wrong with casual labor, he mixes with the crowd at the dock-gates in the early morning, to hear with his own ears and see with his own eyes. It is this directness and actuality, this independence of all theory and doctrine, that give him his astonishing volition. He is not encumbered with precedent, but leaps to his own conclusion and flashes to his own goal careless of all the criticisms of the learned. He takes his sympathies for his counselors and leaves political doctrine to the schoolmen. It follows that he is least convincing and least convinced when his case rests on a statement of theory. For example, he has made the most brilliant series of speeches delivered during the past fifteen years; but though the fiscal issue has been one of the prominent subjects of discussion, I cannot recall one really weighty contribution that he has made to the Free Trade case.

There is, of course, a peril in this empiricism. It is the source at once of the glamour that invests his movements and the nervous expectancy with which those movements are watched. But he has two safeguards. The first is his real passion for the common people. With all his success and all his wanderings into high places, his heart is untraveled. It turns unfailingly to the little village from which he sprang, between the mountains and the sea, and to the old shoemaker uncle who watched over his childhood and taught himself French that he might pave the way of the boy to the law, and who still lives to marvel at the man who has made a sounding-board of the world. That love

of the people, sincere and abiding, is his saving grace. And, in the next place, he is not unconscious of the quality which is at once his strength and his weakness. He has no petty vanity; and though he does not go to textbooks, he goes to men. On every subject as it arises he gathers round him the best expert minds available; thrashes out the problems over the breakfast table, in committee, on the golf links, everywhere; and with his easy accessibility to ideas arrives at conclusions which are at once informed and practical.

It is this practice which makes the giddy and daring path he has followed so secure, and so triumphant. And it is this practice also which, during this crisis, has made him the idol of his former enemies. The nation was confronted with the menace of an incalculable financial disaster. A timid man, hedged round with academic restraints, would have brought the city to ruin. Mr. Lloyd George seized the situation with the imaginative courage of a creative mind. The old foundations had gone. He had to extemporize new ones on the spot; and, with that instinct for the men who matter which is so conspicuous a feature of his genius, he converted what might have been a disaster into a triumph which has won a cheer even from the ranks of Tuscany.

Like Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, too, is essentially a man of action, though in his extraordinarily various equipment the gifts of abstract speculation and philosophic detachment are not wanting. No one absorbs the atmosphere of a situation more readily than he does, or exhales it with more intellectual conviction, or with a more assured grasp of underlying principles. But though he has a rare power of appeal to the popular mind, his sympathies are not engaged, and his interest in life is essentially the interest of a man of action and adventure. He brings into public life the spirit of the eternal boy, curious, eager, intense, egoistic. His career has been an astonishing hand-gallop through every realm of experience, — war, literature, journalism, pleasure, travel, politics, — and it is a source of unceasing wonder that with this furious activity of living he has been able to accumulate such stores of ordered thought, such an air of statesmanlike authority, such mastery of the whole instrument of political life. But through this versatility there runs the outlook and spirit of the soldier, and he translates all the terms of politics into the strategy of the battlefield. His vision is picturesque and dramatic; and if, in the drama of his mind, he sees himself a colossal figure touching the skies, it cannot be denied that his gifts are equal to his ambitions. He is more admired than trusted, for his amazing energy and impetus are felt to be the instruments of a purpose which is wayward, personal, and autocratic. But if on questions of policy he is regarded with some disquiet, in the executive field the powers of his mind, the swiftness and directness of his vision, and the spaciousness of his understanding are invaluable; and it is recognized that the wonderful preparedness of the fleet for the great emergency that has come, is — next, of course, to the work of Lord Fisher — due mainly to his breathless years of activity at the Admiralty. Perhaps the most important feature of that activity was the ruthlessness with which he swept away the less efficient admirals who obstructed the path of the Jellicoes and Beattys. The mortality was frightful. They went by the dozen, and as they went, the agonies of the old brigade became more hoarse and more incoherent. It is this rough handling of the ark that is the source of the attacks on Mr. Churchill which have proceeded from Conservative quarters even during the progress of the war, and its

triumphant vindication of what he and Lord Fisher have done.

The part which Lord Kitchener has played has, of course, been purely administrative. His introduction to the Cabinet marked a new departure which was disliked by Liberals, but which was justified by the wholly unprecedented situation. Lord Kitchener is a legend of strength and efficiency. The extraordinary dominion he has over the popular mind was in itself an asset of the first importance. If Kitchener was there, it was all right. If Kitchener wanted more men — well, more men there must be. It would be an interesting study to examine the growth of the legend and the materials out of which it has been fashioned. There are those who regard it as an interesting myth. Certainly the main credit for the extraordinary smoothness and rapidity with which the Expeditionary Force was dispatched belongs, not to Lord Kitchener, whose arrival on the scene was too late to influence the arrangements, but to the war machine created by Lord Haldane, who, for his reward, has been openly assailed in the Conservative press as a pro-German who ought to be out of office if not in the Tower.

IV

There is no space here to deal with the other members of the Cabinet, but something needs to be said on the remarkable coherence that has distinguished it. That coherence is due to the confidence in Mr. Asquith and the spirit of loyalty that is universal in regard to his leadership. But for this fact, there can be no doubt that the Cabinet would have collapsed like a house of cards at the shock of the crisis. It came with such appalling suddenness, the decision had to be so instant, and it had to be made by a cabinet so passionately averse to war, that the survival of the Ministry is still a matter for wonder. At first, I believe, it is true to say that none but the inner Cabinet were clear on the subject; and even so late as Sunday, August 2 — a day of almost incessant meetings — the dissentients were, if not in a majority, at least so numerous and so powerful that a coalition cabinet seemed inevitable. But as the position of Belgium became more clear, the opposition weakened, and in the end only two members of the Cabinet, Lord Morley and Mr. Burns, resigned. They were accompanied in their retirement by Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, one of the under-secretaries. It was a surprisingly small disruption in the presence of a crisis of such magnitude, and it left the position of the Government practically unaffected. This conveys no reflection upon the respect universally entertained for the two dissentients. Neither of them has since made any public utterance on the subject, and we can only speculate upon the motives of their action; but in both cases I think it will be found that the cause of disagreement is to be looked for in events anterior to the immediate crisis rather than in the facts of the crisis itself. In the case of Lord Morley, a very powerful factor in his decision had undoubtedly no relevance to the duty of the country in the matter. He was the oldest member of the Cabinet, and for a long time his sensitive temperament had chafed under the strain and irritations of office. When, to the general surprise, he took a seat in the House of Lords, he did so, as he said in a letter to Spence Watson, for two reasons: because he found the pressure of life in the House of Commons made the fulfillment of the duties of his office too severe a task; and because, as he was childless, there was no question of a hereditary peerage. It is probable that in any case he would have found himself unequal to the strain of office dur-

ing a prolonged struggle, and it was natural that, with his lifelong devotion to the cause of humanity in its widest and least insular aspects, he should not desire to close his public career amid the tumult of universal war. The reasons which operated in the case of Mr. Burns are less apparent, and not least apparent to those who know him best. That he was definitely opposed to intervention is certain; but it is equally certain that there were collateral causes, and among them the indisposition, as the first representative of labor who had ever sat in a British cabinet, to be associated with the conduct of a great war. Since his retirement he has put himself entirely at the service of the Government in those external tasks of administration created by the war, for which his long experience at the Local Government Board have peculiarly fitted him.

It cannot be doubted that the survival of the Asquith Ministry, practically intact, has been a fact of enormous value to the cause of the Allies. There was at the beginning of the war much speculation as to the advisability and probability of a coalition cabinet; but this passed away with the progress of events and the evidence of the extraordinary efficiency of the Government. There were no thinkable alternatives on the other side to the men filling the chief offices, and it would not have been possible for the Conservatives to accept simply a number of the less important positions. Nor, indeed, did they desire office. Freedom from responsibility left them free to criticize, and free also from the odium which the conduct of a war usually brings upon a government, however efficient and successful it may be. It is just to them to say that they have exercised their freedom with great restraint. The truce which the war has brought about in party politics has been so far, on the whole, very fairly observed. There has been no attempt to create difficulties for the Government, and there has been a general, even generous, recognition of their success. Moreover, although there has been no official intercourse between the front benches, there has been much unofficial consultation. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Tory Administration, has accepted Mr. Lloyd George's invitation to place his experience at the service of the Treasury; and although he has preserved full freedom to criticize, he has, with that touch of magnanimity which makes him so agreeable a figure in the public life of the country, cordially and even enthusiastically indorsed the measures which his successor in the chancellorship has adopted.

As to the attitude of the House generally, it is one of almost unquestioning acceptance of the decisions of the Government. There has never been such a reign of absolutism in the land since the days of the Stuarts; and the British people, like Warren Hastings, may well express astonishment at its own moderation, — at the obedience with which it has surrendered liberties which it had thought were the breath of its existence, at its whispering humbleness in criticism, at its acceptance of an iron discipline of the press, at the unmurmuring instancy with which it gives whatever the Government asks, without so much as requesting details. 'We used to have more bother to get a vote for £1000 through committee than we have now to get a vote for £300,000,000,' said one of the Government whips to me, after Mr. Asquith had asked for the last vote of credit. It would be a mistake to argue from this strange spirit of compliance that the country has undergone any loss of its tradition. It only means that it is overshadowed by a peril that has blotted out temporarily all the ordinary separa-

tisms of society, and that there is a universal disposition to avoid any spirit of nagging or querulousness, and to trust the Government absolutely with the fate of the country.

But this restraint will disappear the day that the peril is safely passed. Then an internal struggle of unexampled magnitude will begin. Already behind the stage of the war there is widespread activity and preparation. Among those classes of society (represented in the press by the *Morning Post* and the *Spectator*) which for nearly a decade have been vainly resisting the avalanche of social legislation that has proceeded from the Government, there is a strong belief — perhaps it would be truer to say a strong hope — that one result of the war will be a powerful reaction in domestic affairs.

The hope, quite frankly, turns upon conscription, or, as it is more discreetly called, national service. Militarism, it is felt, is a thoroughly mischievous thing in Prussia; but it would have great virtues at home. The particular virtue aimed at is internal rather than external. With the overwhelming triumph of the voluntary system, the case for compulsory service and military necessity has vanished, and the peculiar needs of the empire are opposed to conscription. But it is felt that universal service, which has resulted in such subservience to the landed interest in Prussia, would be an effective bulwark in England against the rising tide of democracy and the new tendencies toward social unrest and equalitarianism. If the war and the alarms to which it has given rise leave behind a militarist state, it is felt that it will not have been in vain. The country came very near witnessing a military dictation a year ago, and during the later phases of the Home Rule crisis, the Conservatives (having lost the absolute veto of the House of Lords as their stand-by) quite openly treated the army as their ultimate line of defense against the authority of the House of Commons. 'A nation in arms' would make that defense invulnerable.

Over against these anticipations, however, there are many considerations to be set. The Labor party has supported the Government with great loyalty, but it has supported it in order to destroy militarism in Prussia and not in order to establish it in England. There is, in spite of the hostile feelings aroused by the war, a singular absence of any real popular antagonism to the German people; there is a very widely and deeply held belief that the struggle is, incidentally, for the liberation of that people, as well as of the peoples of Europe generally, from the domination of the Prussian militarists. Much, of course, will depend upon the character of the settlement and the internal results of the war in Germany; much, also, upon the after-effects of the war with its incalculable economic consequences. But democratic opinion has received a great impulse from the events of the past eight months, and especially from the striking experiments in collectivism which the necessities of the war have imposed upon the country. Not least important among the factors that are being released and that are not likely to work for reaction, is the moral result of the experience through which three million young men, the industrial flower of the nation, are passing in the trenches and camps of France and Belguim.

The direction in which the new forces that are coming to birth will flow will be governed largely by the fate of the Government. That it will survive the war is now generally regarded as certain; but its prospects after the war are beyond the range of profitable speculation. There is this, however, to be re-

membered: it possesses in its ranks the most remarkable political strategist that any party has produced in modern politics, and it would not be a very hazardous thing to say, in the phraseology that has become so familiar in these days, that, after the war as before the war, the initiative will be with Mr. Lloyd George, — that is, assuming that he retains hold on democratic opinion. The outbreak of the war canceled the great land campaign which he had been organizing as the next task of the Government. Already the development of that campaign had been seriously hindered by the prolonged struggle over the Home Rule Act. The opposition to that act was not wholly due to a disinterested passion for Unionism, but, on the English side of the Irish Channel, was in some measure motived by the hope of destroying the Government on an issue more favorable to the Opposition than the defense of the indefensible land system.

For the time being, the land question has vanished with all the other problems of domestic politics; but after the war its urgency will not be less pressing, and it is certain that the Government will endeavor to revive it as the capital task of Liberalism. But the path will be encumbered by so much wreckage from the war and so many new issues, that the Opposition are warranted in hoping that the day of reckoning for English landlordism will be indefinitely postponed.

CAMPAIGNING UNDER BOTHA

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

I

It is not surprising that the magnitude of the operations in both the European theatres of war should overshadow the campaign which is at present in progress in the German colony of Southwest Africa. Nevertheless the task which lies before General Botha's troops is no light one: it is no petty colonial expedition, as can be judged from the fact that with the exception of a Rhodesian contingent and a few frontiersmen, South Africa has sent practically no troops to the help of the mother country. This has been made the subject of malicious comment by a few shortsighted English critics, whereas it really bears out the fact that the Union troops need every man they can place in the field to complete their own share of the work in which the British Empire is engaged.

To reduce a country of an area of 320,000 square miles is in itself a big undertaking; but when, in addition, that country is protected, not only by trained white troops, but by every natural and artificial barrier, to say nothing of an infernal climate, the difficulties of that undertaking are magnified tenfold.

The first point which must strike any one who has taken the trouble to study the conditions of German rule in this, their largest, colony, is the enor-

mous amount of money which has been lavished on it by the government. No less a sum than 40,000,000 marks ($10,000,000) has been voted annually by the Reichstag as a grant for German Southwest. Now if this amount, or any reasonable proportion of it, had been expended on the development of the country, on the encouragement of settlers, even on the adornment of the towns or the construction of harbors, wharves, or public buildings, German Southwest to-day would be a colony of which any nation might well be proud. Such, however, is not the case. The buildings in the principal towns are plain or ordinary; ships have to discharge their cargoes into lighters; no inducement has been held out to Germans to settle there; and the majority of the farmers are retired soldiers, mostly Uhlans. Every pfennig of the money has been used for military purposes. This vast country is nothing but a huge military camp prepared and equipped on the most elaborate scale as a base of operations for the eventual subjugation of South Africa.

A brief study of the conditions in Germany will soon show the reason of these preparations. Every year sees an enormous number of German emigrants, the vast majority of whom never return. Unlike the Greek or Italian, whose only aim is to acquire enough to buy a small vineyard or shop in his native land, where he may spend the evening of his life, the German becomes a fixture in his adopted land. The grandmotherly legislation of his own country tends to make him an excellent citizen anywhere abroad; and the Johann of the first generation becomes the John, Jean, or João of the second. There are two reasons for this metamorphosis: first, the unpleasant consequences which would attend his return if he had emigrated before fulfilling his military duties, — and certainly sixty per cent of the emigrants have this end in view; secondly, the adaptability of his nature, which discourages a strict adherence to national or patriotic ties.

This annual emigration has long been the subject of grave discussion among the Kaiser and his counselors. It was yearly becoming more evident that Germany must have an outlet for her growing manhood. Settlement in the States was impossible; even South America was out of the question, owing to America's tenacious adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. Asia had her own teeming millions to feed and clothe. There remained Africa, but the best parts of Africa were already occupied by the ubiquitous Briton. Still, in the world war which would necessarily see the downfall of the British Empire, South Africa would fall, among other tit-bits, to Germany; and in the mean time German Southwest must be made ready as a convenient jumping-off ground.

On the diplomatic side, nothing was omitted to pave the way for this eventuality. Agents crossed the border, armed with pamphlets and documents, all constructed to remind the Dutch farmers of the back *veldt* of their Low German origin. Teuton ideals were disseminated by means of German schools and German churches; the embers of racial hatred were fanned into a fire. A few notorious reactionaries were approached with a view of securing their active assistance, in case of a war between Britain and Germany. Some were bribed with gold; others with promises of the restoration of the old South African republics. It was from this seed that grew the rebellion of Maritz, de Wet, and Beyers, which culminated in an utter fiasco.

But, in the mean time, the military leaders were utilizing their resources to the best possible advantage. Railway lines were constructed on a strategic

principle, the two termini being at Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht: the one line reaching in a northwesterly direction, the other opening up the rich grazing land of the interior in a big semi-circle, and linking both bases. A great network of military roads was also built, joining the important towns, so as to allow of the rapid concentration of troops in conjunction with the railway at any point.

The greatest protection of the country, however, is the handiwork of nature, and consists of the great belt of arid sand which lies between the railway and the Union frontiers. In many places this belt is one hundred miles broad; and although one or two roads have been made by the Germans to pierce it, they do not extend the whole breadth. Therefore, though they allow an attacking force from German Southwest a fair start, they are of no use for an invading force, until it has first passed the waterless region with all its transport and impedimenta. But the Germans, always thorough in their methods, were not content with nature's barrier alone, and have made this protection more complete and elaborate by means of a chain of blockhouses and forts, much like those instituted by Kitchener in the closing stages of the Boer War. This mere fact of their having condescended to borrow the military tactics of another nation is a sufficient proof that their colonial army is not the mechanical machine that its Prussian confrère is.

A more perfect system of communications than that existing between these forts and blockhouses it would be difficult to conceive. Each one is linked to its neighbor by telephone and telegraph, the wires being for the most part underground; while each again is in direct communication with the chief station of its district. Windhoek, moreover, is in wireless communication with Berlin, and the 'sparking-balloon'[1] is in general use throughout the country.

It will thus be seen that our phrase 'a huge armed camp' is no exaggeration; while it is obvious that all this machinery can be aimed at only one country.

The army, or *Kommando der Schutztruppen in Reichskolonialamt*, as it is called, consists of two field regiments of mounted infantry, 36 field batteries of c/73 field pieces, 12 machine-gun detachments (5.7 cm. quick-firers), a railway corps, field telegraph division, mountain artillery (6 cm.) regiment, and camel corps about 500 strong, with headquarters at Gobabis; mounted police corps, about 800 strong; and an aviation section with headquarters at Karious. They have thus about 10,000 trained white troops, while the white farmers and settlers, most of whom are reservists, bring the total up to 16,000. There are also three divisions of native troops.

It is not exactly known how many aeroplanes they have; but both types, the Taube monoplane and the biplane, have been employed. The ordinary rifle in use is the Mauser with five-clip cartridges.

A great mistake was made at the outset by the Union troops: they underrated the fighting qualities of the enemy. This was due partly to the lack of success obtained by the Germans against the tribes of the interior, and partly to the expressed opinion of many

[1] This, known among the Germans as the *Funken-telegraaf*, is a portable arrangement consisting, besides the instrument, of a pole, a small balloon, a length of wire, or a coil of rope. The pole is planted in the ground, and the wire run from an ordinary Morse telegraphic instrument up the pole, with the end projecting a little way above it. The balloon is then allowed to ascend the required height with a powerful magnet attached, which catches the message and retransmits it to any similarly equipped machine within a radius of six hundred miles. Three men can manage the whole appliance. — THE AUTHOR.

Dutch officers, who had witnessed the operations against the Hereros. Curiously enough, Maritz, the rebel, was one of those who had formed an unfavorable opinion, as he remarked to an acquaintance, 'Give me five hundred Boers, and I will sweep Southwest free of Germans and Hottentots as well.'

MAP OF GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA AND NEIGHBORING UNION TERRITORY

Without going so far as to say that the German mounted infantry or reservists are the equal of the Colonial rough riders or Dutch commandos they are certainly far superior to the average Prussian soldier in Europe. They have long ago abandoned the advance in close formation, they are trained to take every advantage of cover, and they are fairly good shots.

The failure of the Germans to achieve any notable success over the Hereros was mainly due to the difficult country in which the fighting took place; and when the fighting gets near to the capital, Windhoek, it will be over the same

region. At present, the Union troops have experienced only the sand-belt, as Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht, from which two bases the advance is being made, are both on the edge of the sand-dunes, which, farther in, run up to a high plateau. The Germans have dug wells and water-holes all through the sand and desert districts, but these are all destroyed as they retire, though in one notable instance[1] the water-supply was left poisoned. The natives, however, are now very friendly with the Germans, and not at all disposed to give their knowledge of the country to the invaders.

Walfish Bay, Luderitzbucht and Swakopmund, are now all being utilized for the disembarkation of men, mules, ammunition, and supplies, and as there are no jetties or wharves against which steamers can tie up, the task has been very slow, especially as it can be conducted only when the wind is favorable, — that is, blowing from the land. A light railway is now under construction between Swakopmund and Walfish Bay, to facilitate the hurrying forward of supplies to the railway base.

The advance from Luderitzbucht was made very slowly along the line, with an extended screen of mounted infantry (the Natal Light Horse) in front and on the wings. A few insignificant skirmishes took place, but the Germans did not put up any determined resistance; they were quite content to retire slowly on Aus, which we had no reason then to believe was strongly fortified. They had certainly shown their accustomed thoroughness in their destruction of the railway line. Their engineers, or railway corps, to whom the work had been entrusted, had not been content with blowing up long strips of rail at intervals; instead, every single section had a piece about a yard long blown out of it, which made the work of reconstruction far more wearisome and tedious.

On reaching 'Station 51 Kilometres' (it had no other name) we made an advanced base of operations of it, as a huge water-tank made an admirable observation post. It was while bivouacking there that I had my first experience of aeroplane bombs.

[1] At the evacuation of Swakopmund.

II

It was a dull morning with streaks of low-lying cloud, and we were stretched out for an after-breakfast smoke, when we heard that peculiar buzzing, humming noise which heralds the approach of a high-powered aeroplane. We could see nothing for the clouds, and though we should have reasoned that it was equally impossible for the pilot to see us through that opaque mass, the presence of that invisible foe overhead made our hearts beat in a very irregular fashion. Unluckily we had no high-elevation guns at that time, and so we all knew that as long as he kept out of rifle-fire, we were absolutely at his mercy. It was a most unpleasant experience.

Suddenly a little puff of wind made a big rift in the cloud, and there right above us, at about five thousand feet, was a Taube monoplane, exactly like a monstrous bird. For a second or so, we all stared as if fascinated by this grim, ominous thing; then realization came to us, and I saw men who had never blenched at shrapnel or the murderous hail of machine guns, turn pale, and lick dry lips with an even dryer tongue. Even as I gazed, I saw a tiny object fall from its under side, and to my horror I could have sworn that it was falling straight on me, — though I learned afterwards from men a hundred yards away that they had precisely the same idea themselves. The round

thing shot down, gradually increasing in size, until it fell about twenty yards from our little group, bursting with a loud report and covering us with sand. One man was killed and three wounded; and then rage somehow mastered our terror, — rage which was only intensified by our knowledge of our own pitiful helplessness. Rifles went off, but it was useless. In quick succession three other bombs fell; luckily only one exploded, wounding two more men and killing a mule. Curiously enough, the horses stood the noise of the tractor without showing any signs of stampeding. Then the machine wheeled round, went off at a great pace, and was soon lost to sight over the distant hills. It was a trying experience, and though it is quite true that one soon gets callous to ordinary shell-fire and rifle-fire, I don't believe that I shall ever view a bombardment from the air with equanimity. Certainly there is less danger than one would expect, if one lies flat, but the feeling of the machine lurking above keeps one's terror alive.

Next morning, about the same time, the lookout on the observation tank called out, 'Aeroplane just coming over the *nek*' (the narrow cut in the hills); and as we looked eastwards, there sure enough it was, a tiny speck in the sky. During the night we had hurried up a heavy field-piece, and the officer in charge ordered it up in position. When it had come within range, the gunners let the pilot have it with shrapnel, and the first shell was aimed beautifully, but alas! the fuse had been timed a second too late and burst when it had passed some fifty yards beyond. Even at that distance, I could see the machine rock and sway dizzily, owing to the air concussion. The next second it dropped dead like a stone, probably owing to an airhole caused by the explosion; and I began to realize that fighting in the air must be as terrifying a job for the pilot as it is for the men below on whom the airmen rain bombs. With great skill the pilot steadied the machine and at once rose to a great height, just missing two shells which had been nicely timed, but were aimed too low for his rapid ascent. His narrow escape seemed to have embittered him, for, after making a wide swoop, he came over our camp from the rear; and when directly overhead, — a position which rendered our field gun useless, — he dropped five bombs, three of which exploded, killing as many men and wounding six more. Once again I and the rest experienced that sickening gulp of 'funk,' and then he was off toward the coast, sweeping over Luderitzbucht, which he treated to three more of those devilish bombs, and flying at a great height across the harbor, — if it can be deemed worthy of such a title, — as if to gain an idea of the numbers of men and transports. On getting over one of the latter, a small P. and O. steamer, the Gaika, he came down a little in spirals, much to the terror of the crew, who expected a bomb on the deck any moment. Whether his supply was exhausted, it is impossible to say, but a minute later he was rising again and set off back to Aus.

III

These last two days had shown the Union troops how sadly handicapped they were from lack of even one aeroplane; in another week we were to learn that we needed another item of war equipment, if our advance was to be pushed on appreciably. It was decided that a station some miles away, '81 Kilometre Station,' should be occupied, since from there it would be easy to send out some reconnaissance parties and gain an idea of the defenses of Aus. The place was seized next day by a strong party; but owing to the lack of water, it was decided that the main

body should retire on 51 Kilometre Station, and the new post be held by a small party, who should be relieved every other day, the traveling being done mainly by night. On the third day of our occupation, however, a strong reconnaissance force left 81 Kilometre Station and advanced toward the pass through the hills, on the further side of which lies Aus, standing on the extreme edge of the fertile land of the Hinterland.[1] On entering the *nek*, we were greeted by a smart fire from some machine guns, but after a brisk engagement we drove their outposts back and the Germans retired on Aus. For an hour we scanned the place through field-glasses, and perceived certain ominous, but insignificant-looking mounds of earth close to the town, which looked suspiciously like modern fortifications. Our surmise soon received direct proof, as a minute or two later the guns, of far heavier calibre than we had given the enemy credit for possessing, spoke, and a shell or two exploded uncomfortably near. Further evidence of the remarkable thoroughness of the German military preparations was shown by a great cloud of dust coming up to Aus from the interior, plainly raised by a column of troops along one of the military roads mentioned earlier in the article. It was obvious that the outpost with which we had been in contact was connected with headquarters by telephone, and no time had been lost in demanding reinforcements from Kubub or some other fort.

The proof of these defenses in Aus came as a most unwelcome surprise, as we had no guns capable of demolishing the fortifications and silencing their guns. Their existence, moreover, is only more convincing evidence of the ultimate aim to which the German occupation of this colony tended. Any argument that they were constructed for defense against the natives is too absurd, since fortifications equal to any demand against natives could have been constructed at a tenth of the cost and labor necessary to erect these.

This discovery, moreover, leads to another and most disconcerting conclusion. If the Germans have taken the trouble to equip in such an elaborate manner Aus, which in itself is not strategically important save as regards its entrance to the fertile Hinterland, it is impossible to avoid the deduction that Keetmanshoop, which is the strategical key of the railways, and Windhoek, the capital and wireless installation centre, are even more heavily fortified.

In view of these circumstances the General Staff were obliged to reconsider the whole question of the tactics to be adopted; and it is necessary to review the different possible lines of advance into this exceptionally difficult country.

After being present at this check on our advance against Aus, I returned to Luderitzbucht and went up in a transport to Walfish Bay, where arrangements were being made for the first attack on Swakopmund, though little real resistance was expected, since it was believed that the town had been evacuated. We set out in the evening, and after a march of some sixteen miles found ourselves on the outskirts of the town. We then advanced cautiously. On reaching the main square we halted, — halted suspiciously, for each one of us had an uneasy feeling of imminent danger. Suddenly the officer in charge cried, 'Down on your faces, lads,' and flung himself flat; and a few seconds later, a hundred yards in front of us, the earth heaved up in one awful convulsion, there was a deafening roar and blinding flash, and at the same moment each of us, lying flat though he was, felt as if he had received a stun-

[1] Hence its name — 'outside' the arid belt of sand. — THE AUTHOR.

ning blow in the face and on the shoulders. It was the air shock caused by the explosion. Luckily, no one was hurt, and we soon scrambled up and were congratulating ourselves on a narrow escape. I asked the captain in charge of our detachment what had led him to suspect the existence of the land mine, but he could only explain that he *felt* something was close. At the moment we thought it had been timed to go off at a certain minute, which by sheer luck coincided with our arrival; and it was only next day that we discovered that the wires leading to it and to a second mine, which also exploded harmlessly, came from a little hut three miles inland, from which the Germans must have watched our progress. Thoroughness again!

The enemy seemed also to have a wag among them, for, pinned on the door of the Post-Office, which lay on the further side of the land mine from us, was this little notice: —

'*Trust you have found your reception sufficiently warm. Further surprises await you in the interior.*

'The German Southwest Entertainment of Strangers Co., Ltd.'

The 'joke' may not have missed fire, but we were certainly in the position of those that 'laugh loudest who laugh last.' The disturbance of a few tons of earth was all that the 'warm reception' effected. Another so-called 'joke' — the poisoning of the water-supply mentioned previously — also failed to 'make good.'

These details, however, partake of the nature of a digression. We must return to the question of tactics. Would the double advance along the two lines, from Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht, be adequately effective? The disadvantages, apart from those inherent in the country, under which the Union troops labored were lack of aeroplanes, lack of artillery capable of battering the Aus fortifications, and those likely to be encountered at Keetmanshoop and Windhoek, lack of high-elevation guns,[1] and the absence of friendly native guides. On the other hand, they were numerically superior to the Germans, and man for man far better soldiers.

The two railway lines from Swakopmund, which are linked together by a cross line before the lower one swerves down toward Windhoek (see map), were both destroyed as systematically as the one starting from Luderitzbucht toward Aus; and a reconnaissance patrol which had been sent out reported that the same damage was visible as far as they dared advance. Therefore any progressive movement from this place must be extremely slow, while it was almost certain that the invasion would be held up by the fortifications and big guns of Windhoek. In this case, the certainty of a similar deadlock along the southern line of advance (that is, from Luderitzbucht to Aus) would mean that both columns would be faced with a siege, although handicapped by the absence of even a pretense of a siege train. The situation was therefore critical, especially as there was always the danger that the remnants of the rebel commandos under Maritz might burst out into sporadic activity along the southeastern frontier.

Fortunately this danger was lessened by the complete failure of the rebel attack on Upington and the subsequent surrender of Kemp. Moreover, it was ascertained from the prisoners taken there that Maritz was not on good terms with the German leaders, and that his surrender might be expected shortly.

The raids of the rebels, however, had given the General Staff an object lesson. Even if they were acquainted with all the water-holes inside the German fron-

[1] One at least of these is now with the advance force at Station 51 Kilometres. — THE AUTHOR.

tier, still the distance from the border to Upington was greater than that which would have to be accomplished if a flying column were dispatched from Schuit Drift or Raman's Drift to seize Warmbad. For such an expedition Port Nolloth [1] would be exceedingly useful as a base of operations on the one side, since supplies could be landed there and then pushed forward to Steinkopf (see map), which is only about 20 miles from Raman's Drift; in fact, from Steinkopf to Warmbad is from 60 to 70 miles, which could easily be covered by a flying column in two days. From the interior the concentration of supplies and men is not so easy, and it would entail a lot of trouble to collect enough material at Upington, whence it would have to be transferred to Schuit Drift. Seventeen miles from there is a place named Nous, where good water can be found; and another flying column should manage the 65-mile rush on Warmbad from there easily enough. Once Warmbad is occupied, supplies could be transferred there without much difficulty, and then a gradual advance could be made toward Seeheim, thus cutting the railway communication between Aus and Keetmanshoop and the interior. As the name suggests, Warmbad has some natural springs, so that the water problem, which has proved the great difficulty in the campaign, would have no further terrors. It is certainly true that the military roads inside the great railway loop would still be available for reinforcements and supplies; but with the enormous numerical superiority of the Union troops, it would be a simple matter merely to invest Aus, since with the occupation of Seeheim, any westward advance on the part of the invading force would be through the fertile pastures which form such a startling contrast to the grim and sterile exterior.

The split between the German leaders and Kemp, Maritz, and the remainder of the rebels, which has already led to the surrender of Kemp, will certainly facilitate the progress of operations; but the ultimate reduction of the country will be, nevertheless, a tedious business. The object of the campaign is not one of territorial aggrandizement, though the acquisition of the country will bring some material reward, since it is not wholly composed of sand and desert, as is popularly believed. Every man, however, who takes part in the work will have the higher satisfaction of knowing that his reward is the accomplishment of a duty to humanity. The Germans must be swept out of South Africa. The colony is a standing menace to the Union, as a wholesale manufactory of lies and sedition; while the colonists themselves have been guilty of the most heinous crime a white man can commit in the black continent, — the systematic sale of firearms to the natives. The trafficker in that line deserves the same fate as a horse-thief in the Western States.

The road which the Union army has to tread is long and hard; but the people of South Africa must have patience to endure, and faith in the knowledge of a righteous cause. The future prosperity and development of the southern half of the great continent demands the deletion of this festering sore in its heart.

[1] Port Nolloth is being used for the debarkation of troops, etc. — THE AUTHOR.

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT

A POSITIVE PLAN

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

I HAVE argued, in previous articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that the will to peace is the only sure guaranty of peace. But as, in the past, the will has been hampered by the machinery of European diplomacy, so in the future it may and should be confirmed by a change in that machinery. The system of alliances precipitated war; a general concert must prevent it. We must create an organization by our will, and sustain our will by the organization.

If the reader's will is set upon peace, then I will suggest that he go on with me and ask himself what programme we can put forward to convert will into practice when the new Europe is made after the war. For if it be not made so that it favors peace, it will be made so that it favors war. And which it will do depends in part upon the writer and the reader of these words.

Let us note, first, for our encouragement, that the lamentable condition under which Europe has been suffering for many centuries, was not always its condition in the past, and need not be in the future. There was a time when the whole civilized world of the west lay at peace under a single rule; when the idea of separate sovereign states, always at war or in armed peace, would have seemed as monstrous or absurd as it now seems inevitable. And that great achievement of the Roman Empire left, when it sank, a sunset glow over the turmoil of the Middle Ages. Never would a mediæval churchman or statesman have admitted that the independence of states was an ideal. It was an obstinate fact, struggling into existence against all the preconceptions and beliefs of the time. One church, one empire, was the ideal of Charlemagne, of Otho, of Barbarossa, of Hildebrand, of Thomas Aquinas, of Dante. The forces struggling against that ideal were the enemy to be defeated. They won. And thought, always parasitic on action, endorsed the victory. So that now there is hardly a philosopher or historian who does not on occasion urge that the sovereignty of independent states is the last word of political fact and political wisdom.

And, no doubt, in some respects it has been an advance. In so far as there are real nations, and these are coincident with states, it is well that they should develop freely their specific gifts and character. The good future of the world is not with uniformity, but with diversity. But it should be well understood that all the diversity required is compatible with political union. The ideal of the future is federation; and to that ideal all the significant facts of the present point. It is idle for states to resist the current. Their trade, their manufactures, their arts, their sciences all contradict their political assumptions. War is a survival from the past. It is

not a permanent condition of human life. And, interestingly enough, this truth has been expressing itself for a century even in the political consciousness of Europe. Ever since the great French war, there has been a rudimentary organ, the 'Concert,' for dealing with European affairs as a whole. There has been hardly an international issue for a hundred years with which it has not concerned itself. It is recognized again and again, — not in theory only, but in practical action, — that the disputes of any states are of vital interest to all the rest, and that powers not immediately concerned have a right and a duty to intervene. Not once, but many times, it has avoided war by concerted action. And though its organization is imperfect, its personnel unsatisfactory, and its possibilities limited by the jealousies, fears, and ambitions of the several powers, it is a clear advance in the right direction and a definite admission, even by statesmen and politicians, that internationalism is the great and growing force of the present. What we have to do, at the conclusion of this war, is to discover and to embody in the public law of Europe the next step toward the ultimate federal union. We must have something better than the concert. We cannot hope to achieve the federation. What can we do? It would be presumptuous for any single thinker to put forward dogmatically his own suggestion as the best and most practicable. What I here set forth is, however, the result of much discussion and of much thought. I hope, therefore, that the reader may be willing to consider it seriously, whether or no he can indorse it.

II

The preliminaries of peace must, I suppose, be settled between the belligerents; and it is probable, though very undesirable, that they will be settled behind the scenes by the same group of men who made this most disastrous and unnecessary of wars. For that reason, and because of the uncertainty of the duration and issue of the war, it is idle to consider how much territory may come up for settlement, or how it may be disposed of. All we can say is — and it is essential that we should insist upon it — that the principle laid down by Mr. Asquith, and indorsed, I believe, by every one who has dealt with the subject, should be applied up to the limits of possibility: the principle, that is, that the interests and wishes of the populations it is proposed to transfer should be the only point considered, and that no power should pursue merely its own aggrandizement. Beyond this, little can be said. But one or two points may be insisted on.

First, it will be generally agreed that the Allies, unless they are utterly defeated, must insist on the restoration of the whole territory of Belgium and on such compensation as money can give for the martyrdom that has been inflicted on her. But further, — and for this point I ask the earnest consideration of the reader, — it belongs to the whole spirit of a right settlement that Germany shall be allowed her fair share of influence in the East. If, therefore, the Asiatic territory of Turkey comes into settlement, and if it is to be partitioned into spheres of influence,[1] then Germany should have her share. To shut her out while aggrandizing Russia and France and Italy and England, would be to justify what she has always maintained, — that the other powers pursue toward her a dog-in-the-manger policy, — and would make it diffi-

[1] I do not endorse this idea of a partition of Turkey, except so far as it may be reasonably held that the populations concerned are favorable to it; but, if the partition is made, I argue that Germany has as good a right to influence as any other power. — THE AUTHOR.

cult, if not impossible, for her to settle down as a peaceable member of the European comity. A peace which will satisfy the Allies, supposing them to be victorious, will almost certainly deprive Germany of Alsace-Lorraine: it might deprive her also of Posen. And in that extreme case, a compensation in the East would be as politic as it would be just. The objections that may be taken to such a course imply the other view of the objects of the war: the view that it should end merely in the aggrandizement of the victors and the weakening of the vanquished. And that view I am supposing that we have rejected.

It belongs further to the principle that we are advocating that England should make no attempt to appropriate the Kiel Canal, or to transfer it to Denmark. I hardly suppose that any such measure would seriously be proposed. But it is well to make clear to ourselves what the facts are. The canal runs through a purely German territory, and the principle of nationality demands that the people of that territory should remain under German government. The neutralization of the canal is a different proposition, and might be considered, if it were practicable, and if it were accompanied by a general neutralization of important waterways, such as the Straits of Gibraltar. But to neutralize it against Germany, and as part of a policy of disarming Germany alone, would be contrary to the purpose we have in our minds.

Let us suppose, now, that the preliminaries of peace have been settled, and settled, we must hope, on right lines. There should then be summoned a congress to regulate the carrying out of them in detail and to provide for the future peace of Europe. There is plenty of precedent for such a congress. The Congress of Vienna (1815) followed the Treaty of Paris, and comprised representatives of every European power. The Congress of Paris followed the Crimean War; at that Congress Austria was represented, although she was not a belligerent, and questions quite irrelevant to the immediate issues of the war were under discussion. The future settlement of Europe concerns everybody. Many of the non-belligerents are directly interested in the territorial changes that are likely to be made. Many are interested in the fate of small states. All are interested in peace. This war is not only the belligerents' war, nor must the peace be only the belligerents' peace.

Immediately, then, on the settlement of the preliminaries of peace, there must be summoned a congress of the powers. To this congress all the states of Europe should send delegates. But further, it is most desirable that the United States should take part in it. There is precedent in the Congress of Algeciras. But if there were none, one should be created. It is indeed the best hope for the settlement that peace will be brought about by the mediation of President Wilson. And in that case he will have a clear status at the congress. The United States is the only great power not involved, or likely to be involved, in the war. It is the only great power that is pacific, and the only one that has no direct interest in the questions that may come up for solution.

Assuming now that the congress is assembled, what will be its business? First, to appoint an international commission to carry out the territorial rearrangements, on the principle of the interests and wishes of the peoples concerned. This will be a process long and arduous in proportion to the amount of the territory concerned, and the character of the populations. At the best, readjustments of boundaries and allegiance can only imperfectly solve it. But the best chance of a good solution is an impartial commission.

This, however, important though it be, should not be the main work of the congress. Its main work should be the creation of an organ to keep the peace of Europe. From many quarters has come the suggestion of a 'league of peace.' Mr. Roosevelt has proposed it. Mr. Asquith looks forward to it as coming 'immediately within the range and presently within the grasp of European statesmanship.' And it was adumbrated by Sir Edward Grey before the war, when he said, 'If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany will be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately.' [1]

An idea thus indorsed, not only by pacifists and thinkers, but by practical statesmen, is worth serious consideration. Let us try to give it some practicable shape.

The congress, I propose, should found a league of peace on the basis of a treaty binding them to refer their disputes to peaceable settlement before taking any military measures. Its success would depend on the number of powers entering into it. A league, for instance, of Great Britain, France, and Russia would do little more than perpetuate the present entente. A league joined by Italy would be in a better position. One joined by the United States might be invincible. But the thing to be most aimed at is the inclusion of the German powers. And that is one of the main reasons why, in the event of a victory by the Allies, everything possible should be done not to alienate Germany from the European system.

But, it will be said, what is the use of relying on treaties, when Germany has shown and declared that she regards them as scraps of paper? This raises the question of the sanction, — one of great importance, and one which, unfortunately, divides those who believe in and desire peace. The one party, the extremer pacifists, and perhaps the more logical, say that treaties must be their own sanction. The whole point of peace is that men rely on law, not on force. And to attempt to secure peace by arms is and always has been the fundamental error of mankind. This attitude, I think, goes along with the complete and uncompromising application of Christian ethics. Those who hold it would probably say that force should never be resisted by force. They would expect to conquer force by meekness. They are the real Christians. And I respect and honor them in proportion to their sincerity. But I cannot go with them. What is more important, I know well that almost nobody goes with them; and that, in particular, no government would act, now or in any near future, upon such presumptions. It will be impossible, I believe, to win from public opinion any support for the ideas I am putting forward, unless we are prepared to add a sanction to our treaty. I propose therefore that the powers entering into the arrangement pledge themselves to assist, if necessary by their national force, any member of the league who should be attacked before the dispute provoking the attack has been submitted to arbitration or conciliation.

Military force, however, is not the only weapon the powers might employ in such a case: economic pressure might sometimes be effective. Suppose, for example, that the United States entered into such a league, but that she did not choose, as she wisely might not choose, to become a great military or naval power. In the event of a crisis arising, such as we suppose, she could

[1] Telegram of July 30, 1914; No. 101 in the *White Paper*.

nevertheless exercise a very great pressure if she simply instituted a financial and commercial boycott against the offender. Imagine, for instance, that at this moment all the foreign trade of this country were cut off by a general boycott. We should be harder hit than we can be by a military force. We simply could not carry on the war. And though, no doubt, we are more vulnerable in this respect than other countries, yet such economic pressure, if it were really feared, would be a potent factor in determining the policy of any country. It is true that no nation could apply such a boycott without injuring itself. But then the object is to prevent that greatest of all injuries, material and moral, which we call war. We can then imagine the states included in our league agreeing that any offender who made war on a member of the league, contrary to the terms of the treaty, would immediately have to face either the economic boycott, or the armed forces, or both, of the other members. And it is not unreasonable to think that in most cases this would secure the observance of the treaty.

If, on the other hand, any member of the league were attacked, without provocation, by another power, not a member, it would be the duty of the other members of the league to come to its assistance. In order that this provision might not lead to aggressive action by any member, it would be essential that the foreign relations of all the members of the league should be openly discussed between them, and every effort made to mediate in the case of dispute with external powers.

To get a clearer idea of how the arrangement might work, let us suppose it to have been in actual operation at the time this war broke out, and that all the great powers, including the United States, had entered into such a league as I propose. Austria-Hungary's ultimatum to Servia would then have been a breach of the treaty and would have been prevented by the joint action of all the other powers. If Germany had supported Austria, she too would have become the common enemy. We should have had then, not only the powers of the Triple Entente, but also Italy, and perhaps the United States, leagued against the German powers. If it had been foreseen — as in the case supposed it would have been — that that would happen, the German powers, it is safe to say, would not have gone to war. What would have been the alternative? First, the immediate occasion of the war, the murder of the archduke, would have been referred to an international commission of inquiry at The Hague. For the question of the responsibility for the murder is a purely judicial one, to be settled by evidence before an impartial tribunal. But, of course, behind the murder lay the whole question of the Balkan States and their relations to Austria and Russia. That whole question would have had to be referred to arbitration before war could take place about it. Only in the last resort, when every effort for a peaceful settlement had proved abortive, when a solution on just lines had been propounded and was before the public opinion of Europe, only then could war have taken place. Perhaps war might have happened, even then. But probably on a much smaller scale; probably confined to Servia, Austria, and Russia, with the other powers ready at every moment to intervene for peace.

It may still be urged that the powers that have entered into the league will not, in fact, fulfill their obligation to intervene, by force if necessary, to prevent a breach of the treaty. But, if it be true, and be seen to be true, that peace is, at any moment, the greatest interest of the greater number of powers, then we may affirm that interest

will reinforce obligation, and that the duty imposed by the treaty will be fulfilled. The violation of a treaty obligation by Germany must not make us suppose that no power will ever keep treaty obligations. The most cynical may admit that they will be kept when and if the interest of a power is on the side of keeping them. And, in this case, it would appear that generally the interest of the signatory powers will coincide with their duty.

III

Let us now proceed to a more detailed consideration of the machinery of arbitration and conciliation to which it is proposed that the powers should bind themselves to refer their disputes.

Among the disputes that may arise there is a distinction, well recognized in both theory and practice, between those capable of arbitration and those requiring conciliation. The former are called 'justiciable,' and are such as can be settled by a quasi-legal procedure. Examples are the interpretation of treaties, or international conventions. The number of disputes which have in fact been settled by arbitration during the last century is very considerable. Two hundred and fifty is a conservative estimate.[1] Of these, no doubt, the majority were trivial. But some were of a kind that might easily have led to war. For example, the Alabama case, the Alaska boundary case, the Dogger Bank case. Further, there is a court of arbitration, and a procedure, established at The Hague by agreement between the powers. Arbitration is thus a recognized and organized fact. All we have to do is to extend and regulate its operation. The powers entering the league of peace should bind themselves by a general treaty to submit to arbitration all justiciable disputes without exception.

Such treaties have already been made between certain powers.[2] In particular a treaty was negotiated in 1897 between the United States and Great Britain, to submit to arbitration 'all questions in difference which may fail to adjust themselves by diplomatic negotiations.' The treaty was rejected by the Senate of the United States, but less from an objection in principle than because they were jealous of abandoning any of their power of dealing with cases of foreign policy as they might come up. But the majority of arbitration treaties except certain matters. Thus, for example, the treaty of 1904 between France and England was an agreement to submit all disputes except those 'touching vital interest, honor, or independence.' Such exceptions, however, seem to be superfluous when we are dealing with justiciable disputes. The 'honor' of no country can be concerned in breaking either the terms of a treaty or recognized principles of international law. 'Independence' cannot be touched by such cases. And 'vital interests' will almost always come under the other heading of non-justiciable cases, which we are proposing to refer to a different body and a different procedure. All that seems to be necessary here is to arrange for some procedure to determine, in case of difference of opinion, whether any given dispute is or is not 'justiciable.' This question might be submitted either to the Hague Court or to the conciliation council proposed below. And with that safeguard I believe that there is no valid objection to

[1] See Fried's *Friedensberuhigung*, vol. i, p. 291; and Darnley's *International Tribunal*, p. 47. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] Between Italy and Denmark, Italy and the Netherlands, the Netherlands and Denmark, Denmark and Portugal, Italy and Argentina, Italy and Mexico, and between the Central American States. See an article by Wehberg in the *American Journal of International Law*, vol. 7. — THE AUTHOR.

a general treaty between all the powers to submit to arbitration all justiciable disputes.

But of course justiciable disputes are not those most likely to lead to war. The most dangerous issues are those where the independence or the 'vital interests' of states are, or are supposed to be, involved. Perhaps in such cases, in the last resort, it may be impossible to avoid war, so long as the false notions of interest now current continue to prevail. But it would be possible to postpone it. And mere delay will often make the difference between peace and war. What precipitated the present war was first the ultimatum of Austria, with a twenty-four hours' time-limit, and then those of Germany, with a twelve hours' time-limit. The war was rushed. Under our proposed arrangements, this could not have occurred. There would have been a necessary delay, which might be fixed at not less than a year, during which the whole issue would be considered before a council of conciliation, a way out suggested, and the public opinion of all countries concentrated on the question and the proposed solution. I think it reasonable to suppose that, under such conditions, public opinion would not tolerate a war. At any rate, the chances of peace would be infinitely improved.

The main difficulty here is the constitution of the council of conciliation. First, what kind of men should be members of it? Not, clearly, men of merely legal training, for the questions to be considered will not be merely legal. What is wanted is men of eminence, experienced in affairs, capable of impartiality, and of taking a European rather than a narrowly national standpoint. It would not be easy to find such men, but it should not be impossible. One can think of several in England. But, further, there should be representatives of those great interests which hitherto have had no say in international affairs. Labor, especially, should be represented, for it is labor that bears the chief burden of wars. We must have no more diplomats' wars. And if we are to achieve that result, then, other than diplomats must conciliate international differences.

The members of the council should be appointed by whatever method the representative organs of the countries concerned might determine. But the important question then arises: should they be delegates, appointed for a particular purpose, under constant instructions from their governments; or representatives for a fixed term of years, to act according to their best judgment?

In the first alternative, we shall have a body similar to that which has represented the concert of Europe again and again during the last century. Such a body may be and has been useful. But its functions have not been the same as those I am thinking of for the council of conciliation. It has not aimed at discovering the kind of solution of the questions before it which would commend itself to impartial and enlightened opinion as the most fair, reasonable, and permanent. It has aimed rather at bringing together conflicting egotisms, and ascertaining whether or no, in the given conjunction, it is worth while for any one or more of them to assert itself by force in face of the others. Sometimes, as in the case of the Crimean War, this question has been answered in the affirmative. Sometimes, as in the case of the Belgian revolution of 1830, in the negative. But no will to a permanent and just settlement has been present. The representatives of the powers have acted under instructions, each of them considering only the supposed interests of his own state, and making concessions only when it seemed necessary to do so to avoid war, if war for the moment did not appear

to be a profitable enterprise. Further, the decisions of such a conference were to be followed immediately by action. It was natural, therefore, that temporary expedients to tide over a crisis should be adopted, rather than fundamental and final reconstructions. The function I propose for the council of conciliation is different. It will have no executive power, but only the power to recommend the best solution. This, it would seem, would best be done by an independent body, of which all the members should take, so far as possible, a European point of view, and none a merely national one. When they had arrived at their results, their duty would be ended. The question of its adoption would remain for a further stage.

Keeping in view these facts, I incline to believe that the most hopeful plan would be that the council should have a permanent constitution, the members being appointed for fixed periods of time, and not for special issues, and acting without instructions from their governments, although of course acquainted with their governments' point of view, and having the confidence of their nations. On such a council there would be, if the league were large and comprehensive, a number of members whose governments were not directly interested in the particular issue that might be before them, and who might therefore take a detached view. The representatives of the countries primarily interested would be able both to put their point of view and to modify it in deference to the general trend of feeling.

And a solution might be finally suggested which could not be suspected of partiality. It would, of course, not satisfy fully all claims. But it would probably commend itself to the public opinion of the world. And that would be a great asset in its favor.

Still, it might be rejected by the parties most concerned. In that case what would happen? The whole question would then be one for the diplomacy of Europe, and the powers would be as free to act or not to act as they are now. I do not propose that they should be under treaty obligation to enforce the award or scheme of the council. In a federated Europe there could, of course, be no place for war. But what I am here proposing is only a preliminary step toward that. I am not abrogating national sovereignty, or ruling out war as impossible. I am merely endeavoring to make it a great deal less likely than it now is. And I think that the attempt in the present stage to make the enforcement of an award compulsory on the powers would not make for peace. The powers must act, in each case, as they can and as they choose. Very often they will find a settlement which avoids war. Sometimes they will not. But at least we may reasonably hope for a much more general will to peace than we get under existing conditions.

The improbability of war, I believe, would be increased in proportion as the issues of foreign policy were known to and controlled by public opinion. There must be an end of the secret diplomacy which has plunged us into this catastrophe. To say this is not, of course, to suggest that complicated and delicate negotiations should be conducted in public. But there should be no more secret treaties or arrangements of any kind, like, for example, the clauses of the Morocco treaty whereby Great Britain, France, and Spain looked forward to the partition of that country while publicly guaranteeing its integrity and independence before the world; or like those military and naval 'conversations,' which behind the back of Parliament and the nation pledged our honor to defend France. All nations ought to know and constantly be reminded of

all their commitments to other powers, and all the complications which constitute the danger centres of Europe. I am aware of all that may be said about the latent jingoism of crowds, and the power of an unscrupulous press to work upon it. But we have all that as it is. It is what governments rely upon and call upon, when they intend to make war. The essence of the present situation is that no other forces have time to organize themselves, because we are actually at war before we have begun to realize the crisis. With plenty of time and full knowledge the better elements of public opinion could be rallied. The proposed league of peace would secure the necessary delay. If then, at the last, the public opinion of any nation insisted on war, there would be war. But at least every force working against war would have come into play.

One further point must be made. The league proposed should concern itself only with the external relations of the powers. It should make no claim to intervene by force in internal politics. The concert set up in 1815 came to grief mainly because it was part of its object to put down in any country democratic revolutions. From any such intervention the league proposed must refrain. The council of conciliation may, no doubt, recommend changes of internal policy, in cases where the internal conditions of any nation are themselves a constant provocation to international war. No solution, for example, of the problem of the southern Slavs is possible without a complete abandonment of the policy of coercion pursued by the Hungarians toward the Slavs they control. But though the council of conciliation might legitimately point out that fact, and suggest the necessary reforms, if it were putting forward a scheme for the settlement of the whole problem, it must be recognized that the powers may not coerce Hungary in such a matter. The precedent would be too dangerous, for we might have the concert intervening to put down a Socialist or labor revolution. To appeals for armed intervention in the internal policy of any country the league must be deaf, however just the cause of the insurgents. It is a league to prevent international war, and not for any other purpose.

IV

Given a league of peace, a limitation and a reduction of armaments might follow. It hardly seems possible that it can precede. Economic exhaustion, it is true, might lead the powers, after this war, to attempt seriously the limitation which was the immediate object of the first Hague Conference, but which was shelved as impracticable almost without discussion. It is most desirable that they should do so. Yet it seems clear that, whatever basis of limitation were laid down, there would be plots to evade it on the part of one or another power, so long as there is no security against a sudden and unprovoked attack. Such security might be given by a league of peace. I do not see how it could be given otherwise. Nor would a mere limitation of armaments, in itself, prevent such attacks. It would make war less destructive; it could not make it impossible, or even improbable. Desirable, therefore, though this measure may be, it would seem that it would naturally follow rather than precede a league of peace. It is for that reason that I have not given it a prominent place in my proposals.

But in any case governments should cease to employ private armament firms. I am aware that there are technical and economic reasons to be urged against this course. But I believe them to be outweighed by the fact, now sufficiently proved, that the private firms deliberately foment differences between

nations, in order to get orders for their goods. An activity so monstrous ought to be destroyed, root and branch, at all and every cost.

The suggestions here put forward are not intended to be more than a sketch of what might be immediately practicable at the peace. They do not profess to represent in themselves an ideal. For political arrangements cannot constitute an ideal; they can at most give it opportunity to realize itself. I hope, therefore, that after meeting the opposition of the skeptics and the practical men I shall not have to meet that of the idealists. Some day, I hope, a Europe will come into being in which there will be neither hostile states nor rival armaments. But the time is not yet. There are many forces working in that direction, if only they had time to do their work. I want to give them breathing space. For what happens, under present arrangements, is that during years of peace the movement of civilization proceeds in its two inseparable aspects of social reform and international organization. Pacifists grow hopeful and active. Commerce, travel, art, literature, science, begin to unite the nations. Armaments appear ridiculous, and wars, what they are, — crimes. But the enemy is watching. Silently, behind the scenes, he has been preparing. In a moment he strikes, and the work of a quarter of a century is undone. Let us be under no illusions. While there is war, there can be no secure progress. If we want society to develop into anything good, we must stop war. That in itself, it is true, will not give us the ideal. But it will remove a main obstacle to it. Change of will, change of ideas, moral and spiritual development, — that is what we want, I agree. But we can no longer afford to rely only on that. For before that has become strong enough to make war impossible, war arrives and destroys the development. A device to avoid war, even though it be, in a sense, only mechanical, is therefore none the less essential. Then, within the peace thus secured, the new Europe may slowly be built up. Otherwise, whose who want no new Europe can always sweep away its rudiments by force. I ask, therefore, the support of the idealists, as much as of practical men. I ask the support of all except those who believe that war itself is the ideal. Of those who believe in peace these are the only ultimate enemies. But they cannot be converted. They must be circumvented. And what I suggest would, I believe, be a way to circumvent them.

(*The End.*)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

BY HENRY W. MASSINGHAM

It would, I think, be true to say that while British feeling about America's relation to the war has varied from time to time, it has had one characteristic element: the desire to secure and retain your sympathy. I distinguish this sentiment from an appeal for material help. This it has never consciously been. The British public is not an expert witness of American opinion or even of American institutions. No country ever so estimates another. But, even if it believed in a German victory, it would know that the political habits of your people and the judgment of your greatest men bound you to avoid the entanglement of European alliances. This entanglement you have avoided. You were not a party to the Treaty of 1839, under which Britain came to the rescue of Belgium. Still less were you concerned in our moral and material engagements with France. So with many of the indirect issues of the war. Let us say that the Allies desire, for definite military reasons, the coöperation of Italy, Roumania, and Bulgaria. Here lie some well-defined concerns of European politics, the key to which is in the treaties and wars of the last century and of this. These matters, we know, are and must remain remote from you.

Equally do we recognize that some European problems in which America has a keen moral interest do not, like your work for the Christian populations of the Near East, run on the precise lines of the Triple Entente. Your sympathy for the Jews of Eastern Europe is one of these questions. Still less do we ask you to contribute to the decision of such difficulties as Hungary's treatment of the Croats, or the race-problems involved in the resettlement of the coast of Dalmatia. All this is old, tough material of diplomacy, which our continental statesmanship must throw into shape. Each nation is the guardian of its honor and interests; each has its separate sphere of direct responsibility.

I assume, therefore, that the hope of the British peoples has been for an assurance, not of an alliance with the United States, but of what diplomatic phrasing calls 'benevolent neutrality' and the average man calls 'sympathy.' As a nation, we have, I think, failed to realize what this has already meant for us, in help for our nationals and care for our prisoners, and in the magnificent effort to feed the starving people of Belgium. Your diplomatic service is in one way modeled on our own; but within the last few months we have had good cause to admire its unequaled efficiency and public spirit. Outside your official circles, Mr. Hoover has accomplished the unprecedented feat of softening the hard heart of German militarism. The lives of over a million Belgians, which lay beyond hope of succor from the allied forces, have for months depended on his care.

No country but yours could have conceived and executed such a work of disinterested humanity. Not a tithe of the civilized and assuaging intercourse that has been carried on even between

subjects of the belligerents would have been possible but for the intervention of the American ambassadors and consuls. You have established some of the best hospitals, and organized the noblest charities of the war.

So far, therefore, as the exercise of moral force is concerned, Britain's attitude can only be one of gratitude to the American government and nation, and of relief that so powerful a neutral force is available to save the older world from some of the worst consequences of the war. But permit me to say that at this point we in Europe reach new and crucial issues. This is a conflict, not between armies but between nations, or rather between two governing systems and their dependencies in five continents. It involves non-combatants to an extent unknown even in the Napoleonic wars; and being a war by sea as well as by land, — an effort at attrition hardly less than at superiority by armed force, — it affects the entire course of international sea-trade and the dependent and very delicate system of international credit. Germany, in waging war with us, wages it with New York and Copenhagen as well; and it is fair to say the same of us and of our allies.

America, therefore, was 'in the war' from the moment the first gun was fired. Her commerce, her credit, her international obligations, were all caught up in its fatal whirl. Subject to her general reserve as to the avoidance of entangling alliances, she was a party to the Hague Conventions of 1907; and she has been something more than a party, she has been the spiritual leader, in the movement for international arbitration which has suffered so disastrous an eclipse. She has naturally been the chief guardian of neutral interests in maritime commerce, and she has already defined her own interests in a series of notes to the belligerents. Therefore her neutrality has never been a silent neutrality. On the contrary, it has been much the most active national factor in the world-situation which this strife of civilization has brought about. America cannot depose herself. All eyes are turned on her, because all parties are conscious of her strength.

Equally impossible, as it seems to us, is it for your people to be indifferent to the results of the war. Assume that the conflict ends in a deadlock of forces so complete that, by economic exhaustion or by the imminence of internal revolution, a compromise is forced on the belligerents, which leaves the balance of European power much as it stands today. Recovery could not be immediate, but when it came, the renewal of the conflict would be inevitable. Russia and Germany would dispute the unsettled leadership of the Near East, and the possession of Asia Minor. The Balkan States would renew their desperate and uncomposed rivalries. On the almost inconceivable hypothesis that we left the battle for the mastery of the Belgian coasts unfought, and allowed Belgium to sink into hopeless ruin, and Turkey to fall under the control of a power able to dispute our rule in India and Egypt, we should merely engage ourselves for an early arbitrament of these capital issues, losing in the preparation for it the boon of voluntary military service. There is nothing in American history enabling her to realize the physical desolation of such a struggle. But its political consequences would soon be brought home to her statesmen, as well as to her bankers and merchants, and we can well imagine the immense moral effort to which it would impel her.

But inconclusiveness cannot well be the mark of this war. The organization planned by the greatest bureaucratic power the world has ever known will either smash its way through Western

democracy, or will break itself against the superior numbers and moral force of the Allies. In spite of our association with Russia, we believe that a victory for the Allies carries with it new promise of ideas and forms of political life with which you are in sympathy; and that in the event of a German success, those principles and institutions will be discredited, and others will take their place.

We have our jingoes, but they do not deflect the main stream of our energies, which are pacific and industrial. The years which saw Germany's attempt to denationalize Prussian Poland also witnessed the grant of autonomy to South Africa and Ireland. Britain's world-power rests on her fleet and her sea-commerce. These forces are wielded by an uncrowned republic. So long as our free-trade system holds, they cannot be inimical to the development of international trade or of political liberty. On the other hand, Germany's organization rests on three supports: autocracy, protection, militarism. To-day it is militarism without sea-power; on the morrow of Germany's victory it would be militarism plus navalism, applied not merely to the European situation, which she would dominate from Antwerp to Constantinople, but to her colonial possessions and ambitions.

Sea-power is no longer expressed in battleships and cruisers. Submarines, aeroplanes, waterplanes, — conveyed on warships, or acting within wider and wider sea-areas, — and incendiary and explosive bombs, — these are its auxiliaries and promise to become its master-weapon. Who, in the event of a German success, will direct this weapon? Not an essentially commercial and conservative power, like ourselves, content with what it has and resting on voluntary military service for well-defined objects of imperial policy, but a new, expanding, aggrandizing state, using science for far-reaching ends of conquest. America cannot desire such a displacement. She cannot wish to see the diffused, multiform purposes which democracies, federal or unitary, possess, giving way to the unified central will directed by a military group, which the German system requires. Such a redistribution of forces must impose fresh military and naval responsibilities on America. So long as the Dutch and Belgian and French coasts of the Channel remain in their existing ownership, America sees the western flank of Europe held by the nations whose history and institutions are the nearest akin to her own. These conditions will cease with a German tenure of Calais and Antwerp.

Take another aspect of the war. Germany is of all the great powers the one which has had least recourse to the Hague Tribunal, and which prepared us, through her military writers, for her complete repudiation of it in action. In the result, the Conventions are swept away. Once disowned and flouted, their force, which was purely moral, is gone. War has been rebarbarized. The system of guaranteeing treaties, under which many of the smaller European powers enjoy their independence, also disappears on the day when Belgium becomes a German state. Holland falls in due time, by force of economic pressure, achieved through the German possession of Antwerp; and the Scandinavian countries, delivered from the fear of Russia, will not delay to make terms with the mistress of the Baltic and the North Sea. It would be hard to exaggerate the extent to which fear — fear of the might of organization, fear of the 'frightfulness' with which Germany makes war, fear of her aggressive, penetrating commercialism, fear of her ships and tariffs — would dominate a Europe which had seen the

overthrow of a weak moral defense of neutral and non-combatant rights, of the territorial independence of inferior states, and generally of law unsupported by force. These things have been struck at without protest from any strong neutral power.

What does that imply? Quite possibly that the method of the Hague Conventions was radically wrong. They were of the nature of voluntary law, in itself the main basis of international regulation. Fenced round with many weak concessions extorted by the military agents of the signatory powers, they yet appealed to conduct, to propriety, to the average feelings of humanity, premising that though these bonds were weaker than those governing individual morals, Christian civilization, working through the minds of the great international jurists, had progressed far enough to insure respect for them.

Six points of the Hague Conventions — the sanctity of neutral territory; the vetoes on collective punishments for supposed individual offenses; on the crushing of a community by exorbitant fines, levies and requisitions; on the slaughter of non-combatants, and the wholesale and needless destruction of their property by fire or pillage; on the bombardment of undefended places; and on the burning or shelling of churches and public buildings — were broken within the first few weeks of the war. All these acts have passed *sub silentio*. Protests by belligerents could not avail; but was not the opinion of neutrals — of the greatest of all the neutrals — free to express itself, as soon as the facts could be collected, without proper cause of offense to the guilty party? To assume the contrary is surely to say that international law is without real sanction; and that from the moment of the declaration of war, all its instruments lapse, and we tend to revert, at Germany's instance, to the anarchy of unregulated force.[1]

I think we understand what America's answer may be to the plea for her intervention as the champion of the Hague Conventions. She may have considered that the evidence as to facts was inconclusive, or could not be fully obtained at the period when her interference might have been most useful; and that when the case had been sufficiently made out by the admissions of the culprits, the evil was beyond repair. Her government may well have calculated that if she exhausted her moral force as a neutral at too early a stage of the war, it would be of no avail later on, or that she might even be forced to appear as a belligerent, against her will and against her interests and those of humanity.

We give due weight to these arguments. Only it seems to some of us that they carry with them a great responsibility for the future. It is clear that the method of the Hague Conferences is at an end. No tribunal can sit merely as a mourner over those sacked and ravaged conventions, to which must now, in effect, be added the Declarations of Paris, of St. Petersburg, and of London. The world has in fact reverted, so far as maritime law in war is concerned, to a vague body of customs and decisions by great international lawyers, which one belligerent breaks when she chooses, while the other improvises a provisional code, to which no neutral can owe formal, or moral, obedience. The submarine has already rendered the old idea of blockade untenable. The near

[1] See Shelley's 'Masque of Anarchy':—

Last came Anarchy: he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a Kingly Crown,
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
On his brow, this mark I saw,—
I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!

future may reveal it as the mistress of the seas, or reduce its power to nothingness. But its appearance has already torn a huge rent in international sea-law in time of war. The same may be said of the substitution of the armed nation for the professional army. Germany has in theory and in practice abandoned the idea of war as a series of acts directed merely against armies and navies. She imagines and directs it as an assault on the whole 'intellectual and material resources' of a people. The present code of law was not framed to meet these gigantic infringements of might on the rights and privileges of humanity. Could its fabric as it stood in 1909 have been upheld, if only in form, by the whole body of neutral states, led by America, it might possibly have been built up again with renewed solidity after this war.

But it is now clear that Europe and the world need something more than a bundle of paper laws, across which any dominant force can write its *non placet*. The older civilization has come to grief because it has not really been built up on a conception of a world-state, or on a rule of toleration for the rights of minorities, of subject populations, of small states; because in a word the true meaning of a general civilized order, of local autonomy, of a liberal federalism, is unknown to it, or is but feebly practised.

In a word there has been no Europe, no true continental system, only a rivalry of jealous powers. But this distracted Europe did endeavor to build barriers against war. They have broken down, being in effect a system of conciliation for powers that would not or could not be conciliated. Your great country might have stood aloof from these militarized pacifists. But she did not, and a state of world-war having supervened, she can hardly see the system which she helped to create sink to nothingness without an effort to replace it.

Let America try to imagine the end of the war. Exhaustion, famine, plague, lack of money, lack of confidence, lack of faith in God and man will follow in its train. From the impoverished and heavy-laden nations, robbed of the flower of their manhood, will arise a passionate demand for guaranties against its renewal. The diplomatists will then get to work. Two processes will, it is possible to hope, be set up. The belligerents will arrange the general terms of peace. But their initial arrangements will probably leave over many questions for final settlement. New boundary lines must be drawn. New arrangements must be devised between central powers and autonomous dependents. As it is a continent — or rather a world — which calls for resettlement, many points of interpretation will arise, calling for judicial decisions.

It is possible to suppose that these disputes may be referred to a reconstituted and strengthened Hague Tribunal. But there will be a further range of questions not open to settlement by a body of jurists,— questions of policy, of the relations between powers desperately inflamed with each other, but not, it may be presumed, anxious to reopen the floodgate of war. How are these to be dealt with? Here we must look for some new and permanent body representative of the powers, great and small, European and non-European. Such a body could not well be identical with the governments from which it would proceed. But it must obviously be in close relation with them and must have the power of preliminary dealing with disputes that threaten the general tranquillity.

Here then you would have two new forces enlisted in the cause of peace, — one of judicial arbitration, the other of

conciliation. What actual power should they possess of staying a fresh visitation of the scourge of war? It would seem to be almost useless for the powers to set up fresh machinery without assuring themselves in advance against the contemptuous rejection of its work. No belligerent nation, for example, dreamed of using the Hague Tribunal as a means of assuring an examination of its case before proceeding to ordeal by battle. Is it too much for the world powers to decree that such an examination shall be held in critical hours, and that the power refusing it, or declining to abide by its results, shall be the subject of common pressure by all the rest? In a word, does not Europe want the kind of police force which it has exercised in (or against) the interest of small powers visibly bent on war,[1] — a force based on law, which shall act in behalf of the nations against the common offender?

Coalitions of powers against other powers or groups of powers we have had. They produced the curse of the armed peace, followed by the greater curse of the war of nations. Is it not time to resort to the opposite conception of a union of all for the good of all? That conception in its turn invites the restoration of the reign of law, resting on a minimum of force, as against the establishment of force, based on a minimum of law.

[1] Against Greece, in the case of Crete, for instance. — THE AUTHOR.

It is at this point that I believe a general recourse will be had to the good offices of your government and country. The lines of European state-life are and must long be sundered by mutual hate and suspicion. No magic balm is available for their reunion. We may not always retain our present allies or confront our existing enemies. But so long as the doctrine of the balance governs European politics, and the peace is based merely on ingenious readjustments of it, the old passions, reduced but not expelled in the hour of exhaustion, must return. New moral forces must arise, a new wave of faith, hope, mutual toleration, probably a new passionate intervention of the peoples whose lives have been so fatally remortgaged to want and ill-rewarded toil. Then the call to the newer western world, equipped with a great system the two keys of which are federalism and free state government, may come almost automatically from all parties to the war.

But if America responds, she too will be called on to lay her offering on the altar. She will not expect to come into our state-world as its arbiter. The summons will be to a comradeship of responsibility and effort. We believe that the event which gradually drew us out of our later policy of isolation will in its sequence exercise the same attraction on you; for the modern world is one, and no part of it can be lost or saved for itself alone.

THE AFRICAN ROOTS OF WAR

BY W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS

I

'SEMPER novi quid ex Africa,' cried the Roman proconsul; and he voiced the verdict of forty centuries. Yet there are those who would write world-history and leave out this most marvelous of continents. Particularly to-day most men assume that Africa lies far afield from the centres of our burning social problems, and especially from our present problem of World War.

Yet in a very real sense Africa is a prime cause of this terrible overturning of civilization which we have lived to see; and these words seek to show how in the Dark Continent are hidden the roots, not simply of war to-day but of the menace of wars to-morrow.

Always Africa is giving us something new or some metempsychosis of a world-old thing. On its black bosom arose one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of self-protecting civilizations, and grew so mightily that it still furnishes superlatives to thinking and speaking men. Out of its darker and more remote forest fastnesses, came, if we may credit many recent scientists, the first welding of iron, and we know that agriculture and trade flourished there when Europe was a wilderness.

Nearly every human empire that has arisen in the world, material and spiritual, has found some of its greatest crises on this continent of Africa, from Greece to Great Britain. As Mommsen says, 'It was through Africa that Christianity became the religion of the world.' In Africa the last flood of Germanic invasions spent itself within hearing of the last gasp of Byzantium, and it was again through Africa that Islam came to play its great rôle of conqueror and civilizer.

With the Renaissance and the widened world of modern thought, Africa came no less suddenly with her new old gift. Shakespeare's Ancient Pistol cries, —

> 'A foutre for the world, and worldlings base!
> I speak of Africa, and golden joys.'

He echoes a legend of gold from the days of Punt and Ophir to those of Ghana, the Gold Coast, and the Rand. This thought had sent the world's greed scurrying down the hot, mysterious coasts of Africa to the Good Hope of gain, until for the first time a real world-commerce was born, albeit it started as a commerce mainly in the bodies and souls of men.

So much for the past; and now, to-day: the Berlin Conference to apportion the rising riches of Africa among the white peoples met on the fifteenth day of November, 1884. Eleven days earlier, three Germans left Zanzibar (whither they had gone secretly disguised as mechanics), and before the Berlin Conference had finished its deliberations they had annexed to Germany an area over half as large again as the whole German Empire in Europe. Only in its dramatic suddenness was this undisguised robbery of the land of seven million natives different from the methods by which Great Britain and France got four million square miles each, Portugal three quarters of

a million, and Italy and Spain smaller but substantial areas.

The methods by which this continent has been stolen have been contemptible and dishonest beyond expression. Lying treaties, rivers of rum, murder, assassination, mutilation, rape, and torture have marked the progress of Englishman, German, Frenchman, and Belgian on the dark continent. The only way in which the world has been able to endure the horrible tale is by deliberately stopping its ears and changing the subject of conversation while the deviltry went on.

It all began, singularly enough, like the present war, with Belgium. Many of us remember Stanley's great solution of the puzzle of Central Africa when he traced the mighty Congo sixteen hundred miles from Nyangwe to the sea. Suddenly the world knew that here lay the key to the riches of Central Africa. It stirred uneasily, but Leopold of Belgium was first on his feet, and the result was the Congo Free State — God save the mark! But the Congo Free State, with all its magniloquent heralding of Peace, Christianity, and Commerce, degenerating into murder, mutilation and downright robbery, differed only in degree and concentration from the tale of all Africa in this rape of a continent already furiously mangled by the slave trade. That sinister traffic, on which the British Empire and the American Republic were largely built, cost black Africa no less than 100,000,000 souls, the wreckage of its political and social life, and left the continent in precisely that state of helplessness which invites aggression and exploitation. 'Color' became in the world's thought synonymous with inferiority, 'Negro' lost its capitalization, and Africa was another name for bestiality and barbarism.

Thus the world began to invest in color prejudice. The 'Color Line' began to pay dividends. For indeed, while the exploration of the valley of the Congo was the occasion of the scramble for Africa, the cause lay deeper. The Franco-Prussian War turned the eyes of those who sought power and dominion away from Europe. Already England was in Africa, cleaning away the débris of the slave trade and half consciously groping toward the new Imperialism. France, humiliated and impoverished, looked toward a new northern African empire sweeping from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. More slowly Germany began to see the dawning of a new day, and, shut out from America by the Monroe Doctrine, looked to Asia and Africa for colonies. Portugal sought anew to make good her claim to her ancient African realm; and thus a continent where Europe claimed but a tenth of the land in 1875, was in twenty-five more years practically absorbed.

II

Why was this? What was the new call for dominion? It must have been strong, for consider a moment the desperate flames of war that have shot up in Africa in the last quarter of a century: France and England at Fashoda, Italy at Adua, Italy and Turkey in Tripoli, England and Portugal at Delagoa Bay, England, Germany, and the Dutch in South Africa, France and Spain in Morocco, Germany and France in Agadir, and the world at Algeciras.

The answer to this riddle we shall find in the economic changes in Europe. Remember what the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have meant to organized industry in European civilization. Slowly the divine right of the few to determine economic income and distribute the goods and services of the world has been questioned and curtailed. We called the process Revolu-

tion in the eighteenth century, advancing Democracy in the nineteenth, and Socialization of Wealth in the twentieth. But whatever we call it, the movement is the same: the dipping of more and grimier hands into the wealth-bag of the nation, until to-day only the ultra stubborn fail to see that democracy in determining income is the next inevitable step to Democracy in political power.

With the waning of the possibility of the Big Fortune, gathered by starvation wage and boundless exploitation of one's weaker and poorer fellows at home, arose more magnificently the dream of exploitation abroad. Always, of course, the individual merchant had at his own risk and in his own way tapped the riches of foreign lands. Later, special trading monopolies had entered the field and founded empires over-seas. Soon, however, the mass of merchants at home demanded a share in this golden stream; and finally, in the twentieth century, the laborer at home is demanding and beginning to receive a part of his share.

The theory of this new democratic despotism has not been clearly formulated. Most philosophers see the ship of state launched on the broad, irresistible tide of democracy, with only delaying eddies here and there; others, looking closer, are more disturbed. Are we, they ask, reverting to aristocracy and despotism — the rule of might? They cry out and then rub their eyes, for surely they cannot fail to see strengthening democracy all about them?

It is this paradox which has confounded philanthropists, curiously betrayed the Socialists, and reconciled the Imperialists and captains of industry to any amount of 'Democracy.' It is this paradox which allows in America the most rapid advance of democracy to go hand in hand in its very centres with increased aristocracy and hatred toward darker races, and which excuses and defends an inhumanity that does not shrink from the public burning of human beings.

Yet the paradox is easily explained: the white workingman has been asked to share the spoil of exploiting 'chinks and niggers.' It is no longer simply the merchant prince, or the aristocratic monopoly, or even the employing class, that is exploiting the world: it is the nation; a new democratic nation composed of united capital and labor. The laborers are not yet getting, to be sure, as large a share as they want or will get, and there are still at the bottom large and restless excluded classes. But the laborer's equity is recognized, and his just share is a matter of time, intelligence, and skillful negotiation.

Such nations it is that rule the modern world. Their national bond is no mere sentimental patriotism, loyalty, or ancestor-worship. It is increased wealth, power, and luxury for all classes on a scale the world never saw before. Never before was the average citizen of England, France, and Germany so rich, with such splendid prospects of greater riches.

Whence comes this new wealth and on what does its accumulation depend? It comes primarily from the darker nations of the world — Asia and Africa, South and Central America, the West Indies and the islands of the South Seas. There are still, we may well believe, many parts of white countries like Russia and North America, not to mention Europe itself, where the older exploitation still holds. But the knell has sounded faint and far, even there. In the lands of darker folk, however, no knell has sounded. Chinese, East Indians, Negroes, and South American Indians are by common consent for governance by white folk and economic subjection to them. To the further-

ance of this highly profitable economic dictum has been brought every available resource of science and religion. Thus arises the astonishing doctrine of the natural inferiority of most men to the few, and the interpretation of 'Christian brotherhood' as meaning anything that one of the 'brothers' may at any time want it to mean.

Like all world-schemes, however, this one is not quite complete. First of all, yellow Japan has apparently escaped the cordon of this color bar. This is disconcerting and dangerous to white hegemony. If, of course, Japan would join heart and soul with the whites against the rest of the yellows, browns, and blacks, well and good. There are even good-natured attempts to prove the Japanese 'Aryan,' provided they act 'white.' But blood is thick, and there are signs that Japan does not dream of a world governed mainly by white men. This is the 'Yellow Peril,' and it may be necessary, as the German Emperor and many white Americans think, to start a world-crusade against this presumptuous nation which demands 'white' treatment.

Then, too, the Chinese have recently shown unexpected signs of independence and autonomy, which may possibly make it necessary to take them into account a few decades hence. As a result, the problem in Asia has resolved itself into a race for 'spheres' of economic 'influence,' each provided with a more or less 'open door' for business opportunity. This reduces the danger of open clash between European nations, and gives the yellow folk such chance for desperate unarmed resistance as was shown by China's repulse of the Six Nations of Bankers. There is still hope among some whites that conservative North China and the radical South may in time come to blows and allow actual white dominion.

One thing, however, is certain: Africa is prostrate. There at least are few signs of self-consciousness that need at present be heeded. To be sure, Abyssinia must be wheedled, and in America and the West Indies Negroes have attemped futile steps toward freedom; but such steps have been pretty effectually stopped (save through the breech of 'miscegenation'), although the ten million Negroes in the United States need, to many men's minds, careful watching and ruthless repression.

III

Thus the white European mind has worked, and worked the more feverishly because Africa is the Land of the Twentieth Century. The world knows something of the gold and diamonds of South Africa, the cocoa of Angola and Nigeria, the rubber and ivory of the Congo, and the palm oil of the West Coast. But does the ordinary citizen realize the extraordinary economic advances of Africa and, too, of black Africa, in recent years? E. T. Morel, who knows his Africa better than most white men, has shown us how the export of palm oil from West Africa has grown from 283 tons in 1800, to 80,000 tons in 1913, which together with by-products is worth to-day $60,000,000 annually. He shows how native Gold Coast labor, unsupervised, has come to head the cocoa-producing countries of the world with an export of 89,000,000 pounds (weight *not* money) annually. He shows how the cotton crop of Uganda has risen from 3000 bales in 1909 to 50,000 bales in 1914; and he says that France and Belgium are no more remarkable in the cultivation of their land than the Negro province of Kano. The trade of Abyssinia amounts to only $10,000,000 a year, but it is its infinite possibility of growth that is making the nations crowd to Adis Abeba. All these things

are but beginnings; 'but tropical Africa and its peoples are being brought more irrevocably each year into the vortex of the economic influences that sway the western world.' There can be no doubt of the economic possibilities of Africa in the near future. There are not only the well-known and traditional products, but boundless chances in a hundred different directions, and above all, there is a throng of human beings who, could they once be reduced to the docility and steadiness of Chinese coolies or of seventeenth and eighteenth century European laborers, would furnish to their masters a spoil exceeding the gold-haunted dreams of the most modern of Imperialists.

This, then, is the real secret of that desperate struggle for Africa which began in 1877 and is now culminating. Economic dominion outside Africa has, of course, played its part, and we were on the verge of the partition of Asia when Asiatic shrewdness warded it off. America was saved from direct political dominion by the Monroe Doctrine. Thus, more and more, the Imperialists have concentrated on Africa.

The greater the concentration the more deadly the rivalry. From Fashoda to Agadir, repeatedly the spark has been applied to the European magazine and a general conflagration narrowly averted. We speak of the Balkans as the storm-centre of Europe and the cause of war, but this is mere habit. The Balkans are convenient for occasions, but the ownership of materials and men in the darker world is the real prize that is setting the nations of Europe at each other's throats to-day.

The present world war is, then, the result of jealousies engendered by the recent rise of armed national associations of labor and capital whose aim is the exploitation of the wealth of the world mainly outside the European circle of nations. These associations, grown jealous and suspicious at the division of the spoils of trade-empire, are fighting to enlarge their respective shares; they look for expansion, not in Europe but in Asia, and particularly in Africa. 'We want no inch of French territory,' said Germany to England, but Germany was 'unable to give' similar assurances as to France in Africa.

The difficulties of this imperial movement are internal as well as external. Successful aggression in economic expansion calls for a close union between capital and labor at home. Now the rising demands of the white laborer, not simply for wages but for conditions of work and a voice in the conduct of industry, make industrial peace difficult. The workingmen have been appeased by all sorts of essays in state socialism, on the one hand, and on the other hand by public threats of competition by colored labor. By threatening to send English capital to China and Mexico, by threatening to hire Negro laborers in America, as well as by old-age pensions and accident insurance, we gain industrial peace at home at the mightier cost of war abroad.

In addition to these national war-engendering jealousies there is a more subtle movement arising from the attempt to unite labor and capital in world-wide freebooting. Democracy in economic organization, while an acknowledged ideal, is to-day working itself out by admitting to a share in the spoils of capital only the aristocracy of labor — the more intelligent and shrewder and cannier workingmen. The ignorant, unskilled, and restless still form a large, threatening, and, to a growing extent, revolutionary group in advanced countries.

The resultant jealousies and bitter hatreds tend continually to fester along the color line. We must fight the Chinese, the laborer argues, or the Chinese will take our bread and butter. We

must keep Negroes in their places, or Negroes will take our jobs. All over the world there leaps to articulate speech and ready action that singular assumption that if white men do not throttle colored men, then China, India, and Africa will do to Europe what Europe has done and seeks to do to them.

On the other hand, in the minds of yellow, brown, and black men the brutal truth is clearing: a white man is privileged to go to any land where advantage beckons and behave as he pleases; the black or colored man is being more and more confined to those parts of the world where life for climatic, historical, economic, and political reasons is most difficult to live and most easily dominated by Europe for Europe's gain.

IV

What, then, are we to do, who desire peace and the civilization of all men? Hitherto the peace movement has confined itself chiefly to figures about the cost of war and platitudes on humanity. What do nations care about the cost of war, if by spending a few hundred millions in steel and gunpowder they can gain a thousand millions in diamonds and cocoa? How can love of humanity appeal as a motive to nations whose love of luxury is built on the inhuman exploitation of human beings, and who, especially in recent years, have been taught to regard these human beings as inhuman? I appealed to the last meeting of peace societies in St. Louis, saying, 'Should you not discuss racial prejudice as a prime cause of war?' The secretary was sorry but was unwilling to introduce controversial matters!

We, then, who want peace, must remove the real causes of war. We have extended gradually our conception of democracy beyond our social class to all social classes in our nation; we have gone further and extended our democratic ideals not simply to all classes of our own nation, but to those of other nations of our blood and lineage — to what we call 'European' civilization. If we want real peace and lasting culture, however, we must go further. We must extend the democratic ideal to the yellow, brown, and black peoples.

To say this, is to evoke on the faces of modern men a look of blank hopelessness. Impossible! we are told, and for so many reasons, — scientific, social, and what not, — that argument is useless. But let us not conclude too quickly. Suppose we have to choose between this unspeakably inhuman outrage on decency and intelligence and religion which we call the World War and the attempt to treat black men as human, sentient, responsible beings? We have sold them as cattle. We are working them as beasts of burden. We shall not drive war from this world until we treat them as free and equal citizens in a world-democracy of all races and nations. Impossible? Democracy is a method of doing the impossible. It is the only method yet discovered of making the education and development of all men a matter of all men's desperate desire. It is putting firearms in the hands of a child with the object of compelling the child's neighbors to teach him, not only the real and legitimate uses of a dangerous tool but the uses of himself in all things. Are there other and less costly ways of accomplishing this? There may be in some better world. But for a world just emerging from the rough chains of an almost universal poverty, and faced by the temptation of luxury and indulgence through the enslaving of defenseless men, there is but one adequate method of salvation — the giving of democratic weapons of self-defense to the defenseless.

Nor need we quibble over those ideas, — wealth, education, and polit-

ical power, — soil which we have so forested with claim and counter-claim that we see nothing for the woods.

What the primitive peoples of Africa and the world need and must have if war is to be abolished is perfectly clear: —

First: land. To-day Africa is being enslaved by the theft of her land and natural resources. A century ago black men owned all but a morsel of South Africa. The Dutch and English came, and to-day 1,250,000 whites own 264,000,000 acres, leaving only 21,000,000 acres for 4,500,000 natives. Finally, to make assurance doubly sure, the Union of South Africa has refused natives even the right to *buy* land. This is a deliberate attempt to force the Negroes to work on farms and in mines and kitchens for low wages. All over Africa has gone this shameless monopolizing of land and natural resources to force poverty on the masses and reduce them to the 'dumb-driven-cattle' stage of labor activity.

Secondly: we must train native races in modern civilization. This can be done. Modern methods of educating children, honestly and effectively applied, would make modern, civilized nations out of the vast majority of human beings on earth to-day. This we have seldom tried. For the most part Europe is straining every nerve to make over yellow, brown, and black men into docile beasts of burden, and only an irrespressible few are allowed to escape and seek (usually abroad) the education of modern men.

Lastly, the principle of home rule must extend to groups, nations, and races. The ruling of one people for another people's whim or gain must stop. This kind of despotism has been in later days more and more skillfully disguised. But the brute fact remains: the white man is ruling black Africa for the white man's gain, and just as far as possible he is doing the same to colored races elsewhere. Can such a situation bring peace? Will any amount of European concord or disarmament settle this injustice?

Political power to-day is but the weapon to force economic power. To-morrow, it may give us spiritual vision and artistic sensibility. To-day, it gives us or tries to give us bread and butter, and those classes or nations or races who are without it starve, and starvation is the weapon of the white world to reduce them to slavery.

We are calling for European concord to-day; but at the utmost European concord will mean satisfaction with, or acquiescence in, a given division of the spoils of world-dominion. After all, European disarmament cannot go below the necessity of defending the aggressions of the whites against the blacks and browns and yellows. From this will arise three perpetual dangers of war. First, renewed jealousy at any division of colonies or spheres of influence agreed upon, if at any future time the present division comes to seem unfair. Who cared for Africa in the early nineteenth century? Let England have the scraps left from the golden feast of the slave trade. But in the twentieth century? The end was war. These scraps looked too tempting to Germany. Secondly: war will come from the revolutionary revolt of the lowest workers. The greater the international jealousies, the greater the corresponding costs of armament and the more difficult to fulfill the promises of industrial democracy in advanced countries. Finally, the colored peoples will not always submit passively to foreign domination. To some this is a lightly tossed truism. When a people deserve liberty they fight for it and get it, say such philosophers; thus making war a regular, necessary step to liberty. Colored people are familiar with this

complacent judgment. They endure the contemptuous treatment meted out by whites to those not 'strong' enough to be free. These nations and races, composing as they do a vast majority of humanity, are going to endure this treatment just as long as they must and not a moment longer. Then they are going to fight and the War of the Color Line will outdo in savage inhumanity any war this world has yet seen. For colored folk have much to remember and they will not forget.

But is this inevitable? Must we sit helpless before this awful prospect? While we are planning, as a result of the present holocaust, the disarmament of Europe and a European international world-police, must the rest of the world be left naked to the inevitable horror of war, especially when we know that it is directly in this outer circle of races, and not in the inner European household, that the real causes of present European fighting are to be found?

Our duty is clear. Racial slander must go. Racial prejudice will follow. Steadfast faith in humanity must come. The domination of one people by another without the other's consent, be the subject people black or white, must stop. The doctrine of forcible economic expansion over subject peoples must go. Religious hypocrisy must stop. 'Blood-thirsty' Mwanga of Uganda killed an English bishop because he feared that his coming meant English domination. It did mean English domination, and the world and the bishop knew it, and yet the world was 'horrified'! Such missionary hypocrisy must go. With clean hands and honest hearts we must front high Heaven and beg peace in our time.

In this great work who can help us? In the Orient, the awakened Japanese and the awakening leaders of New China; in India and Egypt, the young men trained in Europe and European ideals, who now form the stuff that Revolution is born of. But in Africa? Who better than the twenty-five million grandchildren of the European slave trade, spread through the Americas and now writhing desperately for freedom and a place in the world? And of these millions first of all the ten million black folk of the United States, now a problem, then a world-salvation.

Twenty centuries before the Christ a great cloud swept over sea and settled on Africa, darkening and well-nigh blotting out the culture of the land of Egypt. For half a thousand years it rested there until a black woman, Queen Nefertari, 'the most venerated figure in Egyptian history,' rose to the throne of the Pharaohs and redeemed the world and her people. Twenty centuries after Christ, black Africa, prostrate, raped, and shamed, lies at the feet of the conquering Philistines of Europe. Beyond the awful sea a black woman is weeping and waiting with her sons on her breast. What shall the end be? The world-old and fearful things, War and Wealth, Murder and Luxury? Or shall it be a new thing — a new peace and new democracy of all races: a great humanity of equal men? 'Semper novi quid ex Africa!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THOUGHTS WHILE GETTING SETTLED

PROPERLY speaking, the new house was old. A hundred years and more had gone over its chimney, — down which, as we were to discover later, a hundred flies and more would come when the open fires had warmed it, — and within doors it would have charmed any amateur of the Colonial by the antiquity of its furnishings. Temporarily it belonged to me, my executors, administrators, and assigns. But there were limits to our possession. None of us might 'permit any hole to be drilled or made in the stone or brickwork of said building'; no 'sign or placard' might we place upon it; we might not 'over-load, damage, or deface' it; nor might we 'carry on any unlawful, improper, noisy, or offensive trade' in it. We had admitted that the glass was whole and in good order, and bound ourselves to keep it good, unless broken by fire, with glass of the same kind and quality. In case I became bankrupt I had agreed that the owner, the owner's executors, the owner's administrators, and the owner's assigns should treat me with every form of ignominy that the law has yet invented to make bankruptcy more distressing. Nor could I hold them responsible if our guests fell down the cellar stairs; although there I think they would be morally responsible, for a steeper flight of cellar stairs I simply cannot imagine.

Of all documents there is hardly another so common as a lease, or more suspicious. Observe the lessor — a benevolent, dignified, but cautious person! Observe the lessee —a worm with criminal tendencies! Perhaps he is a decent sort of worm, but the lessor had better look out for him. Very likely he will commit murders in the dining-room, read the *Contes Drolatiques* in the library, play bass-drum solos in the parlor, and start a piggery in the cellar. One suspects that possibly the great army of hoboes is partly recruited from among supersensitive men who read their leases before signing them and preferred vagabondage to insult. But some of us control our sensitiveness. I, for example, read my lease; and when, having agreed mentally to post no placard myself, I discovered a clause allowing the lessor to decorate my residence with the information that it was

FOR SALE

I crossed that clause out!

Observe the worm turning!

It was the dining-room that had won us, formerly the kitchen and still complete, — with the brick oven; the crane; the fat, three-legged pots and spider; a thing that, after much debate, we think must have been a bread-toaster; and a kind of overgrown curry-comb with which, so we imagine, the original dwellers were wont to rake the hot ashes from the brick oven. Also a warming-pan. And although these objects charm me, and I delight to live with them, I cannot but wonder whether a hundred years from now there may not be persons to furnish their dining-rooms with just such a stove as stands at present in my real kitchen; and perhaps to suspend beside it one of those quaint contraptions with which the jolly old chaps in the early twentieth century used to kill flies. I hear in

imagination the host of that period explaining the implement to his wondering guests — being expert in such matters, he will produce the technical term 'swat' with an air of easy familiarity— and see him hanging it reverently up again beside the dear old stove and right over the picturesque old coal-hod. Perhaps, too, he will point out the beautiful, sturdy lines of the coal-hod.

Now in due time, or, to be exact, some hours later, strong men came to this house with a motor truck; and, working with concentrated fury, they put into it all our own furniture, our trunks, our books, our clothes, and everything that was ours. It had been our purpose to direct these men: to say, 'This goes here, kind sirs,' and, 'That goes there, gentlemen'; or, 'Believe me, *this* is the place for *that*,' or, 'Thank you, sir, but *that* is the place for *this*.' When they had come and gone, and the empty truck had rumbled away in the early autumn twilight, everything was to be just where we had planned in advance; 'getting settled' would be a light but satisfying pleasure; organization, 'efficiency in business,' for we had been reading an article in a magazine, would have made changing our home as easy as changing our clothes. But these men were beyond mortal control. They came late and their mood was to depart early. Movers always come late, for two reasons: first, because they like to feel that you are glad to see them, and, second, because they do not like to place each object just where it belongs. They prefer concentrated fury. Children of nature, they inherit their mother's abhorrence of a vacuum; unable, as they saw at a glance, to stuff the whole house from floors to ceilings, they devoted their attention, brushing us aside like annoying insects that they lacked time for killing, to stuffing such rooms as they instantly decided could be stuffed the tightest. If there was anything that we might presumably need at once, they put it at the bottom and buried it under the heaviest available furniture. It was wonderful to see them. In the end they actually took money for what they had done and went away hastily. Organization and 'efficiency in business' had accomplished something: the trunks were upstairs, and two barrels had reached their predestined place in the cellar.

There appears in many business offices, although it is not, so far as I know, the official slogan of 'efficiency in business,' a card with the motto, 'Do It Now.' I looked into that room which was destined to be the library: formerly it had been a bedroom, and the four-poster bed and noble mahogany bureau were to have vanished upstairs before my arrival. But now, peering past and above and under the débris that the avalanche had left there, I recognized the noble mahogany bureau in the far corner, mourning presumably for its departed companion, the four-poster. I beheld it with a misgiving which I tried to put from me, but which came back from moment to moment and whispered in whichever ear was nearer.

'Just suppose,' whispered Misgiving, 'that the man who was hired to take that bureau upstairs found that it would n't go up! ! ! !'

And I thought of that stairway, that went up furtively from the dining-room that had once been the kitchen, a delightful stairway (especially when one realized what a discouraging time a burglar would have in finding it, and how he would probably find the cellar stairs instead and die of a broken neck at the bottom), but narrow, narrow; and with a right angle just where a right angle was least desirable. It had been as much as ever to get up the trunks.

'You will very likely have to leave

the bureau in the library,' whispered Misgiving, 'and that will be inconvenient — won't it? — when you have company. Company will have to dress in the library or else gather up its clothes and run.' — 'Library!' said Misgiving. 'Who ever heard of a bureau in a library? People will think the library table is a folding bed. You can't disguise a noble old bureau like that by putting books on it,' said Misgiving. 'Once a bureau always a bureau. — What will your wife say,' asked Misgiving, 'when she learns that the spare-room bureau *has* to stay downstairs in the library?'

People who, having something to do, 'do it now,' live in the present. I seized the nearest object, a chair, and dragged it into the next room; I seized the next object, a box, and carried it to the cellar; I risked my life on the cellar stairs; I became concentrated fury myself. In getting settled, whether you are a pioneer or a householder, the first thing is to make a clearing. No matter where things go, provided only that they go somewhere else. No matter what happened, no matter if bureaus remained forever in libraries, no matter if the awful puzzle that the strong men of the moving van had left me remained forever insoluble — this was my home and I had to live in it for the term of one year. I took off my coat, hung it up somewhere — and found it again two days afterward. I attacked boxes, chairs, tables, boxes, books, bric-à-brac, more boxes, chairs, tables. I ran here and there, carrying things. I excelled the bee. I made a clearing, which grew larger and larger. I gained self-confidence. Elsewhere I knew that other hands were unpacking trunks; that another mind was directing those mysteries which out of chaos would evolve dinner; now and then, in my death-defying feat of going down cellar, I caught a glimpse of the furnace, — fat-bellied monster whom I must later feed like a coal-eating baby.

It is a question, parenthetically, whether it is truly sportsmanlike to live in a quaint old colonial cottage with a furnace and electric lights. I have heard amateurs of the Colonial declare that they would willingly die before they would live in an electrically lighted colonial cottage. The anachronism horrifies them: they would have death or candles. Probably they feel the same way about a furnace and a bathroom. Yet I have no doubt that the builders of this colonial cottage would have opened their hearts to all these inventions; and I am not sure that they would have regarded as anything but funny the idea that their own kitchen paraphernalia would some day be used to decorate my dining-room. I go further. Granting that electric lights, a furnace, and a bathroom are anachronisms in this quaint old colonial cottage — what am I but an anachronism myself? We must stand together, the furnace, the electric metre, the porcelain bathtub, and I, and keep each other in countenance.

'H-m-m-m-m!' whispered Misgiving. '*How* about a bureau in the library? That is n't an anachronism; it's an absurdity.'

Making a clearing is a long step forward in getting settled; after that it is a matter of days, a slow dawn of orderliness. In a quaint old colonial cottage are many closets, few if any of them located according to modern notions of convenience. The clothes closet that ought to be in the spare room upstairs is downstairs in the library with the spare-room bureau; the upstairs closets are under the eaves of the sloping roof — the way to utilize them to the best advantage is to enter on your hands and knees, carrying an electric torch between your teeth. Inside the closet you turn on your back, illuminate the pen-

dant garments with your torch, drag whatever you select down from the hook, grasp it firmly with your teeth, and so out again on your hands and knees, rolling the electric torch gently before you. We see now why in those good old days chests of drawers were popular — fortunately we have one of our own that somehow has got up the stairway; and we see also, as we begin to settle into it, what is perhaps the secret of this humbler colonial architecture. The Colonial Jack who built this house wanted some rooms round a chimney and a roof that the snow would slide off; and so he built it; and wherever he found a space he made a closet or a cupboard; and because he had no other kind, he put in small-paned windows; and all he did was substantial and honest — and beautiful, in its humble way, by accident.

But about that bureau?

Two strong, skillful men, engaged for the purpose, juggled with it, this way and that, muttering words of equally great strength — *and it went upstairs.* Had it been a quarter of an inch wider, they said afterward, the feat would have been impossible. It was a small margin, but it will save the company from having to knock timidly on the library door when it wishes to dress for dinner.

A MUNICIPAL PLUM TREE

THERE is one calling for which aspirants never grow too old or too broken. Thrice fortunate the sexagenarians (or worse) who, in the stress of modern speeding, can hold a steady place, and, with recurring pay-days, thumb over their two and a half per eight-hour day with half-holiday Saturday and no deduction for the same. Of course, the work must not be too arduous, must not demand severe exertion long continued. To these men, too, far down life's slope, sun and air are doubly grateful, thawing out stiffened joints and warming backs chilled with the approach of the long winter. Besides, the boss must be tolerant of frequent rests and chats and pipe-lightings; must cheerfully keep over places vacant on occasion because the holders pleasure themselves with periodical 'busts.'

To one unfamiliar with our city institutions such a sinecure would seem impossible, but it does exist, — well-paid, steady, health-inducing, unspoiled by all this latter-day moonshine about 'efficiency' and 'selection'; and the wiser and sadder taxpayer in a city which goes Democratic year after year will bear me out in this statement. That, too, in no uncertain terms. I refer, of course, to the city laborers.

An intolerant property-owning friend of mine, himself a man well on in years but still eager to do as good a day's work as ever he did, rebels afresh each time he sets eye on these scions of the order of the shovel. Does he meet an old chap wielding a leisurely and plainly experimental pair of shears on a municipal hedge, stopping at each clip to stand back a few feet and view his progress, he boils over at the monstrous waste. 'One clip in five minutes!' he sputters. 'Almost three cents a clip!' Vain my efforts to draw him away. He accosts the man challengingly, — courageously, too, I must admit, for all my mortification: 'If you'd keep clipping and never mind the looking —'

I hold my breath, expecting a violent reply. But no, the man smiles apologetically. 'To speak truth, sorr, 't is the first time ever I did the like, and I'm by no manner of means sure of the form of prosaydure.'

'Keep clipping, then!' cries the common citizen.

'Maybe 't is better I should,' the other agrees, pleasantly, addressing himself anew to the hedge. As we

leave, he calls after us, 'Do you know is it near five?'

Another time, my taxpayer, whose own small property, you will guess, was accumulated by no such soothing occupation as hedge-clipping, is roused almost to fury by the sight of a burly, flagrantly able-bodied voter spreading cracked stone on the highway. Long, long the intervals between shovels; frequent indeed the moments of propped-up ease. My companion rudely tackles the sun-bronzed giant: 'How long do you think you'd hold a job under a contractor *at this rate?*'

This time, I think, he will surely get it! But lo! the fiery-eyed Hercules smiles tolerantly on his rash inquisitor; he even passes a confidential wink. 'The times is gone when men used to be killing themselves with working.'

Indisputably, gentle exercise in the open is a great and sovereign sweetener of tempers, even with a race prone to the seeking of battle. For of all the aristocrats of the pick whom my ratepayer has insolently approached, not one has given him the sharp reply I have feared for him. (I myself would not dare question the divine right of these servants of the people.) To be sure, there is one, waver of a red flag, whom he has yet to reach. This man daily takes his ease wherever the city, lingering over its work as if it loved it, sets to repairing roads which have become practically impassable. So securely is he hemmed in by tooting, tortuously whirling automobiles, lumbering drays, thunderous steam-rollers, and clanging trolleys, that, with the best will in the world, my taxpayer never gets a fair chance at him. But he will some day, for the thought of two and a half per day for waving a red flag makes that hard-pressed citizen see — not red, but scarlet. Especially as, this year, the rates have gone up again. And no limit in sight!

Come with me down to the park some sunny morning and let us spy out some shaky bench overlooked by vandal youngsters. How sweet the air is, how restful the river prospect! Below, a wooden horse straddles the road, bearing the warning, 'Danger.' In its shelter, a dozen men in various stages of decrepitude, blue-overalled or vested, armed with long-handled shovels, lovingly spread forth cracked stone or scatter sand with the utmost tender solicitude. They handle their tools as gently as the musician his violin, with caressing fingers. From moment to moment, one stops to light his pipe, another to gaze about, apparently entranced by the beauty of the morning; two more indulge in a sociable chat; still another wipes his face fastidiously, though the air is cool from the river. At times a whole group stops, and, abandoning shovels, devotes itself to settling, with lavish and spirited gesture, the political destinies of the nation. By no chance can you catch any two shovels working at the same instant. For considerable intervals, no shovel moves at all. The whole group stands steeped in languor; they seem to be men in a dream, — painted ships upon a painted ocean. Don't overlook the section-boss, a veritable lily of the field, whose lot transcends any normal expectation of bliss. He just stands and soaks in the sunlight; soaks — at two seventy-five per day. A mundane paradise! Looking at him, I wonder whether, when Shaw wrote the following lines for his Cæsar, he had had the opportunity of observing these metropolitan lotus-eaters of ours: 'Give me the man who has imagination enough not to be continually *doing* something!'

After some time, during which no perceptible change has taken place in the road's surface, these chosen ones of destiny collect their multi-colored coats and dinner-pails from neighbor-

ing picket-fences, and, shouldering their cherished implements, saunter off down the park, thriftily husbanding their strength for the next encounter. You look about and wonder whither their ramble is to take them. At last, you make out a defenseless small pile of sand upon which half a dozen men are already engaged. This pile seems to be already overcrowded. Surely there will not be room for the arriving dozen. But, yes! the first six hospitably make place for the newcomers, and the latter, having again carefully disposed of coats and pails, settle themselves, not too aggressively, to a deliberate spreading of the sand. From their handling of it you would judge it to be gold dust, or some equally precious substance. That bit of material can't last them the rest of the day, you vow. But it will. Come back at any hour — up to quarter of five, that is — and you will find that it *does* last, miraculously extended, even as the loaves and fishes. After quarter of five, of course, you will not look for more spreading. Activity, you will find, however, galvanized, alert; the activity of leave-taking and coat-donning and pipe-replenishing. 'It's looking like a taste of rain, Terence.' — 'No danger. Not till there'll be a change o' the moon. 'T is a dry moon, this.' — 'You'll be to the rally in Ward 8 the night? Young Canavan is to be running for sinator. He's advocating pinsions for the laboring man. Be there, let you.' Then off home for a hot supper.

Half-pay pensions after twenty-five years' service, — though retirement, while a man can still *stand*, is not obligatory, — well, that's not so bad; though some enterprising vote-getter talked seriously of pensions after fifteen years' service not long since. Two weeks' vacation in the summer, with pay, has just been put through, though what vacation could be healthier or more restful — Vacation? From what? From a perpetual holiday? Some of their holidays do not work out any too well now.

But, after all, most of these men have led busy, laborious, *useful* lives. They have raised large families of children and worked hard for low pay. And yet, after all these years with shoulder to the wheel, few, if any, of them own a single stick, a square inch of land. There must be an unearned increment somewhere. The state, or industry, or capital has, in one way or another, taken its money's worth out of them long since; *more* than its money's worth, for few of these men were bred at this country's expense. Perhaps we are now paying, in many cases at least, what has been hitherto withheld. In that event, fat sides to their pay envelopes! Short hours to their working days!

As I look from my window, the fall dusk is still an hour away. Three men stroll into sight, and, with judicious step, approach a wooden horse which blocks the roadway. Their united efforts suffice to hang thereon the necessary red lantern. Of course, it is too early to light it, but here they are, ready, bent on the fulfillment of their duty. They will see that that lantern sends out its message of warning, — an important charge, and not one of the three will budge till it is accomplished. So, as comfortably as they can, they dispose themselves about and upon the wooden framework, — your true laborer is an artist at relieving the strain of the standing position, — and, pipes alight, tongues agog, they set themselves to wait, patiently, resignedly, for the darkness. And it is not yet four o'clock.

STATION D

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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QUACK-NOVELS AND DEMOCRACY

BY OWEN WISTER

And the fox carries the goose.
— *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I

You can read a man by his habit in friends, they say; they say likewise you can read him by the length of his nose; his walk, his voice, the shape of his mouth, and the back of his head, are also offered as trustworthy indications of him, while there are some who profess him to be revealed through his chirography — let us not attempt to set down the half or the quarter of these ways to read a man; we have gathered during our sojourn upon this bad little planet a thick bundle of recipes for the deciphering of our neighbor. Doubtless there is virtue in many of these, possibly virtue in most. I know the vice-president of a bank whose value to his institution is his quick knack of knowing at sight when — and when not — to accommodate strangers with a loan. Roughly, certain signs work. They may be called peep-holes, through which we see some piece, at least, of the inward creature. The tramp seldom looks like the laborer honestly out of employment. We begin life wearing the appearance presented to us by our propagators, but we finish it looking much like ourselves. My classmates and I will never see fifty again. Now I would not follow our American bent to treat every generalization as one hundred per cent true,— seventy-five per cent of truth in anything being rich ore; to look at a classmate, I could not tell you whether it was chiefly in electric- or in steam-railroad securities that he dealt; but on the whole, all we of fifty are pretty legibly graven upon our surfaces. So is our country — and any country that is full grown.

The United States will never see fifty again; nor a hundred. We are full grown. The unsettled or new-settled spots on our map have nothing to do with this. Four wars and three presidents assassinated make a considerable past, without mentioning anything else. We no longer wear the appearance of our propagator, the old world; we are plainly graven with the marks of our own life, social, intellectual, and political. The aspect of our towns, the contents of our newspapers, the quantity and quality of our laws, the size of our bank account, — here are signs to read us by. Millions do we lavish upon university buildings, but pay generally starvation wages to professors; so that our halls of learning resemble mostly very large shells with rather small fish inside them. Our two chief native religious inventions, the Mormon Church and Christian Sci-

ence, each resting upon its direct supernatural revelation, each gaining in power, both better organized than our navy, our army, our finance, or any part of our government except the spoils system, and both signally opulent, here are more signs to read us by; and even this handful picked at random would suffice to keep a new de Tocqueville busy for some time. From the host remaining, I have selected the Quack-Novel, because Mr. Edward Garnett, a well-known English critic, has recently compared American with English fiction.

The quack-novel is a thing which looks like a book, and which is compounded, advertised, and marketed in precisely the same fashion as Castoria, Wine of Cardui, Alcola, Mrs. Summers's free-to-you-my-sister Harmless Headache Remedy, Viavi Tablettes, and other patent medicines, harmful and harmless. As the patent medicine is made of perfectly well-known drugs, so the quack-novel of course contains perfectly familiar elements; and like the medicine, it comes wrapped in superlative testimonials from those who say they have swallowed it to their advantage. Instead of, 'After twenty years of bed-ridden agony, one bottle of your Fosforoso cured every ache and completely restored my manhood,' we have, 'The secret of his power is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Dickens.' This, from the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, accompanies a quack-novel by Mr. Harold Bell Wright, of whom the Oregon *Journal*, Portland, remarks, 'It is this almost clairvoyant power of reading the human soul that has made Mr. Wright's books among the most remarkable works of the present age.' Similar to that aroma of piety and charity which accompanies the quack-medicines, an equally perceptible odor of sanctity is wafted to us with Mr. Wright; and just as imitators will make their boxes and bottles to resemble those of an already successful trade article, so are Mr. Wright's volumes ingeniously given that red cloth and gold lettering which we have come to associate with the bindings of Mr. Winston Churchill's very popular and agreeable novels. Lastly — like the quack-medicine — the quack-novel is (mostly) harmful; not always because it is poisonous (though this occurs), but because it pretends to be literature and is taken for literature by the millions who swallow it year after year as their chief mental nourishment, and whose brains it saps and dilutes. In short, both these shams — the book and the medicine — win and bamboozle their public through methods almost identical. The reasons why Americans are so fond of bamboozle, generally preferring sham to reality, are plain when you turn them over, and I shall come to this later by looking at the quack-novel. It is certainly a good little window through which to stare at the intelligence, the civilization, the prejudices, and the taste of our American hordes, who have learned to read without profit to themselves but with such huge profit to quack-novelists and publishers. As we are assured that more than *five million* copies of Mr. Wright's books have been sold, he alone becomes so conspicuous a pane of glass in the window, that we must presently stare somewhat attentively through him.

But Mr. Edward Garnett comes first, with his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1914, comparing American with English fiction. Mr. Garnett concerned himself a little with our quacks, but more with our regular practitioners — and with no gloves upon his words he dealt our fiction some good blows, true and heavy, straight from the shoulder. The *Atlantic Monthly*, precipitately, in a footnote, wrapped

round these words a pair of its own softest mittens; but down went American fiction all the same, knocked out, its nose incarnadined. — I confess to some apprehension upon encountering at the outset of Mr. Garnett's paper, 'the subfusk, swollen cataract,' just after I had met and safely passed 'the raging spate': *spate* and I were acquainted — but *subfusk?* And it was so sudden, pressing on the heels of *spate*. Happily I was at no distance from a dictionary. Well, *subfusk* is eminently respectable; not to know *subfusk* argues myself unknown, and without any more dictionary I followed Mr. Garnett to the end, inspired and regaled by his smeddum. (I did n't really know that last one until I went questing for *subfusk*.)

What concerns Mr. Garnett is the general character and the present collapse of our fiction. 'The reader,' say the editors of the *Atlantic* in their disclaiming footnote, 'must understand that his critical estimates are entirely his own.' There you have the mittens. Here are some of Mr. Garnett's blows: 'The strange timidity (I had almost written cowardice) of the American publishers'; 'the failure of American criticism'; 'Americans always seem nervously anxious to appear orthodox'; 'the modern American novelist seems to delight in the presentation of "standardized" morals, manners, and emotions'; 'the conspiracy of silence in the American novel concerning the sexual passion'; 'these stories are destined for the rubbish heap.' Besides 'standardization' and 'exaggeration,' Mr. Garnett criticizes the inveterate happy ending, the frequent pulpit manner, the unrealism of our novels and tales, quoting instances from Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. James Lane Allen; in short, he finds even our regular practitioners too often speaking, not with the voice of the true artist, but with the twang of the revivalist. This he contrasts with the happier day of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman, Miss Murfree, Miss Grace King, Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, O. Henry, — all regular practitioners, worthy of Mr. Howells's notice and blessing. Like Mr. Howells, he too finds our most skillful authors to be women, and he places Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Mrs. Wharton at the top.

It is the books that concern Mr. Garnett; it is their readers that concern me. Publishers cowardly; critics worthless; novelists false; why? Because it is successful to be so. But why should it be successful? The answer leads us straight back to the American people, to our garbled version of democracy, and must accordingly wait till we are finished with the quack-novel.

II

Mr. Garnett's list of honored names seems incomplete to me. I think he should have added T. B. Aldrich, H. C. Bunner, and Herman K. Vielé, delicate and charming artists; and Dr. Weir Mitchell, if never quite the master of fiction that he was of verse, wrote one compact and tragic novel, *Constance Trescott*, which will withstand severe critical tests. I must praise some living, too, that Mr. Garnett did not name; it is very pleasant to praise the living, even though I risk becoming too indicular. — *Subfusk* evidently exercises upon me a contagious influence; but I leave *indicular*, an excellent pretty word, that the reader's vocabulary may be enlarged. — Margaret Deland with her *Old Chester Tales;* William Allen White with his *A Certain Rich Man;* Judge Robert Grant with his *Unleavened Bread*, containing the most salient American heroine that I know; Mary Stanbury Watts, with her delightful *Nathan Burke*, and her literary Ohio

farming growing more and more intensive; Meredith Nicholson, who drives weariness out of the unplayful air, — none of these writers is democratizing literature; it is hardly their work which causes Mr. Garnett to say, 'It is only in America that the commercial instinct seems to have succeeded in erecting the mediocrity of the ordinary man, in matters artistic, into an imperative standard of tastelessness,' — though none of them would claim for themselves the craftsmanship possessed by Mrs. Wharton alone among us. But alas! also none of them is beginning a career; and when an English novelist, who was lately in this country, asked four of us sitting at lunch, Who were the 'young ones'? — we had to be silent. I thought of *Queed*. If *V.V.'s Eyes* had n't followed it, I should have spoken, I think, of some promise there, in spite of the hero's preposterous change of nature. But had *The Harbor*, by Ernest Poole, been published then, I should certainly have praised that highly to our English guest. Nothing since *MacTeague* has augured so hopefully. The author has not only painted with honesty and careful skill a large, complex, and sometimes beautiful background: he has thrown against it one (if not two) well-realized and tragic figures, — the hero's father and 'J.K.' This genuine piece of American fiction fills me with wishes to give its author advice: how old I am getting!

And now we leave the oasis and enter the desert. It is very interesting and very significant to recall that precisely at the beginning of the epoch when our notorious 'high finance' set in to water, swell, and burst good sound properties, such as the New Haven and the Rock Island, the literary equivalent of this should have appeared. Frenzied fiction began to manufacture the quack-novel at the same time that the Moores, Reids, Mellens, and the rest were conceiving their work. Both phenomena, high finance and frenzied fiction, proceeded from the same national state of mind. The state of mind of the hundreds of thousands who bought the securities, or read the novels, is perfectly to be seen in the anecdote of the young person who one day in 1911 entered the Philadelphia Library and asked for 'something good.' — Had she read *Tono Bungay?* — No, she had n't. — It was put into her hand with commendation. She sought its title-page, and instantly thrust back the volume with almost a scream of reproach. 'Why, that's two years old! That ain't fresh!' So they gave her a perfectly fresh one, just laid that day by Mr. Robert W. Chambers.

Mr. Chambers was once a regular practitioner; but he has come to this: —

'"Do you love me?"

'"Yes."

'"You have no fear of me now?"

'"No. But don't kiss me — yet," she whispered, tightening his arm round her.

'He laughed softly. "Your Royal Shyness is so wonderful — so wonderful — so adorable! When may I kiss you?"

'"When we are alone."

'"Will you respond when we are alone?"'

Here is another love-duet, taken at random from another novel: —

'" Be less a comrade, more a sweetheart."

'"Familiar?"

'My heart was beating fast. "Familiar to my arms. I love you."

'"I — do not permit myself to desire your arms. Can I help saying so — if you ask me?"

'"When I love you so —"

'"No. Why are you, after all, like other men, when I once hoped — "'

Mr. Chambers produces many inosculating (there goes *subfusk* again!)

couples just like this, and his prose is pervaded with an odor of musk evidently agreeable to his large audience. That such incense and invocations to Eros and Venus should be thus widely welcomed, perhaps runs a little counter to Mr. Garnett's reproach as to our 'conspiracy of silence concerning the sexual passion.' At any rate I shall return to this point. The point here is the readers, these many thousands of readers, who never tire of luxury made visible in words, huge houses, huge fortunes, furs, orchids, and wine, and gold, and proud purple passion, — in fact, all things which present life in the costume and scenery of those grand operas where jewels of glass and beakers of pasteboard gleam and flash, while the band throbs with festal strains. Ouida constantly produced this operatic trick from her box, but the trick could not plausibly be performed on our scene until the palaces of Newport and Fifth Avenue were built and the fortunes of high finance had begun to be muckraked; not until this happened could the sensuous prevail over the melodramatic (as it increasingly does in our quack-novels just now) with any chance of success among the ever-present credulous thousands who stand ceaselessly ready to purchase the sham.

The muckrakers (what a good title for a novel! but it should be written by a regular practitioner, — Mr. Robert Herrick or Judge Grant or Mrs. Wharton), the muckrakers made our quacks happy and busy. Americans during forty years had bowed down to wealth; now wealth (with itself a good deal to thank for its fall) was in the popular pillory. Thus a somewhat different audience from that of Mr. Chambers was created, ready to pay handsomely, not only for musk, but also to see the wicked millionaire in his true light.

In *The Metropolis* Mr. Upton Sinclair, with a righteousness and an outraged sense of morality of which he could not speak too highly, showed the wicked millionaire in his true light, eating lunch: —

'It began with ice-cream, moulded into fancy shapes and then buried in white of egg and baked brown. Then there was a turtle soup, thick and green and greasy; and then — horror of horrors — a great steaming plum-pudding . . . there appeared cold asparagus. . . . Then . . . there came quail . . . then half a grape-fruit set in a block of ice and filled with wine; and then little squab ducklings . . . and an artichoke; and then a *café parfait*, and then — as if to crown the audacity — huge thick slices of roast beef . . . And between all the courses . . . sherry and port, champagne and claret and liqueur.'

The wicked millionaire not only lunched like this, it was the rule of his whole abandoned life; and Mr. Sinclair showed him in his true light at every step. Chaste simplicity flutters round this flame, but its moth-wings are obliged to escape burning, for if they did n't the public would n't buy the book. The increase of such novels (and they have spread like a contagion) is an indication of our great prosperity. The kitchen used to be their habitat, and their price insignificant. But the kitchen is become so prosperous that it has come upstairs to sit in the parlor, bringing its novels with it. These now cost a dollar and a half, and are externally much decorated; it is their insides that remain unchanged.

Harmoniously in key with these quack-novels, went the rag-time legislation that accompanied the popular change of mind all over the country. The corporations had brought it on themselves, no doubt; in consequence, the popular breath had suddenly veered, and was blowing against all money; all money was now tainted; all poor men

were now honest. This not only produced one of those oscillations in politics which make ours a government by pendulum: it made quack-fiction easy to write — and ruinously profitable. Every reader felt himself to be a crusader against the millionaire, felt all the comfortable sensations, without any of the exertions, of being virtuous. Our middle classes have always liked to feel virtuous, provided it cost them no effort. What made *The House of Mirth* a 'best seller' was not at all that Mrs. Wharton's portraits of the rich were brilliantly painted, but that they did not happen to be flattering; the daubs of Mr. Sinclair and the bill-posters of Mr. Chambers are quite as satisfactory to that audience.

Ruinously profitable, indeed, has been the quack-novel to Mr. Chambers and other genuine talents, who might have been able to say, with the nice felicity of Horace, or more vernacularly:

> — mihi parva rura, et
> Spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
> Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
> Spernere vulgus.

III

'And what are you going to say about Mr. Rex Beach?' inquired a friend to whom I had confided many of the above opinions. It is most fortunate that he should have asked this question: others, too, might have confused the 'best seller' with what I mean by the quack-novel. Mr. Beach's stories (those that I have read) are by no means sham. His Alaskan material is first-rate, and he knows it at first hand. His plots are rough and athletic, and his characters belong to them. His material is much the same as that from which Mr. Jack London so admirably and poetically fashioned *The Call of the Wild*. But the clay is never the point, it is always the potter; remove Stevenson from *The Wrecker* or Dickens from *Oliver Twist*, and a dime novel remains; and I must repeat that in all novels, as in all medicines, the elements are perforce the same, — drugs in the one, nature and human nature in the other, — and the *quackness* depends wholly upon how they are compounded and exploited. It is the readers, not the novels, I am looking at; my quotations are purely in order to help us get at the readers; and I leave criticism to our native critics who find Mr. Wright like Dickens and Shakespeare.

Lest certain genteel critics who think they practice more discrimination than this, feel slighted, it may be well to explain here why they have so little influence. It was amusing to notice how some of them — the Chicago *Dial*, for instance — hastened to asseverate that they had always known what Mr. Garnett said, that they had always said so themselves. So they had. They do, tepidly, discriminate; they do, *after the fact*, perceive and praise merit. They all — the New York *Times*, the New York *Sun*, the Boston *Evening Transcript*, the New York *Evening Post* (very typical, this last one), with others of less note — stand ever ready to be the first to hail a *perfectly well established* artist.

Mr. Garnett speaks of 'the failure of American criticism to recognize that by virtue of thirty little masterpieces in the short story, Miss Jewett ranks with the leading European masters, and its grudging, inadequate recognition of the most original genius . . . Mr. Stephen Crane.' He adds later, 'I do not know whether the late O. Henry's marvelous powers of language, gayety, creative fecundity, and imaginative power in handling a situation have yet received their due in America.' They will receive it now: Europe has recognized them; the danger is over; Provincialism can safely lift its echo. A true

American artist always receives the support of our genteel critics after he no longer needs it.

When an Apache chief saw his first locomotive, he expressed no surprise. Another took the city of Washington in like way. The savage's fear of showing astonishment proceeds from the same source as the provincial critic's caution in praise: you may give yourself away. It is this American provincial fear in our genteel critics to speak out heartily, unmistakably, in praise of a newcomer, which causes our writers of 'rare imaginative gift' to seem to Mr. Garnett 'so isolated, so hemmed in, and cut off from assistance of cultivated minds.' Until the subsidized press is broken to pieces, and the genteel critic gathers heart, not only to brand the bad but to report and celebrate the good, I doubt if there will exist any word too contemptuous for American criticism.

The American press plays so large a part in maintaining the mediocrity of American fiction, and in palming off both quack-novels and quack-medicines upon the credulous, that to find Mr. William Randolph Hearst's advertising power behind nostrums like Eckman's Alterative and novels like those of Mr. Chambers in the *Cosmopolitan*, affords our demonstration a very pretty case. The *Cosmopolitan* is a good instance of our frenzied editing: 'Everlastingly alive — alive to the big, everyday problems that hit your home and hit it hard . . . and alive . . . everlastingly alive — to get for you "the best — and only the best — at any price" for every issue; that is the reason why *Cosmopolitan* jumps ahead every month and is bound to break even its own high record as America's Greatest Magazine.'

Into such company is Mr. Chambers fallen — along with Mr. Gouverneur Morris, who, like Mr. Chambers, has talent and began well, and whose story *All the Evidence* is introduced by the following blast: —

'Have you ever read Poe's weird "Tales"? We don't think they have anything on this story. . . . It is a Poe plot done with Morris skill.'

Well, that is a matter of opinion. Here are matters of fact: the scene of *All the Evidence* is laid at Aiken. The hero is the son of a gorilla. The *dénouement* turns on the hero's attentions to a young woman. About 1857 a story was written called *Lokis*. The hero was the son of a bear. The scene is laid in Russia. The *dénouement* turns most decidedly on the hero's attentions to a young woman. Poe was not the author. Did changing the map and the mammal in this tale free it from moral copyright? At any rate, it was quite safe for the *Cosmopolitan* to assume its readers' ignorance of Prosper Merimée.

In January, seventy-two years ago, a very famous novel began to appear. Some chapters of this are laid in America, whither two of the characters voyage from England; and as they arrive at the wharf, the voice of the New Country, speaking through a newsboy, hails them thus: —

'Here's the *Sewer!* Here's the New York *Sewer!* Here's some of the twelfth thousand of to-day's *Sewer*, with the best account of the markets, and all the shipping news, and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the ball at Mrs. White's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled; with the *Sewer's* own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there! Here's the *Sewer!* Here's some of the twelfth thousand of the New York *Sewer!* Here's the *Sewer's* exposure of the Wall Street Gang, and the *Sewer's* exposure of the Washington Gang, and the *Sewer's* exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was

eight years old; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own nurse. Here's the *Sewer!* Here's the New York *Sewer*, in its twelfth thousand, with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed!'

Seventy-two years ago! Long before Mr. Hearst was born.

IV

Let us turn from Charles Dickens to Mr. Harold Bell Wright, whom, as we have seen, the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* places with Dickens and Shakespeare. Once again my friend asked me a fortunate question: 'Do these writers *know* they are writing quack-novels?' To which I answered sententiously, 'Some are born quacks, some achieve quackery, and some have quackery thrust upon them. But how often must I remind you that it is the minds and morals of the readers, the five million, the democracy, and not the writers, that I am looking at through this peep-hole?'

Mr. Wright has written six or seven stories, all wafted toward the possible purchaser amid that perfume of piety which I have said is so frequently exhaled from the advertisements of the quack-medicines: 'A story of practical Christianity'; 'An Inspiration to the Simple Life'; 'The Ministry of Daily Life'; 'The Ministry of Capital'; 'An Exaltation of Life and Love'; 'The Ministry of Art and Letters,' — all phrases constructed, you observe, to 'catch' the popular mood which muck-raking and the activities of the revivalist have recently engendered. *That Printer of Udell's* (the practical Christianity story) 'has not a peer in English fiction,' says the Providence *Telegram*. *The Uncrowned King* 'is the greatest story since Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*,' says the Grand Rapids *Herald*. But we must look more closely at Mr. Wright.

'. . . the City Sometime, too, is a Royal City, the home of Lookingahead, who rules over the Land of Yettocome. . . . For a long happy, happy time Really-Is and Seemsto-Be remained in the City Sometime. . . . And Seemsto-Be, taking heart at the gentleness of Really-Is, answered . . . Twins we are . . . of the royal family Everyone. Therefore let us rule together the Land of Allthetime.'

That is Mr. Wright's Bunyan manner, in *The Uncrowned King*. The following is from *Their Yesterdays:* —

'Children and Life are one. They are the product, the producers, and the preservers of Life. They exalt Life. They interpret Life. Without them Life has no meaning. The child is no more the possession of its parents than the parents are the property of the child. Children are the just creditors of the human race. Mankind owes them everything. They owe mankind nothing. A baby has no debts.'

'Is the life of a man, he asked himself, more mysterious than the life of a horse? Can science — blind, pretentious, childish science — explain the life of a dog with less uncertainty than it can explain the life of a man? Or can the scientist make a laboratory sparrow more easily than he can produce a laboratory man? . . . He became very proud with a humble pride.'

These novels are written in a prose style appropriate to them, which, were it better, might not appeal to the five million who buy Mr. Wright's books.

'He does n't like for any one to see the picture'; 'I like for people to hear my music'; 'I would be very glad for such an engagement'; 'Neither Mr. King nor Mr. Lagrange are at home'; 'You certainly look to be very much at home'; 'And do you really like for me to make music for you'; 'To not like

the mob is the thing';— these sentences are from dialogues in Mr. Wright's latest book, *The Eyes of the World.*

The Eyes of the World gathers into its four hundred and sixty-four pages all the elements, I think, of the quack-novel; one element appearing rather more conspicuously than in any of Mr. Wright's preceding stories. This is the sensuous suggestion, the carnal preoccupation, the somewhat frequent (but scrupulously pious) reference to illicit sexual relations. The plot concerns eight or nine principal characters, and these are all (except one) taken, without a change in so much as a hair of their heads, from the closet where melodrama keeps its most battered and shop-worn puppets.

The hero. He is twenty-two; he has lived three years in Europe to study painting, and at this tender age is already 'thorough master of his craft.' He paints a portrait which betrays 'in every detail — in every mark of the brush — the thoughtful painstaking care — the thorough knowledge and highly trained skill of an artist who was, at least, master of his own technic.' But Europe in other respects has left him as inexperienced as a new-laid egg. Of course his appearance is superb. 'In the full flush of his young manhood's vigor . . . the determined chin and the well-squared jaw . . . his dress was that of a gentleman of culture and social position. His very bearing evidenced that he had never been without means to gratify the legitimate tastes of a cultivated and refined intelligence. . . . Tall, with an athletic trimness of limb, a good breadth of shoulder, and a fine head poised with that natural, unconscious pride of the well-bred — he kept his feet on the unsteady platform of the car with that easy grace which marks only well-conditioned muscles, and is rarely seen save in those whose lives are sanely clean.'

The millionaire. . . . 'though certainly not old in years . . . aged by dissipation and disease. The gross, sensual mouth with its loose-hanging lips; the blotched and clammy skin; the pale watery eyes with their inflamed rims and flabby pouches; the sunken chest, skinny neck and limbs; and the thin rasping voice — all cried aloud the shame of a misspent life.' Upon this frightful example of affluence, Mr. Wright lavishes many descriptive paragraphs. 'The creature's wasted, skeleton-like limbs were clothed grotesquely in conventional evening dress.' He had a bad cough, too, which 'shook him — gasping and choking — almost into unconsciousness. The ready attendant held out a glass of whiskey, and he clutched the goblet with skinny hands.' Of course they bring him to dinner in a wheel-chair; but after Mr. Wright's descriptions, one feels that the only safe conveyance for him would be a sponge-bag or a pillow-case.

Millionaire's shocking wife. 'She was a woman of evident rank and distinction in that world where rank and distinction are determined wholly by dollars and by such social position as dollars can buy. She was beautiful; but with that carefully studied, wholly self-conscious — one is tempted to say professional — beauty of her kind. Her full, rounded, splendidly developed body was gowned to accentuate the alluring curves of her sex. With such skill was this deliberate appeal to the physical hidden under a cloak of a pretending modesty that its charm was the more effectively revealed.' Of course she hisses taunts at her husband. She says, 'Look at me; am I to waste all *this* upon you? You tell me that you have had your money's worth. — Are you so chaste that you dare cast a stone at me? . . . Be satisfied that the world does not see your shame.'

The heroine. 'A moment later, the

mountain girl, dressed in simple white, with no jewel or ornament other than a rose in her soft brown hair, stood before that company. . . . As she stood there in the modest naturalness of her winsome beauty — innocent and pure as the flowers that formed the screen behind her. . . . She seemed, as indeed she was, a spirit from another world.' This mountain girl can dance all alone among the trees, too, like the butterflies; and she can catch trout; and she can also play the violin so remarkably that the sound of it arrests the spotless hero (before he has ever even seen her) from yielding to the infamous advances of the shocking wife of the depraved millionaire.

The villain. 'James Rutlidge, his heavy features flushed with drink, was gazing at the girl with a look that betrayed his sensual passion.' He is also an art critic; and while he continues to gaze, the dauntless exposure of high-life goes on. The depraved millionaire, surrounded by whiskey, diamonds, bare shoulders, celebrities, and everything else of the most deeply objectionable nature, tries to stand up once more, but falls '. . . in a ghastly heap of diseased flesh and fine raiment.' This scene closely resembles the banquet scene in *A Parisian Romance.*

The remaining character of importance plays the part of Greek chorus and mentor to the hero. He has an intelligent dog, and he is very bitter. He says, 'I have no friends — only admirers.' And also, 'I am a scrawny, humpbacked, crooked-faced scarecrow of a man.' He begs the hero to be warned by his dreadful example. He is a novelist, 'easily the most famous of his day.' But this evidently gives him no joy at all, for he says, 'I am as ugly and misshapen in spirit as in body . . . I haunt the intellectual slaughter-pens. . . . I glean the stinking materials for my stories from the sewers. . . . For the dollars they pay, I furnish my readers with those thrills that public decency forbids them to experience at first hand. I am a procurer. . . . My books breed moral pestilence. . . . I am an instigator of degrading immorality and unmentionable crimes. . . . No, young man, I don't work.' Later, he says to the mountain girl, 'I don't like people to read my books,' — which is very confusing after his telling the hero he writes them for the dollars they pay; and if any one will give the name and address of this novelist, I will bless him with my latest breath.

In addition to the above characters, there is the heroine's guardian angel, with one side of her face dreadfully disfigured by a mysterious past. Her real name is Rosa Dartle, but she has another one here. There is the usual villain's accomplice; he turns out in the very nick of time (for oh, mercy! The villain had nearly enmeshed the mountain girl) to have the usual kind, honest heart. And there is one nature's-nobleman with a pet horse.

These are the characters; would you hear the plot?

Scene, death-bed of hero's aristocratic mother. Enter hero, fresh from Europe and painting. Awful disclosure by mother. Father did something queer. Ha, mystery! My boy, promise me! Oh yes, mother. Scene, Golden State Limited, west of Yuma. Chaste painter in same car with dangerous wife of wicked millionaire and other infectious persons. Limited reaches Redlands Junction realistically, and passengers change for Redlands just as they do in real life on the Southern Pacific. Ha, accuracy! Scene, Redlands. Famous novelist warns chaste painter. Boy, I knew your angel mother. Be true to your art. Oh, God, once I, too, was good. Is that so? Then live with me in my studio and sweet gyarden. Scene, sweet garden and simple life. Novelist, intelli-

gent dog, and chaste painter. Ha, a handkerchief marked 'S.' How came it here? But stay, what is yon beauteous music? Intelligent dog knows. Scene, studio. Chaste painter paints dangerous wife. Unhand me, Mrs. Potiphar. Scene, Rosa Dartle. Scene, Mrs. Potiphar and simple mountain maid. Ha, jealousy! Mrs. Potiphar flatteringly painted by Joseph as Quaker maiden. Disgust of novelist. Boy, your picture's a lie! You've painted her pure! Faugh! Honest Joseph returns large check for dishonest portrait. Scene, more simple life. Mountains, streams, butterflies, flowers, trout, mountain maid, Joseph, nature's-nobleman, and pet horse. Villain's eye on mountain maid. Accomplice procured. Can you heliograph? Scene, studio. Joseph paints mountain maid. Also new and true picture of the unsuspecting Mrs. Potiphar as she really and horribly is. (So like a gentleman to do this.) Scene, unsimple life. Banquet from *Parisian Romance*, collapse of Baron Chevrial. Scene, studio. Jealous Mrs. Potiphar and mountain maid. Girl! You here! In a young man's room *alone!* The world will talk! Oh, mercy, I did n't think of that. Disappearance of mountain maid. Departure of Mrs. Potiphar east. Joseph scouring mountains. Oh, where is my little girl? Villain pursues. Nature's-nobleman to the rescue. Where have they hid her? Ha, heliograph. Ha, footprints. Ha, hot scent. Scene, mountain hut. Abducted mountain maid in custody of accomplice, but he has a heart. Enter villain. Ha, now you're mine. Oh, mercy. Somebody coming. Enter Joseph. Joseph and villain struggle frightfully at edge of precipice. Kind-hearted accomplice shoots villain. Vice punished, virtue triumphant, quick! play some soft music! Here you are: 'The winged emblems of innocence and purity flitted away over the willow wall. The girl, with bright eyes and smiling lips — half laughing, half serious — looked toward her mate. He held out his arms and she went to him.' (Of course they 've been married, it's perfectly right, and they're in a canyon, having come to the mountains for their honeymoon, immediately after the ceremony.)

Such is the typical quack-novel: stale, distorted, a sham, a puddle of words — and Democracy's laureate literature. I have taken you wading through this mess of mildewed pap, because unless you touched it, smelt it, tasted it yourselves, how could you know the flavor that five millions find so delicious, and hence the standard of intelligence of these five millions?

V

We have seen already why money is a target at present so thickly shot at by quack-novelists: they assail money in hopes to fill their own pockets with it. This is one of those paradoxes so frequent in our reputedly humorous nation. We can next easily see why sexual passion has lately come into our fiction. It began in versions of French plays; it found an audience ready, — partly foreign but also native, — and from the stage it spread to books. Of the two spirits that have ruled in English literature, which we may symbolically christen Raleigh and Cromwell, it was Cromwell who colonized and conquered American literature, forbidding references to the flesh, and leaving our writers only the world and the devil. *The Scarlet Letter* stands out as an exception; but even in the hands of our greatest genius, how much is left out that Balzac — or Tourgénieff — or a dozen great European authors — would have put in! But I will tell Mr. Garnett that, since we could at no time so far, under the sway of Cromwell, have

been permitted the wholesome frankness of Fielding (which I hope we shall come to allow — within the limits of a discreeter taste), I prefer, on the whole, our 'conspiracy of silence' to the rancid and self-conscious sentimentalism in that most crooked book of Mr. Galsworthy's, *The Dark Flower;* that is exactly what we should have had here — indeed we have had it in Mr. Herrick's *Together.* Unless you can deal with this subject as naturally as Fielding dealt with it, best keep away.

That the quack-novel is unskillful, yet flourishes and prevails, would scarce be worth any comment, were not the great bulk of our fiction so craftless as to raise in Mr. Garnett the suspicion that 'the American mind is hostile to the artist in literature'; and on this point he touches more than once. The suspicion is quite correct. But the American mind has been warped by a much broader hostility than this: not merely trained writing, but every form of equipped superiority, was mistrusted and disliked during our first hundred years of national life. That sneer contained in the phrase 'the gentleman in politics,' is but one of the many straws that show which way the wind blew. But why did it blow that way? The explanation (as Mr. Herbert Croly has shown) lies in the pioneer democrat; the germ of our pervading amateurishness is here. The pioneer democrat had the backwoods and the Indian to fight. He won. He thought very well of himself in consequence. So his brains went raw. Raw, ready brains sufficed for his needs and emergencies. With an axe, and a gun, and a vote, and some patent medicine, he survived. This greatly reinforced his initial generalization that 'one man was as good as another.' Now suppose, instead of the backwoods and the Indian, that the pioneer democrat had had Napoleon, or Wellington, with some trained armies against him? Suppose some educated and civilized races had been his competitors? France, England, Germany, had *each other* to fight with, while the pioneer democrat was opposed by merely a virgin wilderness. New Orleans and Lundy's Lane do not outbalance our forlorn humiliation of 1812. Lack of education all hangs together — whether in soldiers, statesmen, doctors, or novelists. The pioneer democrat's easy success made him sure that quacks of whatever sort were just as good as anybody else. From this it was but a step to preferring them — and Europe was then too distant and too busy to disabuse him of this illusion.

Very despotic was this son of liberty in his backwoods. His notion of liberty was, that everybody was *free to agree with him.* This, also, is due to Cromwell; dissent forbids dissent from itself; and hence we have inherited the prevailing conception that freedom means your liberty to deprive your neighbor of his. Hence also do we have the 'standardized' novel; while our illusion about quacks, our preference for them, is still to be seen alike in Mr. Bryan's statesmanship and Mr. Harold Bell Wright's five million readers. The marvel is not that we have so few regular practitioners, but that we should have produced any men of great and genuine distinction at all, a Lincoln and a Hawthorne, for instance; that is the marvel — and the hope!

I doubt if the present hour furnishes any happier symbols than we have in Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wright for those American characteristics that I am trying to look at through the quack-novel; and this brings me at once to the great cause of the whole matter, the whole American phenomenon, a cause which underlies all others that I have touched upon or brushed aside. Mr. Garnett, being occupied merely with the books and not with their readers, grazes the

point when he says, 'It would be as ridiculous to charge the great American people with being *less honest with themselves* than are those of other nations, as it would be to doubt that in "the land of freedom," there is *less inner freedom than elsewhere*.' His quotation-marks seem a trifle heavy in a context so obvious; but the insular hand is not invariably light. The italics are my own: Mr. Garnett knows quite well he has hit the truth. Why is it true?

Before we came into the world, during the period of our national gestation, the times were filled with phrases. Phrase-makers in Europe were coining that political currency which phrase-mongers borrowed and passed among us here. That the chief coin was counterfeit did not hinder it from being of great value: mankind has invariably drawn inspiration from the not-true, and the not-true is probably essential to the welfare of all fruitful beliefs. Kings are supported by 'divine right.' Divine sanction for Mormonism was dug out of a hill in central New York by Joseph Smith, under the guidance of an angel. All the world over, the most contradictory creeds have called each other heresies, while claiming divine right for themselves; and to this, democracy is no exception. Therefore it is of little significance that 'the natural rights of man' is a phrase which denotes nothing constant or absolute (such as twice two is four), or denotes indeed anything whatever, except what any generation reads into it. A 'right' does not descend all complete from the sky, any more than Minerva sprang in full armor from the forehead of Jove; a 'right' is merely what everybody agrees to let anybody be, or do, or possess. In Egypt kings could marry their sisters; in a prohibition state a man cannot drink what he likes. But we were born at a season of phrase-making, and our birthday was celebrated by a phrase: *All men are created equal.* Into the Declaration of Independence Jefferson, a slave-holder, wrote this, and all the signers signed it; and thus phrases and falsehood were made bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. They essayed to reconcile equality and slavery by explaining that Negroes were not exactly men; but as this was awkward for Thomas Jefferson and the numerous other white fathers of black slaves, the position was abandoned, and America went forward with her phrase of equality and all her other phrases.

But you cannot continue to swallow a contradiction like slavery and equality for very long, without important results to your mental integrity. You never can substitute rhetoric for reality without important results to your brain —and other results as well. You cannot fight trained armies with rhetoric; and so the English burned Washington. The War of 1812, however, taught nothing to our phrase-mongers in Congress and elsewhere. We continued to be the land of the free' and to boast about our 'glorious institutions and destiny.' We spoke of Europe's 'effete despotisms'; we said 'Uncle Sam had a farm for everybody'; and our public oracles from Jefferson to Bryan have continued to build commonwealths with hot air.

Thus cherishing the equality and slavery lie, and thus nourishing our Optimistic Fallacy with phrases which our easy success in the backwoods seemed to validate, we acquired our instinct to look away from any reality that fell short of squaring with the Optimistic Fallacy, any truth that refused to combine agreeably with it. From all such unpleasant facts, political and social, all facts that grated on the Optimistic Fallacy, we turned our eyes so quickly and so hard, that our national sincerity ended by acquiring a perpetual squint. Slavery was abolished — we know at

what cost — but the four years' struggle of true national conscience, while it exalted a generation for ever, could not undo the work of the sixty or seventy preceding years; the squint went on; it had become chronic.

In great things, as in small, we hid behind phrases; changing the *words* satisfied us just as well as if we had thereby changed the *facts*. For instance, 'first' and 'second' class could n't be painted on railroad cars: all passengers, being Americans, were equal; it would be 'un-American'; but paint 'Pullman' on a car, and everybody was satisfied. In like manner we hid behind the word 'emancipation,' and looked away from the festering unsolved problem. So it is our habit still to stare crookedly (or not at all) at unpleasant truths, to pull the Optimistic Fallacy over anything uncomfortable, just as we pull the bedclothes over us when we feel cold; so do we still think in terms of sham. The greatest sham we have, the pension of war veterans, is swathed in phrases of the same pious sentimentalism and the same regardlessness of reality that drench the novels of Mr. Harold Bell Wright and the speeches of Mr. William Jennings Bryan.

We can hardly so far be said to have rebutted the presumption raised by History against Democracy, whose wagon has never yet been hitched to a fixed star. But beneath all our sham, something true shines out unexpectedly at times. Behind the clouds, is our star fixed?

Quite aside from our group of redeeming individuals, whose religion, politics, science, and art keep our heads a little above water, and quite aside also from our general kindness and innocence, and our generosity of both purse and self to those in affliction, we can rise to right-mindedness on great occasions. Under a great shock we see straight. We can perceive the German squint, a far worse one than ours. Our Panama-tolls treaty was not a scrap of paper. If clumsily, still we are struggling for social justice. Our business honesty has improved. Perhaps our star is fixed. Perhaps we shall be cured of our own squint without a surgical operation. Perhaps Uncle Sam may escape the fall he seems to be riding for; but if this is to be the case, we must see straight and keep ourselves right-minded on small as well as great occasions. No ship of state sails far if the pilot forsakes the wheel until the storm is upon him.

NATION-WIDE PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

Two important happenings in the year 1914 served to direct the attention of the American people to the subject of national prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, as it never before had been directed. The first of these was the issuance of the Imperial Ukase which established prohibition in Russia; the second was a vote on December 22 of more than a majority of the members of our own House of Representatives for the submission of a prohibition amendment to the Constitution to the vote of the states. Until the Czar abolished the imperial liquor monopoly in Russia, the United States for years had held unquestioned primacy among the great powers for its interest in the anti-alcohol movement. The embarkation of the Scandinavian countries on an era of prohibition had not attracted great attention among us; and we, although far from the state of absolute prohibition advocated by the propagandists of the movement throughout the world, regarded ourselves somewhat smugly as far in the forefront of the nations which opposed intemperance in the use of alcoholic beverages.

With the Czar's ukase, the United States, itself in the grip of an upsurging of prohibitionist sentiment greater than had been known in the history of the country before, found opportunity to see, without making the important venture, the effect of nation-wide prohibition upon the social, political, and economic life of a great power. The interest which our country feels in the Russian venture has been fully appreciated by the editors of our periodicals and newspapers, who have strained every nerve to secure accurate and detailed information as to the changes which have been wrought in the national life of Russia.

In Russia, the problem of effective prohibition was much simpler than it would be with us. There, where the government monopolized the liquor industry, only an imperial edict was needed to make prohibition a reality. There was no confiscation of a vast amount of privately owned property to deter the Czar, and the only important problem which had to be solved was to secure additional annual revenues amounting to $500,000,000, to replace the loss of the government's profits from manufacturing and selling liquor. There was no issue of violated states' rights to be met, nor did there loom up any probability of numerous violations of the law by the illegal manufacture and sale of liquor, such as would be fostered by public sentiment in this country in communities which do not approve prohibition.

In Russia the problem was simple, as compared with ours; but the simplicity with which the reform was accomplished has no bearing on the effects to be produced by it. The propagandists of the movement in this country have seized upon reports already received of the good done in Russia as the leading arguments for nation-wide prohibition

in the United States. For one thing, it is to be noted, according to a Reuter's agency dispatch, that M. Kharitonoff, Comptroller of the Russian Treasury, reports a jump of $14,000,000 in the monthly savings of the nation. Michael Demotrovitch Tchelisheff, former member of the Duma, who is credited widely with having done more than any one else to bring about the reform in Russia, is authority for the statement, conveyed in a Petrograd dispatch to the Associated Press, that the people of Russia had been accustomed to consuming $15,000,000 worth of vodka a day, and that the effect of prohibition already had manifested itself definitely in decreases in petty crimes and misdemeanors, and in a general invigoration of the peasantry and lower-class population of the cities. It has been said that the war expense to Russia does not exceed the savings accruing from the enforced abstinence from vodka by her 150,000,000 people.

The Great War has had the effect of imparting to the anti-alcohol movement what is perhaps the greatest impetus it has received in all the ages. Russia is the only belligerent nation which has established actual prohibition, but France has taken an important step in that direction by enacting a law to suppress the manufacture of absinthe, which, it has been predicted, may be extended to cover vermouth and other similar beverages, and the German government has imposed restrictions on the production of beer. According to the *Lokal Anzeiger*, the German breweries were forbidden to use above forty per cent of their usual quantity of malt after March 1. The first steps taken in Great Britain to insure sobriety were the issuance of an appeal by Lord Kitchener to the British soldiers to forego the use of alcohol, and the publication of similar appeals throughout Great Britain, calling upon the civic population to refrain from 'treating' the enlisted men. Later, an official propaganda was launched vigorously by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, demanding absolute prohibition for Great Britain. He excluded moral considerations from his argument and made the issue one of practical necessity; he declared that the consumption of intoxicants by the workmen in British powder and armor factories was holding down their output to an extent that handicapped the army severely, and that it might prolong the war. A few days after the Chancellor's first speech on the subject, King George issued an order that no intoxicants be served in any of the royal palaces.

The United States has now entered upon its second era of prohibition agitation. The first came more than fifty years ago, when Maine passed a law against the sale of whiskey. The prohibition sentiment spread perhaps as rapidly as any movement which has gripped the thought of the country with temporary force. Between 1851, when the Maine law was enacted, and 1856, thirteen states — Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Maryland, Delaware, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Nebraska, and Illinois — enacted prohibition laws. This first essay in prohibition must have been regarded as a failure, for all of these states except Vermont and New Hampshire revoked their prohibition laws in favor of license laws in a comparatively short time, and the last-named states followed their example in 1903. In pointing to the indicated conclusions of the people of these states in regard to the efficacy of prohibition laws, it is proper to note the observation of President Guy Hayler, of the International Prohibition Confederation, made in his book, *Prohibition Advance in All Lands*: —

'In only two instances where prohibi-

tion has been adopted by a state's popular vote, has the law been repealed in like manner [referring to the repeal in Alabama in 1909], namely, Rhode Island and South Dakota; and in each case a drastic local-option law was carried, by means of which a large portion of each state is now under no-license.'

It might be said in passing that the statement of Mr. Hayler offers cogent argument against the foisting of prohibition legislation upon states where popular sentiment with regard to it has not been tested. It is a fact not now seriously disputed that the thirteen states listed above — certainly the majority of them — repealed their liquor legislation because they did not regard the social or economic life of their commonwealths as improved, and because they saw no evidence that the consumption of liquor had been greatly diminished.

Sixteen states are now to be classed as 'dry': West Virginia, Kansas, Maine, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Tennesee were in this class before September 22, 1914; since that time, Virginia, Alabama, Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, and Washington have enacted prohibition laws, and statutes restricting the manufacture and sale of liquor have been enacted in Arkansas. The prohibition forces have launched movements for prohibitive or restrictive legislation in Idaho, Iowa, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Utah, and Vermont.

It is the purpose of this paper to assess as authoritatively as may be done the status of the prohibition movement in the United States to-day, and, although endeavoring to confine attention to the non-controversial elements in the situation, to present some general indications as to what may be expected of the movement in the future.

II

The subject divides itself naturally into two main topics, — the political and the social and economic aspects of the movement. To the former, public attention has been directed repeatedly by recent happenings in Congress, among them the vote in the House on the Hobson resolution to submit a constitutional amendment; the vote on the District of Columbia appropriation bill in the Senate, where a prohibition amendment was offered; the passage of the Webb anti-shipping bill two years ago, and various speech-makings and less conspicuous incidents which have been noted at the national capital. Politically, prohibition undoubtedly is one of the most powerful issues in the minds of the American people. To back up that statement, we have the expert opinion of the gentlemen of the House of Representatives and the members of the Senate, who are now popularly elected, and are therefore far more agile than formerly in adapting their votes to information secured through keeping the 'ear to the ground.' Faces of some of these legislators blanched last fall at the realization that they were to be forced upon record on this issue; the timorous among them shirked the test, if any plausible pretext was found; and many of the strong cast their vote with foreboding. Congress perhaps was keyed to as fine a pitch of representative spirit in its votes on the liquor issue as at any time in the history of the government; for then most vigorously did the members seek to attune their attitude to the wishes of the majority of their constituents, and then most surely were the wishes of the people of the country registered in roll-calls of the House and Senate.

The fight in the House on the Hobson resolution had many remarkable aspects. For one thing, Representative

Hobson, in closing the argument for the resolution, served notice on all parties that the prohibitionists would demand in 1916 the election of a president and a congress to support a constitutional amendment such as was then before the House. Mr. Hobson said: —

'If the Sixty-third Congress does not grant this plain right of the people for this referendum to change their organic law, to meet this mighty evil, the Sixty-fourth Congress will be likewise invoked. . . . I here announce to you that the determination of the great moral, the great spiritual, the great temperance and prohibition forces of this whole nation will make this question the paramount issue in 1916, not only to gain a two-thirds majority in the two houses of Congress, but to have an administration that neither in the open nor under cover will fight this reform.'

It was generally stated in the publications which discussed the congressional fight subsequently, that the prohibitionist leader had President Wilson in mind when he served notice that the strength of his co-believers would be turned against those who fought this reform either 'in the open or under cover.' The President's personal influence, where felt at all in the matter, was definitely against the passage of the Hobson resolution; but, on the other hand, it was his influence as the party leader which was largely responsible for the submission of the resolution to a vote. The President believed, with other members of his party, of different convictions regarding prohibition, that the Democratic majority in Congress ought not to bear the stigma of suppressing a test of strength on an issue of such widespread interest and importance. He therefore approved the movement first started by majority-leader Underwood in the spring of 1914, for a vote on the Hobson resolution, and in the weeks preceding the final vote, refused to approve a well-worked-out plan submitted by leaders of the House for smothering the resolution in committee.

The President's expressed views were a bulwark, however, for the opponents of the Hobson measure when the fight did come on. He had expressed himself early in his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination, in a letter to the Reverend Thomas B. Shannon of New Jersey, which was often quoted in the House debates. In this letter the President said: —

'I am in favor of local option. I am a thorough believer in local self-government, and believe that every self-governing community which constitutes a social unit should have the right to control the matter of the regulation or of the withholding of licenses.

'But the questions involved are social and moral, and are not susceptible of being made parts of a party programme. . . . I do not believe that party programmes of the highest consequence to the political life of the state and nation ought to be thrust on one side and hopelessly embarrassed for long periods together by making a political issue of a great question which is essentially non-political, non-partisan, moral, and social in its nature.'

The fact that President Wilson's published letter was one of the oft-quoted citations in the congressional arguments did not deter Mr. Bryan from paying his respects, a short time after the vote, to those who employed the local-self-government argument. In an editorial in the *Commoner*, Mr. Bryan said: —

'The discussion of the proposed national prohibition amendments has brought out a new lot of mock heroics on the subject of local self-government. Some of the "wets," in attempting to justify their opposition to national pro-

hibition, express great fear lest the national authority shall trample upon the "imperishable rights of local self-government." What perishable tommyrot!'

One other high official of the Wilson Administration has been conspicuous for his attitude on prohibition. He is Mr. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, who has done as much, perhaps, as any other official to bring the Democratic party into favor with prohibition advocates. Mr. Daniels first brought himself into the limelight in the early days of President Wilson's term by a series of speeches he made on the Pacific coast on the subject of prohibition. Later he issued his much-discussed 'dry navy' order. This last act is so unpopular among the officers of the navy that some serious-minded people have been impelled to declare that Secretary Daniels has impaired his usefulness as the head of the Navy Department. Undoubtedly the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of State have brought down much disapproval upon the Wilson Administration from anti-prohibition sources. But there is still room to question whether this disfavor has not been more than neutralized by the approval which they have won for the Administration in sections of the country where prohibition sentiment is predominant.

The Anti-Saloon League is the chief instrumentality through which the political power of the prohibition movement is exerted upon the national and state governments. This organization unites the efforts of various temperance organizations in each state which have espoused the cause of state-wide or nation-wide prohibition. Committed to the bringing about of a legislative enactment through political means, the League does not hesitate to employ the accustomed methods of politics. It is perhaps one of the most efficient and far-reaching organizations maintained in this country to promote an idea under legislative consideration. The Anti-Saloon League maintains a national legislative headquarters at Washington. This was the directing force of the recent prohibition fights in the House and Senate. Had their 'concerted effort' been made for the betterment of any special interest or corporate enterprise, the prohibition promoters in Washington possibly would have been stigmatized as one of the most gigantic lobbies ever maintained in the national capital. The extent of the League's organization is indicated by the fact that, at the last biennial convention, reports were heard from directing officials of subordinate organizations in forty-two states. Each of these state organizations is in charge of a well-paid superintendent, skilled in the ways of politicians, and thoroughly capable of holding his own with lobbyists of all sorts in political contests where the welfare of the prohibition cause is involved. The salaried officials and subordinate employees of the organization number some five hundred persons. The income of the League last year was $1,200,000.

That the League has made no secret of its determination to use its influence to defeat public men who oppose prohibition is established by the report of Superintendent McBride of the Illinois League, submitted to the biennial convention at Columbus, Ohio, in 1913, and published in the official report of that convention. In his report the Reverend Mr. McBride told how the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois had put a candidate in the field against John B. Castle, a member of the Illinois legislature who had been largely responsible for the defeat of the local-option bill in that body, and had thus brought about the defeat of Castle.

Before turning from the discussion of the political side of the prohibition

movement, notice should be taken, in passing at least, of the extent to which this movement is linked with the woman suffrage movement. The liquor interests were responsible for what was perhaps the first noteworthy instance in which the two movements were joined in the United States. That was in 1881, when the National Brewers' Congress adopted a resolution opposing woman suffrage. The fact is that the relationship between the suffrage and the prohibition movements is no closer than the one of mutual interest and helpfulness which two so-called reform movements would bear to one another. It is to be observed, however, that the sections of the country in which the prohibition movement is moving forward most rapidly are for the most part identical — except for the South — with the sections in which the suffrage propaganda is spreading. This statement is borne out by the fact that in the votes in the Sixty-third Congress on suffrage and prohibition, 106 of the members of the House voted affirmatively upon both proposals. In the November elections the people of Ohio voted against suffrage at the same time that they defeated prohibition, and in Missouri the adoption of a 'county unit law' was prevented in the same vote which was registered against woman suffrage.

The prohibitionists have hailed as a distinguished victory the outcome of the fight in Congress, and of the elections, in which four of the six states where the issue was made adopted prohibition. The movement's propagandists have girded up their loins for a renewal of the fight in Congress, with protestations of increased confidence that the sentiment for prohibition is far short of the crest of its wave. It is inevitable that they will be heard from in the national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties; for its leaders have announced that they will insist upon the nomination of candidates friendly to the movement, and newspaper reports have stated that an effective organization already has been formed to look after the election of delegates to these conventions. In many quarters there is an expectancy that Colonel Roosevelt, if he participates in the next national election, either as a candidate or as the mentor of a political party, will stand upon the joint issue of suffrage and prohibition.

III

An assessment of the prohibition movement should give a large measure of attention to its social and economic aspects, even to the neglect, if need be, of the political side. The latter is but a surface evidence of the true strength of the movement, which may or may not be merely superficial in character. President Wilson's observations that 'government is merely an attempt to express the conscience of everybody, the average conscience of the nation,' and that if the government is going faster than the public conscience it will soon have to pull up, is applicable to all reform movements and to the prohibition movement as well. The final decision of the fight for national prohibition will not be when the Congress by a two-thirds vote submits a constitutional amendment to the states, but rather when the states themselves pass upon the proposed amendment. Thus it is certain that the political and legislative attainments of the prohibitionists, in the last analysis, will be measured up or measured down to coincide with the more basic interests of the people of the country.

To one attempting to appraise the movement, perhaps the first thought that arises is with regard to the influence that prohibition has had upon the

social development of the people in the states and local-option units where prohibition laws have been ratified. One would want to know its effect upon the consumption of liquor, and consequently upon literacy, sobriety, conduct, physical efficiency, divorce, the savings of the people, and their industrial development. One would want to know something about the personnel of the leadership of the movement, and to judge whether the men preaching its propaganda may be regarded as representative Americans. The necessity immediately arises for differentiating between prohibition in states and other political units, and nation-wide prohibition; for until the present time the former has accomplished, at best, only a curtailment of the use of liquor, whereas nation-wide prohibition offers the possibility of suppressing its use.

Statistics as to the consumption of intoxicants do not lend strength to prohibitionists' arguments, and in these arguments due explanations are offered of the figures in the annual reports of the Internal Revenue Bureau and the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The records show that although eight states and numerous smaller units have gone 'dry' since 1907, the consumption of liquors of all sorts has increased. The consumption of liquors manufactured in this country and imported amounted to 2,020,136,809 gallons in 1907. This consumption was decreased nearly 14,000,000 gallons in 1908, and 70,000,000 gallons in 1909. These decreases doubtless should be attributed in part at least to the financial depression which was upon the country in that period, for, starting with the following year, the number of gallons consumed has increased until in the year just closed it was 2,252,272,765. The per capita consumption has not increased so rapidly as these enormous totals would seem to indicate. In fact, the per capita consumption, according to figures given in the statistical abstract of the Department of Commerce, is now less than in 1907, when the present prohibition laws were enacted, and in only two years since that time has the per capita consumption reached the point of 1907. For that year, the figure given was 22.79 gallons. In the following year it was 22.22 gallons. In 1914, it was 22.50 gallons. It is interesting to note in this connection that the average consumption of malt liquors is about twelve times that of spirituous liquors.

The foregoing data concerning the consumption of liquor cover only that which was sold in accordance with the laws, and it is pertinent to quote here the following excerpt from the last report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue: —

'Bootlegging is principally carried on in the states operating under local prohibition laws, and appears to be one of the hardest propositions that revenue officers are called upon to face. . . . As the various states vote 'dry,' the operations of the bootlegger grow larger. . . . Illicit distilling, during the past fiscal year, increased slightly over the preceding year.'

It is evident, according to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue's belief, that the disregard of law is one of the prices which prohibition states have to pay for the benefit of the legislation. This opinion is concurred in by President-emeritus Eliot of Harvard University, who said several years ago in a speech on prohibition, 'The effort to enforce it during forty years past has had some unlooked-for effects upon public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths and law, legislatures and public servants.'

Representative Underwood of Alabama, in a speech in the House on the Hobson resolution last December, in-

voked the census statistics to support his contention that the social benefits claimed for prohibition have failed to materialize in the dry states. Mr. Underwood utilized Kansas, where prohibition has been in force for many years, as the example *par excellence* of a state where prohibition has failed to 'make good.' He cited the census bulletin on mortality statistics for 1911, to show that the average death rate by violence, exclusive of suicide, for cities investigated in twenty-nine states in which liquor was sold lawfully, was lower than that of Kansas, while in only three of the states investigated was it higher. From the same source Mr. Underwood gleaned authority for the statement that of thirty-eight states investigated, twenty states where liquor is sold show a lower average death rate from suicide than does Kansas, while eleven show a higher death rate. From the census bulletin on marriage and divorce, Mr. Underwood cited figures showing that twenty-seven states in which liquor is lawfully sold have a lower divorce rate than Kansas, and that only thirteen states in which liquor is lawfully sold have a higher rate.

In the same census bulletin, figures were obtained showing that in the period from 1887 to 1906 the State of Kansas granted more divorces on account of drunkenness of the husband than any one of the twenty-five states in which liquor was sold lawfully.

The annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency gives statistics as to the average savings of individual depositors in savings banks of the United States in 1913. Mr. Underwood examined this report again with a view of ascertaining where Kansas would stand in the table of comparison, and he found that in twenty-seven states in which liquor is sold, the average savings for each depositor in 1913 were more than in Kansas, while in only nine states was the average lower than that of Kansas. Four prohibition states, he found, showed a higher average than Kansas, and four a lower average. Mr. Underwood then turned his attention to the matter of church-membership, desiring to find how Kansas stood in the proportion of its population which were church members, as compared to other states. From a report made by the Bureau of the Census on a religious-body investigation conducted in 1906, Mr. Underwood found basis for the statement that only four states out of the forty-nine investigated had a proportion of church members smaller than that of Kansas, and that two of these states, Wyoming and Oregon, were states in which liquor was sold, and the other two, West Virginia and Oklahoma, were prohibition states. Thirty-eight states in which liquor was sold had a larger percentage of church members than had Kansas.

The evidence accumulated by the census statisticians, however, is not all on the side of the anti-prohibitionists. A recent compilation of the statistics relating to pauperism shows that the percentage of impoverished population in the prohibition states is remarkably smaller than that in the licensed states. Based on the 1910 census, the compilation shows that in all of the prohibition states with the exception of Virginia and Maine, the number of paupers for 100,000 population is below 67, while the number for the same units in the license states averages 125. The number in Virginia is 81.5, and that in Maine is 127.3, but in the other prohibition states it is far smaller.

The Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1914 contains a set of tables dealing with the liquor problem and insanity. The nine states which had prohibition at the time the Year Book was published had an average of 118.8 insane persons in hospitals enumerated for

each 100,000 of population. The percentage was much larger in the states which were classed as partially licensed states; and in the states in which less than 50 per cent of the population live in territory in which the sale of liquor is prohibited, the average was approximately 250. Another compilation in the Anti-Saloon League Year Book, based upon the census report for 1910, as to the number of sentenced prisoners in state penal institutions, sets forth that there were only 124.1 such prisoners for each 100,000 of population in nine prohibition states, while in ten states in which less than 25 per cent of the population live under prohibition laws, the number is 130.3 for each 100,000 of population. Branching off into the statistics concerning literacy, the Anti-Saloon League Year Book succeeds in placing the nine prohibition states high up in the column. It finds that the prohibition states had 75.6 per cent of the children of school age enrolled as pupils, while the average percentage for the states in which less than 50 per cent of the people live under prohibition laws is less than 72 per cent. A fifth set of tables arranged under the heading, 'Race Suicide in its Relation to Prohibition and License,' presents the number of persons to every 100 families in the different states. The tables set forth that the average family is somewhat larger, at least by a small fraction of an individual, in the prohibition states than in the license states. It will be seen therefore that the census figures furnish no conclusive evidence either for or against prohibition as the instrumentality of social reform.

Importance attaches to the results of an investigation made recently by forty-three life-insurance companies of the United States and Canada as to the effect of the use of alcohol in shortening life. The actuary in charge of this investigation, Mr. Arthur Hunter, reported last December at a meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents in New York, that he had examined the record of 2,000,000 lives for a period of twenty-five years. He reported that among saloon proprietors, whether they tended bar or not, the rate of mortality was 70 per cent above normal; that among men who admitted that they had taken alcohol occasionally in excess at some period in their lives, it was 50 per cent above normal; and that among men, formerly intemperate, who had not used alcohol excessively for at least two years before they applied for life-insurance policies it was 30 per cent above normal.

Perhaps the most important new support that has come to the prohibition movement in recent years has come through its assimilation of the great American doctrine of mental and physical efficiency. This war against waste has had the effect of steeling the hearts of thousands of employers against the use of liquor by themselves or their employees during work hours, and to any extent which may have an appreciable influence upon the efficiency of the workmen. In the forefront of this movement are the managements of the big corporations. According to a special article in the *Technical World Magazine* for January, drinking now results in prompt dismissal for an employee of the International Harvester Company, United States Steel Corporation, Standard Oil Company, the Edison Company, and a thousand other American firms of the first rank, not to mention the railroads, which have long maintained strict rules in regard to drinking among employees. That periodical, in the course of a discussion of the attitude of the corporations of the country toward the use of liquor by employees, made this observation: —

'If America becomes liquor-free in the next generation, as some industrial

leaders predict, it will probably be because of the drastic action of our industries, which cannot stand by and see large possible profits swallowed up by alcoholism.'

This movement by big corporations first gained prominence in 1890, when President Corbin of the Reading Railroad issued an order for the discharge of all employees who frequented drinking places, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad issued a circular stating that it would not employ men addicted to intoxicants.

Something should be said in this connection as to the changes which are observable in the personnel of the leadership of the movement in these recent years in which prohibition has taken on the proportion of a national issue. The gathering strength of the movement is to be attributed in a large measure to the new type of men who have allied themselves with it. These are the men who bring with them strong convictions gained from the doctrine of mental efficiency. The arguments which they offer are seen to be increasingly unlike the fanatical creations of sentiment which formerly had so large a place in the prohibition propaganda.

Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi is one of the proponents of prohibition who should be placed in this classification. In a speech in the Senate in January, which he prefaced with the remark, 'I love a toddy almost as well as Daniel Webster or Henry Clay ever did,' he had this to say: —

'I am willing to vote for this proposition outside of the fact that Mississippi wants me to vote for it, because I have come to the conclusion — and I have come to it after much standing on the other side — that in some respects I was wrong about it, because it has done some good. It has not been a panacea; it has not brought about the millennium; it has not abolished drunkenness; it has not decreased crime to any marked extent; it has not, of course, kept lunatics out of the lunatic asylum; it has not done any sort of impossible things that only extremists expected from it; but it has done a good deal of good, and I know that while liquor may do men of temperate temperaments some harm and does do men of intemperate temperaments a great deal of harm, it never did me or anybody else in the long run any good worth contending for.'

A study of the literature of the prohibitionist propaganda brings one fact impressively to the attention of the student of economics, that it is a propaganda without scientifically compiled statistics as to some of the most important facts at issue. One of the first questions asked by the economist in studying the prohibition movement is as to the monetary gain or loss to the country which would result from nation-wide prohibition. This information was available in Russia, where there was a government monopoly, but in the United States, the federal departments have not seen fit to make an inquiry into the amount annually expended by the people in the purchase of alcoholic beverages. Estimates of the prohibitionists vary from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, but it is frankly admitted that these estimates were obtained by the roughest sort of approximations. Some time ago, when I asked the manager of the national legislative headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League in Washington for his estimate, he gave me $1,750,000,000, which he said he had arrived at by assuming the average business done by a retail liquor dealer at $25 a day, multiplying this by the number of business days in a year, and multiplying the product by the number of retail liquor dealers paying taxes to the Internal Revenue Bureau. This estimate, if accurate as to the details covered, would fall far short of the real expenditures of

the country, for it would not include the sales of establishments operated in violation of the law, or the purchases for consumption made directly from the wholesaler by mail orders.

A better method of arriving at an estimate would be through a computation based upon the number of gallons of intoxicants annually consumed and the approximate price per gallon paid by the ultimate purchaser, — a method suggested by the Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1910. The total quantity of liquor consumed in the fiscal year 1914, according to the statistical abstract of the Department of Commerce, was 2,252,272,765 gallons. Of this, 2,053,457,082 gallons were malt liquors; 52,418,430 gallons were wine; and 146,397,253 gallons were distilled spirits. Accurate information is not available as to the percentage of this amount which was sold over saloon counters or sent direct to the consumer in quantities of a gallon or more. A conservative estimate of the price paid for liquor by the gallon is one dollar, but the average price paid in single drinks must be placed much higher, for there are sixteen drinks to the gallon, according to the estimate universally accepted among liquor dealers, and the price paid per drink is approximately ten cents. Several authorities on the liquor industry which I have consulted agree that $1.25 would be a low estimate to place on the consumers' price for distilled spirits; that 40 cents a gallon would be a fair estimate of the price of beer. The statistical abstract gives 61 cents a gallon as the average price of distilled wine in casks. After consulting the various official authorities, I have fixed 75 cents a gallon as the retail price of domestic wines for the purpose of this estimate, and $1.25 as the price of imported wines. These figures would result in an estimate that the annual expenditure for distilled spirits is approximately $200,000,000; for beer and malt liquors, $800,000,000; for domestic wines, $40,000,000; and for imported wines, $10,000,000. The sum total would be $1,050,000,000.

Turn now to the economic losses involved in prohibiting the importation and manufacture and sale of liquors. The Federal Government collected $226,200,000 in taxes on liquor through the Internal Revenue Bureau in the fiscal year 1914, and $19,200,000 through the customs, making a total of $245,400,000 of federal revenues on liquors. In the same year the total receipts of the government from ordinary sources was $734,673,166. The revenue derived by the states through state licenses and taxes collected by counties and incorporated places amounted to $79,600,000, according to figures furnished the Ways and Means Committee of the House by the Census Bureau.

Prohibition, it will be seen, would necessitate the reorganization of the fiscal system of the Federal Government and would force Congress to find new sources of taxation. The tax on incomes would have to be extended far beyond its present rates in order to make good the deficit, and at the same time the government would be forced into levying more heavily upon the necessities of life.

It is possible, however, that the matter of reorganizing the state and national systems of taxation would not be the most important economic result of prohibition. There would come in for consideration the number of wage-earners thrown out of employment; the amount of invested capital both in manufacturing plants and in distributing establishments which would be rendered useless; the annual market for agricultural products which would be destroyed; the revenues from the transportation of liquors of which the railroads and express companies would be

deprived; and the effect upon allied trades and manufactures. Statistics are readily obtainable on some of these points. According to the census of 1910, there were 2,027 breweries and distilleries in operation in the United States, employing 61,009 wage-earners, and turning out products valued at $589,504,000. According to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the last fiscal year, there were 220,293 retail liquor dealers, 19,312 wholesalers, and 2,345 rectifiers. The total capital invested in the liquor industry was $771,516,000, and it is estimated by Representative Goeke of Ohio that the sums invested in retail establishments would bring the total up to $1,294,583,486.

The proponents of the prohibition movement have offered no plan for meeting this problem of confiscation of property, or for furnishing the additional revenues which would be demanded. It is not to be believed however, that the American people ever will by constitutional amendment prohibit both the manufacture and the sale of liquors without providing adequate compensation for those whose property would be destroyed. Although this subject has been neglected in the discourses of the prohibitionists in Congress and in the state campaigns, there are evidences that its importance is being realized; among which may be mentioned the action of the City Commission of San Francisco, California, in appropriating $100,000,000 for buying and discontinuing the operation of saloons; and of the Iowa Federation of Labor in demanding that the State of Iowa, if a prohibition law were passed, should pay all brewery workers and allied tradesmen the union scale of wages until they could get new jobs.

The importance of the effect of liquor on the economic life of the wage-earners of the country may be minimized by the prohibitionists with figures as to labor's share in the manufacture of liquors, as compared with that in other industries. The current Anti-Saloon League Year Book alleges that a smaller proportion of running expenses is paid to labor in the manufacture of malt and distilled liquors and patent medicines, than in any other industry in the United States. According to the advertisement of the Year Book, it gives 'the cold facts as to how much more in proportion is paid by other United States industries to labor than the liquor industry pays to labor; how much more the liquor industry pays for salaries to its officials than other industries do; how much more the liquor industry pays out for so-called miscellaneous expenses than other industries do.' One other item should be mentioned in relation to the economic side of the prohibition movement, — the market which the liquor industry furnishes for agricultural products. It is estimated that the value of grain, molasses, fruit, and so-called secondary products of agriculture used in the manufacture of liquors in 1913 was $113,884,000.

IV

I have refrained thus far from making any detailed reference to the extent to which the violation of the basic plan of our government is involved in the withdrawal from the states of the right to solve the liquor problem for themselves. It has been contended that the states are powerless in the matter because of their inability to prohibit shipments across their lines, and that therefore nation-wide prohibition is necessary in order that each state might have its own will with regard to the use of liquor within its boundaries. To my mind the latter contention might have been made one of the most forceful

claims of the advocates of the constitutional amendment, had it not been for the enactment of the Webb anti-shipping bill. That law, according to the highest interpretations yet given it by the courts, removes from liquor shipments the protection which they had formerly enjoyed under the interstate commerce laws. With the invocation of this law by the states, through additional stringent legislation, the way is opened for a new test of state-wide prohibition. The right of the State of West Virginia to prevent the shipment into its territory of liquor sold through advertisement circulated therein was sustained in a decision handed down by Judge Woods of the United States Circuit Court for the Fourth Circuit, sitting at Richmond, Virginia, January 14, 1915. That decision marks a new era in the history of state-wide prohibition. Certainly it follows from it that national prohibition is no longer necessary in order that there may be actual state-wide prohibition. Realizing the new power which is in their hands, the states of North Carolina and South Carolina now have given consideration to additional prohibition legislation designed to utilize it.

It has been said that no law is stronger than the sentiment of the jury in the jury-box. It is certain that juries inevitably will be lax in the enforcement of laws not sustained by community sentiment. It would be inexpedient to foist prohibition upon states which did not want it, for to do so would force these states to pay the economic price of prohibition without gaining the benefits. The same criticism applies in small measure to state prohibition and local option, but in this case the difficulties are minimized because the areas are smaller, the diversification of public sentiment is less extended, and the facilities for securing a more even expression of the popular will are more efficient. Certainly, with the enactment of the Webb law, state-wide prohibition has become the most practicable method of regulating the sale and use of liquor. It is true that the states are but the nation in little, and that often their prohibition laws fail utterly to respond to local sentiment; but on the other hand it seems to me to have been demonstrated that this method is to be preferred equally to nation-wide prohibition and to a universal local option, which at best would be a patchwork and would be too easily changed by flurries in popular sentiment.

AT THE SIGN OF THE VELVET GLOVE

A STUDY IN AUTOCRACY

BY J. O. P. BLAND

As if fittingly to celebrate the passing of a year of grace, Citizen Yuan Shih-k'ai, President of the Republic of China, gave forth, in the last days of December, two memorable mandates. Had these decrees been issued to a world at peace, they must have contributed largely to the relief of journalism and the gayety of nations, for both possess in a very marked degree the quality, not uncommon in Chinese state papers, of suggesting a good deal more than at first sight meets the eye. Even in war-time, they deserve the tribute of a sympathetic glance, for in both there is much palatable food for meditation and new cause to admire the flexible inflexibility of China's system of government, especially now that the Mother of Parliaments, confronted by stern realities, has put away party government with all other childish things.

Indeed, these latest mandates of Citizen Yuan have a very subtle flavor, reminiscent of Brobdingnag. Both deal with matters of the highest national importance (to wit, the Presidential Election Law and the qualifications for membership in Parliament) and handle them with the magisterial solemnity suitable to such weighty questions; but he who reads them can hardly avoid asking himself whether Citizen Yuan, Prince Na Yen-tu, Secretary Liang Shih-yi, and the Board of Censors have not seized a psychological occasion for poking a little patriarchal fun at Europe. In any case, the delicate flavor of irony is there. If it be not the result of deliberate intention on the part of Yuan and his advisers, it must be a spontaneous emanation from the atmosphere of naïveté which seems to enfold Chinese officialdom whenever it proceeds to array itself in the garb of European institutions.

The new law for presidential elections puts the finishing touch upon the nicely graduated series of enactments by which, during the past twelve months, President Yuan has relaid the 'permanent foundations of the New Constitution in China,' by removing therefrom every vestige of constitutional procedure. The general nature of the present measure was foreshadowed in a mandate issued toward the end of October. This document announced that 'the most renowned scholars of East and West are agreed that, in framing a fundamental law, it is essential to bear in mind the condition of the people; no good can possibly come of cutting one's feet to fit a pair of shoes.' So the shoes have been made to fit the present understandings; good, comfortable shoes, made on the old dynastic last. The President of the Republic is to hold office for a term of ten years and then to be eligible for reëlection. The Election Commission will consist of fifty members from each of the two houses of Parliament, but the constitution of these houses, as at pre-

sent devised, precludes all anxiety as to independent initiative on their part.

Along with other adequate precautions against undesirable revolutionary tendencies, the present presidential law decrees that 'if at election time the Administrative Council [Tsan-cheng-yuan] should think it advisable that the President should hold office for another term, two thirds of their votes shall be sufficient for his reëlection.' But as even a president is mortal, it is the duty of a wise administration to make provision for his succession. The Council, 'having considered the procedure obtaining in the United States and Mexico,' has done so, and is of the opinion that 'no expedient can possibly surpass the perfection of the plan now recommended.' The plan consists in giving the President the right to nominate three persons, from among whom his successor shall be elected. The names of these three he writes on a golden tablet; he encloses the tablet in a golden casket, and locks the casket in a stone strong-room in the presidential palace. This procedure is no new invention: it is copied boldly from that which was laid down by the Manchu Emperor K'ang Hsi, and followed by other sovereigns of that dynasty, with a view to preventing intrigue and strife in the Imperial Clan by keeping the succession a secret. An anonymous Chinese scholar (probably Yen Fu), writing in the *Peking Gazette*, justifies this procedure on the well-fitting-shoe principle; his whole line of argument suggests something more than a casual acquaintance with the workings of the presidential mind. After philosophically discussing the respective merits of the classical Greek and modern American ideals of republicanism, he observes: —

'Theoretically speaking, the success of an administration may be expected to be ever on the increase, so long as the best man in the country can be secured to hold and control the reins of government. But if we examine more closely into this matter and ask how this condition can be fulfilled, the only answer must be that, as God is always well disposed toward mankind, He will select and place upon the Throne the best man.'

Regarded in this light, the machinery for elections might seem to be superfluous. Howbeit, the Constitution provides for them, and the President has sworn to uphold the Constitution. So let them be. At the same time, this scholar apologist for things-as-they-are considers it necessary to explain that the Chinese presidential law is the reverse of that which obtains in America, for two reasons: —

'In America,' he says, 'the candidates for the Presidency, usually two or three in number, are nominated by the great political parties, so that the voters, through their representatives, have only the choice of one from among two or three men. But the political parties in China are quite incapable of working on these lines; therefore we are compelled to lay upon the President the burden of nominating candidates.

'China is now maintaining her national stability by means of military forces. This being so, no man, except he be loved and obeyed by the whole of the army, can possibly control the situation. Therefore it is imperatively necessary that the man whom the army loves should nominate the one whom it loves next to him for the Presidency, so that bickerings and bloodshed may be avoided.'

(In Peking the impression prevails that the first name inscribed on Yuan's golden tablet will be found to be that of his second son.)

Of the second presidential mandate, it is unnecessary to give any detailed analysis. It is one of those simple, forth-

right ordinances, with which one meets continually in Chinese history, enacted by the wisdom of the patriarchal system to guard the State against sudden perils of change. Though simple in its wording, it evidently combines an inspiration of political genius with close observation of the causes and effects of unrest in Europe. In response to a memorial by the Censors, President Yuan has been pleased to decree that henceforth 'no member of any political party shall be eligible for membership of Parliament.' It may well be that, in recording this decision, Yuan has been influenced by consideration of the greatly increased dignity and efficiency of the British and French Parliaments since they ceased to consist of party men. On this point, the Censors are silent. They base their memorial on the lamentable fact that 'China's recently dissolved Parliament became a laughing-stock, because all its members belonged to political parties. Among them were to be found men who degraded the profession of letters, men who indulged in windy rhetoric, who employed money and even arms to turn the country upside down. The parties used their collective strength to influence elections and usurp power.'

But these sad, bad days are over. By a stroke of the Vermilion Pencil of Presidential Wisdom, the Chinese people may now rest assured that in their purged Parliament, 'none is for a party and all are for the State.' And if, by any chance of human frailty, a party should survive, its members will be compelled, as in the days of old, to conspire as secret societies, cut off from all immediate prospect of official loaves and fishes. Henceforth the only party in China must be the party in power.

The light which these presidential decrees throw upon the present political situation at Peking makes them well worthy of serious attention, both in China and abroad. As I have said, they suggest to the initiated a good deal more than meets the eye of the casual observer. The latter mandate, in particular, emphasizes two important facts. First, that there is no immediate prospect of a restoration of the Manchu dynasty, or indeed, of the monarchical symbols of government, and this, for the simple reason that Yuan Shih-k'ai, having attained to the substance of Imperial authority, has also the wisdom to know that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Second, that during the past year, the silent, insidious strategy of the Velvet Glove, giving but little outward sign of all its manifold activities, has effectively succeeded in restoring the undisputed authority of the metropolitan administration over the greater part of the provinces.

Let us examine more closely the significance of this second mandate. It is evidently intended to be an intimation to all concerned that the professional political agitator of the Sun Yat-sen persuasion is henceforth excluded from Parliament, and that Young China of the foreign-educated student class will be eligible for public employment only on the President's own terms. Everything in Yuan's career as Viceroy of Chihli under the Manchus points to his intelligent appreciation of the usefulness of men who have received a sound education abroad, and of his readiness to employ such men for his purposes of progressive administration; but he has never made any secret of his preference for workers, as distinct from talkers. Provided that they are willing to abandon their exotic theories of republicanism, Young China's 'intelligents' may still hope to find dignified and not unprofitable appointments under the President-autocrat; but those who cling to the ideals and political methods which distinguished the first Parliament of the Republic are clearly

warned off. There will always be parties and party warfare at Peking; the struggle for place and power will continue to be waged around the presidential palace as it was around the Dragon Throne, with ample scope for brains and bravery; but the struggle will be, as of old, between provincial and not between political factions, — between North and South, between the Cantonical party and that of Anhui. Except on paper (and chiefly for the edification of the foreigner), it will no longer be a warfare of empty words, concerning vague theories and experiments in the European art of government, but the grim old oriental struggle for the sweets of office and other solid realities. The names and records of the men whom Yuan has gathered together in his cabinet indicate in the clearest possible manner a return to the patriarchal system and a revival of the old balance of power and traditional rivalry between the great provincial factions. The Kuo Min tang, the Chin Pu tang, and other pinchbeck imitations of Europe's political parties, which sprang into feverish and futile existence with the collapse of constituted authority in 1911, all have now been swept away, with their battle-cries and banners, into the limbo of things well forgotten. Did not Yuan himself solemnly denounce their proposed form of republican government, from the very outset, as utterly impossible, declaring it to mean 'the instability of a rampant democracy, of dissension and partition'? Yuan has now done for China what Porfirio Diaz did for Mexico: he has established, and is now in a position to proclaim, a benevolent despotism, a despotism strong and supple enough to check the activities of political adventurers, which promises to give security to the people and something approaching stability to the government.

So silently and swiftly has the old machinery of the metropolitan administration been repaired and set to work that, until the issue of these memorable mandates, few observers, even on the spot, had realized how complete had been the restoration. As a correspondent in Peking has well expressed it, 'Each event has fitted into the next with the polished smoothness of a conjuring performance, the progress of which has been watched with feelings divided between admiration for the aplomb of the conjurer and speculation as to the real sentiments of the apparently highly gratified audience.'

It will be instructive to glance back over the various stages by which the final result was attained. In December, 1913, we find the President convening an Administrative Conference (carefully selected by himself) 'to remedy the defects in the Provisional Constitution,' which was framed under the auspices of Young China militant. These 'defects' were drastically remedied, by the dissolution of the remnants of Parliament, the abolition of all the nominally representative local assemblies, and the consolidation of the administration at provincial headquarters in the hands of officials who were pledged to support the views and personal authority of Yuan Shih-k'ai.

Having thus replaced the Provisional Constitution by a thinly veiled presidential dictatorship, Yuan proceeded to frame a new Constitution. This work was done in March and April. According to its provisions, the President of the Republic is no longer liable to impeachment by Parliament; all administrative authority is concentrated in his hands, including absolute control of the Treasury, the Army, and the Navy. The substance of representative government having been abolished, its effigy was tactfully replaced by the creation of a model Parliament of two

chambers, which is announced to meet some time this year. The qualifications for membership in this Parliament and for the right to vote as electors have been most carefully defined, with the object, first, of excluding Young China, and secondly, of ensuring the election of men acceptable to Yuan Shih-k'ai and to his chief representatives at the provincial capitals. At the same time, the President's direct control over provincial affairs has been greatly strengthened by once more separating the military from the civil administration. Military authority became concentrated last June in the hands of provincial commanders, holding the old Manchu title of Chiang Chün, selected or approved by Yuan and more or less controlled from Peking by the Ministry of War. The old Taotai system of civil administration has been restored, with slight changes of names and symbols. Needless to say, the men selected to hold these important posts have been selected for their merits, chief of which is unswerving personal loyalty to the head of the State.

The first effects of Yuan's steadily increasing authority are now beginning to assume definite shape, and their general nature is such as to justify those who believe that only under a benevolent despotism can law and order be evolved out of the social and political conditions actually existing in China. During the period immediately following the abdication of the Manchus, before the Iron Hand in the Velvet Glove had had time to collect the men and money necessary for the restoration of the old machinery of government, the financial situation at Peking and in the provinces seemed almost hopeless. During the chaos of the revolution, the ancient fiscal relations between the capital and the provincial treasuries had perforce fallen into abeyance; the government's obligations for the service of its foreign debts were rapidly increasing, while its revenues had greatly diminished. In the absence of any strong central authority, the disorganized mandarinate was busy making provision for itself on the time-honored principle of *après nous le déluge*, borrowing money recklessly, anywhere and everywhere, upon the last available securities of local revenues and concessions to foreigners. At the beginning of 1914 it had become perfectly evident that unless Yuan Shih-k'ai could speedily succeed in organizing a provincial administration under his own nominees, to collect and remit regular taxes and duties, through the old channels and upon an increased scale, China would be compelled to make default. The temporary expedient of short-term loans raised from foreign banks could not serve much longer to avert the long-prophesied *débacle*. Those who remembered how, during the last decade of Manchu rule, failure had dogged all the government's efforts to increase the provinces' remittances to the Central Treasury saw little reason for hoping that, in the time at his disposal, Yuan would be able to overcome the formidable obstacles in his path. Skepticism as to the possibility of a successful reorganization of the salt gabelle revenues was justifiable, in view of Sir Robert Hart's confessed failure to reorganize the *lekin* collectorate as security for the loan of 1898.

But in this matter the revolution has proved a real blessing in disguise. Its great upheaval and slaughter removed, or seriously frightened, large numbers of the *literati* and gentry, who by prescriptive right battened and fattened on the provincial revenues; in many places it made a clean sweep of the locust swarm of Yamen-bred parasites and blood-suckers, 'expectant' officials and gentry, who preyed on every branch of productive industry. The

frock-coated politicians and khaki'd soldier-students, whose little hour of brief authority followed upon the dislocation of the old *régime*, possessed neither the materials nor the intelligence to organize a new fiscal administration. They lived on hand-to-mouth expedients and irregular levies. Meanwhile the old machinery, which for centuries had served to provide the Manchu Court and clans with funds sufficient for their needs, lay dislocated and discarded. It required the master hand of Yuan Shih-k'ai to restore it. This he has done, skillfully lubricating its clumsy creaking joints and sweeping from its cogwheels the immemorial dust of precedents outworn. In setting it to work again, under the direction of men of his own choosing, he has had good cause to bless the revolution, the results of which have enabled him to disregard many of those precedents, and have relieved him from the necessity of conciliating many ancient vested interests.

And, strange as it may appear, the war in Europe has also strengthened his hands, by removing from his *entourage* (and especially from the Ministry of Finance) all immediate prospect of raising new loans from foreign financiers. The practice of paying old debts by fresh borrowings is one which appeals to the Oriental mind, partly because of its extreme simplicity, and partly because there are usually pickings and perquisites to be found in the wake of foreign loans. Compelled to abandon all hope of making ends meet in this way, the Ministry of Finance and the President's adherents in the provinces have been led, in their own interest, to recognize the necessity of a systematic reform of the country's fiscal resources, on a basis of largely increased remittances to Peking. Had foreign loans continued to be available, it is extremely probable that Yuan Shih-k'ai and his advisers would have looked with a lenient eye on the perpetuation of many of the provincial 'squeezes' which, in the past, have swallowed up so large a proportion of the revenues collected. Live and let live is a fundamental principle with the mandarin. But, confronted with the stern necessity of providing, entirely from internal resources, a revenue sufficient to meet the country's domestic needs and foreign obligations, Yuan Shih-k'ai has been able to bring to bear arguments that have evidently carried the required weight at Peking and in the provinces. The amounts now regularly remitted from the provincial treasuries to the capital have steadily increased during the past year; internal loans (nominally voluntary, but actually forced subscriptions levied upon business houses) have produced sums far larger than anything they were able to collect under this heading.

Finally, the reorganization of the salt gabelle, under the able direction of Sir Richard Dane, has proved conclusively that the President's statecraft is based on intimate knowledge of men and affairs. Most of his chosen lieutenants at the provincial capitals have been led to take something more than a local view of their responsibilities and to recognize the expediency, on national grounds, of loyally coöperating with Sir Richard Dane and his staff in their work of radical reform. Great credit must be given to this energetic and expert administrator for the changes that he has been able to introduce and for their surprising results; but to the revolution must be ascribed the all-important fact that the vested interests of the provincial gentry and local officials no longer possess the power of passive resistance which was theirs, by sheer weight of tradition, under the Manchu dynasty. The work which Sir Richard Dane is doing proves (what

every one knew) that under an effectively centralized government, loyally supported by its officials in the provinces, China's visible revenues might easily be trebled, without adding anything to the taxes actually levied from the people, by the application of business methods and by reduction within reasonable limits of the hungry horde of place-seekers. And if the ancient citadels of the salt gabelle have thus been successfully stormed by the foreign-led forces of reform, if the paramount authority of the President-autocrat has thus been able to secure results which, in the opinion of all the best observers, are likely to give China financial stability, we may be justified in hoping that the same forces will in due time be able to effect equally important reforms, under expert foreign supervision, in respect to the currency, land-tax, and *lekin* collectorate.

For the present, it is sufficient to observe that the great-man theory of government has once more been vindicated in China, and that, at a time when all the western world lies under heavy storm-clouds of war, the Celestial Republic shows signs of successfully emerging from some of the most grievous troubles of its internal disorganization. Yuan Shih-k'ai's recent mandates are an intimation to the world in general, and to Young China in particular, that the ends of autocracy have justified its means, some of which have been undeniably 'frightful,' and that, political agitation being barred as a means of livelihood at Peking, benevolent despotism is in a position to protect the state from the dangers which have so long threatened it from within. Of those which threaten it from without, this is not the time or place to speak; but, given a solvent exchequer and a little luck, the Velvet Glove should be able to deal with them also.

'ROMANCE'

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I

SPRING was born that afternoon, just before evening began to come down. Three days and nights the Equinox had labored, darkening all the coasts and crying out with the agony of shattered waters; and now, suddenly, the thing was done; an inscrutable warm essence ran through the city streets, the smoke of chimneys and the pennons on the tall masts along the docks veered to the northeast, and out there where the pennons pointed, the foggy dregs of the gale drained away to sea, leaving the islands clear crimson in the sunset. Nondescript people on ferryboats craned up at the sky, straightened cravats or flicked dust from their clothes without knowing why they did it, and looked forward to a medley of quite ordinary evenings with an extraordinary and unaccountable excitement. Dogs, back in the Fens, tugged unnaturally at their leashes. A thin young woman, who coughed behind her hand when

she was sure no one watched, stood outside the employees' exit of the 'Great White Store' on Washington Street, weighing a nickel in her palm. The nickel was carfare, or a 'movie.' Which? She raised her face to the soft, flaming sky. It was spring!

Down in the lower city, 'Notes' was practising a pair of dance-steps on the splintery planks at the end of the fish dock. 'Notes' was very young and enthusiastic, and one day, when he had time, he would write a novel — something with color in it. That is why the city editor had sent him down to T Wharf to-day. Not a vessel had stirred out since the gale closed down, and not a vessel had come in through the smother. The docks had been dead for three days. It would be good for the young chap.

Every one had gone home at this hour except 'Notes' and the old lookout on the balcony of the Fish Commission; even the schooners, packed like matches in the basin, had a deserted look, for the new something in the air had sent their crews up into the city. The young fellow called up to the lookout, half in question, —

'Nothing doing to-night?'

'Don't 'magine so, son.' The old fellow combed his whiskers with hard fingers. 'The fleet'll be hidin' out 'nunder the Cape some'r's. Them as got fish'll be driftin' in in the mornin', I should n't wonder.'

'Well, I'll be running along.' 'Notes' lingered for one last rehearsal of the dance-steps. The lookout stopped combing his whiskers.

'By Godfrey, there's a lucky fool!' He turned and bawled down the dock. 'Hey there, son, might wait a second. 'Magine thet's somebody outside the island there, towin'.'

'Notes' ran up the stairs, bouncing unreasonably on account of the air. Together they watched the smoke-flower of a tugboat come along the island's ridge, and behind it two slim, pink feathers, that were the after sails of a towing schooner. The two craft came along and debouched from the island's tip into the open fairway, the one dingy and active, the other luminous, unhurried, like a rosy argosy returning.

'By George!' The boy turned to the old man. 'What made him try it?'

'Jest to do it — nothin' in the world but to do it. He's a devil, thet Ginny there — a plain, simple, square-rigged devil.'

'By jingo! Immense!'

'Mmmm!' The ancient flicked his whiskers with a gesture of impatient scorn. 'Holler, son, holler! I cal'late ye'd holler louder if ye hed an idee what them boys 've been through. Know what the bay outside there looks like? Eh? Looks like nothin' — because ye can't see it. Can't stand up; can't lay down. Decks awash an' ever'thing adrift below decks. Scud cuttin' the riggin' to pieces. All hands hangin' on fer dear life an' prayin' to them Ginny saints o' theirn. Holler, son!'

'Notes,' quite impervious to the other's irony, leaned on the railing and watched the luminous wanderer. The towboat had veered off now, and a soiled mannikin in its stern hauled in the line hand-over-hand, the water feathering pink at each successive jerk. The schooner, towering like a tranquil flame in the sun's death-glare, moved forward almost imperceptibly. A shadow from the high buildings beyond Atlantic Avenue came out, swallowed the hull and clambered up the masts, and she lay in the outer fringe of the basin, only the peak of her mainsail keeping the sun, a lofty, three-cornered beacon, like a flaming covenant with memory. Below that beacon was a havoc. Lines were adrift in the standing-gear; a tub, overturned in the scuppers aft, spewed out its trawl along the deck, sopping

and tangled like a witch's hair. The deck amidships looked curiously lop-sided, because half the dories were gone from the starboard nest; their lashings, broken at the knots, writhed on the planks.

From his height above the field of decks, 'Notes' watched the crew making the vessel fast: small, far-away, tired figures, ragged, their heads all alike in shiny round oil-hats, one of them with his arm swathed and bound across his chest. 'Notes' wondered how long it was since they had slept, and even as he speculated, one of the tattered figures straightened up and gesticulated toward the city cliffs, where rows of lights began to twinkle in the dusk, with a feeling of exuberance and anticipation that carried clear to him across the basin. A blue smudge trailed up from the galley stove-pipe; a man stopped to spread his palms in it; and 'Notes,' because he was so young, could almost feel the warmth in his own palms.

'Say! Say!' He clapped the rail. 'To come out of *that*' — he waved both hands wildly toward the waning cloud-wrack beyond the island — 'to come out of that — into *this!* Why, man, it's a Fourth Act. They ought to live happy ever after, eh? Stunning!' He looked up at the sky. In the dying glow of the zenith one star appeared, so suddenly that it was like a dim explosion. 'This,' said 'Notes,' 'is Romance. Just plain, sheer Romance.' He clapped his companion between the shoulder-blades. 'Well, be good. I've got to run. I want to write this thing while it's hot!'

He was halfway to the office, booming along in the tunnel, before he happened to think that he had neglected to ask the vessel's name, or her captain's. But after all — color! He had the color, all right. Warm crimson, with a shadow of angry, hard gray behind it. And the smoke curling up from the galley stovepipe, blue and acrid. — Romance!

II

The last light drained out of the sky and a multitude of stars prickled through the masts in the crowded basin. Down in the forecastle of the Valerie, Justin Jason, the 'plain, simple, square-rigged devil' of the lookout's panegyric, was 'mugging up,' his elbows planted wide on the table, a triangle of pie in one hand and a saucer of tea in the other. He was a thick-set, swarthy fellow of forty, a sober man, with the flaring mustachio of a swashbuckler, the beginnings of a paunch under his belt, and a brace of sons, the younger of them almost half his own age.

The two were there now, fidgeting along the bench, drifting aimlessly in and out of the galley, staring out through the open square of the companionway and sniffing curiously at the air. Now and then they cast significant sidelong glances at each other and then back nervously at the silent man across the table. If he would only say something — no matter what. They had shifted to their 'shore-clothes,' their hard collars and hard hats; they were acutely aware that he had observed them doing it, yet he had said nothing. He continued to brood over his 'mug,' his brow puckered slightly.

'Aw, come on ashore, pa.' 'Hands,' the younger, had come to the end of his endurance.

Justin Jason raised his eyes slowly.

' 'Shore? Yes! Yaaas! What for? Huh?'

'Aw, have some fun.'

'Come on, pa.' John, the elder, rubbed the point of a russet shoe with one hand, avoiding his father's eyes. 'Come on, le's go up to the Swede's.'

'You make me tired, the both of you!' Justin Jason glowered at the pie in one

hand and the tea in the other. 'This city makes me tired. Everything makes me tired — working — loafing — everything. Why, *hell* —' He slammed the saucer down, spattering, on the table, and cast the pie to the floor. 'I'm tired of *eating*, I tell you!'

He got to his feet with an unnecessary violence and stood beneath the companionway, staring up at the stars and muttering. 'I wonder what's ailing of me. I'm tired of eating.'

'Aw, come be a sport, pa. Come on up to the Swede's.'

'Shut up, the both of you!' He wheeled fiercely. 'You want to go get soused and make faces at broke-down women on the street. Fun! Paah! — Cook!' He turned to a shadowy, silent figure leaning against the after side of the ladder. 'Cook, I'm tired of eating. What's ailing of me?'

'The year is on the make.'

He was a queer piece, this cook, an enigma in the fleet, a man without lineage or friend or birthplace — a bit of wreckage cast up on the docks. He spoke but rarely, and then with a precise diction and an inscrutable barbed quality, perhaps of derision. Justin Jason stared at him, another shade of red on his cheeks. Why could the fellow never talk straight?

'Romance! Romance!' the oracle went on in his musing, level voice. 'It is quite natural.'

The skipper retreated to the bench, glowering. 'Romance?' What's that?'

'I know, pa.' 'Hands' had been a year in high school down home on the Cape. 'Same's excitement — Romance is.'

John thrust in with a bawl of derision, deep like his father's. 'Aw, you gimme a pain. You don't know what you're talking about. Romance is a movin' pitcher, ain't it, cook?'

'Well — not exactly.'

For the first time since this inexplicable fellow had joined the Valerie, Justin Jason had heard him hesitate.

'What is it, then?' he demanded with a new-found dominance. 'Sing out!'

'Well, it's hard to — Well, listen!' The man edged forward, so that the light picked out his flabby face, livid from long stewing in galley-steam. He indicated the boys with a quick gesture. 'Their mother —'

'Dead, ten year,' the master snapped him off.

'Yes — yes — but when you were courting her.'

'Oh! Same's fighting a lot of fellows. I see.'

'Naw, naw, pa.' 'Hands' wagged an impatient head. 'It's same's going round a lot — seeing life — colored lights and dance tunes and —'

The vocal burden passed mysteriously across the forecastle, and now it was the shadow behind the ladder that spoke, quietly, as though to himself.

'— Dance tunes, yes. And women in soft gowns dancing to them. You can see them passing this way and that and hear their voices through green fronds. Or a cab through the Park, or through a crowded street, bumping just a little when you come to the car-tracks. Or a fire in the grate when you come home. Or clean, new money counted right and pushed out through the wicket. Or the Head coming into the cage with his hand stretched out — and nothing the matter with your books. Nothing the matter with your books.'

There was silence again. When it had endured perhaps a minute, Justin Jason rose nervously, climbed the ladder, and stood on deck. Far off through the lofty grottoes of the city an elevated train sang on a curve. The slow, warm, choking wind came out of those cañons, bearing a whisper of beaten pavements, and a confused and multitudinous murmur of voices, and a memory of green things breaking ground

far away in the Fens. Justin Jason turned to his two sons who had followed him up, watchfully discreet.

'Well — there's only one thing I want you to remember,' he said. 'These fish starts going onto the dock at five sharp, and I don't want no dead ones round this vessel, or they'll get what's coming to 'em good and plenty.'

He leaned on the rail and watched them go, crawling, swinging, leaping, diminishing across the huddled decks toward the dock. After that he stepped to the companion and called down.

'Cook! Was that you was talking about same's a traveling man? A man like that sees a lot of life. One was telling me once. Eh?'

Then, receiving no answer, he turned aft with a sudden determination, descended the ladder to his stateroom, opened the locker where his own 'shore kit' lay, and took down from the shelf above it the blue razor-box and the soap and brush.

III

A fine lifting wind came off the Adriatic and ruffled the beaches where the naked children splashed, shining like angels of pearl under the sun. A dozen old men sat on the foreshore above, their capes fallen from their shoulders and their hats cast carelessly at their feet, for the 'First Green' was stirring that far-off land. One of the old men recounted an episode in lively pantomime — a blood-warming episode — he had been young once. His toothless gums flickered when he laughed. Above these again, where the village dwellings filed along the cobbled street, young women paced singly or in pairs, rallying one another in graphic gesture, because they were not able to keep their eyes ashore. And out there on the lagoon the fishing boats rode in a gorgeous black-and-white cluster, draped to the peaks with nets, for all the world like merchants from the Orient with their goods over their shoulders. And there, too, came the young men, wading through the shallows, deep-colored, finely muscled, the curves on their wet legs catching up white flares from the water. One of them turned and faced the thin girl who coughed behind her hand when no one watched. His brown chest was open to the air; he smiled, his teeth incredibly white under the black shot of his moustache; he tossed his curls back with an exuberant splendor and held aloft a great, shimmering fish. 'Come,' he seemed to cry, though no words came out of his moving lips. 'Come, out of the ends of the blowing Spring. Come and eat this fish with me. We will put brown in your cheeks, coughing girl, and gladness in your feet. Come!'

And then the whole vision was gone, swallowed in the arbitrary night of the 'Photoplayhouse'; the girl's eyes were wet, and her hands, stretched out impulsively, found only a varnished seat-back. She fell to coughing once more in the rank air, so violently that more than one shadowy, impatient head turned in her direction. But she did not care. On the seat-back before her was a contrivance of metal with two slots in its upper side, one marked 'Bonbons' and the other 'Caramels.' Almost unconsciously her fingers strayed to the bottom of the box and jiggled it slightly. Once upon a time she had done this accidentally and the thing had flown open with an ecstatic pop. She liked to think that one day there would be another. She always held her breath a little at the test.

Her hands dropped in her lap and she began to weep without any sound. She was not thinking about anything in the world, not even of the fact that there was no logical reason for her weeping. She ought to go home. The 'Evacua-

tion Day Parade' was announced on the screen. She had seen the parade, and the picture. Her neighbor on the right began to fidget and glanced covertly at her.

'What's the matter?' he whispered, after a moment of indecision.

She had lived in the city long enough to know that she must not answer his question. This had been impressed upon her a great many times.

'Nothing,' she murmured. She remembered, with a curious lack of dismay, that this was just what 'they' were always looking for — an 'opening.' Any exchange of words, beyond a reference to the police, constituted an 'opening.' But somehow, to-night, she could not seem to care. She even speculated, with a queer stoppage in her breath, as to what his next move was to be. She could not make much of him in the dim light, beyond a general tendency toward stoutness, a pointed moustache, and his hair brushed up in a slick swirl over one temple. A typical, low-caste 'masher,' at any rate.

He appeared ill at ease. He folded his arms and immediately unfolded them to beat a tattoo on the seat with his finger-tips. He peered down at her, and then, as though to cover his indiscretion, hunched about ponderously to cross one knee over the other. She was aware of a hand groping in front of her, and a click of metal touching metal.

'D'you know how to work this?' he whispered in her ear.

She took the nickel from his fingers, slipped it in the slot marked 'Caramels,' turned the explosive disc, and held the carton out to him.

'Here,' she murmured, jogging his hand a little when he did not take it. She looked up and found his eyes intent upon the screen, where a brass band rolled forward with mute gesticulations and vanished out of the bottom of the picture.

'Looky 't them gentlemen in cabs,' the man soliloquized under his breath. 'Them's same's cabs, ain't they?'

'Here — here's your candy.'

He pushed the carton off with an impatient palm. 'Don't like candy,' he muttered. 'Go on, eat it, miss. I'm sick of candy.'

The rejected carton dropped in her lap. She sat up a little more stiffly and stared at the head of the frowsy woman in front, and the feather of color that always lay along her cheek-bones spread out to cover her temples. When she had first appeared at the Great White Store, a blond floor-walker had slipped a box of chocolates under the ribbons on her counter, and she had thrown it on the floor ostentatiously, because the whispering women had told her why he put it there. That was before she had taken to coughing. Of a sudden, a bitter and unreasoning rancor at those whisperers swept over her. The frowsy head in front waved and shattered in the rush of her hot tears. Oh, why *did* she have to know? Her rebellious fingers ran over the smooth surface of the carton. It was not that there was candy in it — poor, tasteless stuff at best: no, it was something quite apart from that.

She heard the man's voice, subdued and rambling.

'Must be sport riding in a cab like that. Looky 't the cushions in the cockpit there — bet they're soft's anything.' He began putting questions, presumably as a matter of strategy to follow the 'opening.' Her mind was dull and acquiescent, and his queries ran in with a stream of interrogation reaching back to the ends of her memory: 'Is this real satin? Was this honestly forty cents before the sale? Will this match in daylight?'. . . 'D'you think they like it bumpin' over the car-tracks — ever rid in a cab same's that, eh?' — 'I — I feel very fai-n—t —'

She realized dimly that her own lips had moved to the last. As dimly she was aware of something pinching her right arm roughly and of being miraculously in the aisle. The light marking an exit advanced upon her like a gory moon.

Once outside, where the arc-lights made a narrow day, Justin Jason allowed his burden to droop on the ledge of a convenient shop-window, took off his derby, mopped his head all over with a red handkerchief, and swore distractedly under his breath. A small boy, crying the evening papers, came around a corner and stopped short with half a headline still in his mouth and his eyes fixed upon the limp figure. He gestured feverishly to another boy across the alley and then, as though cleared of duty, fell into a more permanent attitude.

'Wife sick, mister?'

Justin Jason glared at the boy and mopped the back of his neck. He became aware of an increasing murmur behind his back and a shuffling of many feet. Some one was telling some one else in a high whisper that the gentleman's wife had fainted, and from the corner of his right eye he observed a small spare man with side-whiskers jabbing a thumb up the street and repeating 'Drug-store — drug-store' — like some obscure incantation. Several people thought of the word 'Doctor' at the same moment; one or two of the word 'Physician.'

'You make me tired,' Justin Jason mumbled in his throat. 'The hull of you.' His spine tingled with the burden of all those curious eyes. He stared down heavily at the tip of one shoe, then up at the gilded legend over the shop-window. 'Wish t' God I was aboard!'

The girl had roused a little. He became aware of her eyes fixed upon him, glinting unnaturally in the hard light like some bluish metal; but he avoided them by finding a milliner's sign still higher on the building. A hand touched his elbow. He shook it off roughly, muttering, 'Sheer off there!'

'None of that, my friend!' The officer's grip tightened. 'You're blocking the street.'

'Oh!' Justin Jason looked around at the blue fellow with an uneasy humility. He possessed a certain awe of the city police, as of something which touched him but distantly. His gaze traveled back to the shoe-tip, sullen and nervous.

'Well — what's the matter? Wife get faint in the pi'tures? Say! Speak up there!'

'Ummm.'

'Look here, man!' The officer jogged his elbow impatiently. 'Come out of it. *Do* something! Get a cab and take 'er home. . . . Hey! Taxi!' He raised his free arm and beckoned across the throng. 'Over here, taxi . . . Out of the way there! Let him through! Get off the curb there. . . . Here, lady, up with you — just a step. Help on the other side there, mister. That's the eye! In you go! What's the address? Speak up. . . . Oh, well, never mind, then. Driver, get 'em out of here. Stand back there. Stand *back!* You guys *deef?*'

Justin Jason sat bolt upright in the purring gloom, staring through the glass at the driver's back. He had a feeling that the man was going ahead too fast through the crowded street. A dray laden with beer kegs shot out of nowhere and towered close ahead; he felt himself shunted over the smooth, humpy cushion; the dray was no more; his finger-nails relaxed in his palms; he had not uttered a sound.

For the moment he had almost forgotten the girl. He turned his head covertly and found her lying back in the other corner, a shadowy presence hardly visible save for the gray oval of

her face, out of which her eyes were watching him, unnaturally large and intent.

His discomfort increased. He resumed his stiff contemplation of the driver's back, but still he could not shake off those watching eyes, so motionless and vigilant and queer. What was wrong with the woman anyhow?

He muttered aloud, 'What's the matter?' She did not answer.

The cab edged out of the traffic and halted in an open space beside a church, and the driver, getting down, came to open the door on the man's side.

'Well, now, where to?'

Where to? Justin Jason had not thought of that. He fingered his chin and scowled and temporized: 'Well — well —' But at that the girl's weight came against his shoulder and he had a side vision of her white face peering out at the man.

'Hemlock Street! Two-ten Hemlock Street!' There was a tight breathlessness about it that spoke of panic.

The door clicked shut and the motor bucked and hammered with the trouble of starting. Justin Jason was conscious of the weight withdrawn gradually from his shoulder. He glanced around, but even that faint loom of her face was invisible now, blotted out by her arms. She was crumpled down in a little heap of woe in the corner, weeping, not silently this time, but with the wild revulsion of a child kept home at the last moment from a long-promised party. The man groped and found her shoulder and shook it.

'For God's sake!' he burst out. 'For God's sake, what's ailing of you?'

A pencil of light found its way along the wall and picked out her face, thrust out at him, wet and rebellious.

'What's ailing me? My father and mother, and their fathers and mothers, and theirs. Did you ever see another night like this? Tell me!'

He peered down at her with an uneasy feeling that she was somehow not 'just right.' 'Mmmm,' he floundered. 'Fair weather t'night.'

She caught him up: 'Fair weather!' She leaned closer and plucked his sleeve. '*Fair weather!* And I'm going home to Mrs. Dorgan's boarding-house! Did you ever live in a boarding-house? Tell me, did you ever live in a boarding-house?'

'No — no — that is I knew a man once that did. Had some high times there — that's what he told me.'

'Yes — yes. High times!'

She turned away to look out of the open window. A procession of trees was passing on that side, and beyond, in an open space, a light reflected in a pool of water, thin and shattery, and beyond that again the downtown mesa gave off its pale exhalations to the sky. Against this faintly luminous mat the man could see the silhouette of her profile, immobile, almost lethargic.

She had not answered his question, and after a little while he forgot about it himself. Her languor communicated itself to him, his shoulders sank back against the yielding cushions, and he crossed one foot over the other.

'This is sport,' he thought to himself. 'Say, this is a lot of sport,' his lips repeated with an anxious emphasis. He had lost a good deal of time. He sank a little further into the cushions, flung an elbow over the sill of the window at his side, and began to look about. A ribbon of lights drifted past, flicking interminable foot-passengers into limbo, along with a hand-organ couple and a fugitive newsboy who fluttered a blur at him. And then there came an abrupt glare, a screeching of car-brakes, a motorman's angry wail, and the cushions jounced and squeaked slightly as the tires beneath them threw the car-tracks away.

'Like that, eh?'

The girl did not appear to hear. He returned to his own outlook, shifted his feet, muttered with studied enthusiasm, 'Say now, this is something *like*,' and was in the act of rummaging his pockets for a possible cigar, when his attention was taken by an illuminated disc staring at him through the forward pane. He regarded it with increasing wonder as a numeral in a tiny oblong window snapped out of sight and was replaced immediately by another.

'Now *that's* a piece o' gear,' he puzzled. He nudged the young woman's elbow and indicated the affair with a thumb.

'What's it for?' he questioned.

'What? Oh, the meter!' She studied him for a moment, half suspicious, half amused. 'That's what tells you how much you have to pay.'

'Oh! Hmmm! I see!'

The thing fascinated him with its hard, shiny face. He shrugged his shoulders and gazed out of the window with an attempt at luxuriousness, but for all he could do his eyes would sneak back, and there the numeral had changed again, mysteriously. He was not a stingy man, this Justin Jason; on the contrary he had never cared enough about money, as such, to get very far ahead. But this was another thing — this unhuman and inexorable business of addition. And then, there was no telling when it would end. If only he had some idea where this street of hers was. . . . He leaned out of the window, moved by a vague impulse, but ahead of him the twin thread of the street lamps ran straight away and converged into one luminous point. His hand slipped cautiously into a trouser pocket. There was some small change there and three bills, ten-dollar bills, he remembered. He cast a quick glance at his companion, made sure she was not looking, and transferred one of the bills to the opposite pocket.

'There,' he breathed. 'Can't be more'n that, anyhow.'

He had a sense of relief at this definite setting of a limit, and of mild triumph, feeling that he had somehow outmanœuvred the shiny contraption. He had lost more time, though. He settled his elbow on the sill once more and fingered the tips of his moustache.

'This is all right, ain't it?' he spoke across to the girl.

She opened her lips and then closed them without a sound. A frightened look came into her face and she jerked about to study the passing fronts.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

The man felt her hand fluttering on his wrist.

'Stop him — please! Right away!'

'Wha — What for?'

'Quick! Oh, *why* did n't I think!'

'What's the matter?' he gasped, thoroughly bewildered. 'Here! Here!'

The girl's knuckles were pounding wildly on the front glass. The driver made no sign but the machine swerved abruptly toward the curb and came to a halt. The man twisted round to speak through the window.

'Yes, ma'am?'

'We'll get out at the corner. You need n't go into — wait — we'll get out here. It's only a step.'

She swung open the door and stepped out unsteadily, casting anxious eyes this way and that along the sidewalk. What if she had n't thought? What if she *had* actually driven up to Mrs. Dorgan's boarding-house in a taxi, with a man? Supposing Mrs. Dorgan had seen, — or any of the Dorgan inmates, for that matter, — the nasty, respectable little Dorgan inmates such as she, herself. She might have been put out. She had known girls . . . A sudden wave of self-hatred swept over her. She was so puny with her anxious calculations in this lusty, wide-flung night, so contemptible, like an infini-

tesimal renegade in the train of spring. A slight dizziness followed her fright; she sank against a lamp-post and coughed and giggled.

Justin Jason, busy with the cabman, glanced about uneasily. He took off his hat, fanned his face, and counted the bills that the man laid in his palm.

'*And* thirty cents,' he prompted. 'The log there stands one-seventy.'

The fellow stared down at him with an expression of faint surprise.

'I ain't got any silver to-night.'

'Well — what we going to do, I wonder?'

Justin Jason shuffled his feet and cast another worried glance at his companion.

The cabman slammed the door shut, rattled a small lever abstractedly, and looked up at the sky.

'Some other time,' he suggested.

'That's right — some other time.' Justin Jason took out the red handkerchief, mopped his face, and watched the glossy vehicle move off, with a sense of relief, and, at the same moment, of depression and regret. He had missed most of it. He had not been able to give this thing of the cook's a fair trial. 'Some other time,' perhaps. He turned.

'Which way now?' he asked.

'You've been awful good,' she evaded. 'You don't know how good. Please don't bother to come any further. It's just a step, and I — I can —'

He broke in with a deprecatory explosion.

'Bother! Well, guess it won't tire me too much!' He was amazed to hear himself guffawing. Somehow, without any particular effort on his part, affairs had come suddenly into hand. He squared his shoulders, twisted his moustache, and when the girl faltered, 'But — but listen —' he swept her hesitation out of the way with a splendid gesture.

'But *nothing!* Come along!'

Why could n't he have done that before? It was exactly so that the big bronzed fellow had looked at her out of the Photoplayhouse screen. The discovery made her gulp a little, and something turned over somewhere inside of her, something that had always been wrong. She could not speak just then but indicated the direction by a nod, slipped her hand into the crook of his arm, and smiled up at him.

Justin Jason carried his arm with a careful rigidity. He was not accustomed to walking in this fashion; it appealed to him as rather idiotic, and at the same time curiously pleasurable — even more pleasurable when the fingers on his biceps tightened with an excess of nervousness.

'Do you remember that picture with the boats in it?' There was a flutter in the girl's voice. 'And the fish? I was just — just wondering — Please would you mind telling me what you do? your — your life?'

He felt his face flaming. He walked on without answering, his eyes doggedly ahead, pretending he had not heard. Perhaps she would not ask again. At her gentle urge on his elbow he rounded a corner where a delicatessen shop threw fans of light across the sidewalk, and came into a deserted, high-walled street, the houses in it all alike, a crumpled newspaper, tumbling over and over in a gutter, the only object stirring in its arid length.

Not far from the corner a ground-floor window was half open, on account of the new weather, and a man was singing inside. The song was an extremely popular one, the accompanying piano wanted tuning badly, but the singer did not appear to mind these details so long as the stream of creation went forward unfailing.

Justin Jason halted, glad of the diversion, for he was still fearful of the repeated question.

'That's nice, ain't it?' he mused. He stopped and peered into the room, squinting through the leaves of a rubber-plant in the window with an unabashed curiosity. He could get little more than a general impression of what was going on, a kind of colored mosaic of festivity.

The singing man broke off and there followed the screech of a piano-stool as he swung round.

'You play that "Hurly-Burly," Miss Jenkins, and I'll show you a new step, something I saw them doing down at Prince Hall last night. It's a marvel. . . . Say! Where's the fudge gone? Who swiped the fudge?'

A chorus of female voices came tumbling out of the window, excited and protesting; one higher and shallower than the rest obtruded.

'Mr. Rosenfuhg's got it behind him on the sofa there. I saw him.'

The colored mosaic shifted pattern and there came out the lively, good-humored tumult of a scuffle, and then some one shuffled on carpet to a chattery melody.

'Dancing, eh? Say!' Justin Jason looked down at his companion and jerked a thumb toward the rubber-plant. 'Say, is that there a *frond?*'

The girl laughed happily, as though he had made a great joke, and held his arm tighter. 'Why?' she whispered.

'Oh, I dunno.'

He edged forward, encroaching upon the grass-plot in his excitement. Here, beyond a doubt, was the thing of which the cook had spoken. 'Say!' he breathed with a furtive enthusiasm. 'Be sport to go in there.'

She laughed again, this time not so happily.

'But you haven't told me,' she reverted, shaking his arm with a gentle insistence. He had a side-vision of her face, held up to him with a light on it of a desperate revolt. 'You *must* be *something*. Oh, I don't know what makes me so silly — but the way you look — and act —'

His eyes traveled along the barren thoroughfare, with its dusty, diminishing lamps and its lone newspaper tumbling in the gutter, and returned again to the window, an inconceivable, voluptuous garden hanging in a desert. And this time, instead of writhing at her question, he smiled.

'Guess,' he said.

'Oh, I — I could n't —'

'Go on and guess,' he commanded her.

'Well — you — Oh, you live somewhere *else*. Not here — no, some other wonderful place. You see other people and other things — and — and you take your life in your hands — because there is *danger*.'

Her eyes, shining in the checkered light, were begging close to his. He smiled, showing his white teeth, for now he was on the very threshold of the cook's enchantment.

'Yes,' he said.

'You go and come,' she went on. 'Your feet are free. Women — women are crazy about you —'

Her fingers pulled at the cloth of his sleeve, and he would have marked a sudden heaviness in her voice at the last, had his brain not been reeling a little with the subtle wine of adventure.

'Yes,' he nodded.

'And you — Oh, *tell* me!'

'Well — aw, nothing — I'm nothing but a traveling man,' he lied without sin, for Carnival was abroad tonight. He did not look at her: he threw off his information in a casual tone — a paltry matter: he feigned an interest in the rubber-plant which, for the moment, he did not see. When she spoke, he tasted the sweet flattery of her unbelief.

'You — you *are!*'

He looked around quickly, for her

hand had left his arm, and found her halfway up the steps of the house.

'We going in *there?* Say!' It was now his turn for incredulity.

'I live here.' She seemed to have trouble with her breathing. 'I — I — You've been awful kind. I wish you knew how — Good-night!'

She was gone so suddenly behind the storm door that he had not moved. He turned dully to the window once more and heard the small tumult of her arrival within. The young man who had sung cried, 'Hullo, tardy!' and moved across the bright pattern, his purple cravat skipping from chink to chink. 'Mrs. Dorgan! O Mrs. Dorgan! Anything left from supper? Oh, just this once: be a sport. . . . Maude, eat a piece of fudge to Poverty. I'm fired. Yep. That fool of an editor could n't get it through his wooden dome — could n't see the color of the thing. Oh, marvelous color and movement and a background of storm. Immense, Maude, immense! Well, here's to Grub Street! Say, where you been, girl? You 're as white as a pillow-case. Fagged out?'

The fellow's patter streamed out of the window, bustled vacantly about the watcher's ear-drums, and dissipated itself in the long street.

'I bet she's got a case on him,' the man mumbled heavily.

By and by a policeman appeared in the vista, twirling his night-stick lazily. Observing his approach, Justin Jason stepped from the grass and moved away along the walk in the direction of the delicatessen shop. The tumbling newspaper kept him company for a passing instant, then, outpaced, gave up and leaned against a brick. Coming on behind, the officer paused to listen to a fresh burst of melody emerging from the fifth window from the corner, holding his night-stick poised in the air, not unlike a flaming sword.

The cook stirred slightly and stretched his legs, which were cramped from sitting long on the schooner's afterhouse.

'They're beginning to put out the lights,' he mused. 'Not all of them, of course. They leave enough in the streets so honest men can go home to their fathers' houses. And that's a joke on them — because that is exactly Romance — and they don't know it. Romance — to have a light street safer than a dark street.'

He got up suddenly and moved forward along the outer rail with a habitual noiselessness. From the shadow of the foremast he watched a sombre figure draw in across the cluttered vessels, hoist laboriously to the after deck, stand for a long time brooding over the dark and empty harbor, then disappear down the after companionway.

'I wonder if he found it,' the cook put to the sky. The infinitesimal light of the stars falling on his face discovered a sort of haggard mirth.

'Of course he did n't find it. He might — *to-morrow* or *yesterday*. It's not here, you know: it's over there — where the other fellow is.'

MINE

BY AMORY HARE COOK

This day is mine; and I have wandered far,
Bent on beholding what it is I own.
Each slow unfolding hour has priceless grown,
And I am covetous of every star.

The smell of hay and daisies is entwined
Upon the heavy summer-scented air,
And 'mid the mellow silence, lingering there,
Replete young Noonday, drowsing, lies enshrined.

Here will I rest where faintly comes the sound
Of fir trees murmurous, and crooning breeze,
Where in a breath the fragrance of the trees
Is born and dies amid a peace profound.

And now where slumbrous Noonday lay at ease,
Pale evening trails her gown of gauzy gray,
Lighting the dim brief moments of her stay,
With one clear candle, low among the trees.

With gentle hands she cools the earth and fills
The air with her own tranquil breathing sweet,
Till straying westward with reluctant feet
She slips away beyond the distant hills.

As spreads the peacock wide its gaudy train,
Night spreads her stars and all her subtle snares.
She knows her power and, knowing it, she dares
Bewitch when all but she would think 'twere vain.

Bedecked with gems her beauty to enhance,
She weaves a slow enchantment o'er the earth,
As with a look, half sorrow and half mirth,
She bids the starry hosts of heaven to dance.

It seems that this cool blue-black world of Night
Shall never change to brilliant Day again —
That Time has reached the last link of the chain,
And frightened Earth must ever wait the Light.

Yet, as I watch, the caravan of stars
Creeps out, slow-moving, on its westward way,
And in the east the legions of the day
March up the sky with flashing scimitars.

I know not whether I shall lift my eyes
Unto the heavens, or bend them to the grass;
I cannot pray, I cannot sing, alas;
And yet before these wonders of the skies

Some spirit in me leaps to bend the knee
In utter gratitude and love and praise
For all the wondrous beauty of the days
That God has given to earth; and given to me.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

V. ELK, THIEVES, AND ORPHANS

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

CLOUDCREST, *Oct.* 10, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I wonder what you would do if you were here. But I reckon I had better not anticipate, and so I will begin at the beginning. On the morning of the eighth we held a council. The physician and the two students had gone. All had their limit of elk except Mr. Haynes and myself. Our licenses also entitled each of us to a deer, a mountain sheep, and a bear. We had plenty of food, but it had snowed about a foot and I was beginning to want to get out while the going was good. Two other outfits had gone out. The doctor and the students hired them to haul out their game. So we decided to stay on a week longer.

That morning Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I melted snow and washed the clothes. It was delightful to have nice soft water, and we enjoyed our work; it was almost noon before we thought to begin dinner. I suppose you would say lunch, but with us it is dinner. None of the men had gone out that day.

Mr. Harkrudder was busy with his films and did n't come with the rest when dinner was ready. When he did come, he was excited; he laid a picture on the table and said, 'Do any of you recognize this?'

It looked like a flash-light of our camping ground. It was a little blurry, but some of the objects were quite clear. Our tent was a white blotch except for the outlines; the wagons showed plainly. I did n't think much of it as a picture, so I paid scant attention. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave it close scrutiny; presently she said, 'Oh, yis, I see what it is. It 's a puzzle picture and ye find the man. Here he is, hidin' beyont the pine next the tent.'

'Exactly,' said Harkrudder, 'but I had not expected just this. I am working out some ideas of my own in photography, and this picture is one of the experiments I tried the night of the storm. The result does n't prove my experiment either way. Where were you, Stewart, during the storm?'

'Where should I be? I bided i' the bed,' the Stewart said.

'Well,' said Harkrudder, 'I know where each of the other fellows was, and none of them was in this direction. Now who is the seventh man?'

I looked again, and, sure enough, there was a man in a crouching position outlined against the tent wall. We were all excited, for it was ten minutes past one when Harkrudder was out, and we could n't think why any one would be prowling about our camp at that time of the night.

As Mr. Stewart and I had planned a long, beautiful ride, we set out after dinner, leaving the rest yet at the table eating and conjecturing about the 'stranger within our picture.' I had hoped we would come to ground level enough for a sharp, invigorating canter,

but our way was too rough. It was a joy to be out in the great, silent forest. The snow made riding a little venturesome because the horses slipped a great deal, but Chub is dependable even though he *is* lazy. Clyde bestrode Mr. Haynes's Old Blue. We were headed for the cascades on Clear Creek, to see the wonderful ice-caverns that the flying spray is forming.

We had almost reached the cascades and were crossing a little bowl-like valley, when an elk calf leaped out of the snow and ran a few yards. It paused and finally came irresolutely back toward us. A few steps farther we saw great, red splotches on the snow and the body of a cow elk. Around it were the tracks of the faithful little calf. It would stay by its mother until starvation or wild animals put an end to its suffering. The cow was shot in half a dozen places, none of them in a fatal spot; it had bled to death. 'That,' said Mr. Stewart angrily, 'comes o' bunch shooting. The authorities should revoke the license of a man found guilty of bunch shooting.'

We rode on in silence, each a little saddened by what we had seen. But this was not all. We had begun to descend the mountain side to Clear Creek when we came upon the beaten trail of a herd of elk. We followed it as offering perhaps the safest descent. It did n't take us far. Around the spur of the mountain the herd had stampeded; tracks were everywhere. Lying in the trail were a spike and an old bull with a broken antler. Chub shied, but Old Blue does n't scare, so Mr. Stewart rode up quite close. Around the heads were tell-tale tracks. We did n't dismount, but we knew that the two upper teeth or tushes were missing and that the hated tooth-hunter was at work. The tracks in the snow showed there had been two men. An adult elk averages five hundred pounds of splendid meat; here before us, therefore, lay a thousand pounds of food thrown to waste just to enable a contemptible tooth-hunter to obtain four teeth. Tooth-hunting is against the law, but this is a case where you must catch before hanging.

Well, we saw the cascades, and after resting a little, we started homeward through the heavy woods, where we were compelled to go more slowly. We had dismounted, and were gathering some piñon cones from a fallen tree, when, almost without a sound, a band of elk came trailing down a little draw where a spring trickled. We watched them file along, evidently making for lower ground on which to bed. Chub snorted, and a large cow stopped and looked curiously in our direction. Those behind passed leisurely around her. We knew she had no calf, because she was light in color: cows suckling calves are of a darker shade. A loud report seemed to rend the forest, and the beauty dropped. The rest disappeared so suddenly that if the fine specimen that lay before me had not been proof, it would almost have seemed a dream. I had shot the cow elk my license called for.

We took off the head and removed the entrails, then covered our game with pine boughs, to which we tied a red bandanna so as to make it easy to find next day, when the men would come back with a saw to divide it down the back and pack it in. There is an imposing row of game hanging in the pines back of our tent. Supper was ready when we got in. Mr. Haynes had been out also and was very joyful; he got his elk this afternoon. We can start home day after to-morrow. It will take the men all to-morrow to get in the game.

I shall be glad to start. I am getting homesick, and I have not had a letter or even a card since I have been here. We are hungry for war news, and besides,

it is snowing again. Our clothes did n't get dry either; they are frozen to the brush we hung them on. Perhaps they will be snowed under by morning. I can't complain, though, for it is warm and pleasant in our tent. The little camp-stove is glowing. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is showing Jerrine how to make pigs of potatoes. Calvin and Robert are asleep. The men have all gone to the bachelors' tent to form their plans, all save Mr. Murry, who is 'serenading' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. He is playing 'Nellie Gray,' and somehow I don't want to laugh at him as I usually do; I can only feel sorry for him.

I can hardly write because my heart is yearning for my little Junior boy at home on the ranch with his grandmother. Dear little Mother Stewart, I feel very tender toward her. Junior is the pride of her heart. She would not allow us to bring him on this trip, so she is at the ranch taking care of my brown-eyed boy. Every one is so good, so kind, and I can do so little to repay. It makes me feel very unworthy. You 'll think I have the blues, but I have n't. I just feel humble and chastened. When Mr. Murry pauses I can hear the soft spat, spat of the falling snow on the tent. I will be powerfully glad when we set our faces homeward.

Good night, dear friend. Angels guard you.

ELINORE STEWART.

CLOUDCREST, *Oct.* 13, 1914.

DEAR, DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

This is the very last letter you will receive dated from this camp. We are leaving a few days earlier than we intended and I am pretty badly on the fence. I want to laugh, and really I can hardly keep back the tears. We are leaving sooner than we meant, for rather a good reason. We have n't one bite to eat except elk meat.

After the men had brought into camp the elk we killed the other afternoon, they began to plan a sheep hunt. As sheep do not stay in the woods, the men had to go miles away and above timber line. They decided to take a pack horse and stay all night. I did n't want Mr. Stewart to go because the climbing is very dangerous. No accidents have happened this year, but last season a man fell from the crags and was killed; so I tried to keep the 'good mon' at home. But he would not be persuaded. The love of chase has entered his blood, and it looks to me as if it had chased reason plumb out of his head. I know exactly how Samantha felt when Josiah *would* go to the 'pleasure exertion.' The bald spot on the Stewart's head does n't seem to remind him of years gone by; he is as joyous as a boy.

It was finally decided to take Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and the children and myself to a neighboring camp about two miles away, as we did n't like to risk being frightened by a possible intruder. Sorenson, the game-warden, was in camp to inspect our game on the 12th, and he told us he was on the trail of tooth-hunters and had routed them out on the night of the storm; but what they could have been doing in our camp was as much a mystery to him as to us.

Well, when we were ready to go, Mr. Murry and the Stewart escorted us. It was a cloudy afternoon and often great flakes of snow fell gently, softly. The snow was already about eighteen inches deep, and it made sheep hunting slippery and dangerous work. On our way we came upon an Indian camp. They were all huddled about a tiny fire; scattered about were their wikiups made of sticks and pine boughs. The Indians were sullen and angry. The game-warden had ordered them back to Fort Washakie, where they belonged. Their squaws had jerked their elk.

You may not know what jerked means, so I will explain: it means dried, cured. They had all they were allowed, but for some reason they did n't want to go. Sorenson suspects them of being in with the tooth-hunters and he is narrowing the circle.

At the camp where we were to stay, we found Mrs. Kavanaugh laid up with a sore throat, but she made us welcome. It would be a mighty funny camper who would n't. As soon as the men from the Kavanaugh camp heard our men's plans they were eager to go along. So it ended in us three women being left alone. We said we were not afraid and we tried not to feel so, but after dark we all felt a little timorous. Mrs. Kavanaugh was afraid of the Indians, but I was afraid they would bring Clyde back dead from a fall. We were camped in an old cabin built by the ranger. The Kavanaughs were short of groceries. We cooked our big elk steaks on sticks before the open fire, and we roasted potatoes in the ashes. When our fear wore away we had a fine time. After a while we lay down on fragrant beds of pine.

We awoke late. The fire was dead upon the hearth and outside the snow was piling up. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy made a rousing fire and managed to jolly us until we had a really happy breakfast hour. About three in the afternoon all the men came trooping in, cold, wet, and hungry. After filling them with venison, hot potatoes, and coffee, we started to our own camp. The men were rather depressed because they had come back empty-handed. The Indians were gone and the snow lay thick over the place where their fire had been; they had left in the night.

When we came to camp, Mr. Struble started to build a fire; but no matches were to be had. Next, the men went to feed grain to their tired horses, but the oats were gone. Mr. Murry sought in vain for his beloved accordeon. Mr. Harkrudder was furious when he found his grinding machine was gone. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy made a dash for the grub-box. It was empty. We were dumbfounded. Each of us kept searching and researching and knowing all the while we would find nothing. Mr. Struble is a most cheerful individual, and, as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy says, 'is a mighty good fellow even if he *is* Dutch.' 'The Indians have stolen us out,' he said, 'but after all they have left us our tents and harness, all our meat, and the road home; so what matter if we *are* a little inconvenienced as to grub? Haynes may cry for sugar but that won't hurt the rest any. I'll saddle and ride over to Scotty's and get enough to last us out.'

We knew the Kavanaughs could not help us any, but we grew cheerful in anticipating help from Scotty, who was from Green River and was camped a few miles away. We wanted Mr. Struble to wait until morning, but he said no, it would make breakfast late; so he rode off in the dark. At two o'clock this morning he came in almost frozen, with two small cans of milk and two yeast cakes. As soon as it was light enough to see, the men were at work loading the game and breaking camp. As they are ready now to take down this tent, I will have to finish this letter somewhere else.

AT SORENSON'S CABIN
ON GREEN RIVER.

Well, we're here, warmed and fed and in much better trim bodily and mentally. We had mishap after mishap coming. First the Hutton horse, being a broncho, had to act up when he was hitched up. We had almost more game than we could haul, but at last we got started, after the broncho had reared and pitched as much as he wanted to. There are a great many

springs, — one every few feet in these mountains, — and the snow hid the pitfalls and made the ground soft, so that the wheels cut in and pulling was hard. Then, too, our horses had had nothing to eat for two days, the snow being so deep they could n't get at the grass, hobbled as they were.

We had got perhaps a mile from camp when the leading wagon, with four horses driven by Mr. Haynes, suddenly stopped. The wheels had sunk into the soft banks of a small, ditch-like spring branch. Mr. Stewart had to stay on our wagon to hold the broncho, but all the rest, even Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, gathered around and tried to help. They hitched on a snap team, but not a trace tightened. They did n't want to unload the game in the snow. The men lifted and pried on the wheels. Still the horses would n't budge.

Mr. Haynes is no disciple of Job, but he tried manfully to restrain himself. Turning to Glenholdt, who was offering advice, he said, 'You get out. I know what the trouble is: these horses used to belong to a freighter and are used to being cussed. It 's the greatest nuisance in the world for a man to go out where there 's a bunch of women. If these women were n't along I'd make these horses get out of there.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'Don't lay your poor driving to the women. If you drive by cussin', then *cuss*. We will stop up our ears.'

She threw her apron over her head. I held my fingers in Jerrine's ears and she stopped my ears, else I might be able to tell you what he said. It was something violent, I know. I could tell by the expression of his face. He had only been doing it a second when those horses walked right out with the wagon as nicely as you please. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said to Mr. Haynes, 'It 's a poor cusser you are. Sure, it 's no wonder you hesitated to begin. If Danny O'Shaughnessy could n't have sworn better, I'd have had to hilp him.'

We got along pretty well after that. Mr. Haynes kept some distance ahead; but occasionally a bit of 'cussin' ' came back to us and we knew he was using freighter tactics.

The game-warden lives in a tiny little cabin. The door is so low that I had to stoop to get in. It was quite dark when we got here last night, but Mrs. Sorenson acted as if she was *glad* to see us. I did n't think we could all get in. A row of bunks is built along one side of the cabin. A long tarpaulin covers the bed, and we all got upon this and sat while our hostess prepared our supper. If one of us had stirred we would have been in her way; so there we sat as thick as thieves. When supper was ready six got off their perch and ate; when they were through, six more were made happy.

Mr. Sorenson had caught the tooth-hunters. On the wall hung their deadly guns, with silencers on them to muffle the report. He showed us the teeth he had found in their possession. The warden and his deputy had searched the men and their effects and found no teeth. He had no evidence against them except their unlawful guns, but he knew he had the right men. At last he found their contract to furnish two hundred pair of teeth. It is a trick of such hunters to thrust a knife into the meat of the game they have, and so to make pockets in which they hide the teeth; but these fellows had no such pockets. They jeered at the warden and threatened to kill him, but he kept searching, and presently found the teeth in a pail of lard. He told us all about it as we sat, an eager crowd, on his bed. A warden takes his life in his hands when he goes after such fellows, but Sorenson is not afraid to do it.

The cabin walls are covered with pen-and-ink drawings, the work of the war-

den's gifted children, — Vina, the pretty eighteeen-year-old daughter, and Laurence, the sixteen-year-old son. They never had a lesson in drawing in their lives, but their pictures portray Western life exactly.

The snow is not so deep here as it was at camp, but it is too deep for the horses to get grass. The men were able to get a little grain from the warden; so we will pull out in the morning and try to make it to where we can get groceries. We are quite close to where Elizabeth lives, but we should have to cross the river, and it was dark when we passed her home. I should like to see her but won't get a chance to. Mrs. Sorenson says she is very happy. In all this round of exposure the kiddies are as well as can be. Cold, camping, and elk meat agree with them. We are in a tent for the night and it is so cold the ink is freezing, but the kiddies are snuggled under their blankets as warm as toast. We are to start early in the morning. Good night, dear friend. I am glad I can take this trip *for* you. You'd freeze.

ELINORE STEWART.

IN CAMP, *Oct.* 16, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

The day we left the game-warden's was damp and lowering. It did n't seem it could have one good thing to its credit, but there were several things to be thankful for. One of them was that you were safe at home in your warm, dry apartment. We had hardly passed the great Block buttes when the biggest wettest flakes of snow began to pelt into our faces. I really rather like a storm, and the kiddies would have enjoyed the snow; but we had to keep the wagon-sheet tied down to keep the bedding dry, and the kiddies get sick under cover. All the pleasure I might have had was taken away by the fact that we were making a forced drive. We *had* to go. The game-warden had no more than enough food for his family, and no horse feed. Also, the snow was almost as deep there as it had been higher up, so the horses could not graze.

We made it to Cora that day. Here at last was plenty of hay and grain; we restocked our mess-boxes and felt better toward the world. Next day we came on here to Newfork, where we are resting our teams before we start across the desert, which begins just across the creek we are camped on.

We have added two to our party. I know you will be interested to know how it happened, and I can picture the astonishment of our neighbors when we reach home, for our newcomers are to be members of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's family. We had all been sorry we could not visit Elizabeth or 'Danyul' and his mother. We felt almost as if we were sneaking past them, but we consoled ourselves with promises to see the Burneys and Grandma Mortimer. Yesterday the children and I were riding with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in the buckboard. We were trotting merrily along the lane that leads to Newfork, thankful in our hearts to be out of the snow, — for there is no snow here. Just ahead of us two little boys were riding along on their ponies. There was wire fence on both sides of the lane, and almost at the end of the lane an old cow had her head between the wires and was nibbling the tall dead grass. The larger of the two boys said, 'That 's old Pendry's cow, and she shan't eat a blade of grass off Dad's meadow.'

He rode up to the cow and began beating her with his quirt. That frightened the cow, and as she jerked her head up, the top wire caught her across the top of her neck; she jerked and lunged to free herself, and was cruelly cut by the barbs on the wire. Then he began beating his pony.

The small boy said, 'You're a coward an' a fool, Billy Polk. The cow was n't hurtin' nothin', an' you're just tryin' to show off, beatin' that pony.'

Said the other boy, 'Shut up, you beggar, or I'll beat you; an' I'll take them breeches you got on off you, an' you can go without any — they're mine. My ma give 'em to you.'

The little fellow's face was scarlet — as much of it as we could see for the freckles — and his eyes were blazing as he replied, 'You ain't man enough. I dare you to strike me or to tech my clothes.'

Both boys were riding bareback. The small boy slid off his pony's back; the other rode up to him and raised his quirt, but the little one seized him by the leg, and in a jiffy they were in the road fighting like cats. I asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to drive on, but she said, 'If you are in a hurry you can try walkin'; I'm goin' to referee this scrap.'

It looked for a minute as if the small boy would get a severe beating, but by some trick he hurled the other headlong into the green, slimy water that edged the road; then, seizing the quirt and the opportunity at the same time, he belabored Billy without mercy as that individual climbed up the slippery embankment, blubbering and whipped. Still sobbing, he climbed upon his patient pony, which stood waiting, and galloped off down the lane. The other pony followed and the little conqueror was left afoot.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was beaming with delight. 'Sure, 't was a fine fight, a sight worth coming all this way to see. Ah! but you're the bye. 'T is a dollar I'd be givin' ye, only me purse is in my stockin' —'

'Oh,' the boy said quickly, 'don't let that stop you. I'll look off another way.'

I don't know if she would have given him the money, for just then some men came into the lane with some cattle and we had to start. The boy got up on the back end of the buckboard and we drove on. We could hear our wagons rumbling along and knew they would soon catch up.

'Where is your home, bye?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Oh, just wherever Aunt Hettie has work,' he said. 'She is at Mr. Tom's now, so I'm there, too, — me and Baby Girl.'

'Where are your folks?' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went on.

'Ma's dead, an pa's gone to Alasky. I don't know where my brothers are. Baby Girl an' me are with Aunt Het, an' that's all there are of us.' He grinned cheerfully in spite of the fact that one eye was fast closing and he bore numerous bumps and scratches on his face and head.

Just then one of the men with the cattle galloped up and shouted, 'Hello!' It was Mr. Burney! 'Where'd you get that kid? I guess I'll have to get the sheriff after you for kidnapping Bud. And what have you been doing to him, anyway?'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy entered delightedly into a recital of the 'mixup,' and it turned out that Mr. Tom and Mr. Burney were one. It was like meeting an old friend; he seemed as pleased as we and insisted on our going on up to his ranch; he said 'the missus' would feel slighted if we passed her by. So we turned into another lane, and presently drew up before the ranch house. 'The missus' came dancing out to meet us, and right welcome she made us feel. Mr. Burney went back to bring the rest, but they were already setting up the tents and had supper almost ready. However, we stayed and had supper with the Burneys.

They are powerfully happy and talked eagerly of themselves and their prospects. 'It's just grand to have a home

of your own and some one to do for. I just *love* to mend for Tommy, but I always hated to mend before,' said the missus.

'You bet,' Mr. Burney answered, 'it is sure fine to know there's somebody at home with a pretty pink dress on, waitin' for a fellow when he comes in from a long day in the saddle.'

And so they kept up their thoughtless chatter; but every word was as a stab to poor Aunt Hettie. She had Baby Girl on her lap and was giving the children their supper, but I noticed that she ate nothing. It was easy to see that she was not strong. Baby Girl is four years old and is the fattest little thing. She has very dark blue eyes with long, black lashes, and the shortest, most turned-up little nose. She is so plump and rosy that even the faded old blue denim dress could not hide her loveliness.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy could not keep her eyes off the children. 'What is the little girl's name?' she asked.

'Caroline Agnes Lucia Lavina Ida Eunice,' was the astonishing reply.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gasped. 'My *goodness*,' she exclaimed; 'is that *all?*'

'Oh, no,' Aunt Hettie went on placidly; 'you see, her mother could n't call her all the names, so she just used the first letters. They spell Callie; so that is what she called her. But I don't like the name. I call her Baby Girl.'

I asked her how she ever came to name her that way, and she said, 'My sister wanted a girl, but there were six boys before this little one came. Each time she hoped it would be a girl, and accordingly selected a name for a girl. So there were six names saved up, and as there was n't much else to give her, my sister gave them *all* to the baby.'

After supper the Burneys rode down to camp with us. We had the same camping ground that we had when we came up. The cabin across the creek, where we met Grandma Mortimer, is silent and deserted; the young couple have moved away with their baby.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy kept talking about the fight, and Mr. Burney gave us the history of the children. 'Their mother,' he began, 'has been dead about eighteen months. She really died of a broken heart. Baby Girl was only a few weeks old when the father went to Alaska, and I guess he's dead. He was to a' been back in three years, and no one has ever heard a word from him. His name was Bolton; he was a good fellow, only he went bughouse over the gold fields and just fretted till he got away — sold everything for a grub stake — left his wife and seven kids almost homeless. But they managed some way till the mother died. With her last breath she asked that the two youngest be kept together; she knew the oldest ones would have to be separated. She never did give up looking for Bolton and she wanted him to have the babies.

'Her sister Hettie has worked around here for years; her and Rob Langley have been going to marry ever since I can remember, but always there has something cropped up. And now that Hettie has got to take care of the kids I guess they won't never marry; she won't burden him with them. It is hard for her to support them, too. Work is scarce, and she can't get it, lots of times, because of the kids.'

The Burneys soon went home and the rest of us went to bed, — all except Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; she was so cranky and snappy that we left her by the fire. It seemed hours after when I awoke. She was still sitting by the fire; she was absently marking in the ashes with a stick. I happened to be the first one up next morning and as I stirred up the fire I saw 'Baby' written in the ashes.

We had breakfasted and the men had gone their ways when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said to me, —

'It is a blessed old soul Mrs. Mortimer is. Do you mind any good lesson that she taught us in the cabin beyont?' I did not remember. 'She said, "The pangs of motherhood make us mothers not only of our own, but of every child that needs mothering, — especially if our own little children need us no longer. Fill their little places with ones who do need us." Them's her very words, and it's sweet truth it is. Both my Katie and Sheridan have been grown and gone these many years and my heart has ached for childher, and there's none but Cora Belle. I am goin' to get them childher this day. What do you think about it?'

I thought so well of it that in about two minutes we were harnessing the horses and were off to lay the plan before Hettie in record-breaking time.

Poor Hettie: she wept quietly while the advantages of the scheme were being pointed out. She said, 'I love the children, dearly, but I am not sure I can always feed and clothe them; that has worried me a lot. I am almost sure Bolton is dead. I'll miss the little things, but I am glad to know they are well provided for. You can take them.'

'Now,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'you go on an' marry your man if he is a decent sort. Do it right away before something else happens. It is an illigant wedding present I'll be sendin' you. You must come to see the childher often. What's the bye's name?'

'We never did name him; you see we had kind of run out of boys' names. We just called him Buddy.'

'I can find a name for him,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. 'Is there a Joseph in the family?' Hettie said no. 'Well, then, he is named Joseph Bolton O'Shaughnessy, and I 'll have them both baptized as soon as we get to Green River.'

So in the morning we start with two new members. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is very happy. I am so glad myself that I can hardly express myself. We are *all* happy except Mr. Murry; he has at last given up hopes, and gone. Mr. Haynes growls a little about having to travel along with a rolling nursery, but he is just bluffing. I am longing to see Junior. We have not heard one word since we left them, and I am so homesick for mother and my boy. And *you*, best of friends, when shall I see your beloved face? To-morrow night we shall camp at Ten Trees and we shall be one day nearer home.

With much love,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

(*The End.*)

THE CALUMNIATED COLLEGIAN

BY MARY LEAL HARKNESS

'EDUCATION formerly meant an ability to write polished Latin verse, to think in terms incomprehensible to the mob, and to feel a proper disdain for all things material; to-day it is being given the meaning of an ability to take one's part in industry, in business, and in the operation of the farm.

'The best educated man of yesterday was the most helpless, where business was concerned. He knew much about the personal habits of the trilobite, could give accurate information concerning the sources of the drama and poetry of the ancient Greeks. . . . But he knew less than nothing of making and selling things, while his knowledge of the farm came of memorized bits of pastoral and rustic poetry.'

As I read the illuminating and veracious newspaper article whose opening paragraphs were adorned with the above choice statements of educational truth, I regretted that this valuable contributor to journalistic literature and public information could not also behold the mental picture which the closing quotation especially brought before my own vision.

One summer day the grocer's delivery horse balked in front of our house. Of all obstreperous quadrupeds, he was the very balkiest horse that I ever saw. The delivery boy swore and wept, he petted and patted, he lashed and pulled, he exhausted every device known to delivery boys, and the beast moved not. A crowd assembled, — the sort of crowd which such an attraction always draws, 'practical' men and boys all, — and, I'll dare be sworn, not a user of grammar pure and undefiled in the whole collection. And they told all they knew about balky horses, and did all they knew as well; but the horse remained unmoved. Then the college professor of our family, a Latin professor, as it chanced, and of the vintage which our valued writer on education would probably term 'of yesterday,' looked out of his library window and contemplated the situation. But not for long. He rose without remark, sought his carriage house, procured a rope, advanced to the middle of the street, spoke gently to the grocer's boy and his steed, attached the rope at the points where it would do the most good — and the animal proceeded down the street. There was some surprised and admiring comment from the bystanders, I remember, to which the professor made not much response. It is barely possible that this brilliant exhibition of what is supposed to typify 'efficiency' was the product of 'memorized bits of pastoral and rustic poetry'; but the only explanation which he vouchsafed to his family was, 'I learned that trick when I was a boy on Jim Henderson's farm. He used to keep the meanest horses that ever grew.'

If the sort of stuff which I have quoted as a prelude to my prospective remarks were the only specimen of it that I had ever read or heard, or if the family incident just related were the only evidence that could be offered of its preposterous absurdity, the prospective remarks could hardly be worth the

making. But, as a matter of fact, that sort of stuff is being written and said a great deal, and the multitude seems blind to the numerous facts which flatly contradict such declarations of the failure of the college-bred to 'connect with' what certain modern thinkers are pleased to term 'life.'

The article in question was written as a preliminary to a recent rather important educational conference, which I myself attended. From this outline of its purpose and general tendency one might have supposed the sole purpose of the conference to be the inauguration of a grand movement for the uplift and culture of rural communities through a general policy which the following sentence fairly well typifies: 'They will, also, have pig and social clubs.'

A week later I attended another educational meeting at which the highest educational official in his state proclaimed in a long speech the gospel of 'More corn roots and no Latin roots,' and 'Down with higher mathematics,' with all else that leads to college, but 'does not prepare for practical life.' At both these meetings there were earnest, and not a few, groups of men and women engaged in the discussion of the advancement of higher education and the promotion of honest educational standards and ideals, but their meetings were accorded a brief space in obscure nooks in the daily papers, while the exponents of 'pig and social clubs' shared the front pages with Mexico, and the pictured faces of organizers of tomato clubs beamed from every local journal. And a prominent paper, commenting editorially and approvingly upon one man's suggestion 'to limit mathematics in the public schools to what the farmers, bankers, and others in commercial life need in their ordinary business,' and to 'throw the rest overboard, and have the children taught the three thousand or four thousand ordinary words they are likely to use,' and to have 'the fifteen thousand others more or less technical cast into the junk heap,' said of such suggestions that 'they ought to have, and we believe will have, universal approval.'

Again, one of the most highly esteemed of the magazines to which I subscribe contained recently an editorial in praise of the new style of college commencement adopted in a northwestern state, at which, with appropriate 'scientific' comment, a young woman in a becoming big apron did a family washing, a youth in butcher's raiment cut up a dead sheep, and a future bronco-buster gave an exhibition of colt-breaking, — all on the commencement stage, to the immense delight of an audience assembled in apprehension of some hours of exposition of baccalaureate plans for the regeneration of humanity. The editorial eulogy of the innovation closed as follows: 'It is always interesting to listen to a person who knows what he is talking about, whatever that may be, but the number of people who can talk well on what they do not know is naturally limited.'

Is it always interesting to listen to a person who knows what he is talking about? If that editor really imagines so, he evidently has never listened to an uninterrupted ninety-minute description of how a notable housekeeper makes strawberry preserves. And I would defy any human being to prove that she does not know what she is talking about, for I have tested her preserves too often. But her recital of her methods does not inspire an appetite for more.

Among the oft-quoted adages is one that 'there cannot be so much smoke without some fire.' But I have had occasion in my life to observe the fallibility of proverbs. And all of us have seen, if I mistake not, dense clouds of

moral smoke where there was no real fire at all, or, if there was, it did not originate from the victim's own chimney. And so it is my opinion that the murky fumes now obscuring from clear view the real work of the college and collegian rise from no fire of collegiate kindling. Less metaphorically, I do not believe that it is from any real failure of the college or its product to 'make good' that the present attack upon it has arisen. It is rather the instinctive desire of a multitude of half-educated men and women to justify their own unlettered state by proclaiming a new cultural salvation, easily attained and 'just as good' as the old kind that came with tears and midnight oil. Their mode of proving it just as good and a good deal better, is to select a few cases of failures in life, group them advantageously for public view, and announce, 'College education did this.' I heard an enthusiastic propagator of the 'new education' for women distinctly charge it to the college women of her state that there were hundreds and even thousands of unhappy women in the city of Atlanta who did not know how to sweep a floor properly.

'You college women are neglecting the *vital* things of life, my dears,' she said, in an affecting peroration. And from recent reading of the daily papers I cull two flowers of thought, one from an educator of some prominence, the other from a trashy story running serially on the 'Women and Society' page. The educator, speaking on vocational training, 'showed by figures and several illustrations that there are many whose life work is not in harmony with their talents,' according to the newspaper's report. 'There is no higher work, the speaker said, than to lead a child into those fields of activities which will make satisfied men and women. He is of the opinion that the focusing of attention by schools on the professions is doing great harm to the country.'

The speakers in the second extract are two disillusioned female college graduates. '"It often seems to me," said Marian reflectively, "that going to college unfits a girl for contact with the real world more than anything else could possibly do. A college campus has a way of building ideals that are almost certain to get knocked into a cocked hat." "I agree with you," sighed Miss Barton; "the bumps that come after a girl's graduation hurt all the more because college has made her a highly sensitive being. . . . Believe me, the truly happy and contented people are the lowbrows and the roughnecks, if you will allow me to use two very expressive terms." '

I should apologize for seeming to take seriously this bit of profound philosophy if it did not fairly represent much that is constantly appearing, expressed with hardly less crudeness, in far more aristocratic literary environment. Many of the mishaps of this story's peculiarly idiotic heroine are traced to the fact that 'she left college with no training to do any particular work'; and the thing is significant from just this: that the author tosses the statement off glibly from time to time for a truth accepted as proved by modern society. It would be possible, I dare say, to brand the statement 'not proved' by the popular statistical method, — that is, by tabulated lists of male college graduates who have become presidents of the United States and others in authority, and of female college graduates who have achieved an average of over two and a half children each. But that method does not appeal to me, because I consider the truth thus vindicated, however indubitable, about the least important argument in the case for the college. I am inclined rather to hark back to the words of a certain

Augustan poet whose cheerful wisdom and plain, hard sense make it seem to me a thousand pities that all the tomato-canners and pig-club officials should go down to old age in total innocence of his philosophy and even of his existence. For I am sure that they, and their immediate educational advisers as well, if they knew a few of the things he said and did, and if they did *not* know that they were said in Latin and done in Rome or thereabouts, would class him among the 'efficient.' (Although it might perhaps disagree with them to discover that he animadverted severely upon the teaching of mathematics in Roman schools, merely to supply 'what the farmers, bankers, and others in commercial life need in their ordinary business'; for when once 'this gangrene of care for money' has eaten into the soul, he said, how can we expect great literature, and its natural accompaniment, great ideals of citizenship, ever to find birth there?) But, although about as hard-headed and practical as a poet ever gets to be, he wrote these words, which I suspect that it does take something rather beyond the pig-club intelligence to recognize as practicality in its essence: —

'You see with what effort of mind and soul you strive to avoid what you believe to be the greatest evils, a small fortune and humiliating defeat at the polls. Will you not learn from and listen to and believe a wiser teacher, so that you will not *care* for the things which you foolishly admire and wish for?'

The college seems to me to-day's 'wiser teacher'; not an agency to train undeveloped boys and girls for some particular money-making vocation before they yet know their own tastes or powers, but to give them a sufficient apprehension of life's true values to judge fairly what things are perhaps worth the bruises and weariness of pursuit 'over seas, over rocks, and through fire.' Even if it were true that college graduates are not making money, moving great enterprises, — 'doing things,' in short, — it would still be true that they have the best equipment for the many-sidedness of *real* life which the world has yet learned to compress into the few early years allotted to schoolroom preparation for living. It is absurd to expect full preparation for any of its walks or vicissitudes from those few years, however spent; but those who have spent them in college contain the smallest proportion 'whose life work is not in harmony with their talents,' and they come nearer than any others to holding the specific for being 'truly happy and contented people.' In the last analysis the whole question comes down to this: What do we mean when we talk about 'life' and about things that are 'vital'? It appears that perhaps those who sling these terms with the greatest freedom and frequency disagree with me entirely as to their meaning. It is then a not unimportant matter to decide whether the thing that is 'vital' to you is your stewed — or stuffed, or escalloped — tomato, or your state of mind, which stays with you a good deal longer than the tomato stays on your plate or the memory of its flavor stays in your grateful soul, — even if you fletcherize. In short, is the only 'vital' thing to you the making and possession of some things that you can eat up, and wear out, and smash? I know that eloquent and impassioned articles have been written to prove that the whole happiness of mankind is balanced upon the delicate fulcrum of digestion, that one lurking disease-germ in a carpet that knows not the vacuum cleaner can destroy whole cities — and who denies it? But can any one with brains in his head and even a rudimentary tendency toward fair-mindedness also deny that it is possible for life to

be perfectly miserable to many a consumer of a scientifically chosen and cooked dinner, eaten with feet resting upon a floor swept and garnished with all the ceremonials of domestic-science propriety? I make no claim that the college graduate can by exalted thought stay the ravages of the typhoid germ or neutralize the pangs of indigestion; but I hereby protest that he has largely escaped the one-sided mental development which sees 'life' only in food and sanitation, and the various material elements which they represent.

One of the greatest absurdities of the whole attack upon college training is the constant assumption that its finished product has been immured somewhere all his school-life long, whereby he has been absolutely cut off from contact with everything but books, and those books leading solely to the learned professions. Not every boy now serves an apprenticeship in equine and bovine management on some relative's farm; but even in these days it is the very exceptional boy or girl who does not daily come into contact with all manner of details of what we are pleased to term 'practical' life. And in the college preparatory school, and still more in college, there are numerous forms of 'student activities,' theoretically distinct from, but always growing out of the school curriculum, which develop and train executive ability in matters of business and industry, if we think special training in those things so tremendously important. The college graduate does not, and never did, in this country at least, come down from the commencement platform a spectacled dyspeptic, who has a 'proper disdain for all things material,' and is 'helpless where business is concerned.' Who has it been to any really great extent but the college graduates who have made all the western states rank high at once for their educational standards and for their business, agriculture, and industry? And, be it remembered, they were graduates of a day when colleges were much more narrowly classical than now. Again, it is of no little significance that the form of social work generally admitted to have come nearer to a solution of the hard problem of urban poverty, ignorance, and vice than any other, is for the most part prosecuted under the name of the *College* Settlement Association. Even in the cities where settlement work does not actually bear the college name, it is still largely directed by college-bred women and men, with college-bred ideals. I reverse the common form of expression, and name the women first, because I believe that it is universally admitted that this great work is essentially woman-devised and woman-executed, although it has had the valuable coöperation of many thoughtful and educated men. But I also believe, — what is not so generally recognized, — that it is only the gradually diffused effect of college training upon the American female mind which has ever made women think that they can do such great things as these, no matter though some of the actual workers are not themselves holders of collegiate degrees. Higher education has been so nearly the sole agency in the awakening of women to a consciousness of their powers and their duties that it fills me with amazement and consternation to see the strength of the present movement to imprison their mental activities within a narrow technical training which boasts that its highest aim is the intensive application of that training 'in the home.'

The President of the National Women's Trade Union League of America wrote to me last spring, 'We are especially grateful to you, because the newer education . . . which is being given to boys is being denied to girls on the

theory that they are only potential wives and mothers. If this distinction is disastrous in the world at large by depriving the girl of such an education as "can give the greatest intellectual strength" — it is still more disastrous in the industrial world. That the working women themselves realize this is proved by the action taken by them at their convention last June in St. Louis.' This action was, in brief, an expression of their appreciation of the fact that the thing which above all places them at the mercy of unscrupulous employers is their ignorance and consequent intellectual ineffectiveness. Almost simultaneously with this letter came one from a member of the Wellesley College Faculty, who, writing to me of the fire there, said, 'Yes, College Hall is a great loss to Wellesley, but the splendid human values which the emergency brought forth still fill me with a sense of elation. The vindication of the value of training for women which that experience afforded seems to me a new glory for the annals of the college.'

These unsolicited verdicts from persons dealing intimately with two opposite and representative classes of women need no especial comment to a reading public familiar with the story of the conduct of Wellesley girls and teachers during the fire and after it, familiar too with the difficulty always experienced in uniting uneducated working women for an intelligent defense of their own interests.

I do not see how a serious person, when he thinks of these things, can view with other than alarm the powerful present tendency to lower the general level of American intellectuality by teaching that 'education' means merely the introduction of certain creature comforts into slum dwellings and remote farmhouses which now know them not. With the movement for a general diffusion of culture and decent living in these backward and neglected portions of our population, no one can have anything but the most ardent sympathy. But that real culture, or any truly high standard of living, can be secured by a method which openly proclaims all processes of pure intellect inferior in educational value and utility for life to mechanical processes and material results, seems to me a thesis not even worthy of argument.

You will have secured a desirable thing when you have the housekeeper of the slum district educated up to the charms of clean floors and windows, and to the intended function of the bathtub; you will have secured something equally desirable when you shall have brought into the barren life of the uncultivated farmer and his wife an appreciation of the æsthetic possibilities of a rustic abode.

It will be even better, possibly, when you have provided for them and their children those wholesome amusements and opportunities for social intercourse which human nature craves and in proper measure should have. But an education deliberately so planned that in the very nature of things it must stop just there, will never reduce the number 'whose life work is not in harmony with their talents,' nor will it assure 'satisfied men and women.' Men and women are never satisfied, if satisfaction depends merely upon what they *have;* and while the new educational plan may perhaps increase the earning capacity of the cheaper class of wage-earners and the crop-raising capacity of the farmer, it can hardly fail also to increase what I believe to be the most deadly thing in nearly all ranks of society to-day, — the desire to be merely comfortable, to have 'pretty things,' and, above all, to be entertained and amused. And in increasing that by a measure of gratification of it, it must inevitably, and soon, increase the re-

sultant discontent and restlessness, — because that measure is never great enough to keep pace with the ever-expanding desire. There is no remedy for that discontent but the well-filled mind; vocational training must consent to add to itself the studies which give that, and to grant the full time which those studies require, or its present spectacular success in landing certain deft-fingered young persons in what are, for *young* persons, well-paid positions, will soon be known for the humbug that it is, and the present popular applause be turned into hisses.

Finally, it seems to me not too much to say that if society would protect itself from extinction through the hideous agency of deadly boredom alone, it must take active measures to preserve and multiply the college graduate. For it is a tremendous fallacy that the possessor of only the trained hand can hope with any well-founded confidence to be included in that desirable company which is both interesting and interested. For the hand can lose its cunning, and even where its continued skill perhaps may keep its owner happily entertained, common candor must admit that there is no assurance of the same joyous effect upon that owner's associates. This fact holds true in all walks of life, and irrespective of sex. If you could persuade every woman in Atlanta to sweep a floor properly, I doubt much if she could still be guaranteed an agreeable companion for a rainy Sunday. If you could teach every 'white wing' in any city to remove the dirt of the streets in the most dustless and sanitary manner known to science, I still question whether you would wish him to come to your library for an evening of uplifting conversation. And he would be equally lacking in resources for *self*-entertainment in his unemployed hours. So we come to one of the gravest charges that can be brought against the 'new education': that, while it may bring jobs to men and women when they are young, it provides nothing for the man or woman retired from that job by age. If there is anything beneath the stars more pitiable than the elderly man or woman with no active purpose left in life, and no intellectual resources from which to draw occupation and interest, I have not yet seen it. On the other hand, there is nothing which so effectively robs the prospect of old age of its terrors as the sight of the scholarly wearer of whitened hair which crowns a head still vigorous and young through the happy preservative agency of a trained and much-used intellect. Incidentally, it is not an infrequent thing to behold the owner of such a head making his own garden, or milking his own Jersey cow, or displaying ample efficiency to start a balky horse.

No mechanical process can guarantee to us an interesting life, or insure us against boredom. But just because it is something more than a mechanical process, a college education of the right sort comes nearer doing this than any other agency we know, — certainly nearer than any drill in cow-milking or scientific cooking. Its value to us and to the future of our country is beyond estimation. If the time ever comes when 'vital' is taken to be synonymous with 'lucrative'; when the life of the mind and the training of the mind are set below those of the body; when intelligence, as a means to a full and satisfying life, is superseded by prophylaxis and hygiene, — then we may well wish that we had listened to a wiser teacher.

THE CHEST OF CEDAR

BY L. P. JACKS

I

In the central district of a large manufacturing town in the north of England stand two churches, on opposite sides of the street.

One of these churches, that on the south side, has a Palladian front and a gloomy portal. The smoke of the city has deeply engrained itself in the walls, and penetrated to the remotest recesses of the interior. The windows are few and dirty, the light is bad, and the interior, which is vast, smells like a sepulchre. A board on the outside informs those who can read the smoke-blackened letters that the minister is the Reverend Julius Sahara, D.D., and that divine service is held on Sundays at 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M. Also that marriages are 'solemnized.' The word fits the place. If you wish to begin your wedded life in the depths of gloom, you should have the marriage 'solemnized' in Dr. Sahara's church.

The church on the north side is the opposite in more senses than one. It is aggressively modern and ostentatiously artistic. Its architecture betrays no recognizable tradition, and is not even ecclesiastical. You might take it for a large and handsome private house were it not for the notice-board outside. In substance the information on this board is similar to that on its opposite neighbor, except that it bears, or bore not long ago, the name of another pastor — the Reverend Gabriel Saccarin, also D.D. The lettering is of brilliant gold and glitters in the morning sun. And near by is another board or tablet on which is inscribed a long list of the mighty dead, all of whom, says the legend below, threw in their lot with the enlightened denomination whose members worship within. It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for Dr. Saccarin and his flock that the great men claimed by the board were beyond the reach of cross-examination.

The contrast in the outward appearance of these two churches was reproduced, at the time this history begins, in the doctrines preached within their walls. I forget at the moment the names of the sects severally represented by the two churches; but I remember that they were known locally as the Saharists and the Saccarists. And I regret to add that the two pastors, who were not on good terms, had worse names for each another. Saccarin called his rival a 'Moribundist,' which Sahara countered by calling Saccarin an 'Ad Captandumist.' Politeness apart, it must be confessed that these latter names were not altogether inappropriate. Sahara stood in the tradition of Calvin and had a horror of modern thought. Saccarin, on the other hand, knew of no 'thought' except the modern variety, and did not recognize any 'thought' as valid which was more than seven years old.

The contrast was further emphasized by the difference in the personalities of the two men. Sahara was old; Saccarin was relatively young. Sahara was the inflexible embodiment of Justice; Saccarin was, or was said to be, the

pliant messenger of Love. The manner and voice of Sahara were attuned to the requirements of the Day of Judgment; Saccarin was most in his element at a tea-party. Sahara was cold and forbidding; Saccarin had a passion for shaking hands. You never dared to shake hands with Sahara; but when you met Saccarin you seemed to be shaking hands all the time.

Sahara's church was empty; Saccarin's was full; and the filling of this had resulted, in large measure, from the emptying of that. It was as if two great tanks had been placed side by side and the water of the one drawn off into the other by means of a subterranean pipe. Sahara's income had gradually diminished until he had become as poor as the poorest of the church-mice who formed the bulk of his congregation. Saccarin was rich: he had an income which would have been acceptable to a Cabinet minister. Sahara lived in lodgings at thirty shillings a week, board included. Saccarin was building a huge house on a hill-top. Sahara wrote his sermons on the back of letters or money-lenders' circulars, and kept them in a tub. Saccarin wrote his with an expensive typewriter and kept them in a chest of cedar, which he had purchased for ninety pounds. It was a noble chest, the work of cunning craftsmen in the olden time. It stood upon the feet of lions; a coat of arms was displayed on the lid; a bishop's mitre was carved at either end, and a group representing Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac covered the front. 'The word of God must be worthily housed.' A chest to house his sermons; a great mansion to house the chest; and a covering principle for both propositions. Saccarin's conscience was at ease.

II

Dr. Saccarin was 'a live man.' No fine-spun theories, no obsolete theological dogmas, no antiquated notions of any kind about him. All was up-to-date. His sermons were 'right there.' They hit modern life, and the latest phase of modern life, in the very bull's eye. They were discussed on the Exchange and at the political clubs; they were reported verbatim in Monday's paper on the next page to the 'Market Intelligence'; and it is authentically related that a great surgeon, in the midst of a capital operation on the brain, paused at a critical moment to remark to his colleague, 'I say, Biggar, you ought to come and hear Saccarin. His sermon last Sunday on the Progress of Surgery was the finest utterance I ever heard.'

Dr. Saccarin's philosophy, which had a fine note of modernity, may be summarized as follows. The end for which the world is created is not happiness (an obsolete conception) but — education. The Universe is best understood by thinking of it as a university. The human race is a vast mutual improvement society; the nations of the world are affiliated academies in the Cosmic School; and God is the Supreme Author of the educational code and sole Minister of Instruction — a schoolmaster and not a taskmaster. All events, all objects, all laws, whether of nature or morality, have an educational reference; they are 'lessons' in disguise; to find their 'lesson' is to find their reason and their final cause.

Saccarin had discovered a new variety of the philosopher's stone, by means of which he could, at a moment's notice, transmute any object in the world or any event in daily life into the pure gold of an edifying 'lesson.' His discernment of the educational significance of things had the quality of genius. An item of news would furnish him with a theme, a change in the weather would give him a text. If, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, the boys in the street

were calling a 'late special' of the evening paper, Saccarin would rush out, buy the sheet, turn up the special news, — a revolution in Turkey, a prize-fight in Nebraska, — and next morning the 'lesson' of that event would be served up piping hot to a packed congregation of the most impressionable heads in the city. There was scarcely a great poem in the language, a picture in the National Gallery, or a statue in the public park, which the genius of this preacher had not forced to yield a contribution to the educational designs of the universe. Artists would occasionally write to him suggesting their works as appropriate topics of discourse. A young poet in the congregation produced a volume of verse, bearing evident signs of an expectation (which was not disappointed) that Saccarin would preach on the poems. The poems were atrocious but the sermons were admirable. The whole scheme of things, as Saccarin saw it, was acting on the principle of that poet.

The 'lessons' were all of the same type. The assassination of the Czar, rightly interpreted, was a proof of the Moral Order; the victory of the local champion illustrated the friendliness of nature. Whatever your first impressions of these things may have been, Saccarin's sermon would bring you round in a trice to a proper frame of mind. Had the malignancy of all the evils in the world been suddenly increased a thousandfold, it would have made no difference. Had the planet exploded under his nose and the whole human race been blown sky-high, leaving him and his congregation intact on some fragment of the débris, it would have been a mere opportunity for the exercise of Saccarin's genius, and next morning would have found him explaining to the crowded pews that it was all right. Unless a planet occasionally exploded, he would have asked, how would the other planets ever learn to behave themselves properly? His principles were so elastic that they could be stretched to cover anything; and their elasticity was their strength. Crimes and calamities, plotted treacheries and disastrous mistakes — all were for edification. For this the bird sings, the sunset glows, the butterfly spreads her wings, the gale makes music in the trees; for this the captive moans, the lover sighs, and the murderer whets his knife; for this men perish in the coal-mine, sink in the shipwreck, rot in the slums.

For twenty years Saccarin had been engaged in this occupation, and during that time he had extracted from the universe over seventeen hundred lessons, all new and all up-to-date. I cannot say that the whole seventeen hundred were in perfect harmony with one another. There were discrepancies. But inasmuch as nobody, not even Saccarin himself, remembered more than a small fraction of the total, the discrepancies were not observed and can hardly be counted as a drawback. The congregation was held together, not by the memory of the lessons already given, but by the expectation of the lessons yet to come. They would have been content to continue forever on that basis, supported by the comfortable faith that all these 'lessons,' if thrown into the pot and boiled together, would yield some sort of nutritive broth for the soul.

But, though forgotten, the lesssons were not lost. They were carefully preserved in the great chest of cedar. By virtue of its contents this chest had acquired in Saccarin's eyes the character of a sacred object. It was his Ark of God, and the scent of the precious wood pervading his study, and steeping his manuscripts, was like the odor of incense to a devotee. Within the six sides of that fragrant tabernaculum lay the Meaning of Things. The Concentrated Extract of the Universe was there. There, unveiled by Saccarin, were the

educative purposes of the whole world, and the moral lesson of every important event that had happened in twenty years, arranged under heads, expressed in irreproachable English, and plainly stamped in imperishable ink by the most expensive typewriter on the market.

III

On a certain Sunday evening when Saccarin, tired with a hard day's work, was reposing in his big study chair, he suddenly thought that the fragrance of the cedar had lost its freshness, while another and less pleasant odor seemed to be arising from the neighborhood of the chest. He had preached two sermons that day: the first on the riots in Chicago, the second on the lesson of a Norwegian waterfall. In both of them he had surpassed himself in eloquence. But the effort had left him exhausted and depressed, and he was in the act of asking himself whether a man who has drawn seventeen hundred lessons from the universe may not justly claim a long holiday, when the change in the odor of the chest arrested his attention and diverted his thoughts.

He crossed the room, opened the chest, buried his head in the interior; and for some moments, his wife, who was seated by the fire, heard him sniffing loudly.

'My dear,' he said at length, 'I am convinced that a fermentation of gases is going on among the contents of this chest. I believe there is something wrong with the ink of my typewriter. I noticed it gave out a peculiar odor yesterday when I was composing my notes on the Norwegian waterfall. I must send the ink to be analyzed.'

Resuming his seat he relapsed into silence. After a time he continued, —

'My dear, I'm not easy in my mind. I don't like the odor of the chest. And I'm anxious about myself. I feel that I am coming to the end of my tether. There's a great dearth of edifying matter in the world just now. I believe we are on the eve of a moral famine. I've often thought it might come — a time when the universe shuts off the supply of all the indications which might reveal its educational purpose. If that happens we shall go to the workhouse.'

'Nonsense!' said Mrs. Saccarin, 'you're only tired. There's sure to be something good in to-morrow's paper. And even if there is n't, what does it matter? Preach your old sermons over again.'

'They would n't be up-to-date,' said Saccarin.

'Touch them up a bit, or change the texts.'

'H'm — I don't know. Not so easy as you think. And what if fermentation has really begun in the chest? I believe it has. I heard a distinct sound of fizzing when I opened the chest a moment ago. It's just possible that to-morrow morning we shall find the whole seventeen hundred manuscripts reduced to a mass of pulp.'

'Rubbish!' cried Mrs. Saccarin. 'You need a holiday. We've plenty of money. Why not take a trip to the United States? You'd enjoy it. And you'd get a new stock of lessons. I'm told there's no place like America for providing a live preacher with subjects.'

'Yes, America's a great country,' said Saccarin, as he rose to go to bed. 'I think I'll take the trip. But meanwhile I feel as though something horrible was going to happen. I tell you, I don't like the odor of the chest. It doesn't smell right.'

Saccarin's dreams that night were nothing less than awful. He thought he stood beside the chest and heard the sound of a diabolical fermentation going on within. The interior was boiling like a cauldron and froth was issuing from the joints and from underneath

the lid. The froth formed itself into great balls, which grew and grew, and filled the house, and poured from the chimneys, and spread into space, until they covered the church and overwhelmed the new mansion on the hill. Finally a huge globe of froth descended just where Saccarin stood and suffocated him. He awoke in agony, to find his head under the bedclothes.

He rose early and his first act was to examine the chest. It was all right. He sniffed it all round; the cedar had recovered its fragrance. He stopped the clock on the mantelpiece that he might listen more attentively. The fizzing had subsided. There was no sign of fermentation within.

A moment later Mrs. Saccarin, excited and radiant, rushed into the room with the morning paper in her hand.

'Great news!' she cried, 'Button's Bank has failed!'

'Glorious!' answered Saccarin, as he snatched the paper from his wife's hands. 'Too good to be true! I've been longing for a great bank failure for years. It's the finest subject a man can have — teeming with lessons. Yes, here it is! "Failure of Button's Bank. Widespread financial ruin." Why, it gives me a new lease of life! We shall have to enlarge the church again.'

'But suppose our leading people are involved in the ruin?' said his wife.

'Pooh!' answered the doctor, 'that will make no difference to us. Or if it does, it will be a difference on the right side. You wait and see! When the ruined people have heard my sermon next Sunday they'll double their subscriptions. I'll make them! See if I don't.'

The good news of the morning was not yet exhausted. Among the letters on the breakfast table was one with an American stamp. Saccarin, whose mind was preoccupied with elation over the bank failure, had read the others without paying much attention to their contents. But when he came to this one he uttered a cry of joy.

It was an invitation to the pastorate of a Fifth Avenue church in New York.

IV

Next Sunday Saccarin preached, morning and evening, on the failure of Button's Bank. An hour before the morning service the church was thronged to the doors. A special force of police was in attendance to manage the crowd at the gates. Hundreds were unable to obtain admittance. Arrangements were rapidly made for holding the evening service in the City Drill Hall, which had an auditorium for four thousand persons.

The evening sermon was the masterpiece. With an eloquence which, people said, recalled his great discourses on the Messina earthquake and the loss of the Titanic, Saccarin showed that the failure of Button's Bank was a signal triumph in the march of eternal Justice. It was a necessary incident in the progress of the world to the commercial millennium. Without the lessons learned from such catastrophes mankind would be unable to find its way to the promised land. A certain number of them was imperatively required by the moral order. No bank failures — no millennium. Such were the terms of the moral order. They were cheap terms. They were reasonable terms. Will you accept them? Or do you reject them? Then you reject the millennium.

The majority of the audience showed by their manner, and by their singing of the last hymn, that they were prepared to accept the terms. Saccarin had conquered. And the chest of cedar would duly receive the record of his victory.

One man, however, remained unconverted.

He was a grim Highlander named McTavish, who had lost all his money by the failure of Button's Bank. This man belonged to the remnant of Dr. Sahara's once flourishing Calvinistic flock; but hearing a rumor that the catastrophe would be treated by Saccarin from a metaphysical point of view, he had listened to the advice of a friend and allowed himself for once to join the crowd of 'misguided bodies' assembled in the City Drill Hall.

He listened to the sermon without stirring a muscle and without moving his eyes from the preacher's face — a stern figure of stone, carved out of the Grampian rock. A close observer, however, might have noticed a gradual darkening in the deep shadows on his face, a tenser line in the firm mouth, and a growing light of battle in the sunken eyes. When the congregation rose to sing the last hymn McTavish remained seated in the same motionless attitude.

As Saccarin, full of the triumph of the sermon, was walking home, somebody touched him on the shoulder. It was McTavish.

'I've been thinking you've given us a grand argument this night, Dr. Saccarin,' said he.

'Thank you, Mr. McTavish,' said Saccarin.

'But it has no convinced *me*,' said McTavish.

'Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.'

'You see, I've been asking myself a question. You see, I've lost a wean of money. And an auld friend of mine has lost his.'

'You have my heartfelt sympathy, Mr. McTavish. But who is the old friend?'

'It's Dr. Sahara. Three hundred pun' o' hard-saved money. A wee bit for the puir body's auld age.'

'Very sad; very sad, indeed, Mr. McTavish; but we must bow before the wisdom of the general laws of the universe.'

'It's no bowing you'll get from *me* this night, Dr. Saccarin. I'm thinking that Button had a verra respectable bank.'

'Yes; but honorable men must suffer at times.'

'And I'm thinking, Dr. Saccarin, there are ither banks that are no respectable. There's Hook's.'

'I don't quite follow you, Mr. McTavish.'

'And I'm thinking that if Providence was as wise as ye mak' oot, Hook's Bank would ha' failed instead o' Button's.'

'The ways of Providence are inscrutable, Mr. McTavish.'

'Ye'll no escape on that, Dr. Saccarin. Ye've been doing your best this night to show us that the ways of Providence are no inscrutable at all. Did n't ye tell us what Providence meant by closing the door o' Button's Bank? Man, ye're contradicting yourself.'

Dr. Saccarin was silent. McTavish went on.

'Ye see, I'm asking a question: *Why Button and not Hook?*'

'I can't answer that, Mr. McTavish.'

'Then ye are a man of a small intelligence. It's the only question before us this night.'

No answer.

'I'm thinking, Dr. Saccarin, that Hook would ha' fitted the bill better than Button. Ye may tak' your general laws of the universe to hell with ye, along with all the rest of your bad doctrine. Ye'll no convince me that a philosophic God mak's general laws and leaves the Deil to bring them down on the wrong man. Canna' ye see that Button's the wrong man? Canna' ye see that it ought to be Hook? I'm verra disappointed in ye, Dr. Saccarin. Ye're no the preacher that Sahara is. And I'll wish ye a verra good-night.'

V

Saccarin pursued his homeward way, much preoccupied. He had chosen a circuitous route among the byways, wishing to avoid the crowd in the main street and the frequent encounters with people he knew. McTavish's question haunted him. 'Why Button rather than Hook?' He could not answer. Presently the question transmuted itself into another form, '*Why Saccarin rather than Sahara?*' and it seemed to him that a mocking voice was bidding him take *that* question for his subject next Sunday. 'Your own success and Sarara's failure; your own affluence and Sahara's poverty,' the voice was saying; 'take that for your subject and draw the lesson.' And again the feeling came over him that he was at the end of his tether. Then he remembered the invitation from New York. And swiftly he resolved to accept it and begin afresh on another line.

Had Saccarin followed his usual route by the main street his preoccupation would have been sooner interrupted. He would have seen the crowd streaming in one direction — that of the hillside on which his new residence, just completed, stood out against the sky-line. Many were running at the top of their speed, or racing on bicycles, and the air was full of shouts. Then a great bell began to ring and a fire-engine, driven furiously, dashed through the crowd.

Saccarin heard the bell in the by-street, and turning quickly into the main thoroughfare, looked ahead. The sky in front of him was crimson, and great masses of flame were leaping round the summit of the hill.

A motor stopped at the curb by his side. 'Quick, doctor!' cried a voice. 'The suffragettes have fired your new house. Jump in.'

One thought only filled his mind. A portion of his goods had been moved into the house in the previous week. Among them was the chest of cedar.

In a few moments he was on the spot. Leaping from the car he dashed among the firemen and cried in a voice of frenzy, 'The cedar chest! the cedar chest! A hundred pounds to any man who will make his way into the study and bring out my cedar chest!'

'We've saved it already,' said one of the men. 'You'll find it on the top of yonder bank, beyond the reach of the flames.'

'Thank God!' cried Saccarin. 'The rest does n't matter. Let it burn.'

A moment later you might have seen an interesting sight. On the top of a high bank overlooking the conflagration, brilliantly lit up by the glare of the flames, was the figure of a man seated alone on a great oblong box. His hat was off, and the high brow of Dr. Saccarin gleamed in the light of the blazing house.

The firemen's efforts were hopeless from the first. An engaging young creature of nineteen, named Audrey, not approving of certain 'lessons' drawn by Saccarin from the woman's movement, had purchased two pennyworth of paraffin and tow, and, sneaking into the house when everybody was at church, had set it afire beyond remedy; thereby providing another lesson for future Saccarins to ponder.

Saccarin, seated on the chest of cedar, from which the heat of the fire was drawing a new fragrance, and feeling beneath him the concentrated essence of the meaning of things, was already meditating that lesson. He had fully risen to the occasion. 'Next Sunday,' he said to himself, 'I will preach a sermon that will shake the city.'

Suddenly he was aware of a tall figure standing by his side.

'That's a grand box ye're sitting on,' said the voice of McTavish. 'Maybe

ye'll tak' no offense if I sit beside ye.'

And McTavish took his place beside the clergyman; and they two sat thus on the chest.

Saccarin said nothing and there was a long silence. The Highlander was the first to speak.

'I'm thinking there's great wealth in the box,' said he.

'There is,' answered Saccarin.

'Ye did well to save it. Bank-notes, without a doot, and good securities—bonds and deeds and the like.'

'No. Wealth of a higher kind. Mr. McTavish, this chest contains seventeen hundred original discoveries of the meaning of things.'

'Ech, mon, I'm sorry. It's no worth the saving. Dr. Saccarin, your box is full o' trash; and yon lassies that set fire to guid property are the products of your ain bad doctrine. Man, ye'll do well to cast it among the burnings.'

'Never!'

'Maybe there's an answer inside the box to the question I've been putting to ye. I'd be glad to see it if there is. I'm thinking we'd better open the box.' And then McTavish, as though speaking to himself, repeated the odious words, 'Why Button and not Hook?'

I know not what strange influences were at work. But certain it is that the moment these words were pronounced Saccarin heard something go snap inside his skull and the glare of light outside him seemed to transfer itself to his soul and become an inward illumination. He sprang from his seat and grasped the Highlander's bony hand.

'Mr. McTavish,' he cried, 'I'm going to New York.'

'It's a grand salary ye'll be getting in New York, Dr. Saccarin; and I'm thinking ye'll no want your box any more,' said McTavish. 'Man, ye'll be well advised to burn yon trash before ye go to New York. It's a mass of unco' bad doctrine we're sitting on.'

'We'll burn it, McTavish; we'll burn it! Help me to carry the chest to the edge of the bank,' was Saccarin's reply.

At the foot of the bank and reaching level with its top was a great pile of boards which had been thrown out during the construction of the house. A piece of burning timber had fallen near and smoke was already rising from the heap.

'It's gey heavy,' said McTavish, as the two men, at opposite ends, took hold of the rings of the chest, 'but maybe we two can raise it on to the altar of wood.'

'Wait a moment,' said Saccarin as he dropped his end, 'my check-book is inside. I keep it with the manuscripts of my sermons.'

'It's worth better company,' said McTavish. 'We'll no burn the check-book.'

Saccarin searched in his pocket, found a key, opened the chest, rescued the check-book and closed the lid.

'Now to the flames!' he cried. 'McTavish, it's a sacrifice to the Lord of Hosts.'

'The smoke will be like the smoke of Sodom and Gomorrah,' said the slow, deep voice of the Gael.

The two men, staggering with the burden, deposited the chest of cedar on the top of the smouldering pile.

Then they sat on the ground and watched. In a few minutes a tongue of flame was seen to rise from the wood and lick the chest. Saccarin drew forth his handkerchief and wiped a tear from his cheek.

'Dr. Saccarin, I'm expecting ye to play the man,' said McTavish. 'Ye're a poor preacher compared with Sahara, and there's little marrow in your gospel. But ye're no a woman, nor a babe, that ye should shed tears o' weakness over yon burnings in the valley o' Jehosaphat. See! The fire's got a muckle hold on your box.'

It was even so. The concentrated essence of the meaning of things was evaporating in a fervent heat, and the pith of wisdom from the universal university was dissolving into flame and smoke.

Said McTavish, 'Dr. Saccarin, I'm thinking there's light enough in yonder flaming fire for a man to see his way to the doing of a good deed.'

Saccarin drew a fountain pen from his waistcoat pocket, and presently McTavish saw that the check-book was on the Doctor's knee and that he was writing.

'Take that,' said Saccarin. 'Take it to Dr. Sahara. Tell him it is a gift if he will consult my wishes, and a loan if he prefers to stand on his pride.'

McTavish took the slip of paper. By the light of the burning chest he saw that it was a check in Sahara's favor for three hundred pounds.

'Dr. Saccarin,' he said, 'ye're a godly man after your ain lights. But ye're no sound on the fundamentals.'

MORTALITY

BY CONRAD AIKEN

O THAT the dust had eyes to see the sun,
When he rejoices in an April sky!
Believed I this, more tranquil might I lie,
Soft in the dust, when my bright days are done.
Or had it ears to hear this wind that passes,
Or hands to feel the softness of this rain, —
Truly to lie with dust were not such pain,
Dust softly closed about by roots of grasses.
But to forego this exquisite gift of sense,
Laughter in sunlight, love of lovely things;
Have the world's beauty that the full heart sings
Scattered in darkness, fathomless, immense, —
And all the laughter that was I dispersed,
Never to be united, nevermore! —
O Earth, reach hands to me; I walk the shore
Of some black ocean, pitiless and accursed.
Reach hands to me! lest I be swept away
And hear this music crumble down like clay.

THE ETHICAL CHALLENGE OF THE TIMES

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

I

THE moral policy of Germany is as well defined and as aggressive as its military policy. They are in fact one and the same thing. Germany at once projected into the war its own political morality, the morality of power. Both in diplomacy and on the field the nation has acted with entire moral consistency. It may be a debatable question whether the political morality of Germany was or was not the direct cause of the war, but without dispute it has given to the war its very marked and peculiar ethical significance. It has caused it to assume the character of an ethical challenge. Militarism, the distinctive term of the present war, means in the last analysis not so much the assertion or over-assertion of military force as the assumption of moral prerogative. Beneath armaments and organization lies the political theory on which militarism rests and from which it draws its life: the state is power.

In order to measure the full force of this ethical challenge of the war, as it reaches us, we need to revert to the state of mind out of which it springs. The actual justification of the war on the part of Germany, that underlying justification of it which sustains and supports the German people as the war proceeds, is to be found in the sincerity and in the assumed validity of the claim to a superior type of civilization, culminating in the state. The obligation which this claim is supposed to carry with it has been accepted in the mood of exalted passion. The destiny of the nation prescribes its duty. This can be nothing less than to supplant Anglo-Saxon civilization as no longer entitled to leadership, no longer equal to the burdens or to the tasks of the modern world. It lacks virility and it lacks vision. It is incapable of solving the new problems of civilization. The time has come for it to give way before Teutonic methods and ideals. War only hastens the inevitable, and saves the world the wastes of delay.

Those who are familiar with Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* (which, after passing through eight editions in Germany, was presented in 1909 to English readers) will recall the author's extraordinary exploitation of the Teutonic race as the essential force in human progress. The claim to superiority which was then set forth in broad and inclusive terms, with philosophical temper, was at the same time being urged by a group of intellectual leaders in Germany with vehemence and with exclusive application to the German people. What seemed at first to be the doctrine of a cult became in due time the accepted truth of a whole people. I am aware that certain German apologists minimize the influence of this school of thought. Some of them assert that the names of its leaders are practically unknown in Germany. This might well be, though in fact it is doubtful, and yet the leaven of their thought might pervade the nation. Judging from the formal, and still more from the almost unconscious utterances of the peo-

ple, such at least appears to be the fact. When Germany speaks her mind officially or unofficially, she speaks in the language and with the accent of superiority. As we pass out of the range of purely diplomatic explanations regarding the causes of the war, the plea of self-defense quickly disappears, lost in its own inconsistency; and the plea of national necessity with a view to expansion is soon merged in the claim to supremacy. It is indeed singular that the clearest and ablest writers, who contend for a place of equality with England in world-relations, should so generally weaken their argument by their insistence in the end, not upon equality, but upon supremacy. Nearly every presentation of the case of Germany reverts soon or late to the claim to superiority, which through the stimulus of militarism has been converted into the terms of actual warfare.

As no one can doubt the absolute sincerity with which the claim to superiority is put forward, few, I think, will be disposed to deny that it has a certain justice when tested by the standards of our modern material civilization. I know of no nation that would be willing to subject itself to a comparison with the Germany of the last forty years in respect to organization, industrial progress, economic efficiency, and the practical applications of the sciences. These advances stand to the credit of Germany apart from their relation to militarism, apart, that is, from what they have done toward making war the grand science, the magnificent industry, under the guise of armed peace. But it is through militarism that the claim to superiority passes over into the right of superiority, and the right of superiority becomes the right of dominion. This is not the bald reassertion of the ancient dogma that might makes right. The injection of the idea of superiority tempers the original dogma, but it brings it again into service without essentially changing its ethical character. It would be unfair to say that this modified form of the doctrine is new. It was in fact introduced through Anglo-Saxon civilization. It has done its duty faithfully in the interest of British imperialism. True, its language has been evasive and apologetic. We are familiar with its characteristic phraseology — 'benevolent assimilation,' 'the white man's burden,' and the like. But the fact is not to be denied that the doctrine has been held and practiced by those now in contention against the present assertion of it. Be that however as it may, our concern with the present assertion of it lies in the fact that it comes to us as a challenge, a challenge designed to unmask the hypocrisy of opposing nations, but also intended to set before all nations the ethical authority of a new and higher type of civilization which finds its normal expression in the power of the state. Evidently it is the challenge of the half-truth, but for that reason all the more effective as a challenge. The half-truth is capable of an audacity which is denied the truth in its fullness. It can urge its demands without qualification and with little regard to consequences.

This contention of the half-truth that superiority gives the right to dominion, a right to be incorporated into the state, has become in a very distinct way the ethical challenge of the war. Whatever the war may or may not declare in regard to other matters, it calls the attention of the civilized world to the new moral valuation which it puts upon the power of the state. Tracing the war back to the teachings in which it had its origin, we find in them the constant idealization of power, at times almost the deification of it. The most authoritative teachings have been only an ampler statement of the Machiavellian axiom that the state is power. 'The

highest moral duty of the state is to increase its power.' 'War is the mighty continuation of politics.' 'Of all political sins that of weakness is the most reprehensible and the most contemptible; it is in politics the sin against the Holy Ghost.' It will give a proper background to these teachings to have in mind Milton's conception of the state: 'A nation ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth or stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body, for look, what the ground and causes are of single happiness to one man, the same ye shall find them to be to a whole state.'

The question of the essential morality of power when embodied in the state, which is thrust upon us as the ethical challenge of the war, is the most serious public question which we have to face. Coming before us as a challenge, it calls us back to things fundamental, both in politics and in religion. To reverse in part Mr. Cleveland's saying, we find ourselves confronted, not so much by a condition, appalling as that is in which all nations are now involved, as by a theory which is likely to outlive the war, whatever may be its fortune, and to present itself to each nation for definition. It is a theory which has a most insidious fascination. There is no allurement so great when the mind turns to affairs of state as the allurement of power. Clothe the bare conception of power with the moral sanctities and it becomes not only alluring but commanding. In this form it presents itself to us, and at a time of great doubt and perplexity in regard to subjects but lately in the category of commonplace realities, — democracy, patriotism, and religion. Speaking with the assurance, if not with the audacity, of the half-truth, it says to us, 'Your democracy, your patriotism, your religion are obsolete. They are all guilty of inadequacy. If you would keep your place in the modern world, you must recast your fundamental conceptions of the state, and of the things which belong to it, in terms of power, and reinvigorate them with its spirit.'

II

What is the state of the case in regard to democracy? Has it ceased to be a necessary factor in the social and political order of the world? Is it no longer adequate in theory, or has it gone so far wrong in practice as to be useless? Let us see how it appears to an observer who looks upon present conditions from the new point of view. I quote from Professor Francke in a recent number of the *Harvard Monthly*. 'The German conception of the state and its mission, and of the service due to it, is something which to members of other nationalities, especially to Anglo-Saxons and Americans, cannot help appearing as extravagant and overstrained. To the Anglo-Saxon and American the state is an institution for the protection and safeguarding of the happiness of individuals. To the German it is a spiritual collective personality, leading a life of its own beyond and above that of individuals, and its aim is not the protection of the happiness of individuals, but their elevation to a nobler type of manhood, and their training for the achievement of great common tasks in all the higher concerns of life, — in popular education, in military service, in commercial and industrial organization, in scientific inquiry, in artistic culture.'

This is not the language of challenge, or even of criticism, but of courteous comparison. The implication, however, is equally plain, that democracy does not require that surrender of the individual to the state which can enable the state in turn to perform the various functions in his behalf which Professor

Francke enumerates. The implication is true, but it is the half-truth. We reach the truth as we ask why democracy does not require or even allow that surrender of the individual to the state which is here demanded.

But before we ask this question let us take the full rebuke of the half-truth. Democracy, in this country at least, has not trained its citizens in the proper conception of their personal relation to the state. We are at fault in our political manners and in our political morals. We have not learned to pay that respect to the state which ought to differ only in degree from reverence. We lack the imagination to clothe the state with personality. We fail to recognize at their full value its symbols of authority. We do not instantly and reverently recognize its essential majesty as embodied in law. In a word, our political manners are as yet unformed. More serious still is the undeveloped state of our political morals, as evidenced in the tendency to regard the state as a legitimate source of privilege and monopoly. There is not the same moral sensitiveness in the dealings of individuals with the state as in the conduct of business between individuals. The attempt is not infrequently made to put the state to corrupt and shameless uses. Democracy may fairly be held responsible for this moral crudeness in so far as it has failed to bring the individual into morally sensitive relations to the state. We have been paying the penalty for the lack of this training in our struggle with monopoly for the past decade. It is due in good part to this deficiency that we have had to resort to the transfer, to so considerable an extent, of the state from an individualistic to a socialistic basis. The transfer has come about in the process of protecting the state itself, as well as the people at large, from the thoughtlessness and greed of untrained individualism.

It is useless to deny that some of our social and political ills are due to the laxity or the selfishness of our democratic conception of the state. We do well to heed the challenge of absolutism to democracy, as it uncovers faults both in theory and practice; but we may not hesitate for a moment to accept the challenge in behalf of democracy. The sin of democracy is laxity; the sin of absolutism is tyranny. The remedy for the one is reform; the only remedy for the other is revolution. The subjection of the individual to the state may indeed come about through self-surrender. That was the method by which the mediæval church absorbed the rights of the individual in the realm of faith. Self-surrender secured the guarantee of the church for salvation. The state under absolutism assumes to guarantee, on like conditions, political security, economic gains, cultural development — everything, in fact, save liberty. And for the satisfactions of liberty it offers, through the spirit of militarism, the intoxication of power. So a nation may become self-intoxicated. 'Not against our will and as a nation taken by surprise did we hurl ourselves into this adventure. We willed it. It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius, then the priesthood of all the gods will praise the God of War.'

It may have required such an illustration of the outworking of the theory, — the state is power, — as is afforded by the present exhibition of militarism, to enable some minds to understand the real significance of the contrasted theory of the state expressed in the cardinal maxim of democracy, — the state is freedom. Without doubt there has been a decline in the enthusiasm for democracy. Democracy has suffered in proportion to the growth of economic inequality. Many have been disappointed that it has not produced results

in the economic world equivalent to those which it produced in the political world. The war has brought us back to a revaluation of political freedom. We are forced by it to the conclusion that though it may be difficult to provide for the securities of freedom under democracy, it is impossible to guarantee its existence under absolutism. Democracy may be lax in the use of the power of self-defense entrusted to the state, but the full power is always in reserve. There is no reasonable excuse for 'unpreparedness.' The safeguard against militarism does not lie in our indifference to the means of national security. On the contrary, any sudden sense of insecurity, such as is often created by international emergencies, is quite sure to evoke the most extreme and foolish type of militarism. Preparedness is simply a common-sense adjustment of a nation to its environment. It is in no sense incompatible with the spirit of democracy. Switzerland, notwithstanding the apparently impregnable guaranties of its neutrality, has a complete and almost perfect system of national defense in which every able-bodied man from twenty to sixty bears his part. Nowhere is the spirit of anti-militarism more assured. The danger from national preparedness lies in the national temptations, or in the national ambitions. The danger is moral, not physical. The means of defense cannot be changed into the means of aggression except through a change in the spirit of a people. Such a change is quite possible, but the possibilities of it are best calculated as we try to measure that play of national impulses to which we accord the name of patriotism.

III

If we find in the war a direct challenge to democracy on the ground of political inadequacy, we can see that it compels attention with almost equal directness to the moral liabilities of patriotism. Among moral forces related to the state, patriotism must be regarded as the most inconsistent in its action, now the watchful servant of liberty and now the blind instrument of power. It is therefore liable to become at any time a disturbing factor in international morality.

The ordinary traditions of patriotism are so great and inspiring that these alone occupy our minds. Some of the greatest and most inspiring of those belonging to western Europe and America have not passed out of the personal remembrances of men now living. The period from 1859 to 1871 was distinctly an era of patriotism. Almost within the limits of a decade three events took place which mightily stirred the peoples immediately concerned, and awakened the sympathetic interest of all peoples bred in the traditions of liberty — the Restoration of Italy, the Reunion of the United States, and the Unification of Germany. The names inseparably connected with these events, Cavour, Lincoln, and Bismarck, illustrate, with due allowance for the personal variant, the type of patriotism exemplified in the historic struggles for freedom and nationality.

And yet with these examples uppermost in our minds we have but to turn to the battlefields of Belgium to see how diverse are the deeds possible under the common incentives of patriotism, — the heroic resistance of the Belgians, the chivalrous support of their allies, and the ruthless ravages of the Germans. It was in the assertion of German patriotism that Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg uttered the words, impossible to recall, impossible to forget: 'Necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and have possibly already entered on Belgian soil. That is a breach of international

law. . . . We were forced to ignore the rightful protests of the governments of Luxemburg and Belgium, and the injustice — I speak openly — the injustice we thereby commit, we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened and is fighting for his highest possessions can have only one thought — how he is to hack his way through.'

Is the moral control of patriotism possible? Can a nation train itself to go beyond resistance to the allurements of conquest and aggrandizement, and withstand also the incitements of national pride, national prejudice, and so-called national necessity, in the interest of international morality? The hope of the development of an authoritative international morality must rest upon this possibility. It is implied in the ethical challenge of the war that such a result is impossible. It is implied further that the claim to respect an international authority in national emergencies would be hypocrisy. In the language already quoted, 'Necessity knows no law. . . . Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened and is fighting for his highest possessions can have only one thought — how to hack his way through.' Or to quote the saner language of Treitschke, 'The evolution of an international court of arbitration as a permanent institution is incompatible with the nature of the state. To the end of history arms will maintain their rights; and in that very point lies the sacredness of war.'

In this insistence upon the moral supremacy of the nation in national emergencies we have again the challenge of the half-truth. The challenge rests upon the assumed impotence of international morality to provide against national emergencies or to lessen their stringency. That great progress has been made in the development of international morality is evident. The principles of international justice have been set forth with increasing clearness and cogency, and are steadily gaining recognition. The greatest stumbling-block to further progress lies in the lack of self-control on the part of individual nations. Before we can anticipate any general practice of international morality the nations must go to school, each to itself, in this severe art of self-control.

I think that this is the discipline which awaits the people of this country. There seems to be little danger from the spirit of conquest. The acquisition of the Philippines, if that is the proper term to apply to our possession of the islands, has not developed the desire for further expansion of that kind. I doubt if anybody regards their retention in any other light than that of an obligation. And though territory lying near at hand may be a source of temptation, it is probable that the great majority of our people, certainly in their saner moments, would be willing to subscribe to President Wilson's Mobile pledge, that our government would 'never seek a foot of territory by conquest.'

The discipline awaiting us as a nation in the control of patriotism grows out of the indefiniteness and at the same time the sensitiveness of certain foreign relations which are peculiar to our situation. The United States made its distinctive entrance into diplomacy through the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine. It was the most sensational entrance which a nation ever made into world-diplomacy. One cannot tell even now whether to be the more amazed at its sublimity or at its audacity. The Monroe Doctrine preëmpted a whole continent for undisturbed experimentation in democracy, the experiments to be carried on in regions remote from one another, and by races as unlike as

those trained under English and Spanish traditions. What greater claim to political superiority could have been advanced than that involved in the official assertion of the principle 'that the American continents, by the free and independent conditions they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered subjects for further colonization by any European powers'; and, further, that 'it is impossible that the allied powers [the powers of the Holy Alliance] should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness: nor can any one believe that our southern [South American] brothers, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible therefore that we should behold such interposition with indifference.'

Fortunately, through the interested coöperation of Great Britain, the original occasion for the doctrine passed by without any demand for its enforcement, and subsequent occasions have not been of sufficient importance to test the force of the doctrine. It by no means follows, however, that the doctrine has become obsolete. Certainly it survives as a sentiment which can be easily aroused, as was shown in the response of the country to President Cleveland's Venezuelan message. Occasions may revive the doctrine and give it a new application. The South American republics have outgrown the danger of European interference, but who can foresee what interpretation would be put upon the doctrine, or what expression would be given to the sentiment, if any of the republics should enter into alliances with European powers? Of much more immediate concern is the relation of the Central American states to the European powers through concessions granted to private capital; and closer still, our necessary concern with the internal affairs of Mexico. Other complications of a more delicate nature will at once suggest themselves in view of the liability of a state to involve the federal government in very grave difficulties. For years to come, if not for the indefinite future, our foreign relations must increase in relative importance and in the demands which they must make upon the intelligent consideration of the country.

This means, of course, the development of a diplomatic service suitable to the strain which will fall upon it. Our 'unpreparedness' in diplomacy is far greater than our unpreparedness in war, and it is far more dangerous. It is the office of diplomacy to make an unjustifiable war impossible. It is the office of diplomacy to make a nation intelligent and responsible in the uses of patriotism. It is the office of diplomacy to school the state in the principles of international morality. Under the guidance of wise and consistent diplomacy, the citizens of a state ought never to be placed in the dilemma of apparent disloyalty or of supporting the government when in the wrong. The dilemma ought to be anticipated and provided against. I believe that the profession of diplomacy has the greatest opportunity, among all the professions in this country, for advanced ethical instruction and leadership. And if the ethical challenge of the war arouses the nation to a sense of its deficiency in this regard, and to a determination to meet its obligations, we may justly hope that the nation will in due time assume a place of commanding influence in the sphere of international morals.

But we have much to learn, and possibly much to practice, before we can speak with authority. I doubt the estimate which some are inclined to place upon the influence of the United States in any diplomatic settlement of the issues of the present war.

IV

It is highly significant of the ethical reach of the war that it has brought religion into the field of controversy: not contending religious faiths, but religion. The war itself is absolutely free from religious bias. Christians of all faiths, Moslems, and Buddhists are fighting side by side, while Protestant is fighting against Protestant, Catholic against Catholic, Moslem against Moslem. Not even Russia or Turkey has been able to make it a Holy War. And yet no religious war ever stirred deeper questionings about religion. As it originated entirely among the Christian nations, it was to be expected that the mocking cry would go up from without Christendom: 'Where is now thy God?' On the whole, the Oriental nations have shown surprising restraint in their religious attitude toward the war, due in part possibly to their more fatalistic conception of religion. Within Christendom the immediate result was a suspension, almost a paralysis, of faith. Some Christian publicists were moved to give over Christianity altogether as of no further service in any endeavor to establish international peace.

What have we the right to expect of religion — in particular of Christianity — in restraint of war? In what sense is Christianity the religion of peace? Without doubt the present war is a more direct challenge to the Christian religion to define its own militant spirit than it has ever before received.

The contention that religion needs the stimulus of war to maintain its virility is not only less than the half-truth, but in respect to Christianity it is a perversion of the truth. Militarism has nothing to teach Christianity regarding the practice of the heroic virtues. A religion which was born in the supreme act of sacrificial courage, which defied the centuries of persecution, which mastered in turn the virile races of Europe, which conquered despotism and cast out slavery, which has subdued savage tribes and now holds its outposts in all dark and cruel parts of the habitable earth, is not a religion to be asked to sit at the feet of modern militarism. On the contrary, it ought to be made a function of modern Christianity to expose the mock heroics of militarism — its affectations, its cheap swagger, its intolerable insolence, its scorn of all knightly qualities. The present war has its heroes in all ranks, but they are such, not because of militarism, but in spite of it. A system which produced and justified the Zabern incident can lay no claim to the finer qualities of heroism. The German army, trained in the school of militarism, has shown no superiority in courage to compensate for the character of its discipline. The terrorizing of non-combatant communities is a natural sequence of the debasement of heroism. And both are prophetic of the inevitable effect upon a nation which allows its civil life to be subordinated to the demands of militarism. Whatever may be the revenges of time in atonement for the present war, the heaviest revenge must ultimately fall upon the spirit of the German people.

But while from every point of view militarism is an offence to Christianity, to be resisted in the name of religion as well as in the name of liberty, it by no means follows that the militant spirit of Christianity is contrary to its essential object in this world. That object is the furtherance of righteousness. Righteousness as compared with peace is an absolute term. It has a definite and well-nigh unchangeable meaning. Peace, as applied to the relation of states, is a term of uncertain ethical force. It is no guaranty of righteousness. For example, in the Hague Conferences our government joined in set-

ting forth certain definite principles concerning the treatment of neutral states. Nearly every one of those principles was violated by Germany in the treatment of Belgium. We have refrained from official protest on the ground that the action of the Conference still awaits complete ratification, contenting ourselves with whatever of protest is involved in our attempt to feed the starving population of that devastated country. Suppose that by the terms of settlement following the close of the war the sovereignty of Belgium should be destroyed; ought we to support the settlement, in the interest of peace? How far may the militant spirit of Christianity be held in check by the claims of neutrality? When does peace forfeit the sanctions of religion? Evidently peace has no moral significance except as it is an exponent of justice. History bears constant witness to the fact that the most disturbing factor in international relations is an unjust peace. Treaties really belong to the estate of war. They are intrenchments cast up to defend the *status quo*. International conventions usually have no other object. The balance of power was fitly characterized by John Bright as the 'foul idol' of England. The so-called concert of Europe has seldom prevented war except at the cost of freedom and justice.

The various international devices which have been entered into in the name of peace show how difficult it is for the nations to understand that the making of peace is as serious a business as the making of war. It seems to be equally difficult for some of the most ardent and devoted peace-makers to understand the tremendous seriousness of their business. I think that this inability explains the lack of popular support for the peace movement in this country. There is a well-grounded suspicion that it has been over-capitalized, and that it is being over-argued. In spite of its able promoters and its eloquent advocates, it has not greatly stirred the popular heart. It has yet to enter the 'straight gate' and the 'narrow way' through which all the great reform movements of history have passed. When the nations are willing to make sacrifices for peace in any degree commensurate with those which are made for war, we shall have peace. Is it reasonable to suppose that we shall have it on easier conditions? But this means at least the readjustment of many 'existing rights,' concessions in respect to trade and commerce, the restraint of racial pride, — in a word, it means sacrifice. Disarmament would be futile if the occasions and incentives of war were to remain in force.

If we are to advance the cause of universal and permanent peace, there are two points at which we must turn for support and guidance to the militant spirit of Christianity. First, we must look to that source for sufficiency of moral courage. Christianity never underestimates its tasks. The obduracy of human nature and its powers of resistance have never been so accurately measured as by the founder of the Christian religion. Christ based his hopes and expectations upon moral conflict. He made moral courage the indispensable requisite for those who proposed to do his work among men. The exercise of moral courage involves as many consequences as does the exercise of physical courage; sometimes the same consequences. When the peace movement passes into the stage of moral militancy it will develop its own type of heroism. This will be especially true among statesmen who may have the opportunity to emulate their predecessors in the anti-slavery struggle. Every occasion for the display of moral courage offers a counter-attraction to war.

And second, we must turn to militant

Christianity to furnish us with its spirit of hospitality to the emerging races. The chief characteristic of civilization is its exclusiveness. It means to-day more than ever the aristocracy of culture, wealth, and power. In this aspect civilization and progress are not synonymous terms. Civilization boasts of the developed race and sets forth its accomplishments and achievements. Progress takes account also of the undeveloped race and estimates its value by the depth and richness of its humanity. The militant spirit of Christianity is always to be found in the ranks of progress whenever progress comes into conflict with civilization. It demands place and room for each advancing race in the name of 'the God of the whole earth.' It is impossible to think that any exclusive peace devised by civilization can satisfy what may be termed the militant hospitality of Christianity. What guarantee of permanent peace could Christianity offer if the outcome of the present war should be the exclusion of the Slav from partnership in European civilization?

I have singled out that phase of the war which compels attention to the ethics of political power because of its bearing upon the political future of this country. Modern nations do not yield to the allurements of power without seeking to put their conduct upon an ethical basis. There is no longer danger from open and undisguised schemes of national aggrandizement. The danger lies in those political half-truths and sophistries through which nations are able to persuade themselves that their action in cases of aggression is rightful, — rightful because considered necessary to the welfare or the destiny of the state. No other persuasion can carry a nation so far, or become so easily the obsession of a whole people. Of this fact we have the supreme illustration in the present behavior of Germany.

It is not safe to assume that a democracy is proof against the allurements of power, or that it will not seek to find justification for yielding to temptation. In some respects democracies are more susceptible to outward temptations than peoples under the rule of absolutism. The chief security of a democracy must be looked for in those satisfactions of liberty for which there can be no equivalent. But even these satisfactions must be supported by a true understanding of the ethical meaning of democracy. What does it really mean to live under the conception of the state as freedom rather than as power? What does loyalty to that conception require? How shall we maintain and defend the ethical life of a democracy? Apart from the clear understanding of its ethical life, I assume that the two great requisites are self-control and moral courage: self-control to guard the nation against the wrong uses of patriotism, and moral courage to enable it to make such genuine sacrifices as may be necessary for the advancement of international morality and international peace. In this conviction I have endeavored to interpret the ethical challenge of the war as a matter of direct concern to us in our theory and practice of democracy, in our command of the patriotic impulses of the nation, and in our application of the ethical forces of religion to the conduct of the state.

ON GROWING OLD

BY ROBERT L. RAYMOND

REALLY old age must have its compensations, indeed its positive blessings; and in the security of feeling that things are somehow completed, the heat and toil of the day being past, must be a pleasant port in which to lie a while at anchor before hoisting sail for the last long voyage to the unknown.

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be;
> . . . . . .
> Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

A sober time, perhaps, but serene and ripe.

I have not this in mind, but rather what I think must be a much more trying period: growing old in the sense of passing from late youth to early middle age; say those years from thirty-five to forty, though to some the experience I wish to suggest comes earlier, and to a few perhaps later.

Always, by the calendar and by succeeding birthdays and anniversaries, we know that the years are passing. Ordinarily, however, there is no element of surprise, nothing strange or poignant about the course of time. It is recognized rather than felt, and is registered by the intellect and not by the emotions.

Passing from youth to middle age is something very different. The moment when one first feels acutely that he is no longer young, is bound to make one pause in something akin to consternation. For vividness it is like a flash of lightning in a black sky. Life no longer is all before one; even more dreadful thought, it may be mostly behind!

After the first keen realization there follows a bewildered state of mind due to unwillingness, yes, to an actual puzzled inability to accept the truth. With all the agony of the startled call of a child at night, the heart cries out, 'It cannot be; it is not so.' Youth dies hard, and fights and struggles in its dying like an imprisoned bird. Others, even those near and dear, are older, are even old; we can see that. But how can the stubborn facts be true as to ourselves? Very gradually, little by little, fighting its way inch by inch, the truth prevails and gnaws at the heart, — though only intermittently, of course, — until time numbs this emotion as it does every other one.

The blow strikes a man in his ambitions, his feelings, and his spiritual nature. I do not think the merely physical phase is important. Inability to turn handsprings or do a backward dive does not hurt much. It is the other things which count.

It is well if the first realization does not bring panic with it. It is a time when youthful hopes and early promise must be tested by actual performance. The fact that there is any occasion as yet for doing this is itself an unwelcome surprise, and the result is apt to be disconcerting.

One finds that he has been out of college twenty years, that he has practiced law perhaps for nearly as long a time. What has he done? What has happened, granting that the incredible facts be true?

Mr. Chalk in Jacobs's *Dialstone Lane*

makes the remark: 'I'm fifty-one next year, and the only thing I ever had happen to me was seeing a man stop a runaway horse and cart.' Even one who has had a busy, happy life feels a little that way when he compares what actually is with early hopes.

Fortunately few of us aspire to careers of precocious greatness, but even so it is annoying at just this period of life to recall that at forty-five Napoleon had lost the battle of Waterloo; that all the best books of Dickens had been published before he was forty; that Samuel Pepys made the last entry in his diary at the age of thirty-seven. Nearer home, and therefore more startling to me, came the experience of rereading the life of a maternal great uncle who was killed by a pro-slavery mob in the stormy days preceding the Civil War. From childhood I have always pictured this hero as a patriarch to whom the appellation 'Venerable Man' might most appropriately be applied; and yet history says that at the time of his death he was thirty-four years old.

One has reached a time of life when it is hardly one thing or the other. The past years have not been so many as to permit one to lay down his arms and retreat in quiet to the shade. It is still not too late to strive and perhaps to achieve. On the other hand so much dusty road has been traveled that if one finds it has not led him far on the way he meant to go, he can hardly delude himself with the fancy that he may yet go back and begin the journey anew. The pleasant sense of superfluous time is gone; one must hurry; and perhaps it is too late!

Then comes the grief of perceiving the waste, the loss, the utter futility of postponements. The world is full of good and wonderful things. What a wealth of potential experience and emotions; and time and opportunity for so little! And yet year after year one goes on blindly and blandly putting off to some more convenient or appropriate time, to that impossible period when all will be exactly right, things he wants to do and can do,—a kind action, making a new friend, or altering a whole career! Once acquired, the habit of postponing persists. Hope springs eternal; and a man of forty finds himself counting complacently on some day taking up hunting, or entering politics, or circling the globe.

Perhaps the most dreadful part of all is to feel that the early hopes remain fresh and vigorous when so much time has gone forever. As a solace for this, one begins to wonder if after all the true way of life is not to accept with what contentment one may what has been called the philosophy of the 'second best.' That is not so bad as a scheme of life for the future. To realize, on reflection, that unconsciously this has been one's own philosophy for many years is not so pleasant.

Years and experience bring, I think, a more tolerant and kindly disposition toward others. It is easier to forgive. The ready willingness of youth to condemn has unconsciously and little by little faded away. With this broader charity to others there comes, I am afraid, a tendency to be easy on one's self. The niceness of discrimination as to one's own conduct is rubbed off, and the freshness and purity of early years is worn away. Youth hopes all, demands all, and expects all. Middle age is content to put up with what comes readily to hand. That any but really bad people govern their actions by ulterior motives of worldliness, greed, or selfish ambition is hardly conceivable in youth. Yet middle age sees with an uncritical and accustomed eye such conduct every day in those whom it welcomes as friends and knows to be good. I do not say that the high expectation of youth is wiser or saner than the tolerance of

middle age. It is better, I agree with Stevenson, occasionally to swallow a camel than forever to be straining at gnats. I am concerned only in emphasizing different points of outlook on life, and in suggesting that there is an element of sadness in the loss of even impossible hopes.

It is well, of course, to take life as easily as possible; it is a mistake to be too serious. I agree that the sensation of growing old often rises only to the dignity of an annoyance. When all is said and done, however, to one with perception enough to realize what has happened, the yearning for a lost youth is like the sudden yearning which comes at times for a lost friend; and it takes some fortitude to go on in cheerfulness. Fortunate it is that we are helped by happy memories.

There comes a day at the end of summer, every year, which somehow seems to write the word 'Finis' to all the gayety and joyousness of that pleasant season. That day is not dependent on any calendar reckoning. It may come at any place, and in any environment. Without precise reason one feels suddenly that this particular summer is over and gone, and experiences a sense of regret and gentle melancholy, such as one may also feel in less degree at the end of a perfect day. For a moment the future looks cold and uninviting, and hardly to be borne. Yet life goes on without a break, and autumn succeeds to summer and winter succeeds to autumn. The cool, bracing fall days are found to be not without their own especial charm, and, better still, perhaps, are very good to work in. Even winter, taking away some of the zest of either work or play with its icy blasts, is the best time of all for quiet indoor companionship or contemplation before the fire on the hearth. So we get through the year comfortably, if not with the glow and enthusiasm which seem to depart when summer is past. And in the autumn and in the winter, too, come bright flashes of memory of summer scenes and emotions. For a moment the warm sun shines again, the ship, with glittering canvas spread, sails out over the blue water, the dear companions are near once more, and the peace which passeth understanding settles on the spirit.

Something like that happens in the autumn and winter of life. Youth has gone perhaps in actual fact, but can never die in memory. Imaginary things, in a way, are as real and vital as tangible objects; sometimes their effect is as great, and often the pleasure they give is infinitely greater than that received from what we can touch or see or hear. Thinking is a more refined joy than eating or drinking; dreaming is a more delicate process than even thinking; and of moments in youth there lingers the shadow of a thought, the ghost of a dream to which the whole being responds as it were to a chord of music or to the odor of violets in early spring.

More precious than rubies and pearls are the times in early years which first set the fibres in tune with never-to-be-forgotten joys; for they are the source of happiness distilled for the spirit, ethereal, tenuous like a ray of light; and the memory of those times is not recollection but sensation.

So the autumn and winter of life are brightened, though there is to be no other spring.

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

IV. CHILDREN AND WORK

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

Bessie has had eight 'jobs' in six months. Obviously under sixteen, she has had to produce her 'working papers' before she could be taken on. The fact that she has met the requirements necessary to obtain the papers, and that her employer has demanded them, is evidence of the advance made in New York State since we first became acquainted with the children of the poor. Bessie has had to prove by birth certificate or other documentary evidence that she is really fourteen, has had to submit to a simple test in English and arithmetic, present proof of at least 130 days' school attendance in the year before leaving, and, after examination by a medical officer, has had to be declared physically fit to enter shop or factory.

No longer could Annie, the cobbler's daughter, by unchallenged perjury obtain the state sanction to her premature employment. Gone are the easy days when Francesca's father, defying school mandates, openly offered his little ones in the labor market. Yet we are far from satisfied. Bessie, though she meets the requirements of the law, goes out wholly unprepared for self-support; she is of no industrial value, and is easily demoralized by the conviction of her unimportance to her 'boss,' certain that her casual employment and dismissal have hardly been noted, save as she herself has been affected by the pay envelope. Her industrial experience is no surprise to her settlement friends, for she is a type of the boys and girls who, twice a year, swarm out of the schools and find their way to the Department of Health to obtain working papers. Bessie's father is a phthisis case; her mother, the chief wage-earner, an example of devotion and industry. The girl has been a fairly good student and dutiful in the home, where for several years she has scrubbed the floors and 'looked after' the children in her mother's absence.

Tommy also appeared at the office with his credentials and successfully passed all the tests, until the scale showed him suspiciously weighty for his appearance. Inquiry as to what bulged one of his pockets disclosed the fact that he had a piece of lead there. He had been told that he probably would not weigh enough to pass the doctor. Talking the matter over with Mrs. Sanderson, I learned that the immediate reason for taking Tommy out of school was his need of a pair of shoes. The mother was not insensitive to his pinched appearance. A few days later Tommy was taken to visit our children at the farm, and it was pleasant to see that the natural boy had not been crushed. He devoured the most juvenile story-books and was 'crazy' about the sledding. The self-respecting mother was not injured in her pride or inde-

pendence by a little necessary aid carefully given; and though I have not seen Tommy recently, I am sure that neither he nor his employer lost anything because of the better physical condition in which he entered work after his happy winter at the farm.

This attempt to cheat the law by the very children for whose protection it was designed, and the occasional disregard of the purposes of the enactments by enforcing officials, suggest Alice's perplexity when she encountered the topsy-turvy Wonderland.

It was about twelve years ago that a group of settlement people in New York gathered to consider the advisability of organizing public sentiment against the exploitation of child workers. The New York Child Labor Committee thereupon came into existence, under the chairmanship of the then head of the University Settlement, and that committee has since been steadily engaged in advancing standards of conditions under which children may work. Through legislative enactment and publicity it has endeavored to form public opinion on those socially constructive principles inherent in the conservation of the children of the state.

Of necessity child-labor laws approach the problem from the negative side of prohibition. To meet the problem positively, the Henry Street Settlement established in 1908 a definite system of 'scholarships' for children from fourteen to sixteen, to give training during what have been termed the 'two wasted years,' to as many as their funds permitted.

A committee of administration receives the applications which come from all parts of the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and preference is given to those children of widows or disabled fathers whose need seems greatest. Careful inquiry is made by the capable secretary to discover natural inclinations or aptitudes, and these are used as guides in determining the character of the instruction to be given. Three dollars a week — somewhat less than the sum the children might have been earning — is given weekly for two years, during which time they are under continual supervision at home, at school, and through regular visits to the settlement. They are looked after physically, provided with occasional recreation, and, in the summer time, whenever possible, a vacation in the country. The committee keeps in close touch with the educational agencies throughout the city, gathers knowledge of the trades that give opportunity for advancement, and to aid teachers, settlement workers, parents, and children, publishes from time to time a directory of vocational resources in the city.[1]

Approval of this endowment for future efficiency comes from many sources, but no encouragement has been greater than the fact that, while the plan was still in its experimental stage, my own first boys' club, the members of which had now grown to manhood, celebrated their fifteenth anniversary by contributing three scholarships; and that the Women's Club, whose members feel most painfully the disadvantage of the small wage of the unskilled, have given from their club treasury or by voluntary assessment for this help to the boys and girls.

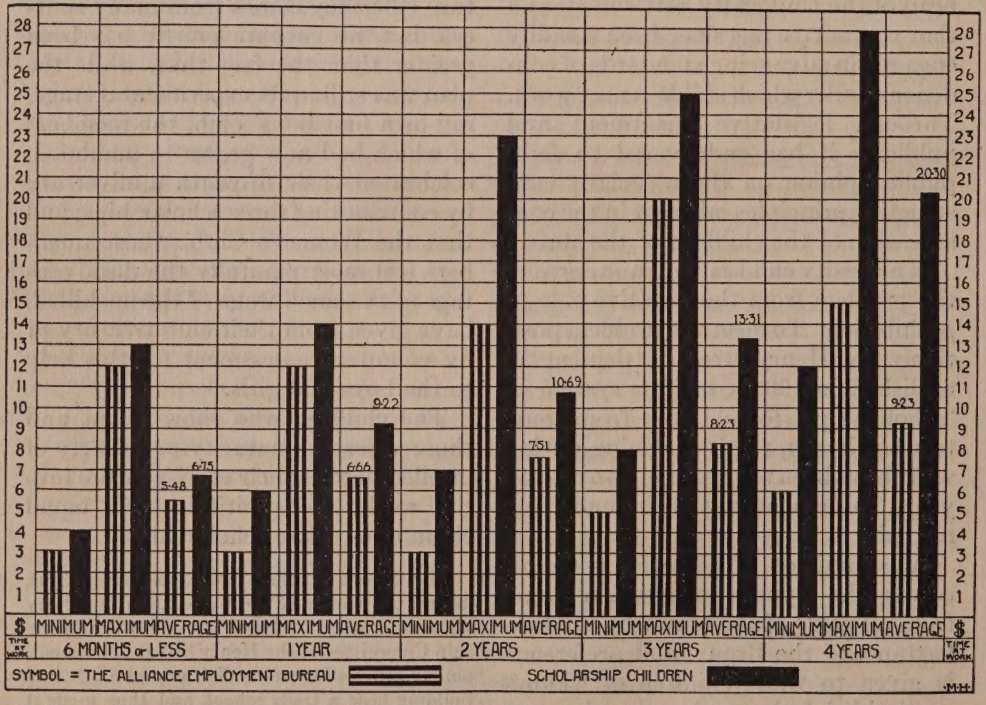
The children who show talent and those whose immaturity or poverty of intellect makes their early venture into the world more pitiful, have equal claim upon these scholarships.

[1] Because of economic conditions in New York during the winter of 1915 and the compulsory idleness of many unskilled workers, the Scholarship Committee of the Henry Street Settlement, among other efforts for relief, rented a loft in a building near a trade school, and thus made it possible for 160 untrained girls to receive technical instruction, the Board of Education providing teachers and equipment. — THE AUTHOR.

Pippa was one of the latter. She was scorned at home for obvious slowness of wit and 'bad eyes'; her mother deplored the fact that there was nothing for her to do but 'getta married.' Pippa's club leader's reports were equally discouraging, save for the fact that she had shown some dexterity in the sewing class. At the time when she would have begun her patrol of the streets, looking for signs of 'Girls Wanted,' the offer of a scholarship prevailed with the mother, and she was given one year's further education in a trade school. After a conference between the teachers and her settlement friends, sample-mounting was decided upon as best suited to Pippa's capacities. She has done well with the training, and is now looked up to as the one wage-earner in the family who is regularly employed.

One of the accompanying charts compares the wage-earning capacity of the boys and girls who have had the advantage of these scholarships, with that of an equal number of untrained young people whose careers are known through their industrial placement by perhaps the most careful juvenile employment agency in the city.[1] The de-

[1] That the ephemeral character of work available for children of fourteen to sixteen years of age is not peculiar to New York City is shown by the following figures from the report of the Maryland Bureau of Statistics for the year 1914. In Maryland, working papers are issued for each separate employment. The number of original applications in one year was 3,580 and the total of subsequent applications 4,437. Of the 3,580 children 2,006 came back a second time, 1,036 a third time, 561 a fourth, 363 a fifth, 194 a sixth, 116 a seventh, 53 an eighth, 29 a ninth, 18 a tenth, and one child came back for the eighteenth time in a twelvemonth, for working papers. Many of the children told stories of long periods of idleness between employments. — THE AUTHOR.



COMPARATIVE WEEKLY WAGES OF 72 CHILDREN, WHO HAVE WORKED FOUR YEARS WITHOUT PREVIOUS TRAINING, FROM THE RECORD OF AN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU; AND OF SCHOLARSHIP CHILDREN WHO HAVE HAD TWO YEARS OF VOCATIONAL TRAINING

POSITIONS HELD	LENGTH OF TIME IN EACH	KIND OF WORK
FIRST	3 DAYS	IN FACTORY, SORTING BUTTONS
SECOND	2 MONTHS	RIBBONING CORSET COVERS & MACHINE WORK ON THEM
THIRD	1 WEEK	RIBBONING & BUTTONING CORSET COVERS
FOURTH	TIME UNKNOWN	LADIES' UNDERWEAR
FIFTH	UP TO CHRISTMAS	ERRAND GIRL
SIXTH	2½ MONTHS	RIBBONING CORSET COVERS
SEVENTH	TIME UNKNOWN	ERRAND GIRL
EIGHTH	A FEW WEEKS	TRIM, CUT, & EXAMINE MENS TIES
NINTH	A FEW WEEKS	RETURN TO SECOND JOB
TENTH	A FEW WEEKS	HOME WORK, RIBBONING

THE TYPICAL EMPLOYMENT RECORD OF ONE CHILD BETWEEN THE AGES OF 14 AND 16

ductions that we made from the experience of the Henry Street children were corroborated by an inquiry made by one of our residents into the industrial history of one thousand children who had applied for working papers at the Department of Health. The employment-record chart was compiled from data obtained in that inquiry.

Our connections in the city enable us occasionally to coax opportunities for those boys and girls for whom experience in the shop itself would seem best. Jimmy had lost a leg 'hooking on the truck,' and his mother supposed that 'such things happen when you have to lock them out all day.' In the whittling class the lad showed dexterity with the sloyd knife, and he was thereupon given special privileges in the carpentry and carving classes of the settlement. When he reached working age, one of our friends, a distinguished patron of a high-grade decorator, induced the latter to give the boy a chance. Misgivings as to the permanency of his tenure of the place were allayed when Jimmy, aglow with enthusiasm over his work, brought a beautifully carved mahogany box and told me of the help the skilled men in the shop were giving him. On the whole, he concluded, 'a fellow with one leg' had advantages over other cabinet-makers; 'he could get into so many more tight places and corners than with two.'

Bessie and Jimmy and Pippa and Esther and their little comrades stir us to contribute our human documents to the propaganda instituted in behalf of children. In this, as in other experiments at the settlement, we do not believe that what we offer is of great consequence unless the demonstrations we make and the experience we gain are applicable to the problems of the community. On no other single interest do the members of our settlement meet with such unanimity. Years of concern about individual children might in any case have brought this about, but irresistible has been the influence exercised

by Mrs. Florence Kelley, now and for many years a member of the settlement family. She has long consecrated her energies to securing protective legislation throughout the country for children compelled to labor; and, with the late Edgar Gardiner Murphy of Alabama, suggested the creation of the National Child Labor Committee, which in its ten years' existence has affected legislation in forty-seven states by securing the enactment of new or improved child-labor or compulsory-education laws. On this and on the New York Committee Mrs. Kelley and I have served since their creation.

Though much has been accomplished during this decade the field is immensely larger than was supposed, and forces inimical to reform, not reckoned with at first, have been encountered. Despite this opposition, however, we believe that the abolition of child-labor abuses in America is not very far off.

In Pennsylvania, within a very few years, insistence on satisfactory proof of age was strenuously opposed. Officials who should have been working in harmony with the committee persisted in declaring that the parent's affidavit, long since discarded in New York State, was sufficient evidence, despite the fact that coroners' inquests after mine disasters showed child workers of ten and eleven years. The Southern mill children, the little cranberry-bog workers, the oyster shuckers, and the boys in glass factories and mines have illustrated the fact that this disregard of children is not peculiar to any one section of the country, though Southern states have been most tenacious of the exemption of children of 'dependent parents' or 'orphans' from working-paper requirements.

In the archives at Washington much interesting evidence lies buried in the unpublished portions of reports of the federal investigation of the work of women and children. One mill-owner greeted the government inspectors most cordially, and, to show his patriotism, ordered the flag to be raised above the works. The raising of the flag, as it afterwards transpired, was a signal to the children employed in the mill to remain at home. In the early days of child-labor reform in New York the children on Henry Street would sometimes relate vividly their experience of being suddenly whisked out of sight when the approach of the factory inspector was signaled.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention the obvious fact that the child worker is in competition with the adult and drags down his wages. At the Child Labor Conference held in Washington in January, 1915, a manufacturer in the textile industry cited the wages paid to adults in certain operations in the mills as fourteen cents per hour where there were prohibitive child-labor laws, and eleven cents an hour where there were none.

The National Child Labor Committee now asks Congress through a federal bill to outlaw interstate traffic in the labor of children. Such a law would protect the public-spirited employer who is now obliged to compete in the market with men whose business methods he condemns.

II

Sammie and his brother sold papers in front of one of the large hotels every night. The more they shivered with cold the greater the harvest of pennies. No wonder that the white-faced little boy stayed out long after his cold had become serious. He himself asked for admission to the hospital and died there before his absence was noted. After his death relatives appeared, willing to aid according to their small means, and the relief society increased its stipend to his family. At any time during his

life this aid might have been forthcoming, had not the public unthinkingly made his sacrifice possible by the purchase of his papers.

Opposition to regulating and limiting the sale of papers by little boys on the streets is hard to overcome. A juvenile literature of more than thirty years ago glorified the newsboy and his improbable financial and social achievements, and interest in him was heightened through a series of pictures by a popular painter, wherein ragged youngsters of an extraordinary cleanliness of face were portrayed as newsboys and bootblacks. In opposition to the charm of this presentation, the practical reformer offers the photographs, taken at midnight, of tiny lads asleep on gratings in front of newspaper offices, waiting for the early editions. He finds in street work the most fruitful source of juvenile delinquency, with newsboys heading the list.

I am aware that at this point numerous readers will recall instances of remarkable achievements by the barefoot boy, the wide-awake young newsseller. We too have known the exceptional lad who has accomplished marvels in the teeth of — sometimes because of — great disadvantages; but after twenty years I, for one, have no illusions as to the outcome for the ordinary child.

When the New York Child Labor Committee secured the enactment of a law making it mandatory for the school boy who desired to sell papers to obtain the consent of his parents before receiving the permissive badge from the district school superintendent, we sent a visitor from the settlement to the families of one hundred who had expressed their intention to secure the badge. Of these families, over sixty were opposed to the child's selling papers on the street. The boy wanted to 'because the other fellows did,' and the parents based their objections, in most cases, on precisely those grounds urged by social workers, — namely, that street work led the boys into bad company, irregular hours, gambling, and 'waste of shoe-leather.' Some asserted that they received no money from the children from the sale of the papers. On the other hand, a committee of which I was chairman, which made city-wide inquiry into juvenile street work, found instances of well-to-do parents who sent their little children on the streets to sell papers, sometimes in violation of the law.

The three chief obstacles to progress in protection of the children are the material interests of the employers, many of whom still believe that the child is a necessary instrument of profit; a sentimental, unanalytical feeling of kindness to the poor; and the attitude of officials upon whom the enforcement of the law depends, but who are often tempted by appeals to thwart its humane purpose. A truant officer of my acquaintance took upon himself discretionary power to condone the absence of a little child from school on the ground that the child was employed and the widowed mother poor. Himself a tender father, cherishing his small son, I asked him if that was what he would have me do in case he died and I found his child at work. Oddly enough he seemed then to realize for the first time that those who were battling for school attendance for the children of the poor and prevention of their premature employment, even though the widow and child might have to receive financial aid, were trying to take, in part, the place of the dead father.

To meet cases where enforcement of the new standards of the law involves undeniable hardship, another form of so-called 'scholarship' is given by the New York Child Labor Committee. On investigation a sum approximating

the possible earnings of the child is furnished until such time as he or she can legally go to work. An indirect but important result of the giving of these scholarships has been the continuous information obtained regarding enforcement of the school-attendance law. Inquiry into the history of candidates disclosed, at first, many cases in which, although the family had been in New York for years, some of the children had never attended school, and perhaps never would have done so had they not been discovered at work illegally. The number of these cases is now diminishing.

Allusion to these two forms of 'scholarships' should not be made without mention of one other in the settlement, known as the 'Alva Scholarship.' The interest on the endowment is used to promote the training of gifted individuals and to commemorate a beloved club leader. The money to establish it was given by the young woman's associates in the settlement, and small sums have been contributed to it by the girls who were members of her own and other clubs.

III

Few people have any idea of the extent of tenement-house manufactures. There are at present over thirteen thousand houses in Greater New York alone licensed for this purpose, and each license may cover from one to forty families. These figures give no complete idea of the work done in tenements. Much of it is carried on in unlicensed houses, and work not yet listed as forbidden is carried home. To supervise this immense field eight inspectors only were assigned in 1913. Changing fashions in dress and the character of certain of the seasonal trades make it very difficult for the Department of Labor to adjust the license list. This explains, to some extent, the lack of knowledge concerning home work on the part of officials, even when the Department of Labor is efficiently administered.

Twenty years ago, when we went from house to house caring for the sick, manufacturing was carried on in the tenements on a scale that does not exist to-day. With no little consternation we saw toys and infants' clothing, and sometimes food itself, made under conditions that would not have been tolerated in factories, even at that time. And the connection of remote communities and individuals with the East Side of New York was impressed upon us when we saw a roomful of children's clothing shipped to the Southern trade from a tenement where there were sixteen cases of measles. One of our patients, in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, until our appearance on the scene sat coughing in her bed, making cigarettes and moistening the paper with her lips. In another tenement in a nearby street we found children ill with scarlet fever. The parents worked as finishers of women's cloaks of good quality, evidently meant to be worn by the well-to-do. The garments covered the little patients, and the bed on which they lay was practically used as a work-table. The possibility of infection is perhaps the most obvious disadvantage of home work, and great changes have been wrought since the days when we first knew the sweat-shop; but we are here discussing only its connection with the children.

When work is carried on in the home all the members of the family can be and are utilized without regard to age or the restrictions of the factory laws. One Thanksgiving Day I carried an offering from prosperous children of my acquaintance to a little child on Water Street whose absence from the kindergarten had been reported on account of illness. He had chicken-pox, and I

found him, with flushed face, sitting on a little stool, working on knee pants with other members of the family. They interrupted their industry long enough to drag the concertina from under the bed and to join in singing Italian songs for my entertainment, but the father shrugged his shoulders in dissent from my protest against the continuance of the work.

Examination of the school attendance of children who do home work bears testimony to its relation to truancy. Josephine, eleven years of age, stays out of school to work on finishing; Francesca, aged twelve, to sew buttons on coats; Santa, nine years old, to pick out nut meats; Catherine, eight years old, sews on tags; Tiffy, another eight-year-old, helps her mother finish; Giuseppe, aged ten, is a deft worker on artificial flowers.

It is painful to recall the R—— family, who lived in a basement, all of the children engaged in making paper bags which the mother sold to the small dealers. Something, we know not what, impelled one of the five children to come for help to the nurse in the First Aid Room at the settlement. His head showed evidence of neglect, and when our nurse inquired of him how it had escaped the school medical inspection, the fact was disclosed that he had never been in school. Immediate inquiry on our part revealed the basement sweatshop and the fact that none of the children, all of whom had been born in America, had ever been to school. When the mother was questioned, she answered that she did not like to ask for more aid than she was already receiving from the relief society; and when we reproved the other children in the tenement for not having drawn our attention to their little neighbors, they answered that they themselves had not known of the existence of the R—— children because 'they never came out to play.' The stupidity of the mother and the circumstances of the family have continually tested the endurance of their well-meaning friends; nevertheless at this writing the eldest boy is in high school and supporting himself by work outside school hours at a subway news-stand.

What I have written thus far has been in large measure confined to the lower East Side of New York; but it may not be necessary to remind the reader that through the nursing service and other organized work, our contact with the tenement home workers extends over the two boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. The settlement has never made a scientific study of work done in the homes, but our information regarding it is continuous and current. This cumulative knowledge is probably the more valuable because it is obtained incidentally and naturally, and not as the result of a special investigation, which, however fair and impartial, must be somewhat affected by the consciousness of its purpose.

In 1899 a law was passed in New York State licensing individual workers in the tenements for certain trades. In 1904 this law was superseded, primarily at the instigation of the settlement, by one licensing the entire tenement house, thus making the owner of the house responsible. In 1913 a law recommended by the New York State Factory Investigating Commission was passed by the legislature; this law brought under its jurisdiction all articles manufactured in the tenements, prohibited entirely the home manufacture of food articles, dolls or dolls' clothing, children's or infants' wearing apparel, and forbade the employment of children under fourteen on any articles made in tenements.

All our experience points to the conclusion that it is impossible to control manufacturing in the tenements.

Restrictive legislation (such as the law forbidding the employment of children under fourteen) is practically impossible of enforcement, for it is a delusion to suppose that any human agency can find out what manufactures are going on in tenement-house homes. The inspectors become known in the various neighborhoods; and at their approach the word is passed along, and garments on which women are working may be hidden, or the work taken from children's hands. The more painstaking and conscientious the attempts at enforcement, the more secretive the workers become, and one is forced to the conclusion that the only practical remedy is to prohibit this parasitic form of industry outright. More of the men in these families would go to work if it were not so easy to employ the women and children; and many of the women would be able to work regular hours in establishments suitably constructed for manufacturing purposes and under state inspection and supervision. During the period of transition, suffering will doubtless come to some families whose poor living has been maintained by this form of industry, and relief measures must carry them over the time of adjustment. Most families working at home are already receiving aid from societies which thus indirectly help to support the parasitic trade.

IV

In 1913, 41,507 children of Greater New York secured working papers. The record for 1914 shows about 10,000 fewer seeking work, and consequently that many more in school, because of the amended statute which raised the minimum educational requirement. A public sentiment which keeps boys and girls longer in school emphasizes the need of more educational facilities adapted to industrial pursuits. The children least promising in book studies may often become adepts in manual work, and respond readily to instruction that calls for exercise of the motor energies. The armies of children who go to work immature, unprepared, uneducated in essentials, with no more than a superficial precocity, are likely to be thrown upon the scrap-heap of the unskilled early in life, and yet many of these have potentialities of skill and efficiency.

It is not surprising that with increasing knowledge of the children's condition, plans for their reasonable employment, guidance, and training should have made advance in the last decade. In some places provision has been made for vocational guidance, and the settlement is now interested in promoting an inquiry for New York City that should lead to the establishment of a juvenile bureau intended to combine vocational guidance and industrial supervision,—a bureau associated with an educational system and dissociated from the free employment exchanges which as yet do not inquire into the character of employment offered.

We believe that continuation schools are necessary for all boys and girls engaged in shop or factory work, and that expert vocational guidance and educational direction should be offered those who leave school to become wage-earners. It is inevitable that to people at all socially minded, close contact with many children should exercise the humanities. The stress that we lay on the enforcement of these protective measures comes from a conviction that the children of the poor, more than all others, need to be prepared for the responsibilities of life that so soon come upon them.

The great majority of the boys and girls accept passively the conditions of the trade or occupation into which chance and their necessities have forced

them. The desire for something different seldom becomes articulate or strong enough to impel them to overcome the almost insuperable barriers. Occasionally, however, the spirit of revolt asserts itself. 'I work in a sweat-shop,' said a young girl who brought her drawings to me for criticism, 'and it harasses my body and my soul. Perhaps I could earn enough to live on by doing these, and my brother bids me to display them'; and she added, 'I could live on three dollars a week if I were happy.' The drawings were promising and the temperamental young creature, in answer to my questioning, admitted that she had illustrated *David Copperfield* for pastime and had 'given David a weak chin.'

The difficulty of proper placement in industry experienced by the ordinary boy and girl is intensified in the case of the colored juveniles. It is now nine years since a woman called at the Henry Street house and almost challenged me to face their problem. She was what is termed a 'race woman' and desired to work for her own people. It was not difficult to provide an opening, and the Henry Street Settlement has now a distinct branch of its work in the section known as 'San Juan Hill,' on the West Side of the city. To find admirably trained and efficient colored nurses was a comparatively simple matter; and the response of the colored people themselves in this respect was immediately encouraging. Necessity for patient adherence to the principle of giving opportunity to the most needy children, that they may be better equipped for the future, is emphasized in the case of the colored children in school and when seeking work; but difficulties, mountainous in proportion and testing the most buoyant optimism, loom up when social barriers and racial characteristics enter into individual adjustments. The restricted number of occupations open to them discourages ambition and in time reacts unfavorably upon character and ability; and thus we complete the vicious circle of diminishing opportunities and lessening vigor and skill. Colored women are often conspicuously good and tender mothers, and as I have watched large groups of them assembled in their club rooms, exhibiting their babies with justifiable pride, I have felt a wave of unhappiness because of the consciousness of the enormous handicap with which these little ones must face the future.

A distinguished musician told me not long ago that he gave specially of his time and talent to the colored people of New York because of a debt that he owed to a gifted colored neighbor. When he was a boy, his attempts to play the violin attracted the man's attention; the latter offered his services as instructor when he learned that the boy could not afford to take lessons. The colored man had great talent and had studied with the best masters in Europe, but when he returned to America he was unable to obtain engagements or procure pupils, and in order to earn his living was obliged to learn to play the guitar. Discouraging as was his experience, there is, I believe, relatively freer opportunity for the exceptionally gifted of the colored race in the arts and professions than for the ordinary young men and women who seek vocational careers.

V

Experience in Henry Street, and a conviction that intelligent interest in the welfare of children was becoming universal, gradually focused my mind on the necessity for a Federal Children's Bureau. Every day brought to the settlement, by mail and personal call, — as it must have brought to other

people and agencies known to be interested in children, — the most varied inquiries, appeals for help and guidance, reflecting every social aspect of the question. One well-known judge of a children's court was obliged to employ a clerical staff at his own expense to reply to such inquiries. Those that came to us we answered as best we might, out of our own experience, or from fragmentary and incomplete data. Even the available information on this important subject was nowhere assembled in complete and practical form. The birth-rate, preventable blindness, congenital and preventable disease, infant mortality, physical degeneracy, orphanage, desertion, juvenile delinquency, dangerous occupations and accidents, crimes against children, are questions of enormous national importance concerning some of which reliable information was wholly lacking.

Toward the close of President Roosevelt's administration a colleague and I called upon him to present my plea for the creation of this bureau. On that day the Secretary of Agriculture had gone South to ascertain what danger to the community lurked in the appearance of the boll weevil. This gave point to our argument that nothing that might have happened to the children of the nation could have called forth governmental inquiry.

The Federal Children's Bureau was conceived in the interest of all children; but it was fitting that the National Committee on which I serve, dedicated to working children, should have become sponsor for the necessary propaganda for its creation.

It soon became evident that the suggestion was timely. Sympathy and support came from every part of the country, from Maine to California, and from every section of society. The national sense of humor was aroused by the grim fact that whereas the federal government concerned itself with the conservation of material wealth, mines and forests, hogs and lobsters, and had long since established bureaus to supply information concerning them, citizens who desired instruction and guidance for the conservation and protection of the children of the nation had no responsible governmental body to which to appeal.

Though the suggestion was approved by President Roosevelt and widely supported by press and people, it was not until the close of President Taft's administration that the Federal Children's Bureau became a fact, and the child and all its needs were brought within the sphere of federal care and solicitude. The appointment of Miss Julia Lathrop, a woman of conspicuous personal fitness and adequate training, as its first chief, was a guaranty of the auspicious beginning of its work. In the brief time of its service it has had continuous evidence that the people of these United States intelligently avail themselves of the opportunity for acquiring better understanding of the great responsibility that is placed upon each generation.

The Federal Children's Bureau would not fulfill the purpose of its originators if its service were limited to the study and record of the pathological conditions surrounding children. Its greatest work for the nation should be, and doubtless will be, to create standards for the states and municipalities which may turn to it for expert guidance and advice. With the living issues involved it is not likely to become mechanical.

The Children's Bureau is a symbol of the most hopeful aspect of America. Founded in love for children and confidence in the future, its existence is enormously significant. The first time I visited Washington after the establishment of the bureau I felt a thrill of the new and the hopeful, and I con-

trasted its bare office with the splendid monuments that had been erected and dedicated to the past. Some day, I thought, a lover of his country, understanding that the children of to-day are our future, will build a temple to them in the seat of the federal government. This building will be more beautiful than those inspired by the army and navy, by the exploits of science or commemoration of the dead. As my imagination soared I fairly visualized the Children's Bureau developed, expanded, drawing from all corners of the land eager parents and teachers, not only to learn the theory of child culture, but to see demonstrations of the best methods in playgrounds, clinics, classes, clubs, buildings, and equipment. The vision became associated with a memory of the first time I saw the Lucca della Robbias on the outer wall of the Florentine asylum and felt the inspiration of linking a great artist with a little waif. But these lovely sculptured babes are swathed. Some day, when the beautiful building of the Federal Children's Bureau is pointed out in Washington, I have it in my heart to believe that the genius who decorates in paint or plastic art will convey the new conception of the child, — free of motion, up-looking, the ward of the nation.

(*To be continued.*)

GERMANY'S RESOURCES UNDER THE BLOCKADE

BY W. J. ASHLEY

I

When the German government brought forward its proposals for a big navy, it received the energetic support, by speech and pen, of many university professors, and among them of almost every economist of repute in the country. That this was so was a patent and conspicuous fact. The political opposition resented their appearance in the party arena, and dubbed them 'Professors of the Fleet' (*Flottenprofessoren*). But their arguments quite certainly carried great weight with the educated classes, especially in administrative and official circles; and they themselves were afterwards proud of the part they had taken. One of the most widely read of them all, Professor Lamprecht, after eulogizing the Emperor in his *History* for the energy with which he set about converting the nation, adds, with emphasis, 'His banner was followed, with complete understanding, before all others and from the very start, by the academic teachers of the nation.'

I start by calling attention to the considerable part played by the professors, not at all by way of criticism, but simply to secure attention for their arguments; and to these we must now turn. They are most readily accessible in two volumes of speeches and essays, published in 1900 with the title *Handels- und Machtpolitik* (Politics of

Trade and Power), under the editorship of Gustav Schmoller, Max Sering, and Adolph Wagner, 'Professors of the Political Sciences at the University of Berlin.' The conjunction of these names is significant, and especially the alliance of Professors Schmoller and Wagner, the influential leaders of two very different and not always very friendly schools of economists. For while Professor Schmoller has been for many years the most conspicuous figure among writers of the historical school, Professor Wagner for a like period has been the chief representative in Germany of economic theory.

Most of the arguments of both volumes centred in the proposition that till Germany could protect by her own fleet her oversea trade — then, as now, some 70 per cent of the whole — her economic position was insecure and at the mercy of any power which could control the seas. I will quote a few passages; and in view of the language now being used in Germany about the effect of British sea-power on German food-supplies, I would call special attention to the references to this particular aspect of the subject. They will show that the danger Germany has since incurred was fully anticipated; and that there was no thought of assistance from the doctrine of conditional contraband.

Listen first to Professor Schmoller:—

'However optimistically we may think of our agricultural progress, we shall remain a people which needs to import foreign foodstuffs; and therefore our existence is threatened if we are not powerful at sea.'

And again: —

'The denser our population becomes, the more we must increase our exports, if only to pay for our imports of food, materials, and colonial produce.'

Next turn to Professor Wagner: —

'Until we have a powerful fleet we are not sufficiently secured against the very real dangers of a hostile blockade, with all its grievous consequences for our import and export trade, for the feeding of our people and the employment of our workmen.'

Of the contributions by less generally known writers, two were especially devoted to the elaboration of the same thesis. One was by Dr. Ernst Francke, the much respected organizer of the moderate social-reform movement and editor of *Soziale Praxis*. The following quotation will be enough: —

'With the exception of the building trade, there is no great German industry not dependent to a considerable extent on exportation of its products across the seas. . . . It is certainly not exaggeration when we conclude that altogether some twenty-four to twenty-six millions of people in Germany [out of a population then of fifty-six millions] are dependent for their livelihood and employment upon the unimpeded inward and outward movement of commodities on the sea routes. Keeping the sea open and the continuance of German competition in the markets of the world are, therefore, questions of life and death for the nation, and they concern the laboring masses in the very highest degree.'

The more detailed working-up of the argument was intrusted to a younger economist, Dr. Paul Voigt, a man of great ability too early lost to his country. At the end of his survey he exclaims, —

'Almost four milliards of absolutely indispensable imports — materials, half-finished goods, and food — which, in the main, reach us by sea!'

And he concludes: —

'Considering how vastly the economic life of the nation is dependent on foreign trade, there can hardly be any doubt that a blockade which lasted any considerable time would bring Germany into subjection.'

Such was the contention with which in 1898–1900 the economists of Germany came to the support of the government's naval programme. Germany to-day, in spite of her fleet, is precisely in the position they pictured before the fleet existed. My purpose is to ask how far their account of the situation is still true? how far Germany is now vulnerable?

II

Let us begin, then, by considering the question of food, on the assumption that outside supplies are cut off,— the assumption, as we have seen, on which rested the principal argument of the 'Professors of the Fleet.'

Rye is still the chief bread grain of the people; but almost half as much wheat is also consumed; and it is customary with German writers to group the two grains together as 'bread corn.' It is probable that in respect of bread corn Germany is rather more self-sufficing than she was fifteen years ago. The exact proportions will work out rather differently according to the years chosen. My own calculation, from the official figures of crop and import, is that in 1899–1900 the foreign imports were over 12 per cent of the consumption, in 1912–13 under 11 per cent. Other estimates are even more cheerful for Germany. Professor Sering, of Berlin, a high authority on agricultural economics, thus expressed himself at a meeting of the German Council of Agriculture, in February, 1913, — also, as I gather, relying upon official figures: —

'The magnitude of what our peasantry has recently accomplished is not to be denied. With the help of coöperative societies, associations, schools, and traveling lecturers, it has succeeded in lowering the proportion of bread corn which we have to draw from abroad from 16.6 per cent in the first five years of the century to 10 per cent, in the years 1909–11. This is the work of our peasantry, for the peasantry holds in its hands more than three quarters of the whole cultivated area of the Empire, and, roughly, the same proportion of the soil under corn crops.'

And this would seem, on the face of it, to be the more encouraging for Germany, because the success in this direction has been most conspicuous in the case of the older and traditional staple. According to the official returns, the annual crop of wheat rose from an average of 3.8 million tons in 1899–1900 to an average of 4.5 in 1912–13, that is, about 18 per cent, while that of rye rose from 8.6 to 11.9, or 38 per cent. Before the war, Germany still imported about one third of its wheat from America, Russia, the Argentine, and Canada; but the improvement in the yield of rye has been enough to turn it from a rye-importing to a rye-exporting country. In good seasons it now sends rye to Russia, instead of drawing it thence. In recent years it has exported, on balance, no less than half a million tons of rye annually; while as late as the nineties it still imported, on balance, from three quarters to a million tons.

Yet, after all, a deficiency in the total bread-corn supply of even 10 per cent — to take the most hopeful estimate — means a shortage of more than five weeks' ordinary consumption; and I am not aware that any German economist of standing has spoken lightly of the risk involved. But, outside cautious scientific circles, there was certainly a tendency, for some time before the war, to take an extremely optimistic view of the situation. It was urged that, in case of need, the grain could be more completely ground, and less lost in the form of bran; and it was pointed out that, in the last resort, the quite considerable quantities of rye and wheat used for industrial purposes — for the manufacture of starch and corn

brandy — could be appropriated for the miller and baker.

And in 1908 appeared an article by W. Behrendt, which attracted wide attention and made a deep impression on many minds. It was entitled 'Potatoes in War,' and it professed to show that any deficiencies that might still remain in the matter of bread corn could readily be made up from potatoes; that potatoes provided 'the national food reserve.' For, to begin with, in the matter of potatoes Germany was more than sufficient unto itself. Next, it was pointed out that of the potato crop only 32 per cent was actually used for human food, and 15 per cent kept for seed, while 34 per cent was employed as fodder, 9 per cent for the manufacture of spirits and starch, and 10 per cent was spoiled. Surely something could be taken, if not from the cattle, from the distilleries; and, besides, the new process of potato-drying and potato-flake manufacture was going to save the 10 per cent now spoiled. All that would really be necessary, then, if foreign corn-supplies were cut off, would be a slight readjustment of consumption. So that the Emperor had a certain body of apparently expert opinion behind him when he declared, in February, 1913, —

'There is no longer any doubt that Germany not only can now, but also will be able for the future, to supply bread and meat for all her people.'

A sign of the satisfaction felt in certain quarters was the article from the pen of Count Otto Moltke, a prominent Conservative member of the Reichstag, which appeared in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* just five months before the war. This declared, on the authority of official figures, that the English consumption of corn was actually less than the German, and that the German harvest by itself was capable of giving the average German more than the Englishman got; while, on the same authority, it appeared that the German meat consumption had grown with extraordinary rapidity of late, and that the figures were now on a level with those of England. Just a little pinching, just a little sacrifice of comfort, was all, he implied, that war could be expected to involve.

Even accepting the data relied upon in the foregoing arguments, there were weak places in the situation which were well known to cool observers. The cessation of the import of wheat means the withdrawal of a third of the whole wheat-supply. Now wheat flour is used not only for the white rolls eaten by the well-to-do: it is mixed with rye flour in the making of all the better varieties of 'black' or 'rye' bread, in proportions of from a fifth to a third. The growing popular relish for wheat is reflected in the official statistics, which report a decrease in the consumption per head of rye from 151 kilogrammes in 1894–98 to 144 in 1909–13, and an increase in wheat from 86.8 kilogrammes to 89.1. The figures for the two grains do not quite harmonize, but they amply indicate the tendency in the two opposite directions. A larger resort to rye would mean a reversal of these tendencies. 'A good thing,' said one enthusiast, voicing the opinion of many others; 'it is rye bread from which Germanism [Germanenthum] has for thousands of years drawn its incomparable strength and health.' But food-habits are notoriously difficult things to alter suddenly.

And then the agricultural labor problem gave reason for anxiety. With the expansion of the industries of Rhineland and Westphalia, agricultural laborers have been more and more drawn away in recent years from the big corn-growing estates east of the Elbe: they have been attracted both by higher wages and by the prospect of greater social independence. Let us hear Professor Sering on the consequences: —

'In the place of the laborers who have left, come more and more foreigners [from Russia and Russian Poland]. According to the Occupation Census of 1907 they constituted in Silesia and Saxony 15 and 20 per cent respectively of the male laborers. The number rises year by year. In the whole of Germany in 1912, 729,000 "legitimation cards" were issued to season workers, of whom 397,000 were employed in agriculture. More and more does the employment of these foreigners become the basis of estate management. . . . So we are at the mercy of foreign governments whether our fields shall be ploughed and reaped; and if a war should break out, the harvests in extensive districts will be ruined.'

As it happened, when the war broke out many of these 'Wanderarbeiter' had already reached Germany for the season; and as many as possible have been compulsorily retained over the winter and spring. Just what is going to happen next harvest time it would be unsafe to predict; but the labor position east of the Elbe might very well create a certain sense of insecurity.

III

But a far weightier reason for anxiety was a fact not generally known in Germany but understood by some, at least, among the statisticians, and that was the very doubtful value of the official statistics of agricultural production. During all these months of war this has been the skeleton in the cupboard of the German people. In all lands harvest figures are the weakest department of government statistics. They commonly depend on estimates, not on enumeration; so that some severe critics will not honor them with the name 'statistics' at all. That the German figures contain a considerable element of probable error has been pointed out by writers of economic authority in statistical publications for several years past. And at last even the easy optimism of Count Otto Moltke, in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* already referred to, drove Professor Ballod of Berlin, a writer of great authority, to address the general public in the July number of the same magazine, in an article which must have been disconcerting indeed to most of those who read it. Here is a summary of part of it:—

'The estimated harvest in the province of Posen, *less* what we know from transportation statistics to have been conveyed out of the province, would leave 325 kilogrammes per head, a quite impossible figure; "even the Polish stomach does not need as much bread as that." Higher and more improbable figures still were returned from the three other eastern provinces of Prussia — East and West Prussia and Pomerania; they would imply a consumption per head of 371 kilogrammes. Assuming a consumption in the four eastern provinces of 250 kilogrammes, which is somewhat higher than the official average for the whole Empire, the harvest even then must have been, in those provinces, 22 per cent less than the estimate.'

His conclusion was an excess in the estimate for the whole Empire of somewhere about 15 per cent.

We can now realize the probable state of mind of the German government during the past six months. In spite of the much-praised efficiency of its officials, it really has not known, *with certainty*, what amount of corn it could count upon within the country. The self-satisfaction natural to all government offices, the tendency of Agrarians to magnify their agricultural achievements, the wish to reassure the people, the public committal of the Emperor a year before to the big harvest figures, all these influences would nat-

urally lead the government to speak confidently of an adequate supply. Meanwhile there have probably been those in high places who have known that, if their armies did not 'hack their way through' in a few weeks, the food outlook was far from bright.

As soon as the war had been in progress a couple of months, and the official class realized that things were not going so quickly as they had anticipated, the government began to be urged to use its authority to bring about the necessary adaptation of consumption to resources; and various attempts were made to work out the details of the necessary transposition of foodstuffs on the basis of the official figures. One such was put forward in a pamphlet by Von Braun, head of the Agricultural Department of Bavaria, which appeared in October. He reckoned that the needs in time of war would be actually less by three per cent than in time of peace; and this chiefly because the army can feed itself, to some extent, from the harvests of the occupied territories, 'and with the further victorious progress of our forces this will be the case in increasing measure.' To allow for the same per capita consumption of bread in 1914–15 as in 1912–13, there would need to be some three million tons more bread corn than would actually be available. This deficiency could be made up by using one million tons of the barley otherwise given as fodder, together with six million tons of potatoes (equivalent in food-values to two million tons of bread corn, and derived from the surplus supplies of 1913 and 1914). As there would be already a deficit of three million tons of fodder barley, owing to the cessation of Russian imports, the total shortage of barley would amount to four million tons. This deficit could be made up by the quarter of a million tons of barley saved from malting, because of the falling off in the export of beer and in the male consumption (with the army absent); by using the surplus supply of oats (one and a half million tons); and by turning to fodder uses the six million tons of sugar beets (equivalent to one million tons of fodder barley) set free by the disappearance of the sugar export to England. This still left one and a half million tons of barley fodder wanting. But against this could be set the surplus hay harvest of 1914, which happened to be a particularly good year and was reckoned as much as 11 per cent above the decennial average. This disposed of the difficulty as to ordinary fodder. There remained the loss of two to two and a half million tons of other imported feeding-stuffs of various kinds: maize from oversea, oilcake from Russia, and so on. But if it came to the worst, the pigs could be slaughtered somewhat earlier, and the nation could easily content itself for a year or so not to increase its stock of cattle. The bed-quilt — to use a favorite image of these writers — would be just a little skimpy; but the nation would have no serious difficulty in twisting its limbs so as to keep under cover.

Some such calculations must have underlain the subsequent government measures; and two questions suggest themselves: will the shifting around of foods and the substitution of one for another be dietetically adequate, and can it be brought about? On the first point Professor Ballod thus expressed himself last July: —

'The potato is a one-sided food. It contains carbohydrates (starchy substances), albuminoids (or protein), and fat in the proportion 170:2:1; while the need of the human body is 10:2:1. Great as are the advantages of the much-praised drying process, to prevent the waste of potatoes otherwise spoiled, it will not solve the problem; for the supplementary quantities of

protein and fat have still to be supplied to fit the diet for human or animal consumption. It has been said that it would be possible to prohibit the use of corn in distilleries. But most of the corn so used is of a quality which would anyway be used only for fodder. And half the food-value remains in the residues which leave the distilleries and are used for feeding cattle — indeed, almost all the most important part, the protein and fat. It is doubtful therefore whether any real saving can be effected in that manner. Far greater quantities of corn, it is true, are used in the brewing of beer. But, again, we have to notice that from two thirds to three fourths of the protein and fat is left in the malt which remains for the feeding of cattle.'

On the whole, Germany was worse off in respect of food than fifteen years before.

'Fifteen years ago we could hope that, if imports were cut off, we could still manage with our home supply, if energetic measures were taken, such as the prohibition of distilling and brewing; to-day that is no longer possible. True, our importation of bread corn has receded in recent years, and this explains the current optimism. But we must emphasize the fact that the bread-corn question cannot be considered by itself; it must be considered in conjunction with the supply of fodder and other feeding stuffs. The *total* import of foodstuffs has risen very markedly. It is a fearful self-deception to suppose Germany can live eleven months on its own bread corn. It can manage, yes; but only if it can continue to import 60 per cent of its fodder.'

The further question remains: granting that the proposed readjustment was satisfactory from a dietetic point of view, as well as statistically possible, could it be brought about? We have already seen that some three quarters of the cultivated area of Germany is cultivated by small peasant proprietors. To control the cattle-feeding and the sales of all these peasants was a task from which even German officials might well shrink. And, within two or three months after the beginning of the war, it was found that, instead of bread corn being carefully confined to human consumption, the very opposite was taking place. In recent years half the barley consumed in Germany has come from Russia, and it is this which has enabled the country to add so rapidly to its stock of pigs. When these supplies were suddenly put an end to, the price of barley quickly rose above that of rye, and the peasants naturally began to treat their pigs to the cheaper grain and diminish by so much the supply available for bread.

The government's first practical steps were to decree minimum prices of wheat and rye and bread, to give instructions as to the proportions of wheat, rye, and potatoes to be mixed in flour, and to prohibit the use of bread corn for fodder. These measures seem to have met with little or no success. Dr. Helfferich, who is now in charge of German finances, boasted in a famous speech in October that the German people possessed this great advantage: 'a spirit of self-sacrifice, unattained by the French and unknown to the English.' But this superiority has not displayed itself, so far, in everyday business life. And the government was embarrassed because it could not make up its mind which policy to pursue: whether to set prices low in order to keep the people quiet, or to make them pretty high in the hope that this would reduce consumption and husband the national resources. The Socialists told them with perfect truth — they can find it set forth at length in all the standard textbooks of economics — that for the great mass of the people food is not a

thing which will be economized to any considerable extent so long as prices are not absolutely prohibitory; it is a case of what is known as 'a relatively stable demand.' The government compromised, with a plan of permissible increases of corn prices at specified periods; and of course the farmers were disposed to keep back their supplies from the market till the higher prices were reached. English and German human nature are singularly alike in matters of this sort! Here in a Munich paper is a report from Mannheim, perhaps the most important corn market in the Empire next to Berlin. It is dated January 14 of this year: —

'In consequence of the restrictions imposed by the regulations as to maximum prices, transactions, this week as last, could be carried on only upon a small scale. In the produce exchange hardly any business took place, although there was no want of intending purchasers. In the retail trade a certain limited supply was forthcoming, although it was quite evident that farmers were holding back.'

And the spirit of self-sacrifice has not been more marked among the bakers; for a fortnight later the Burgomaster of Cologne declared that in that city alone more than a hundred master bakers had rendered themselves liable to prosecution for breaches of the new regulations.

The next step accordingly was to create a great corn company, under government auspices, with powers of compulsory purchase, which should buy up large quantities and hold them until May. But even this measure was soon realized to be inadequate. Early in January Professor Ballod once more appeared on the scene, this time in *Soziale Praxis*. It was now his conclusion that, in spite of all the government's appeals to the farmers, some one and three quarter million tons of corn more than in the previous year had already been fed to cattle. And he made the momentous declaration that, while in normal times the human consumption of corn in Germany amounted to a million tons a month, there was now available for the seven months until the next harvest only some seven tenths (to be exact, .714) of a million per month. His recommendation was that corn and flour stocks should at once be expropriated by the State. After taking a fortnight longer to think about it, the government took the advice; and the German people have now been put on rations. To judge from the restrictions imposed upon bakers it would seem that the present intention is to limit the nation to three quarters of its normal bread consumption, and presumably this three quarters in weight is to contain a considerable proportion of potato flour. 'Often it does not look like bread,' a friend at home has written to one of the men in the trenches.

And now says the Imperial Chancellor, —

'It is a matter of organization. The State has taken the matter in hand. . . . The organization which will have to be created will be a very difficult business, but these difficulties we expect to overcome. Our political system has shown that it can cope with the gravest tasks of organization.'

'Organization' is a comforting word; and the German government has in the past carried through great organizing tasks. But for these it has usually taken its own time; and every student of administration knows that it has sometimes made bad mistakes. The treatment of the food problem in Germany before February 1 was certainly not particularly well-informed or consistent. The appropriation of supplies by the Corn Company in the coming months, the allotment of quotas to the several towns and districts, the control

of the bakers and the public by the municipalities, may all be managed with reasonable efficiency. But other foods will probably have to be brought within the scope of the system. The second line of defense, the potato, has proved unexpectedly difficult to manage. Here, as in the case of corn, the policy of varying maximum rates has caused stocks to be withheld; and there is already a demand for expropriation by the government. Meat so far has been left alone; and those who are well enough off to purchase meat at the present high prices can console themselves for the smaller and less appetizing bread loaf. But this is a situation which naturally causes discontent among the poor. Moreover the present method of rationing rests on the assumption that the people will continue to be able to *pay* for their bread, that is, that they will continue to find employment. It would be most risky to prophesy; but in the best event for Germany, and assuming all imaginable docility, the nation, if foreign food-supplies remain excluded, is going to be subjected to an irksome and discouraging *régime*.

IV

I have left myself but little space to deal with the industrial side. I shall therefore say nothing about the supplies which are urgently needed by Germany for war purposes — copper, petroleum, rubber, and nitrates. The situation as to these is pretty well understood; and I will only remark that when Germany begins to have recourse to the copper on its church spires — those undeveloped 'copper mines' of which some of them speak so confidently — the operation of stripping it off is not likely to have an encouraging effect upon the people. What I shall say will concern a few of the staple industries.

First, we must recognize that, in relation to coal, Germany occupies a strong position. She possesses vast supplies, greater even than those of Great Britain, and it is on this basis that her recent industrial progress has been brought about. But the German government, with all its organizing skill, has not solved the problem of combining universal liability to military service with undiminished production. Owing to the withdrawal of its miners on military service, the output of coal in what is by far the most important mining district — that of Dortmund — was 26 per cent less in the third quarter of 1914 than in the corresponding period of the preceding year; and that for the concerns comprised in the Westphalian Coal Syndicate (which is coextensive to a large extent with the Dortmund district) was for the last quarter 29 per cent less than the year before. Still, all the men that the government chooses to leave in the mines can doubtless find employment.

In the iron and steel industry the position is almost, but not quite, as strong. Germany, in Luxemburg and Lorraine, has vast supplies of phosphoric iron ore (minette), which it has been possible to utilize through the invention by an Englishman, Thomas, of the basic process — the second great cause of Germany's recent industrial advance. The weak points are two. For the manufactures of the Ruhr district, which produces somewhere about two fifths of all the iron and steel of Germany, the works have been in the habit of making use, not only of old and new iron scrap in enormous quantities, together with minette from Lorraine, but also of a good deal of imported ore. The proportion of imported ore to the total consumption seems to have risen lately, and in recent years to have been about one quarter. Of this rather less than one third came from France, and probably even more is now available from

occupied French territory; but as it is minette it is not so suitable for Westphalian uses. Rather more than a third came from Sweden, and some part of this is presumably available so long as Germany commands the western end of the Baltic, though the stoppage of the trade by the North Sea has already sent up its price very considerably. The other third came from Spain, and being hematite is now contraband and doubtless quite cut off. There must be therefore a certain restriction of the raw material. This is the special weakness of the Ruhr district. That of the Lorraine-Luxemburg district is in the matter of labor. It has no hereditary body of iron-workers, and it is largely dependent on season workers, who come from Italy. These usually go home for the winter; and Germany is said to be negotiating now with Italy to get them back.

We should expect that the large demands which the German government is making upon the manufacturers of munitions of war would have kept the iron and steel concerns very busy. Yet if we may rely on the local trade returns, the total pig-iron production of the German Empire was less than half, from August to December, of what it had been in the previous year; while the deliveries of the steel syndicate in the fourth quarter of 1914 were not much more than half what they had been in the corresponding period.

Such iron-workers as have been allowed to remain are probably busily employed on government orders; and the same process of adapting engineering and other works to the requirements of war-time that has been so conspicuous in England has been equally successful for the time in Germany. But another side of the economic problem is presented when we reflect that machinery and iron and steel products head the list of German exports; in 1913 they furnished over one fifth of the whole volume of export trade. Most of this trade must have been lost since the war began. Some 40 per cent of Germany's total export trade used to be with the now hostile countries, and probably quite this proportion held good for the iron and machinery group; the removal from the seas of Germany's shipping, and the very limited tonnage available of neutral shipping, can have left very little of the remainder, even before the blockade was declared. This fact has a very direct bearing on the question how Germany is going to pay for any imports she may manage to get hold of, and helps to explain why the government is hoarding gold.

V

While the allied mining, iron, and engineering groups form the solidest part of the German industrial structure, the second of the export groups, the textile trades, forms the most vulnerable; and that both on the side of the supply of material and on the side of the disposal of product. They contribute about 12 per cent of the total value of German exports, and give employment to some 1,370,000 persons. Of these the large majority are females; the figures, therefore, do not represent the same number of dependents as in the heavy male trades. On the other hand, the numbers cannot be reduced by military service; nor can the textile trades, except in the case of woolen goods, be much helped by government orders.

The consumption of cotton wool has been rapidly growing. To go no further back than the time of the first naval programme, in 1896–1900 it averaged 302,000 tons; in 1911–1913 it averaged 475,000. This Germany has in recent years obtained, to the extent of some 17 per cent, from Egypt and British India, and these sources of supply were cut

off from the first; to the extent of 79 per cent, from the United States; and the rest from miscellaneous sources. It is well known that German spinners carry much larger stocks of cotton than their English competitors; and, judging from the statistics of the International Federation, the stocks of cotton in the hands of German spinners on March 1, 1914 — the so-called 'invisible supply' — was enough for approximately twelve weeks' normal consumption. Assuming that, like some other trades in Germany, the cotton-mills are now working half-time, that allows for twenty-four weeks. Spinners' stocks in August are commonly considerably lower than in March, and this may be offset against the considerable quantities probably stored in the commodious warehouses of Bremen. Even allowing for the probability that hundreds of bales were seized at Antwerp, and for the depression in August and September, when a quarter of all the textile operatives were totally unemployed, it is difficult to see how the mills can go on for more than, say, nine months from the outbreak of the war, without fresh supplies.

The German cotton manufacture, moreover, is a typical example of an 'export industry' in that it is dependent on foreign countries for a very large part of its market — far more than the iron and machinery trades. It is not so dependent on an outside market as Lancashire, yet probably between a third and a half of the fabrics produced are sold abroad. Some of its branches, such as mixed fabrics and hosiery, rely on foreign markets for half their sales, some for three quarters. A glance at the complicated trade figures will show that about one half, perhaps more, of all these exports has hitherto gone to what are now hostile countries.

So far as its materials are concerned, the German woolen industry is in an equally evil case. With the improvement in German agricultural practice, the number of sheep has been rapidly dwindling. In 1900 it was nearly ten millions, in 1912 it was under six; for comparison it may be added that in England and Wales alone in that year it was over eighteen. The woolen industry is, therefore, almost as dependent on imported material as the cotton trade. Three fifths of the mill consumption was of merino. Of this merino supply more than four fifths has hitherto come from Australia and the Cape; and of the crossbred (the other two fifths consumed) almost half usually comes from Australia also. Altogether, two thirds of the raw material has been brought from what are now hostile countries. The Argentine and Uruguay, the only other large sources of supply, could doubtless increase materially their sales to Germany; but these also are now cut off.

As to stocks in the country, the foremost English trade authority reported, at the end of 1913, that stocks both of raw wool and tops were then 'abnormally low everywhere.' The one cheerful bit of news for Germany has been the appropriation by the government of the stores of wool found in Roubaix and other French woolen centres now occupied by its troops. But the amount can hardly be enough to keep the industry going for any length of time. The military authorities have long ago taken over all the woolen blankets to be found in the Berlin factories and shops.

As to the silk industry, that can be tolerably comfortable about its materials so long as Italy remains neutral. But hitherto half its product has been exported; and of these exports more than a quarter, that is, an eighth of the whole, before the war, came to England. Of particular classes of fabrics the proportion exported to England

has usually been much larger. Thus, according to the last figures I have been able to get hold of concerning the silk and velvet trade of Crefeld, — those for 1907, — 15.5 per cent of the output went to England and 6.6 per cent to France — that is, together, between a fifth and a fourth.

Of the smaller textile industries, linen and hemp, and jute, I need only add that of the former four fifths of the material has hitherto come from abroad and more than three quarters from Russia; and of the latter practically all the material has been drawn, until the war, from British India.

From textiles one naturally turns to the leather trades. But I have only room to remark that about half the total supply of hides has hitherto been drawn from abroad, and that about a third of the import came from enemy countries, chiefly British India and Russia.

Of other industries I can simply mention the chinaware and porcelain group, which usually disposes of two thirds of its output abroad, and recently sent a third of this export to what are now enemy countries; and the jewelers and workers in precious metal, who normally export some three quarters of their product.

These are all among the older trades of the country. But if one turns to the newer trades the result is the same: they are all cut off, either from a large part of their market or from a large part or the whole of their material. Take three very different examples. The shipping business of Germany has of late years been growing by leaps and bounds; and a system for supplying, and incidentally for controlling, dock labor at Hamburg has been exhibited for our admiration. But now that the German merchantmen are mostly shut up in port, the labor exchange in the month of November, 1914, found engagements for only 2300 dockers, as compared with 33,000 in the same month of 1913, and since then things have certainly not improved. Aniline dyes, again, have been one of the main boasts of modern Germany: in the years between 1900 and 1913 the value of the exports almost doubled (from 77 to 142 million marks), and of these a third used to go to Great Britain and other enemy countries. And, finally, take that humble but popular commodity, margarine. For its production Germany imported palm-nuts and copra in 1913 to the astounding value of 226 million marks, six times as much as in 1900. But of the palm-nuts nine tenths came from British West Africa, and of the copra almost half from other British possessions.

VI

Bearing in mind the conditions I have sketched, let us place side by side two remarkable utterances. One is from Prince von Bülow in his book *Imperial Germany*, published a year or so before the war: —

'We have entrusted millions to the ocean, and with these millions the weal and woe of many of our countrymen. If we had not in good time provided protection for these national possessions, we should have been exposed to the danger of having one day to look on defenselessly while we were deprived of them. But then we could not have returned to the comfortable economic and political existence of a purely inland state. We should have been placed in the position of being unable to employ and support a considerable number of our millions of inhabitants at home. The result would have been an economic crisis which might easily attain the proportions of a national catastrophe.'

Compare with this the language of

Dr. Rathenau, head of the Allgemeine Elektricitäts-Gesellschaft, in December last: —

'German industry is faced with the task of converting its organization, hitherto based upon a system of imports and exports, into an organization appropriate to a country thrown upon its own resources.'

And this, he implied, there was no doubt it would be able satisfactorily to accomplish.

Which of these prophets is most likely to be justified by the event? Is it possible for an industrial and exporting state to retrace its steps, without undergoing great hardships while it adapts itself to its narrower quarters? It is not only the food quilt that the nation has to twist its limb to get under: it is the employment blanket also. Von Bülow, no doubt, was magnifying the need for a navy, just as Rathenau has been minimizing the difficulties of adaptation. But can it be seriously doubted that the balance of probability lies with the ex-Chancellor? We need not expect any dramatic breakdown of the whole economic structure; for some months the country may struggle along on its present supplies, and it may even get in some of its necessary materials through neutral states and pay for them by exports or by gold. Moreover, the vast government orders will keep large bodies of the people employed, and enable them for a time to purchase their requirements, even at enhanced prices. But I cannot but believe that, after a few months, if the Allies hold command of the seas, unemployment and short time will become more and more prevalent, and pauperism and distress grow to alarming proportions.

We are told of the wonderful organizing and administrative ability of the German civil service. I am inclined to think that there is a tendency in some quarters in England — in reaction from extravagant anticipations of an early victory for the Allies — to go to an opposite extreme and overestimate the effectiveness of the German official machine. The German *Beamtenthum* has done considerable things for its country — it is honest, hardworking, systematic. But I decline to take it quite at its face value. It makes a proud and justifiable display of all its achievements, but I doubt if it can show anything quite so big as the way in which England took up the colossal task, not of sickness insurance only but also of unemployed insurance — which German administrators have been afraid to tackle — and all in a single year. And the social situation in Germany is such as to add to the task. It is inaccurate to say, as Dr. Helfferich did, in his historic speech, that 'Germany has at its disposal an incomparably better economic organization than its enemies,' if he meant England. Our whole system of adjusting wages in the staple trades of the country by negotiation between masters and men, gravely imperfect as it is, is the admiration and despair of social reformers in Germany. Here it works with much friction, of course; nevertheless it does work; and in Germany in the big industries there is nothing like it. No one who knows Germany and England at all intimately can be ignorant of the fact that the relations between classes in England — much as they leave to be desired — are incomparably more friendly, more intimate, and more wholesome. With all their faults, the English are essentially a far more united people. This cannot but tell in a struggle like the present. And when the German administrators have to take up in earnest the task of 'return to a purely inland state,' and of the redistribution of the working people among the contracted occupations that survive, they will find it, I expect, beyond their powers.

HERD INSTINCT AND THE WAR

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I

At the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, close to the entrance, you can buy for the sum of fourpence a fascinating little book on the Fossil Remains of Man. It is official, and, I presume, authoritative; and it tells how, in very remote times, before there was any South Kensington Museum, or any England, or, I believe, in the strict sense, any Europe, there lived in swampy forests in various parts of the world troops of little lemur-like tree-dwellers. They were, I suppose, rather like small monkeys, but much prettier. They had nice fur, good prehensile tails, and effective teeth. Then there fell upon them, or some of them, a momentous change, a hypertrophy or over-development of one part of the body. This kind of special increase, the author tells us, seldom stops till it becomes excessive. With the lemurs it was the brain which began to grow. It grew and grew, both in size and in complexity. The rest of the body suffered in consequence. The fur became mangy and disappeared. The prehensile tail wasted away. The teeth ceased to be useful as weapons. And in the end, after incalculable ages, here we are!

Now these lemurs had certain instincts and habits of life. Let us define our terms. By an instinct I mean, following the exposition of Dr. McDougall, an innate psycho-physical disposition to notice objects of a certain class, to feel about them in certain ways, and to act correspondingly. They would notice an enemy, hate him, and spit at him; notice an object that was good to eat, desire it, and eat it. They made love, they protected their young, they defended their group against other groups. And primitive man inherited, with modifications, their instincts; and we have similarly inherited his. Some of them were generally desirable and are consequently admitted and encouraged; others were generally undesirable and have been habitually denied and suppressed in our conscious life, only to break out in dreams, in fits of insanity or passion, or, more subtly, in self-deception. But, suppressed or unsuppressed, man's instincts form the normal motive force in his life, though the direction of that force may from time to time be controlled by conscious reason.

From this point of view, I wish to consider what has happened to us in England since August 4, 1914. For that something has happened is quite clear. There is an inward change, which some people praise and some blame. There is a greater seriousness in life, less complaining, less obvious selfishness, and more hardihood. There is a universal power of self-sacrifice whose existence we never suspected before. On every side young men are ready to go and face death for their country, and parents are ready to let them go. There is more brotherhood, more real democracy, and at the same time, — a quality of which we stood in much need, — far more discipline and obedience. This makes

a very strong case on the good side. Yet, on the other, you will find generally that reformers and idealists are disheartened. Friends of peace, of women's causes, of legal reform, of the mitigation of cruelty to animals, are all reduced to something like impotence. One hears the statement that 'there is no Christianity left.' The very increase of power and devotion which has occurred is directed, so some say, to the service of evil. The same process has taken place in Germany, and has there apparently reached a higher degree of intensity. To leave aside its more insane manifestations, a Danish friend sends me the following quotation from a German religious poet, much admired in evangelical circles. 'We have become the nation of wrath. . . . We accomplish the almighty will of God and will vengefully wreak the demands of his righteousness on the godless, filled with sacred fury. . . . We are bound together like a scourge of punishment whose name is War. We flame like lightning. Our wounds blossom like rose gardens at the gate of heaven. Thanks be to Thee, God Almighty! thy wrathful awakening does away with our sins. As the iron in thy hand we smite all our enemies on the cheekbone.'

Another poet, a clergyman, prays that the Germans may not fall into the temptation of carrying out the judgments of God's wrath with too great mildness.

Now the state of mind which these poems reveal — and I dare say they could be paralleled or nearly paralleled in England — is compatible with great self-sacrifice and heroism, but it is certainly not what one would call wholesome.

In order to understand this change as a whole it is necessary to analyze it; and I would venture to suggest that, in the main, it consists simply in an immense stimulation of the herd or group instincts, though of course other instincts are also involved. For the present let us neither praise nor blame, but simply analyze. At the end we may have some conclusion to draw.

II

Man is by nature a gregarious animal and is swayed by herd instincts as a gregarious animal must be; but of course they are greatly modified. Outside mankind we find these instincts in various grades of development. They show strongest in ants and bees, with their communal life of utter self-sacrifice, utter ruthlessness. I see that Professor Julian Huxley in his book, *The Individual in the Animal Kingdom*, doubts whether among ants the single ant or the whole ant-heap is really the individual. I remember a traveler in northern Australia narrating how he once saw a procession of white ants making toward his camp, and to head them off sprinkled across their line of advance a train of bluestone or sulphate of copper. And instead of turning aside, each ant as he came up threw himself on the horribly corrosive stuff and devoured it till he fell dead; and presently the main army marched on over a line consisting no longer of bluestone but of dead ants.

The instinct is less overpowering in cattle, horses, wolves, and so forth. Certain wild cattle in South Africa are taken by Galton as types of it. In ordinary herd life they show no interest in each other, much less any mutual affection. But if one is taken out of the herd and put by himself, he pines, and when he is taken back to the herd he shoves and nozzles to the very centre of it. Wolves, again, will fight for their pack, but not from mutual affection. If the pack is not threatened they will readily fight and kill one another.

A dog in domesticated conditions is

especially interesting. He has been taken from his pack, but retains his fundamental habits. He barks to call his mates on every emergency, even if barking frightens his prey away. He sniffs at everything when he is out walking, because he has wanted so long to find his way home to the lost pack. His real pack is now artificial, grouped round his master. It will take in his master's friends and house-companions, including quite possibly various animals, such as cats and rabbits. Meantime he rejects the strange man and cheerfully kills the strange cat and rabbit. His delightful friendliness and sympathy are of course due to his herd habits. A cat has no herd. She has always 'walked alone.'

Now man satisfies his herd instinct by many groups, mainly artificial. Like the dog he may take in other animals. In ordinary life the group of which he is most conscious is his social class, especially if it is threatened in any way. Clergymen, landowners, teachers, coal-miners tend, as the phrase is, to hang together. They have the same material interests and the same habits of life. Again, there may be local groups, — counties or villages; or groups dependent on ideas and beliefs, —a church, a party in politics, a clique in art. But of all groups far the strongest when it is once roused is the nation, and it is the nation that is roused to-day.

Normally men of science form a group; so do theologians. But now they feel no longer as men of science or theologians; they feel as Englishmen or Germans. I see that the Archbishop of Munich has expressed a doubt whether 'any appreciable number of Belgian priests' have been 'irregularly killed' by German soliders. There is an absence of class feeling about this remark which few clergymen could attain in peace time. I see that even the German Jesuits are sharply differing from the rest of the Jesuits, — and this Order has been famous throughout history for its extreme cohesion and discipline. The only bodies that have at all asserted themselves against the main current of feeling in the various nations have been a few isolated intellectuals and some small groups of International Socialists. It was easier for these last, since with them internationalism was not only a principle but a habit; and besides, they were accustomed in ordinary life to be against their own government and to differ from their neighbors.

In the main, what has happened is very simple. In all wild herds we find that the strength of this instinct depends upon the need for it. As soon as the herd is in danger the herd instinct flames up in passion to defend it. The members of the herd first gather together, and then fight or fly. This is what has happened to us. Our herd is in danger and our natural herd instinct is aflame. Let us notice certain different ways in which it operates.

III

First, the herd unites. Wolves who are quarreling cease when menaced by a common enemy. Cattle and horses draw together. We in England find ourselves a band of brothers; and the same of course occurs in Germany. Indeed it probably occurs even more strongly there, since all herd emotions there tend to be passionately expressed and officially encouraged.

Those who are ordinarily separate have drawn together. Canada, Australia, India, even crown colonies like Fiji, seem to be feeling a common emotion. A year or so ago one might see in the advertisements of employment in Canadian newspapers the words 'No English need apply.' You would not find them now. Even the United States

has drawn close to us. Of course in part this is due to the goodness of our cause, to sympathy with the wrongs of Belgium, and the like. Most neutrals are somewhat on our side. But herd instinct is clearly present; or why do the German-Americans side with the Germans?

Even those who are ordinarily at strife have drawn together. Before the war our whole people seemed at strife with itself, — how far from natural causes and how far from definite intrigue on the part of Germany history will doubtless show. We had the militant suffragists; we had an utterly extraordinary number of strikes and a great deal of rebellion against trade-union leaders; we had trouble in India, terrific threats in Ireland. And on the whole now these various enemies have 'made it up.' Of course it was much harder for them than for those who were separated merely by distance. There were serious obstacles in the way: habits of anger, habits of suspicion; often the mere routine of party attack which becomes natural to small groups in strong opposition to a government. As a journalist said to me, 'I mostly keep the truce all right; but sometimes, when one is tired and has nothing particular to say, one drops into abusing McKenna.'

The chief problem that arises in this general drawing together is the problem of fidelity to the lesser herd. Sometimes there is no clash between the lesser and the greater. A man's emotion toward his family, his associates, his native district, causes as a rule no clash. On the contrary it is usually kindled and strengthened by some sort of analogy or some emotional infection. The emotions of loyalty, of love to one's neighbor and surroundings, — all are stirred. And the family emotions in particular, being themselves very ancient and deep-rooted in our instinctive nature, have grown stronger together with those of the herd.

But often there is a clash. For instance, an individual who has recently been in Germany and made close friends there will, out of loyalty to this friendship, rebel against the current anti-German passion, and so become 'pro-German.' (I mean by 'pro-German,' not one who wishes the Germans to win, — I know of none such, — but one who habitually interprets doubtful questions in a way sympathetic to Germany.) Again, there are a few people who, on one ground or another, disapproved of the declaration of war. They are attacked and maligned. Their friends naturally stand by them. The whole group hits back angrily and becomes, in the same sense, pro-German. Then there are people who are influenced by a peculiar form of pugnacity which is often miscalled 'love of justice.' It is really a habit of irritation at excess which finds vent not in justice but in counter-excess. 'So-and-so is over-praised; for Heaven's sake let us bring him down a peg! Every fool I meet is emotionalized about the German treatment of Belgium; can we not somehow show that no harm was done, or that Belgium deserved it, or that it was all due to the Russians?' People of these types and others, some generous and some perverse, form, both here and in Germany, a protesting small herd in reaction against the great herd. Thus the herd draws together, though lesser and protesting herds within it may do the same.

Secondly, in time of danger the individual subordinates himself to the herd. He ceases to make claims upon it; he desires passionately to serve it. He is miserable and unsatisfied if there is no public work found for him. Discipline consequently becomes easy and automatic. I know of one case where a number of recruits in a certain new

regiment were drawn from a local trade-union of pugnacious traditions. One of them was punished for something or other. The rest instinctively proposed to strike, but, even as they proposed it, found themselves in the grip of a stronger instinct. They hesitated for an instant and then obeyed orders. Again, I seem to have noticed that there is in most people an active desire to be ordered about. We like a drill-sergeant to speak to us severely, much as you speak to a dog which has not yet been naughty but looks as if it meant to be. In ordinary life, when a man has to obey and submit, he feels small. The action is accompanied by what Mr. McDougall calls 'negative self-feeling.' But now, it seems, we actually have a sense of pride when we are ordered about. It makes us feel that we are really serving.

We may notice here a curious side movement, a counter-action to the main stream making for union. (Such counter-actions are of course always to be expected and need cause no surprise.) Why is it that, among these great steady forces of union and mutual trust, we have sudden flashes of the very opposite, especially of wild suspicions of the herd leaders? I do not mean mere spy-mania. That is simple enough, — a morbid excess of a perfectly natural feeling directed against a common enemy. You desire passionately to capture a real German spy; and, since you cannot find one, you make up a bogus one and capture him. I mean a similar mania, though much weaker and rarer, directed against the herd itself: the semi-insane suspicions of Prince Louis of Battenberg, of Lord Haldane, and of persons even more exalted. Partly these impulses are the remains of old quarrels in feeble minds. But partly they have a real biological origin. For while in ordinary dangers the safety of the future race depends on the individuals' serving and trusting their herd, there are moments when the only chance of safety lies in their deserting and rejecting it. If once the herd is really conquered and in the power of the enemy, then the cry must be 'sauve qui peut,' and the panic which is generally disastrous becomes a protection. Thus these small cases of panic, though practically unimportant, are psychologically interesting and have their proper evolutionist explanation.

So far we have found, first, that the herd draws together, and next, that the individual subordinates himself to the herd. Thirdly, it seems clear that this closer herd union has an effect upon the emotions, and a twofold effect. As all readers of psychology know, herd union intensifies all the emotions which are felt in common. The effect is so strong and so striking that some writers have treated it as a kind of mystery and described it in language that is almost mythological. But there does not seem to be anything inexplicable in the matter. Emotion is infectious. Each member of a herd which is in the grasp of some emotion is himself in a 'suggestible' state and is also exerting 'suggestion' upon his neighbors. They are all directly stimulating his emotion and he theirs. And doubtless we should also remember that, herd emotion being itself a very old and deep-rooted animal affection, its stimulation has probably a sympathetic effect on all kinds of similar disturbances, such as fear and anger and animal desires of various sorts.

Furthermore, herd union often gives to the suppressed subconscious forces their chance of satisfaction. Hence the atrocities committed by crowds. Some dormant desire, existing in your nature but normally suppressed, is suddenly encouraged by suggestion. You see a look in your neighbor's face, and he in yours; and in a flash you both know

what that look means. You dare to own a feeling which, in your normal condition, you would have strangled unborn. Suppressed instinct calls to instinct across the gulf of personality, and the infamous thing is half done. For the herd, besides tempting you, also offers you a road of impunity. You can repudiate responsibility afterwards. It is never exactly you that really did the thing. It is the crowd that did it, and the crowd has now ceased to exist. M. Lenôtre, in his studies of the French Revolution, has commented on the somewhat ghastly fact that in moments of herd excitement people on the verge of lunacy, people touched by persecution-mania, by suspicion-mania, by actual homicidal mania, are likely to become leaders and to inspire confidence. The same phenomenon has been noticed in certain revolutionary movements in Russia.

In England, fortunately, there has been so far almost no field for this kind of dangerous herd excitement. There has been of course some ferocity in speech, a comparatively harmless safety-valve for bad feeling and in some persons a preferable alternative to apoplexy; but no violent actions, and, I think, among decent people, extraordinarily little vindictiveness.

But herd union does not intensify all emotions. It intensifies those which are felt in common, but it actually deadens and shuts down those which are felt only by the individual. The herd is, as a matter of fact, habitually callous toward the sufferings of its individual members, and it infects each member with its own callousness. To take a trifling instance, a friend writes to me thus: 'I discovered one day on a march that my boot was hurting me; after an hour or so it became obvious that my foot was bleeding. In ordinary times I should have made a fuss and insisted on sympathy, and certainly not gone on walking for several miles. But as it was, moving in a steady mass of people who were uninterested in my boots, and I in theirs, I marched on without making any remark or even feeling much.'

The ramifications of this herd callousness are very curious and intricate. It acts even with fear, that most contagious of emotions. The herd deadens the fears of the individual as long as they do not become real herd fears. Untrained troops will advance in close masses. It needs good troops to advance individually in open order. The close masses are much more dangerous than the open order; but in the close mass the herd is all round you, buttressing you and warming you, and it deadens your private fear. It may also be that there is here some hereditary instinct at work, derived from a time when the act of huddling together was a real protection, as it is with sheep and cattle attacked by wolves.

If this herd callousness acts with fear, it acts of course far more with scruples or pities. The first scruple or ruth or criticism of the herd must rise in the breast of some individual. If, by good luck, at the same moment it occurs to some dozen other men, it has a chance of asserting itself. Otherwise there is only the single unit standing up, in his infinite weakness, against the great herd. The scruple is silenced and dies.

Of course in actual warfare this callousness is immensely increased by the nature of the work which the combatants are doing, and the immense change in their habitual standard of expectation. You cannot always be pitying people or you would never get on with your business. A friend of mine, a clever and kindly man, told me how he and his men, after a long spell in the trenches, utterly tired and chilled and dropping with sleep, had at last got into their billets, — a sort of warm cellar

where they could just squeeze in. They heard the scream of shrapnel sweeping the street outside, and some soldiers of another regiment and nationality ran up to the door, begging for admittance and shelter. With one voice, so my friend said, he and his men growled at them and slammed the door in their faces. It was their own cellar, and these people were intruders. And they shut them out into the shrapnel much as, in ordinary circumstances, they would perhaps have felt justified in shutting them out into the rain.

The strangest development of all is perhaps the disregard of the herd for its wounded, and the readiness of the wounded themselves to be so disregarded. Of course there are abundant cases of the opposite sort, where individuals show the utmost regard for the wounded, risk their lives for them, and count no labor too hard for their sake. But I have heard some very well authenticated stories, — notably of incidents in the German and Japanese and Turkish armies, — which seem to take one back to some rather primitive instincts. The true animal herd hates its wounded and kills them; cattle, wolves, porpoises, every herd of gregarious animals does the same. Of course it hates them. They not only tend to hamper its movements but they represent vividly to its eyes and senses the very thing that it most loathes, — its own blood and pain. And one finds also curious instances where the wounded man himself is so absorbed in the general herd emotion that he insists, even angrily, on being left alone.

Thus, under the influence of herd union, common emotions are intensified, individual emotions deadened.

Now thought, unlike emotion, is markedly individual and personal. It is not infectious. It is communicated by articulate language. The herd growls, cries, sobs, sometimes laughs; but it finds speech very difficult. Again, thought is critical, and the herd wants unanimity, not criticism. Consequently herd union deadens thought.

True, the herd leader must think and plan, and the herd will obey him. In an organized army, where discipline and organization powerfully counteract many of the normal herd characteristics, thought sits enthroned and directs the whole mass. But it is a special kind of thought, under central control and devoted simply to the attainment of the purposes of the herd. Other thought is inhibited.

For instance, if the herd is angry, it is quite simply angry with another herd. This state of mind is normal among savages and primitive men. Some one belonging to a tribe over the river has speared one of our cows; therefore we catch some other person belonging to a different tribe over the river and club him over the head. Herd justice is satisfied. It only sees things in herds. 'The Germans' did so-and-so; therefore punish 'the Germans.' 'The English' did so-and-so; therefore punish 'the English.' Whenever a herd is offended by some action, it is made happy by punishing as dramatically as possible several people who did not do it. Collective anger, collective punishment, is always opposed to justice, because justice applies only to individuals. And again, the more angry a herd is, the less evidence it needs that there is due cause for its anger. Accuse a man of some irregularity in his accounts, and the herd will expect to have the charge duly proven. But accuse him of having drenched little girls in paraffine and set fire to them, and the herd will very likely tear him — or some one else — to pieces at once without further evidence.

By this process of killing out thought, the herd sinks all its members in itself and assimilates them to an average.

And this average is in some ways above, but in most considerably below, that of the average man in normal life. For it is that of the average man not thinking but merely feeling. Only the leader has the function of thinking; hence his enormous and uncanny power.

Lastly, let us consider the effect of this herd union on religion. At first sight the answer would seem simple. Religion is a network of primitive collective emotions, and any stimulus which works upon such emotions is likely, by force of sympathy, to rouse religious emotion at the same time. At any rate, some of the causes which have recently roused herd emotion in Europe are just the causes on which religious emotion is often said to be based. Man has been made to feel the presence of terrific forces over which he has no control. He has been taught, crudely and violently, his dependence on the unknown. On this line of reasoning, the religious life of the world should be greatly intensified. Yet there are serious considerations leading to the opposite conclusion. A world so mad and evil, however terrific, can hardly seem like the mirror in which to see God.

I remember a dreadful incident in one of the consular reports of the Armenian massacres of 1895. At that time the universal dread and horror throughout Armenia sent most people praying day and night in the churches. But the report tells of one woman who sat by the road and refused to pray. 'Do you not see what has happened?' she said. 'God has gone mad. It is no use to pray to Him.' I have myself talked on different days to two soldiers who gave vivid accounts of the hideous proceedings of the war in Flanders and of their own feelings of terror. Their accounts agreed, but the conclusions they drew were different. One man ended by saying with a sort of gasp, 'It made you believe in God, I can tell you.' The other, a more thoughtful man, said, 'It made you doubt the existence of God.' I think that the effect of this year of history will be to discourage the higher kind of religion and immensely strengthen the lower.

Let me try to analyze this conclusion more closely, and see what we mean in this context by 'higher' and 'lower.' I hope that most of my readers will agree with me, or at least not disagree violently, in assuming that the attributes which a man ascribes to his God are conditioned by his own mind, its limitations, and its direction. I could if necessary quote at least one Father of the Church in support of such a view. Thus the God whom a man worships is in some form a projection of his own personality. The respective Gods of a seventeenth-century Puritan, a Quaker, an Arab, a South-Sea Islander, will all differ as their worshipers differ, and the human qualities attributed to each will be projections of the emotions of the worshiper. Thus the lower, and often the more passionate, religion will be directed toward a God who is a projection of the worshiper's own terrors and angers and desires and selfishness. The higher religion weaves its conception of God more out of its duties and its aspirations. To one of those soldiers whom I mentioned above, God was evidently a being of pure terror, fitly mirrored by the action of a host of high-explosive shells. To many people in great oppression, again, God is almost an incarnation of their desire for revenge: let those who doubt it read the history of persecution. To others God is an incarnation of Self. Some of you will have seen Mr. Dyson's finely tragic cartoon entitled 'Alone with his God.' It represents the Kaiser kneeling, a devout and fully armed figure, before another Kaiser exactly the same in dress and feature, but gigantic, august, en-

throned amid the incense of ruined towns and burning churches, blindly staring and inexpressibly sad. It is a picture to ponder on.

All these emotions, the self-worship, the hate, the revenge, the terror, will be stimulated, and so will the kind of religion that depends on them. The higher religion, of which it is less easy to speak, which expresses itself in the love of righteousness, in the sense of one's own imperfection, in the aspiration after a better life and a world with more love in it, — that sort of religion, I fear, will chiefly come in reaction. It cannot be the main flood. There is too much reflection in it, too much inhibition. The main flood of herd emotion will sweep over it for the time being; but it will not die. There is a strange life in the things of the spirit.

IV

I suggested at the beginning of this very rough and sketchy analysis that perhaps at the end we might be able to pass some definite moral judgment on the change which has taken place in us, and say whether it is a good or a bad change. But I fear that the suggestion has not been realized. Herd instinct in itself is neither good nor bad. It is simply part of the stuff of life, an immense store of vitality out of which both good and evil, extreme good and extreme evil, can spring.

Thus it is impossible to say without qualification that we ought to rejoice in this stimulation of our herd instincts or that we ought rigorously to master and reject it. Neither alternative is sufficient. We must do this and not leave the other undone. We must accept gladly the quickened pulse, the new strength and courage, the sense of brotherhood, the spirit of discipline and self-sacrifice. All these things make life a finer thing. It is nothing against a particular emotion that mankind shares it with the ape and the tiger. Gorillas are famous for their family life, and tigresses are, up to their lights, exemplary mothers. As regards herd feeling in particular, we should realize that even in its most unthinking forms it generally makes a man kinder and more trustworthy toward his immediate neighbors and daily associates. The evil side of it comes into play much more rarely, since it is directed against the far-off alien herd which is seldom met or seen. And lastly, we should remember one piece of certain knowledge which is both immensely important and very difficult to apply: that thwarted instincts act like poison in human nature, and a normal and temperate satisfaction of instinct is what keeps it sweet and sane. At the present time, for instance, the people whose minds have turned sour and vicious are almost always those who can neither fight nor serve. As for the fighters and doctors and nurses and public servants, as a rule their herd desire is satisfied and they do their work with fervor and without bitterness.

Yet after all we are thinking beings. If we acknowledge our instincts, we need not worship them. Thinking itself is both an instinct and a form of public service, and it is our business to watch ourselves. We must see that this fresh force which we feel within us is not wrongly directed, and that the higher and gentler elements of life are not swamped by this new strong wine. Millions of men throughout Europe are, without stint or question, offering all that is in them to the service of their countries and the command of their leaders. We must see, so far as lies in our power, that we do not abuse that heroic blindness. And, among those of us who remain at home, we must see so far as possible that the normal texture

of life is neither lowered nor coarsened.

There has been current in England of recent years a reaction against reason, an avowed worship of instinct and tradition and even prejudice. The doctrines of this reaction are in themselves fascinating, and they have been preached by fascinating writers. The way of instinct and old habit is so full of ease, so facile and strong and untroubled! Look at the faces of men who are wrapped up in some natural and instinctive purpose. Look at a dog chasing his prey, at a lover pursuing his beloved, a band of vigorous men advancing to battle, a crowd of friends drinking and laughing. That shows us, say the writers aforesaid, what life can be and what it ought to be. 'Let us not think and question,' they say. 'Let us be healthy and direct, not fret against the main current of instinctive feeling and tradition.'

In matters of art such a habit of mind may be valuable; in matters of truth or of conduct it is, I believe, as disastrous as it is alluring. True, the way of instinct is pleasant. I happened once to be waiting at a railway station on a summer afternoon. There were several railwaymen about, rather wearily engaged on work of one sort or another, when suddenly something happened which made them look alert and cheerful and put a kindly smile on their faces. One of them had seen some small animal, — I think a rat, — and a little crowd of them ran blithely and pelted it to death. One would have seen the same kindly and happy smile, the same healthy vigor, in the people who amid other circumstances let loose their hunting instincts on runaway slaves or heretics or Jews. And the man among them who should feel a qualm, who should check himself and try to think whether such hunting was really a pleasant and praiseworthy action, would, I have little doubt, have looked guilty and uneasy and tongue-tied. His face would have condemned him. 'Why should he trouble himself with thinking and criticizing?' people may say. 'Why not enjoy himself with his mates? Thought is just as likely to lead you wrong as feeling is.'

The answer of mankind to such pleadings should be firm and clear. Human reason is very far from infallible, but the only remedy for bad thinking is to think better. The question was really settled for us, thousands and thousands of years ago, by those little lemurs in the marshy forests. They took, not the path of ease but the path of hard brain-work, and we their children must go on with it. That is the way of life and the bettering of life, to think, and labor, and build up; not to glide with the current. We of the human race have our work in the scheme of things; and to do our work we must use all our powers, especially our greatest powers, those of thinking and judging. And even if we deliberately set our faces in the other direction, if we yield to the stream of instinct, and let scruples and doubts and inhibitions be swept away, we shall not really find life easier. At least not for long. For the powers to which we yield will only demand more and more.

There is one character in Shakespeare who is often taken as a type — a very unflattering type, I admit — of the follower of the mere instincts; who feels the release, the joy, the sense of revelation which they bring, and thinks that they will lead him to glory. And I suspect that some modern adorers of instinct as against reason will in the end awake to disillusion like that of Caliban:—

> What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
> And worship this dull fool!

ARMS AND MAN

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

SPEAKING in the House of Lords as a former Secretary of War, Lord Haldane last January confessed to a certain remissness on the part of the British nation. 'We have been behindhand,' he said, 'in the application of science to industry. The position to-day, however, whether it be in explosives, shells, or rifles, is a very much better position than it was a little time ago.'

That is encouraging. The implied assumption that the first application of science should be directed to arms, and that industry naturally means the manufacture of destructive weapons, may, it is true, startle the economist; but it agrees quite naturally with the history of mankind. The discoveries of science have been applied with most vital eagerness to warfare. To the construction of arms mankind has always devoted a superlative energy, often its finest artistic power; and now Lord Haldane tells us that England maintains the tradition.

I suppose the rule that it is not the proper thing to kill other people at discretion grew very slowly; but still, even in early times, it was recognized as painful or unwise to kill members of one's own family or tribe or race. But with strangers and foreigners it was different, and it has remained different. War is the killing of foreigners as sanctioned by the state. Under the sanction of the state, killing, which otherwise would be murder, becomes war. Under the sanction of the state, a subject is commended for deeds which otherwise would hang him. The more killing he commits, the more he is applauded; and if he refuses to kill under the sanction of the state, in most ancient and modern communities he is himself hanged for committing no murder.

The original instruments of this political and admired slaughter were, no doubt, the teeth, claws, and muscles which primitive people had developed before they became distinctly human, but which are now employed chiefly in private and domestic differences. That was 'fighting tooth and nail,' as we say still in memory of those jolly old days. But, like the apes who fling stones and cocoanuts at the passing traveler with malignant intent, man early discovered the advantage of weapons. Sometimes he struck with thigh-bones, logs, or heavy stones fitted to cleft sticks. Sometimes he pierced his opponents with pointed boughs or flints carefully sharpened to enter a hairy skin. It was an immense advance when he found that a stick strained into a curve by a sinew and suddenly released would throw another stick for several yards, killing the enemy at a safe and comfortable distance. The foundations of human warfare were thus securely laid. To kill by striking or by throwing — with a view to one of these two means science, as applied to the industry of arms, has consistently worked.

When science discovered the superiority of metals over flints, the sword and spear came quickly. Sharper ar-

rows flew, and the clash of bronze and iron sounded upon helmet, breastplate, greaves, and shield. The British long bow killed at 250 yards. At an elevation of 45 degrees, the steel crossbow (which, however, had to be stretched by a windlass or wheelcrank — a lengthy process) threw its foot-long bolt of two and one half ounces over 300 yards with good effect. To withstand such archery the armor of knight and horse became so thick that neither could move with rapidity, and an unhorsed rider lay helpless as a turned turtle. Still more remarkable was the scientific application of the spring in the catapult and ballista. A pole or 'arm,' 50 or 60 feet long, strained back by windlasses against a spring of horsehair or sinew in twisted skeins, was suddenly released by a catch. Springing to the perpendicular, it struck against a horizontal crossbar, and flung the missile with which its head was loaded violently forward. A catapult, called a 'war wolb' in Edward I's time, hurled a weight of 100 pounds for 300 yards through the air. Some must have been even more powerful, for Froissart mentions the unhappy case of a messenger returned at express speed by a catapult over his town walls, but arriving dead. It seems to have been a common practice to throw the dead bodies of men and even of horses into beleaguered cities, in the hope of breeding pestilence, — the bodies being first trussed up into convenient pellets. And the heads of messengers were thrown in like manner, the rejected terms being firmly attached to their skulls, and no further answer deemed necessary.[1]

Add the battering ram to the sword, the spear, the club, the arrow, and the catapult, and then the list of weapons which for ages dictated the manœuvres of military tactics is almost complete.

[1] *Crossbows and Ballista,* by Sir R. Payne-Gallwey.

By the fourteenth century, science and the adorning arts appeared to have done their utmost for the industries of killing in assault or defense. No one suspected a change, when suddenly it came. One by one all the splendid weapons, except the sword and spear, became 'survivals,' to be swept gradually into the scrap-heap or museum. Some have lately thought that even the sword and spear would be reduced to merely literary and symbolic use within our time, — as when Mr. Asquith exclaims, 'We will not sheathe the sword,' or as when a young man describes a girl as 'the captive of his bow and spear.'

II

The change came when some one (a monk of the church, they say) discovered that saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur, pounded and pressed together, would expand into gas at the touch of fire and fling things violently about. Thereupon, applied science invented a long tube of narrow boards, clamped them together with iron rings, ladled powder from a bucket down the mouth with a spoon, rammed a ball of iron on top of the powder, set flame to a hole at the back of the tube, and with horrible noise discharged the ball with such violence that at 200 yards it smashed through the thickest armor and laid a knight level with a varlet. A smaller tube of brass, called a hand-gun or hand-cannon, and rested against a man's shoulder by a wooden stock, was discharged in the same way, and with a similar leveling effect.

Then science set to work upon the firing spark, and evolved the wheel-lock (a rough wheel revolving against iron pyrites) and the matchlock (ignited by a slow match of tow boiled in vinegar). This matchlock was the main arm of Cromwell's infantry, though he still kept the pike for nearly half his men,

and gave firelocks (a carbine and two pistols worked by a wheel) to some of his cavalry, at all events to the officers. Two or three yards of match were wound round the body, and a foot or two held in the left hand, both ends being kept alight in action or hours of danger, so that troops were sometimes betrayed at night by glowing points like ends of lighted cigarettes. Each man carried twenty bullets in his pouch, and one or two in his mouth. After due preparation (which took about three minutes) he could with luck discharge a bullet nearly 400 yards by elevating the barrel. But wind or rain often balked his efforts, and the spark flashed in the pan. Early in the Civil War, the rest which was used to support the barrel disappeared. Cromwell also abolished the heavy cuirass, relic of armor's glory, and advised his men to hold their fire till within 20 paces. His cannon or heavy culverins threw a 20-pound ball 2100 paces at high elevation, or 400 paces point-blank, about ten times an hour. But the demi-culverins, sakers, minions, and drakes flung a lighter ball about every four minutes. The big culverins were drawn by eight horses, but oxen were often used, as by the Boers.[1]

The flintlock, a Spanish invention, was the next advance of science. It was introduced by Dutch William into England about 1690, and its name of Brown Bess was perhaps the British soldier's affectionate corruption of the Dutch word *bus* or barrel (the same that we find in 'arquebus' and 'blunderbuss'). About the same time, at Bayonne, the spear-point which used to be fixed over the muzzle for the final charge was constructed on a socket so as to leave the muzzle free for firing. Brown Bess and the bayonet — 'that wise virgin,' as Clausewitz called it — remained the chief infantry weapons about one hundred and fifty years, and were used in the wars of Marlborough, Frederick, and Napoleon. The musket (the same word as 'mosquito') was fairly trustworthy in aimed fire up to 200 yards, and might be fatal at a much greater distance. It could be fired about three times a minute, and with iron ramrods and rigid drill Frederick got seven times a minute out of it. Each of his three (or sometimes six) ranks ran back when it had fired, so as to load again while the other ranks kept the firing up. Skirmishers were also advanced during the last part of the eighteenth century, and a company of grenadiers armed with hand-bombs was added to each battalion.

Apart from the marvel of his strategy, Napoleon's chief innovations on the actual field were the first design of the army corps (at Marengo), the combination of guns, horse, and foot as separate arms working in coöperation but apart, and the massing of guns into batteries or brigades of batteries. His round shot ranged up to 2000 yards, and was strictly effective at 1200. After preliminary pounding, he brought the guns in thick masses up to a 300 or 500 yards' range, and fired 'case' at ten rounds a minute until a gap was hewn through a weak but vital point of the enemy's line. He then sent in the cavalry, followed by massed columns of foot, which he deployed into line at the decisive moment, so long as his armies were at their best, though in later years the infantry continued to advance in columns and even, it seems, shoulder to shoulder. It was owing to the short range and the comparatively small numbers engaged (about 70,000 against 74,000 a side till Blücher's Prussians began to arrive) that Waterloo was fought on a front of only two and three quarters miles, and with a depth of something like one mile, so that the whole field of action was plainly visible,

[1] See *Cromwell's Army*, by C. H. Firth.

and the leaders, including the greatest soldier of history, could be identified from the opposite side.

What a change just one century of applied science has effected! The last was conspicuously the century of science, and the steps in the application of science to slaughter were marked and increasingly rapid. Ten years before Waterloo, the Reverend Alexander Forsyth, Presbyterian minister in Aberdeen, gave the Christian world a percussion cap. The invention was not adopted for more than thirty years, but it solved the difficulty of the spark. As far as causing an explosion went, men could in future kill one another in wind and rain quite as well as in fine weather. The rifling or spiral grooving inside the barrel (from the Low-German *rifle*, or groove) in order to give the bullet or ball a spin, like the spin which, I suppose, keeps the planets steady, was the discovery of an unknown sixteenth-century genius. But, except by hunters, who usually can take their time, it was not much used, owing to the difficulty of forcing a bullet down a muzzle just too narrow to receive it. At first the bullet was pounded down with a wooden mallet. Then a conical bullet, with a cavity or plug at the lower end, and lubricated with tallow and beeswax, was rammed tight and expanded by the explosion so as to take the grooving. The Crimean War was fought with rifles made on this pattern, sighted to 1000 yards, and effective up to 500.

But Prussia (terribly 'efficient' Prussia!) had already adopted another sixteenth-century invention, hitherto regarded as too dangerous for practical use. In the disturbances of 1848, and the brief but murderous wars with Denmark (1864) and Austria (1866), the Prussians appeared armed with the 'needle-gun.' It loaded at the breech instead of the muzzle, the advantage being partly in speed of fire but chiefly in position; for the soldier could now load lying down, without exposing all his body to the enemy's aim. In imitation, France adopted the *chassepot*, which had a longer accurate range, — about 600 yards, — but was easily fouled and thrown out of order. Her collapse before the Prussians in 1870 was not, however, due to the rifle's defects, but to failure in artillery, organization, supply, housekeeping, and generalship. In 1867, England had hurriedly constructed the Snider, and in 1871 followed it up with the Martini, a far superior weapon to needle-gun or chassepot. It had a muzzle velocity of 1350 feet a second, and could be fired unaimed at 25 rounds a minute. For a long generation it held its place, and in spite of a kicking and uncertain temper, it died lamented.

America killed it with the 'repeater' or magazine rifle, — America, whose 'hunters' had also been the first to use the rifle for killing men. The magazine, loaded by 'clip' or 'charger' with five or more cartridges at a time; smokeless powder, a French invention, chiefly composed of guncotton, or cotton soaked in nitric acid, and free from 'fouling'; the consequent 'small bore,' or calibre of less than .45 inch (in our rifle the bullet is .303 inch, in the German .311 inch), — these were the applications of science which rapidly produced a complete change in 'small arms' and so in tactics. 'Lebel,' 'Mauser,' 'Männlicher,' 'Mark III,' and '3 line,' — the models now used by the powers at war, — are alike in the advantages of small recoil, light bullet, high velocity, flat trajectory, and rapid fire. We may put the average initial velocity at little less than 2000 feet a second; the rapidity of unaimed fire at two seconds a round, or of aimed fire at four seconds; and the effective range at 1400 yards, with a possible range of twice that distance.

Though the hard casing of nickel and copper wears the rifle's grooving, about 8000 rounds can be fired without affecting the aim. On the other hand, at short range the high velocity appears to turn the bullet sideways or clean round on contact. It gives almost the effect of a dum-dum or 'explosive' bullet, and I have seen wounds in which the sharp point was found to be directed backwards. The large use of copper raises a more practical difficulty, especially for the German mind. It has been estimated that the German armies fire, on a low average, 26,000,000 rounds of rifle bullets a day, and 180,000 shells, or say 150,000, to be safe. Together (adding 30 tons for machine-gun cartridges) this amounts to 441 tons of pure copper and brass (72 per cent copper) a day, which, after making all deductions, brings Germany's needs for copper up to at least 120,000 tons a year, while on an average she produces only 26,000 tons.[1] No wonder she is melting down the copper spikes of her helmets, copper kettles, pans, and brass ornaments; or that she cries out when her enemies seize a copper cargo on its innocent way across the ocean to a neutral port.

Since Napoleon's time the big gun has undergone changes similar to the rifle's as regards percussion, rifling, smokeless powder, and high velocity; but the projectiles have become larger as well as far more explosive. The ordinary French and German field guns are about the same size (75 mm. and 77 mm. respectively, or a little under and over 3-inch, an inch being equal to 25.4 millimetres). The shells are 13-pounders, and may be set to explode on percussion or as shrapnel in the air. The British 3.3-inch field gun throws an 18-pound shell and is sighted up to 6100 yards. Each gun, with its limber and supply wagons, requires 18 horses, so that a battery of six guns needs 108. Our field guns are now 'quick-firing,' that is, fitted with apparatus to check recoil, so that the gun can be fired repeatedly without relaying.

To stick to the enemy's guns, lest our own secrets (so well known to the enemy) should be betrayed, the Germans use guns, howitzers, and mortars of various sizes. A howitzer has a smaller charge and so is lighter than a gun, and a mortar proper is a smooth-bore, muzzle-loading gun, with fixed elevation; but these distinctions seem to be dying out.

Their largest weapon is the almost mythical 16.8-inch gun or howitzer, supposed to throw a 2000-pound shell something between seven and nine miles. Doubts have been expressed as to this monster's existence, and, according to one high authority, only two at most have been made, and perhaps these have not yet been fired. For they require to be bolted down to a solid cement platform, prepared long beforehand.[1] To be sure, our spy-maniacs have discovered numerous platforms of the kind ready prepared and scattered up and down our own country under the pretext of house-foundations and factory floors. But spy-maniacs see Germans in the moon at which they bay. We have seen, however, an apparently genuine photograph of an Austrian 12-inch siege howitzer, weighing 28 tons with its carriage, and throwing a shell of over 1000 lbs.[2] We also hear of a Krupp 11.2-inch 'mortar' used on the field, a 10-inch howitzer throwing a 760-pound shell at a range of about six miles, an 8.4-inch, a 4.13-inch (apparently one of the commonest), and various other sizes. Various also are the names by which the British soldier knows their shells, — 'Jack Johnsons,'

[1] See article by an 'Expert on Copper,' in the *London Times*, Feb. 9, 1915.

[1] Sir Desmond O'Callaghan in the *Cornhill*, January, 1915.

[2] *Illustrated London News*, Feb. 15, 1915.

'Black Marias,' 'Woolly Bears,'— but probably he does not make careful distinction as to the measurement of an inch in the shell's base when one bursts near him. For a Belgian priest assured me that he saw a horse carried a long distance (he said, 200 yards!) by the mere explosive force of one, and lodged in a tree. I myself measured the pit that one had made in the middle of a paved road, and found it nearly 20 feet deep. And during the bombardment of Dixmude I was shown a ghastly hole in which a shell had buried, as I was told, the fragments of 27 men and some horses, inextricably mixed. Allowing for all exaggeration, the effect of scientific industry is great.

I am not dealing here with naval arms, but in a description of a naval 12-inch gun, Sir Percy Scott has told us that it will penetrate 8-inch armor at 13 miles with a shell of over 900 pounds. The shell traverses five miles in 12 seconds. For an extreme range of 15 miles, it must reach an elevation of 22,500 feet, or about 7000 feet higher than Mont Blanc; and its splash raises 2000 tons of water.[1] Yet the 12-inch is not by three inches our largest naval gun. Time would fail to tell of machine guns, or rifles in water-jackets, which by the turning of a handle mow down men as a reaper mows a cornfield; or of the trench howitzer, whose huge spherical shell projects like an iron bubble from the muzzle, and is fired in a loose stem; or of the 'flying mine,' a cylinder of melinite thrown silently up to 500 yards by compressed air alone; or of the 'star shell' that glides liquidly up into the night like a Roman candle, and serves as a searchlight to discover the enemy's devices; or of the 'hand grenade,' an explosive canister fixed on a stick like a rocket, and flung among the enemy just before an assault; or of the corrosive liquid which the Germans play upon our trenches as with a fire-hose.

[1] Quoted by Archibald Hurd, the learned naval expert, in the *Daily Telegraph*, January 28, 1915.

III

Such are some of the scientific contraptions by which death is now secured; and to assist this industry of destruction science has further put a network of railways to use, and sends transport motors rushing with troops and ammunition and supplies and dying men over the more ancient network of highways. Miles from the field, the general gives command by telephone. Through the very air move new instruments of reconnaissance, range-finding, and assault. At the height of 10,000 feet, and with a speed of nearly 60 miles an hour, the Zeppelin carries men and explosives 600 miles, or remains stationary and sends its wireless observations 150 miles through empty air. The quicker, cheaper, and more trustworthy aeroplane does scouting work; signals ranges by puffs of smoke; bombards from the heavens with violent percussion bombs, incendiary shells fitted with candles of celluloid, phosphorus, and wax; or rains down upon crowded troops or citizens the sharp pointed *flechettes* — darts of steel which pierce their way through skull, and body, and horse.

Certainly man has every reason to be grateful to science for her assistance in the favorite pursuit by which for the most part he reckons history. Nor is he remiss in taking advantage of her progress. This war is probably the greatest and most destructive, as well as the most scientific, since creation. Mr. Asquith tells us that 6,000,000 men are now trying to kill one another as fast as possible in Europe, and his is a low estimate. There they stand, in long opposing lines. On one front the battle line is said to extend nearly 400

miles; on the other nearly twice as far. In the west, sheer numbers and the accuracy of industrious science almost prevent movement. For nearly five months now [1] those men, in their effort to kill and escape death, have lived below the surface, like rabbits or primeval troglodytes. They have floundered in oozing mud, — 'the fifth element,' as Napoleon called it. They have stood day and night in trenches, soaked to their middle by cold water, until their limbs swelled purple and threatened gangrene. The concussion of exploding shells has driven their eyes into their heads so that they see no more; shock and horror have struck them speechless. Their reason is overturned; some weep without ceasing; some gibber like ghosts. Limbs are scattered over the countryside. Hot-smelling blood pours from their bodies in unexpected quantity. Caught in the entanglements of barbed wire, — another industry of science, — they hang like crows on a gamekeeper's gallows until they rot. The air stinks of filth and corpses. Colonel Repington of the *Times* has called this scientific war 'the butchery of the unknown by the unseen.'

I have myself been present at the destruction of two singularly beautiful towns — Dixmude and Ypres. Their lovely streets and buildings can never be seen again, for they are now reduced to heaps of stones crumbled by scientific appliances. Other towns and villages once prosperous I have seen after their ruin was complete: churches, halls, and homes all desolate and destroyed. But to me life stands before property, — even the irrevocably lost property of ancient beauty, — and it is of life's destruction that I think when I contemplate the triumph of this progressive industry. I feel like Gulliver when he corrected the ignorance of the noble horse, his master among the *Houyhnhnms*. For the horse refused to believe the possibility of human slaughter in war; whereupon Gulliver continued: —

'Being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea fights; ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases kept for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning and destroying.

'And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.'

If we multiply the figures and the horror, that description holds good of the present war, and though we grant that passion rather than reason drives mankind, it is hard to name the passion strong enough to drive men into scenes like those enacted upon the German frontiers now. A man wants a deal of passion 'pour se faire tuer,' to use Napoleon's phrase. There is little of mere ferocity in modern war. Rage and hatred hardly exist between the combatants, though they are studiously encouraged between the nations. What urges men to die in such numbers that the Germans are said to send the bodies in bales of four to the burning? Shame, I suppose, chiefly, — a corporate shame so strong that a man would rather die than endure the taunt or thought of shirking when his comrades

[1] This article was sent to the *Atlantic* early in March. — The Editors.

die. Love of adventure still counts for something; confidence in officers, and the mere impossibility of doing anything different from the rest of the section or battalion, — those count too. In the minds of some also there may be present a conscious or half-realized passion for a splendid cause, however imaginary or unjustified. The Germans, for instance, have been taught from their cradles to believe that the war would be fought for their national existence, and certainly they believe it now. M. Cambon, the French ambassador in London, speaking at the Guildhall last November, told the Allies that they were fighting for our ideals of humanity and freedom. Few of our soldiers give ideals a thought, but they are convinced that they kill and are killed for something that is 'all right.' And if it is true that this war, which looks like devilish insanity, is really fought for ideals of humanity and freedom, and if for their sake all these thousands of young and hopeful men are being killed, all these thousands of women are being driven from their burning or devastated homes, starved, destitute, ravished, made mothers by violent and unknown enemies, compelled to inhabit caves and hedges with their children huddled round them in filthy and indecent barbarism; then it is for us to see that those ideals of humanity and freedom are not encroached upon by any government, even by our own, but that in war-time we maintain them and advance their realization even more vigilantly than during that never-ending conflict on their behalf which is the warfare of peace.

THE COST OF THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE vital and continued interest in the cost of the war is caused, in all probability, by a belief that its cost will tend to limit its length, or to enable the student either to identify the probable victor or to forecast in some way the results, both immediate and permanent, which the crisis is likely to have on the economic fabric of individual nations and of the world in general.

M. Guyot estimates that Europe was poorer on the first of February by seventeen billions of dollars than she would have been had the war not been fought; of this sum nine billions represent the direct cost of equipping, transporting, and maintaining the armies. M. Finot calculates this same item for the first year as fifteen billions of dollars for the Allies alone, while their indirect losses, he believes, will be as great. Other statisticians, French, German, English, reach even more considerable figures. The total losses due to the war are usually estimated by adding the direct to the indirect cost. The conclusion follows that the end of the war will see necessarily an impoverished and suffering world, whose economic fabric cannot recover for decades. Indeed, it has been repeatedly said that the cost of the maintenance of the

armies alone is too vast to be borne much longer without the probability of national bankruptcy.

A calamity so vast as the war, and so entirely unexpected, predisposes many people to believe that the worst is only too probably true; and it may for that reason be a little difficult for any one to secure a hearing who seeks, in the face of such an array of authorities, statistics, and prophecies of dire disaster, to show that, bad as things are, they are not nearly so bad as people believe them to be. While it would be idle to deny the seriousness of the blow which the war will inflict upon the world's economic fabric, and obviously false to claim that the losses will not be stupendous, it does seem necessary to sound a note of caution against many of the estimates and predictions which have been so persistently made. Much that has been written by professional economists does not seem to a student of conditions from a different angle to explain past and present wars, however well it may agree with the premises of theoretical economics. Again, much written by the economists which really seems to explain phenomena is not understood by the general public in the sense apparently meant by the authors. There seem to be also some considerations in regard to the cost of the war, more or less at variance with the interpretations of professional economists, which are yet sufficiently plausible to merit statement, if only for the purpose of securing from some authoritative source a conclusive elucidation.

The commonest fallacy of the general public assumes that the war is costing a certain sum of money daily, hourly, or yearly, and that this estimate indicates the amount of the expenditure and therefore of the loss. In reality, it should be evident that the enormous figures published are merely the estimated value of labor and capital utilized for the purposes of the war. The general public still believes that wars are fought with money; but money is merely the medium by which oil, powder, cannon, and labor with a pick are reduced to a common denominator. War is necessarily fought with commodities; it cannot be fought at all without them; men kill each other with bullets and not with dollars; they sleep upon beds, straw, the ground, but not upon bonds. The cost of the war consists of the commodities, of the labor and capital, of the human lives needed to fight it. We may estimate their exchange value in money if we like; we may distribute by means of money the expense between the various individuals who compose the state; we may facilitate by the usual financial machinery the operation of securing the commodities which are needed; but all the money in the world and all the bonds ever issued cannot of themselves put shoes on the soldiers' feet or cartridges in their rifles. War costs the commodities with which it is fought; and this cost must be paid at the time, and cannot in any conceivable way be paid in the future, because the commodities must be used during the war or not at all. Obviously, the belligerent nations must produce these commodities themselves or procure them from neutral nations, who will themselves be compelled to produce the actual commodities during the war from labor and capital. The true cost of the war, both direct and indirect, will necessarily be paid at the time by people alive in the world while the war is being fought.

We often hear the words, *the cost of the war*, used as synonymous with the war's losses. Indeed, a very general assumption of pacifists treats the sum total of commodities used during the war as economic loss; while the general public seems to believe that the estimated value of capital and labor utilized rep-

resents the billions of dollars which the community is losing every day. Does the mere fact that the commodities with which the war is fought are consumed and must be replaced necessarily mean that they are economic loss? Are not most of the commodities produced in time of peace consumed in exactly the same way? If we say that commodities expended in the prosecution of war are wasted because the purpose of the war is non-productive and therefore uneconomic, do we not merely assume our conclusion as our premise? Indeed, the great bulk of all that the world produces is annually consumed. All eatables are raised to be eaten; all clothes and shoes are meant to be worn out; automobiles and locomotives are literally destroyed by the process of being used quite as effectively when they carry tourists as when they transport soldiers. The consumption of commodities is the normal premise of the continued economic prosperity of the world, since a large part of the market for most commodities consists in replacing those just consumed. The increase of the permanent fixtures of the world in buildings, machinery, and factories is small when compared with the value of the food, clothes, and luxuries which are regularly consumed by the ordinary processes of life.

The destruction of property by bombardment, or of commodities and food by the occupation of the country by the armies, differs widely in nature and degree from this quite normal consumption, and is often not represented at all in the estimates given of the daily and yearly national war budget. In fact, most of the so-called destruction in time of war is consumption of commodities in the fashion normal in time of peace. The mere fact that soldiers eat bread and wear shoes; that guns, horses, and automobiles have to be replaced; that powder is consumed by being exploded, does not necessarily demonstrate that this is total economic destruction. They were created by the community in order that they might be used exactly as are used the vast bulk of commodities which the community produces in time of peace. The cost of the war, indeed, consists of the commodities needed to prosecute it, and they must, as a matter of course, be consumed; but they are no more an economic loss than if the nation had made an equal quantity of any other commodities and consumed them. We are, of course, considering here merely inanimate things and not reckoning the question of life.

The direct economic losses of the community in time of war will differ from the direct losses in time of peace not so much in character as in degree. If the nation consumes more commodities than it makes, it has lost, whether they are eaten or worn on the battlefield or in time of peace. It matters comparatively little where the consumer is located or under what conditions the consumption takes place, provided the method is the same. The thing that is consumed is of comparatively little significance provided the nation produced it during the year for that purpose. When, therefore, the nation supplies what it needs, it is entirely solvent, however large may be its consumption or production. When it supplies more than it needs, it gains. When it fails to produce as much as it needs, there is a loss. When it becomes necessary for the nation to buy a part of its supplies for war from neutral nations, there will be no economic loss if the nation pays for them with other commodities which it produces at the time. The war will have cost enormously in commodities, but the bill will have been paid and there will be no loss. In any case, the loss will not be the *total* amount consumed, but the amount

consumed more than the amount produced.

Much of what has been written on the cost of the war is devoted to the extent to which the ordinary operations of business have been diverted or suspended; and here again the popular assumption is plain, that the diversion of capital and labor to the production of commodities to be consumed in the war is a total economic loss. This does not seem to be necessarily true. The diversion of capital and labor from one industry to another is normal enough in time of peace. No doubt the much greater scale on which these diversions take place on the outbreak of the war will involve a certain loss, because part of the labor and capital will be idle, pending the completion of the transformation; but is it not a fallacy to suppose that the change in the emphasis of the community's production from eatables to wearables, from fine cloth to khaki, from dancing pumps to cavalry boots, from limousines to motor trucks, is necessarily an economic loss? Is it not palpably an open question whether dancing pumps, face-powder, and gay clothes are of more permanent value to the nation at large and to civilization a hundred years hence, than gunpowder, sheepskin coats, and shoes worn by soldiers?

If the amount of labor and capital devoted to producing articles for the war is the same as that usually devoted to producing articles for immediate consumption in time of peace, why should not the chief economic effect of the war be the same as that of peace? If the army eats in the trenches, those same men would probably have eaten more at home; and if they wear out clothes in the campaign, would they not have been clad in destructible raiment in time of peace? The mere fact that the nation produces a different sort of thing to be consumed does not seem to be of economic significance, for it conforms simply enough to the law of supply and demand; and, *if the amount produced is the same and the consumption no greater*, the only loss will be due to the idleness of a part of labor and capital during the transformation. So far, too, as the nation diverts effort to the prosecution of the war which would under ordinary circumstances have been devoted to work that has no value for the nation during the war, the failure to expend that effort will be a positive gain for the nation. Nor will the destruction of dwellings, of furniture, and of personal belongings have any effect upon the economic ability of the nation to continue the war. They are of no conceivable value for prosecuting it; and their loss, therefore, does not affect the economic strength of the belligerent.

In fact, many observers seem to feel that the economic cost of the war lies in the value of the commodities which the nation might have made with that same labor and capital if the war had not taken place. This view, in fact, contemplates the expense of the war, not in the light of what is being used, but in the satisfactions, the material luxuries, which the same individuals might be enjoying were they not engaged in the war. Obviously, this assumes either that the things produced would have been an addition to the community's fixtures and permanent wealth, or that the nation would really have preferred to use the labor and capital for these material satisfactions instead of for the war. Now it seems to be true that the larger part of what the community makes consists of temporary economic satisfactions which are meant to be consumed at once. And it is reasonably clear to all observers that the European nations are entirely ready to expend commodities and even life in the prosecution of this war, and that they would

put behind them as unworthy the suggestion that they ought not to sacrifice certain material comforts. If the nation truly prefers to produce and consume commodities necessary for the war instead of other varieties of commodities, it has an entire right to do so. Why should the process not be considered economic in every sense of the word? Why should it involve a loss unless it diverts to commodities for immediate consumption capital and labor which it would otherwise have spent for permanent improvements; or unless it invests in the commodities consumed a larger amount than the total which it would otherwise have spent? It seems plausible to claim that the loss will, in any case, be the difference between the amount of labor and capital which the nation usually devoted to commodities for immediate consumption, and the amount actually used during the war for commodities which were entirely consumed. The total consumption will in no case be economic loss.

Much of the confusion in regard to the economics of war seems to be due to an attempt to apply to the situation the premises of individual economics as normally treated in works on economic theory. They assume a complex situation; they assume the interplay of individual interest free from artificial interference; and they attempt to explain the variety and character of individual interests under the present international interdependent industrial fabric. Does not war demolish the premise, substitute artificial conditions for natural, and an utterly simple situation for one inextricably complex? It almost seems as if war reduced the world to a half dozen individuals proposing in an entirely primitive fashion to accomplish certain obvious ends. It promptly creates a new unit, the community, composed of all individuals, which proposes to utilize each individual in the ways most advantageous to the community at large, without regard for his desires or interests. Individual economics assumes that the individual is free to choose means and methods for furthering his selfish interests in preference to the interests of other individuals; the war promptly nullifies this premise and creates a new entity which announces its intention of disregarding all the interests of the individual in favor of those of the community as a whole. Necessarily war makes an enormous difference to the individual and proceeds to cost him in visible and tangible ways much that is contrary to his previous interests and desires. If the community takes him from the factory and puts him on the firing line, it is quite obvious that the character of his work is changed. But is it unproductive and therefore uneconomic? Has not the community superposed a new test of productive labor, and is he not the most important of workers? Has not the prosecution of the war been substituted for the accumulation and multiplication of creature comforts, as the goal of the state's efforts and those of its citizens? Shall we declare this change unjustifiable and economically wrong, because certain premises meant to be applied to a fundamentally different situation do not apply to this one? The economic cost of the war can hardly be dealt with in terms of individual economics, unless we declare the whole cost waste because its immediate purpose is not the productive use of labor and capital. This is scarcely dealing with the situation, for any such premise excludes from consideration those phenomena which are most characteristic of war. In the usual sense of the words, war is in itself non-productive and therefore non-economic; there cannot be any economics of war.

The true cost of the war will consist

of the totality of effort made by the community to prosecute it, and will include, not only economic factors, but an immense number of physical, mental, and moral losses and sacrifices. It will embrace, not only the total amount of labor and capital consumed, but the amount of labor and capital wasted; the amount of property destroyed; and the time, labor, and capital needed to replace things essential to the community's future welfare. Some of the most important parts of this total effort will be the loss in life and the physical and mental suffering entailed for individuals, whether by pain, grief, or privation. These will not be economic, but they will be losses and an important part of the cost.

While the consumption of the commodities by the nation during the war will not be a total loss unless the nation should entirely cease to produce, it will be extremely evident that nearly every nation is expending in the prosecution of war an immensely greater amount of energy, labor, and capital than it is accustomed to use in time of peace. Will this excess be lost? It cannot be a total loss or uneconomic if the nation provides it at the time, and the nation may easily provide in an economic way for this additional effort and material. In the first place, much of this excess of labor and capital is apparent rather than real. The abstention from luxuries is very great in time of war and is a positive economic saving to the nation. In time of peace the great bulk of the community consumes more food and clothes than it needs and a great variety of luxuries which it can easily forego without real detriment to its health or pleasure. If it is willing to make these material sacrifices in order to prosecute the war, the economic gain is clear, and the mental satisfaction of the war has been substituted for the mental satisfaction obtained from the luxuries. Prohibition in Russia has resulted in a stupendous saving of labor and capital, energy and human life; and the loss of revenue to the government is not an economic loss at all, because the amount which the people paid to the government as profits of the distilleries, or in excise taxes, they will now simply pay by some other method of taxation. They will have sacrificed the pleasure of getting drunk, and will have made a very positive economic saving.

The excess of labor demanded in time of war is much greater than the excess of capital, because the prosecution of the war calls for physical effort to a greater extent than it does for materials, outside of the actual munitions of war; and, while the value of these munitions is considerable, it is relatively small compared to the total material output of the community in time of peace. When the army goes to the firing line, a type of labor is required from the community which it ordinarily does not perform at all; and the time and effort expended by the soldiers will be total economic loss, unless effort and labor can be obtained by the community which is ordinarily not available or utilized in time of peace. It is only too evident that millions of individuals are working in Europe extremely hard at a great variety of tasks, running the whole gamut of the community's effort, who in time of peace are in an economic sense parasites, — who toil not, neither do they spin. Many of them are performing tasks which are analogous to productive labor in time of peace. To the extent to which these parasites provide the extra effort demanded by the war, the additional cost of the war is not loss, because it has been paid. It cannot be loss if the nation provides the capital and labor at the time.

In the last analysis, the economic losses of war, whose real magnitude it is entirely unnecessary to exaggerate,

will ordinarily fall into the following categories. First and foremost, the permanent loss of labor from the death of citizens; buildings and capital destroyed by the campaigns; permanent improvements which would have been made if the war had not occurred. All these losses will be very considerable, but they will not of themselves necessarily bankrupt the nation. A much more considerable loss will be due to the necessity of borrowing commodities from neutral countries, of which the whole amount cannot be paid in commodities during the war because of the nation's failure to produce its usual amount of goods suitable for export. The deficit must be paid in commodities after the war; this payment, however, will partake of the nature of a delayed payment rather than a total loss. In reality, it will cost the interest on the value of the commodity charged by the neutral country for the delay in payment, plus the loss of interest or profit on the labor and capital utilized by the nation in future years while producing the commodity to return.

In spite of the fact that the total bonded indebtedness after the war will not represent a total economic loss, the loss will be extremely large. Loss will also be involved by the sharpness and artificiality of the transfer of labor and capital at the outbreak of the war to the war industries. Usually, in time of war, the proportion of commodities for immediate consumption to commodities intended for permanent improvement is much greater than in time of peace, and the difference will of course be economic loss.

Perhaps the most considerable sum is the payment by the community to the individual of an indemnity for his losses in the service of the state. War brings immediately to the forefront a new entity which is confessedly ready to sacrifice any individual for the benefit of the community as a whole; and which usually attempts, so far as is possible, to restore to the individuals making the chief sacrifices such economic losses as can be ascertained with reasonable certainty. The wages for soldiers in lieu of the wages they ordinarily receive for productive labor; support for their families at home; pensions, — all of these are in an economic sense losses due to the war, and they usually amount to a very large total indeed. Army contracts also are usually made at sufficiently high rates to recompense capitalists for the losses involved in the transfer of capital from one industry to another, and for its transfer back to productive labor at the end of the war. It is often essential for the state to adopt as a political expedient the payment of a bonus to individuals for taking part in the war in order to insure unity of effort. Not every individual can be reached by the higher impulses of patriotism and self-sacrifice, and it has usually been felt expedient to appeal to more sordid personal motives to make certain of the assistance of those people who could be moved by nothing less. Any such bonus is, of course, an uneconomic payment and total economic loss.

In so brief an article, it is not possible to make many reservations and exceptions, or to discuss every important aspect of the situation. My purpose has been to suggest that the cost of the war is being exaggerated and the character of the true losses misunderstood; that the fundamental difficulty rises from the assumption that the interests of the individual are the test of loss or gain; and that the economics of war must start from the premise of the community as an economic unit, whose interests are by no means the sum total of the interests of its individual citizens.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SCHOOLMASTER

James Greenleaf Croswell was by birth and descent a New Englander. He was the grandson of old Simon Greenleaf, a professor of law, who taught in the Harvard Law School some seventy or eighty years ago. Professor Greenleaf wrote a book on the law of evidence, which at once took rank as a classic, and stands on every lawyer's bookshelf next to Kent and Blackstone. Greenleaf is to the law of evidence what Cicero is to oratory, or Molière to comedy; his name is known wherever the English race has carried the Common Law. There is a tradition, piously handed down at the Harvard Law School, that old Greenleaf was endowed with many social gifts, — entertaining, humorous, witty and delightful, when out of the lecture room. He is entitled to be kindly remembered, for he put all his dryness into his book, and bequeathed the graces of his mind to his grandson.

James Croswell was born at Portland. He graduated at Harvard College in 1873, studied abroad for some years in Germany, and then returned to Harvard to serve as instructor and assistant professor in the Classics. In 1887 he left Cambridge and went to New York to become head master of the Brearley School for Girls. In that position he remained until his death.

The part of the schoolmaster is anomalous. It belongs to a category of its own. Nature creates the relation between child and parent, brother and sister, niece and spinster aunt, and feels her responsibility; she strengthens the bond by instinct on the one side, by dependence on the other. The ties between friend and friend are wrought by mutual attraction and voluntary choice; they need no tending, no corroborant artifice. The relation between schoolmaster and pupil is of a third sort, created neither by Nature, nor by voluntary choice. It is rarely enriched by affection, or made capable of enduring beyond graduation day. The relation is difficult because it is anomalous; and at best seldom attains to the fine perfection of which it might be capable. The reason for this maladjustment is, that the business of a schoolmaster is neither a trade nor a craft; it is an art which requires a delicate sensitiveness, a half-divine intuition, and a self-consecration, hard to find among men and women. Now and again there is a favorable juncture of the stars, and a schoolmaster is born. That is a rare event and should be celebrated with rejoicings.

Is there a scene in one of Plato's dialogues, — or does a misty memory of undergraduate Greek lead me astray, — in which Socrates and his friends discourse upon the one person necessary to the welfare of a state? One speaker declares that the priest, who performs the sacred ceremonies and hands down the sacred traditions, is the one necessary man. A second maintains that it is the general who defends the State from its enemies; a third, that it is the poet whose verses shall glorify the City to after-times. But Socrates says that the one man needful is the schoolmaster, since he combines the functions of the other three: he defends the State better than the general, because he forms that which is the real strength of

the State — the character of its people; he prepares for the future glory of the City quite as well as the poet, for he instils decorum and breeding into the parents of future citizens; he exercises the functions of a priest, for day by day he ministers to the souls of his pupils. And (if I am right) Socrates goes on to say that the teacher must be rich in insight and wisdom, firm of character, kindly in disposition, gentle in manner, quick to praise every excellence, slow to blame any fault, a lover of innocence, beauty, and unselfishness; indeed a man who loves these qualities so much that, like a bee hunting for honey in a hollyhock, he comes out covered with their golden pollen.

Such a schoolmaster was James Greenleaf Croswell. How did it come about? How did Nature so happily divine the needs of hundreds of unborn girls, and bestow upon a youth, long before their birth, the qualities that should make him their spiritual guide, their worldly philosopher, their tender friend? How much did he owe to old Simon Greenleaf and his Puritan progenitors? How much to the New England atmosphere? How much to Harvard College and familiar intercourse with the Classics? His education — if the tree may be judged by its fruit — was admirable. He was bred on Homer, Plato, and Aristophanes; he was on terms with the Bible, that to a modern youth would seem of fanatical familiarity; and upon this cultivation, like jewels enhanced by their setting, sparkled his native humor, irony, and genial human sympathies.

The habit of his mind did not seem like that of a native New Englander. One would have thought he had been born in Ephesus and had paced the Ionian shore with Heraclitus, watching the dark purple outline of Samos against the golden glory of the setting sun, and discoursing on the universal flux of things. Or, he might have been a pupil of Plato, meditating upon thoughts of the master in company with seekers after truth from Argos and Thebes, or serenely holding the balance while they disputed with southern heat upon the nature of the soul. Socrates would have rejoiced in him. One can see in the mind's eye that ugly, awkward, inspired old man, just back from a hot walk to the Piræus, pausing on the threshold of a disciple's house to survey the assembled guests with an eager eye, hoping to discover Croswell among them. Must we not believe that Pythagoras was right? Did not Croswell once sit in that immortal company, bandying wit, exchanging playful or daring hypotheses, and unraveling the high concerns of the spirit?

Croswell was an admirable schoolmaster because he was an admirable friend; he was serious and inspiring in the weightier concerns of friendship, and nimble as Quicksilver in performing its lighter obligations. His company metamorphosed a walk in the city, so that on coming home you vaguely felt that you had been strolling down a country lane; it would have made a dentist's parlor a place of agreeable expectancy; at a teetotal dinner, if talk, imagination, and hilarity are evidence, it turned water into time-honored Falernian. He was supremely indifferent to the vulgar prizes of life; he probably did not know whether you possessed them or not; he was taken up with the knowledge that you and he were companions in the marvelous experience of life, and that you were in need of stimulus, appreciation, encouragement. He gave prodigally of his best; and displayed a lowly and surprised gratitude for any sympathy returned. He imparted wisdom, as fire its heat, by mere proximity. In his friendship and daily behavior, there was no trace of his profession; nevertheless he taught every-

body who knew him one great lesson, — a lesson emphasized by that sad, interesting, noble face which recalled the effigies of Lorenzo de' Medici, — that pain, heroically borne, is the greatest of teachers, and that without its lessons the education of the soul remains incomplete.

Our civilization lays stress on things quite different from those on which Socrates and Plato laid stress; it seldom recognizes schoolmasters as the most important men in the State; it does not care overmuch for simplicity, modesty, or indifference to notoriety and applause; it pays little heed to the sower who quietly sows the seed of what men live upon; it values other things more congenial to it. So Croswell departed from us quietly, modestly, as he lived; leaving hundreds of girls and young women with richer lives because he lived, and many men wondering at their good fortune to have had such a friend, and rejoicing in a wealth of happy memories.

H. D. S.

ON NOSES

People are constantly remarking that they observe this or that feature of the human face more than the others. Most generally it is the eyes that thus command attention; frequently the mouth. Occasionally some one will be found who declares that he notices hands first and chiefly; and I know at least one man (not in the shoe business) who vows that the foot is the most characteristic and significant portion of the human frame. I may add that he married on this theory. He is not happy.

For myself I must confess to a divided love. The eyebrow is a fascinating feature, which, by having its direction turned a hair's breadth, or its distance from the eyes altered by a fraction of an inch, can change the expression of the whole countenance. The ear has a humor of its own, and can delight or amuse by its angle, its size, and its texture; or by its position on the head can add distinction to the profile, or remove every vestige of it. But of all the neglected and unsung features the nose has the fewest lovers. It occupies the central position, it covers the largest territory, it shows the most amazing variety. Yet it shares the fate of all obvious and unchanging things, however necessary and important. It is ignored, or passed over with a reference to its size and its general direction.

I have read that no poem was ever written to a nose. Can you, offhand, recall a single rapturous or even admiring description of one? I search my memory in vain, but produce instead one instance that has always interested me by its neglect. You recall that little poem of Browning's, 'A Face,' the brief and charming description of a girl's profile against a background of gold. The 'matchless mould' of softly parted lips, the neck 'three fingers might surround,' and the 'fruit-shaped, perfect chin' all receive their due of praise; the nose, a seeming necessity in any profile, is not even mentioned. It may be as well; each reader supplies in the lovely face the line that suits him best. The poet may have feared that by its mere mention he would produce the effect too often given by the nose in real life — a heaviness that mars an otherwise charming face.

Two reasons occur to me why the nose is thus treated as mere background. In the first place, it is always the same. It may show character or give a certain permanent expression to the face, but that expression cannot change. A few gifted noses may be able to show contempt or anger, a very few fortunate individuals can wrinkle their noses in amusement or disgust, but with most of us it is a wooden and un-

responsive feature. It gives our faces in youth a certain character, — of *hauteur*, perhaps, or cheerful *insouciance*, — and that expression we carry to our graves. The falling away of the cheek may bring the nose into prominence, the sinking of the mouth may bring it nearer to the chin; still its character remains the same. We look at the eyes and mouth for response to our thought. They reveal the emotions of the present and record those of the past; but the nose, like the steady hero, is too unchanging to be interesting. After a passing look we ignore its existence, and forget that it has gone far to determine the meaning of the face.

There is a sadder reason for our neglect,—that beautiful noses are so rare. Lovely eyes you will find aplenty, and though finely cut mouths are scarcer, it will be a strange day when you do not see several. But the discovery of a really beautiful nose is an event of a lifetime. I myself have found exactly seven. And yet I consider myself catholic in my taste for noses: I can enjoy a nose for its mere expressiveness, whether it is aggressive, or aristocratic, or humorous. But it is amazing how seldom this feature really satisfies the eye. The bridge may be too thick or too high; the line from the forehead too abrupt or too severely straight. More often a nose that is really promising in its beginning fails in the end. It keeps on too long or not long enough, while the tip finds a dozen ways to err, and a fine nostril is rarely seen. In our typical American faces, overcrowded with features as our houses are with furniture, the nose is commonly disproportionately large.

But your really beautiful nose is a delight in every way. It is as far from sharpness as from coarseness. It shows strength without obtrusiveness, delicacy without fastidiousness, breeding without arrogance. It suggests humor, spirit, and daring. But I tell you candidly that there are not more than a hundred such in the four million noses of New York. You are lucky when one happens to come your way.

I should be ungrateful if I did not tell what first set me off on my observation of noses. It was a statement of Hazlitt's in his well-known description of Coleridge. Hazlitt, himself a painter and a wonderfully keen observer, speaks thus: 'His nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing.' Is it true that the nose is the index of the will? I immediately set to work to observe for myself. But after a good many years of observation, I must confess to no definite conclusion. If I have occasionally *almost* decided that it was true, I have at once received a knock-down blow from a nose the size of a button. On the whole I incline to the view that Hazlitt, being himself the possessor of a large nose, had delusions on the subject. But I welcome fresh evidence as time goes on.

THE EFFICIENT STYLE

As a result of the general passion for efficiency, an ancient and useful, though modest, member of the parts of speech is marked for the scrap-heap. Not by systematic propaganda, but by their practice, the efficiency experts have indicated their programme of reform. Their goal, to express it in their own style, is *preposition elimination*, and their method is *compound formation*.

I am aware that the expressions just used are not remarkable, either for euphony or for perspicuity. The absence of these old-fashioned qualities, however, does not trouble the pragmatical exponents of the efficient style. From their point of view, which for the moment I am trying to adopt, the highest

good is space-utilization. If a line to the page may be saved by the use of prepositionless phrases formed by substantive juxtaposition, who but a foe to conservation would oppose such plainly demonstrable economy? Of course this reform, like simplified spelling and all other great progressive movements, will have to overcome the stubborn conservatism of a few reactionaries. Against statistics of the actual saving in inches per page, certain sentimental pedants and purists will weigh nice distinctions of meaning and purely subjective considerations of taste and connotation. These selfish enemies of posterity would seek to thwart a noble altruistic movement by a miserable *de gustibus*. They would not be willing to lop off a few needless words or letters, even to give the printers an eight-hour day or to relieve a shortage of wood-pulp at the paper mills.

As in the case of simplified spelling, so in this instance, it will be better not to attempt too sweeping a reform all at once. In order to popularize the anti-preposition movement, it might be well for a committee to recommend a select list of prepositionless phrases. Timid writers could begin by adopting these expressions bodily and could later attempt word-combinations of their own. The great saving of mental exertion made possible by the new system would prove a strong argument in its favor. Difficulties in the choice between prepositions would be removed by doing away with the prepositions themselves. Take for example the sentence, 'The speaker compared the German fleet with that of Great Britain.' Some writers would hesitate between the alternatives, 'compared with' and 'compared to,' and could not write one without a disquieting feeling that they should have used the other. An easy way out of the dilemma would be to write, in the approved style of the efficiency experts, 'The speaker made a German-British fleet-comparison.' To be sure, the juggling of substantives might be somewhat awkward at first, but with a little practice the average writer could become as skillful as the makers of newspaper headlines. Let him learn wisdom from such puzzling but space-saving captions as 'Wilson Opposition Increases,' which he who runs is expected to read. Let him study the writings of technical men, who turn out such masterpieces of prepositionless style as, 'Motor-car cost-reduction and car-selling-system efficiency combine to produce an unparalleled car-sales volume.'

Despite the convincing arguments of space-saving and mental ease, let me repeat, the advocates of the efficient style will need courage and persistence in order to extend their reform. Scoffers will perhaps term the new language a 'recrudescence of Carlylese.' They may even stigmatize it as 'an insidious linguistic Pan-Germanism.' But the friends of true reform should not be disheartened. They should think only of the great service which they are rendering to posterity by introducing economy and simplicity into the language. They should look forward to a time when eloquent prepositionless tributes will be paid to the pioneers in this important movement for the amelioration of style. And if such oft-reiterated praise has been bestowed upon the mythical benefactor of humanity who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what shall be said of the language reformers who make two words suffice where three were formerly required?

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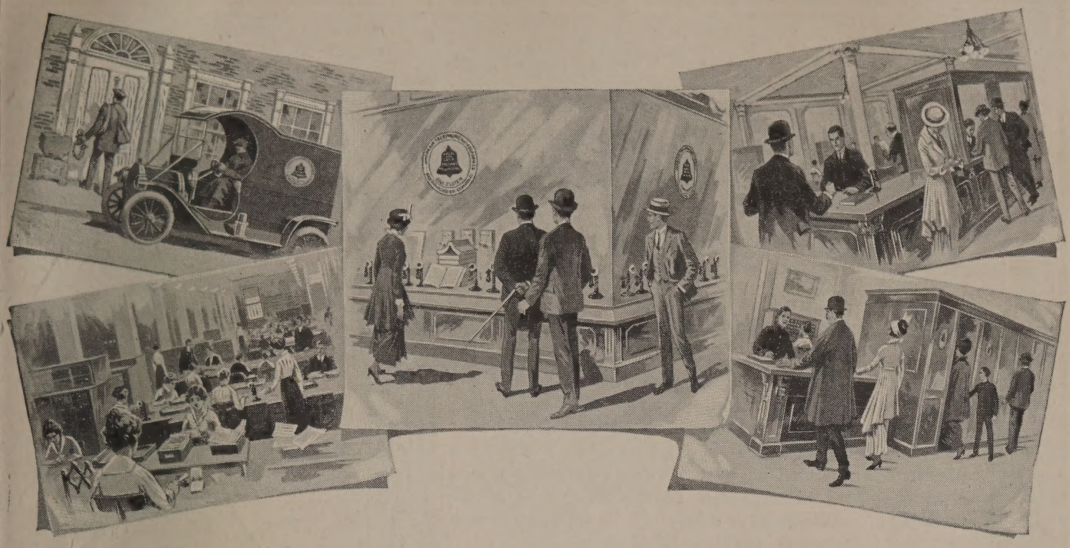

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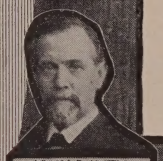

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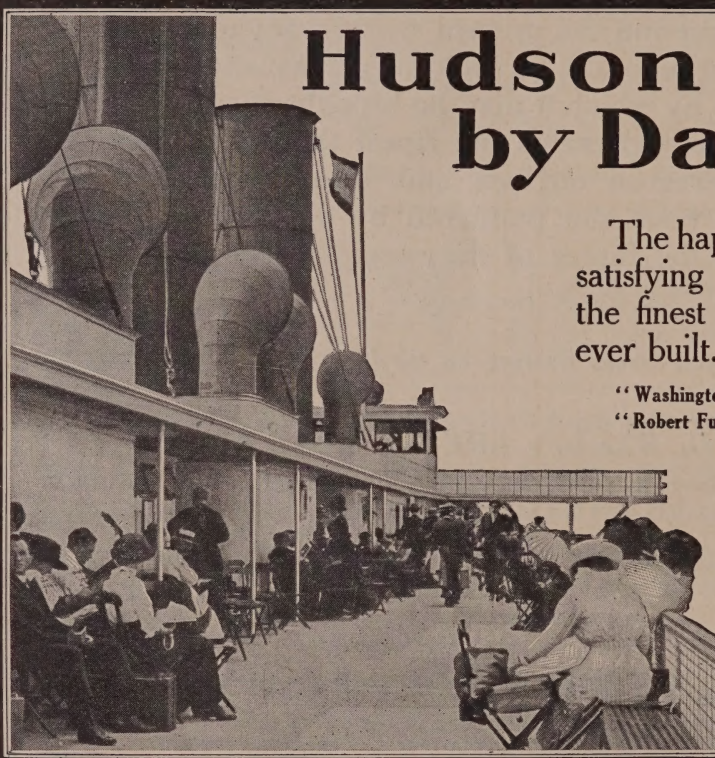

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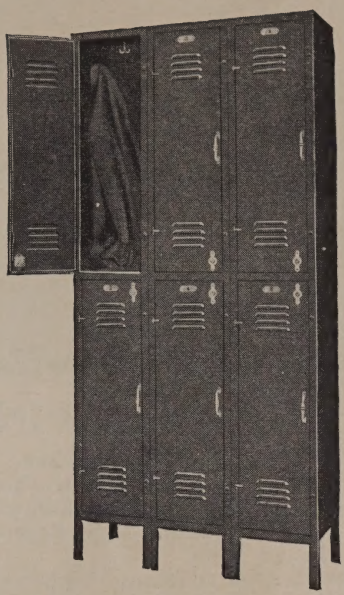

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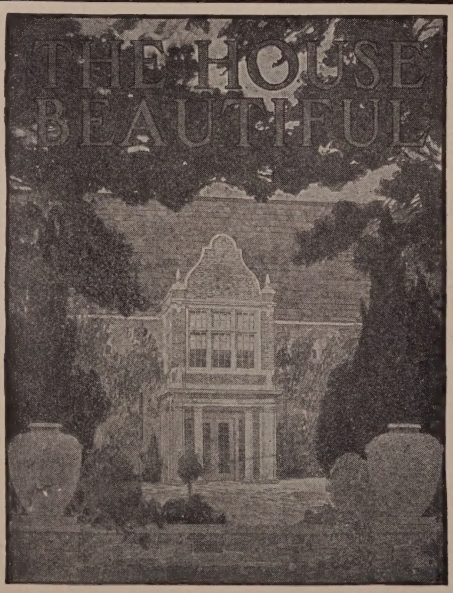

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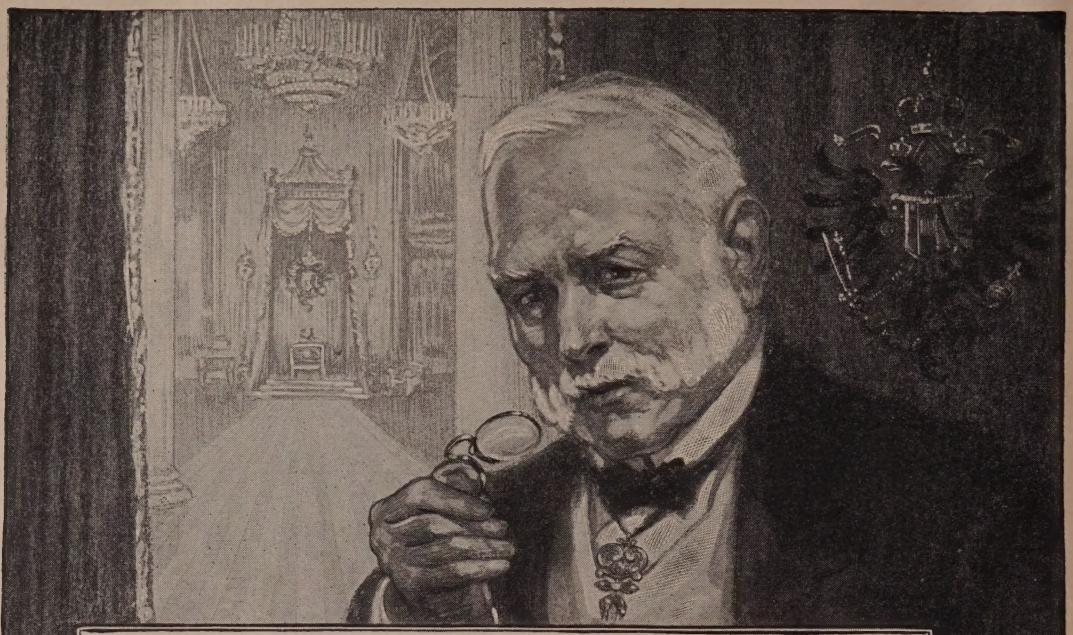

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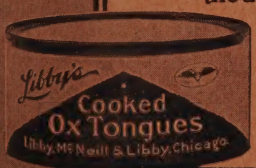

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